

PAUL HARVEY TELLS THE NATION OF OSHKOSH '73

(On Thursday, August 2, renowned news commentator Paul Harvey visited the EAA Fly-In. That evening he was the featured speaker before a standing room only crowd. His address, delivered in the familiar, dynamic Harvey style, was well received as evidenced by a long, standing ovation at its conclusion. The next day on his nationwide radio show, Paul Harvey told the country what he had seen and done at Oshkosh . . . and what it meant to him when viewed as a part of the fabric of America's life and times, circa 1973.

Following is the complete radio text of Mr. Harvey's August 3 remarks pertaining to his Oshkosh visit - Editor)

A TASTE OF DANGER

Climax of the air show was Bob Hoover's aerobatic routine during which he put his twin-engine Shrike through the wringer.

The Duane Coles were there — —

And champs Charlie Hillard and Gene Soucy and Art Scholl and Paul and Tom Poberezny — but — yesterday — there was a very special highlight at the Oshkosh Convention of the Experimental Aircraft Association. Sport fliers had converged from everywhere in a thousand home-built and ten thousand store-bought airplanes.

The Convention included workshops where these build-it-yourself airmen could learn or improve their abilities in welding, sheet metal working, aerodynamics, engineering, engine mechanics, woodworking, covering . . .

And each day's dessert was a demonstration aloft by America's superstars of precision flying — climaxed by this unbelievable blue-sky ballet by the incomparable Bob Hoover.

Guess who was in the plane with him for that hair-raising performance? Jonathan Livingston Harvey.

On the edge of an airfield in Oshkosh, Wisconsin once each year, overnight there grows an instant city. In campers and trailers 17,000 populated that campground this year. (As of Thursday — over 20,000 by the close of the Convention — Editor.) They have their own store, their own hospital, their own post office and utilities and their own entertainment facilities and their own police force.

And where this year the EAA Convention fills 350 acres, next year it will require 650. Such is the enthusiasm of these men who fly for fun.

Yet for all the apparent congestion — despite handling fifty thousand flights in and out in one week — twice as many as the world's busiest other airport — O'Hare — it's all done with order and dignity and in half a day on that crowded campground I saw not one shred of litter.

Even after thirty thousand spectators had come to watch — they — following the example — left the premises immaculate.

Possibly partly because the traditional leather-jacket crowd does not attend.

The average age of EAA members is 42. Steve Wittman whose pilot's license is signed by Orville Wright still builds his own and flies with precision at 74.

And none can doubt that the exemplary decorum reflects the personal discipline of the EAA's founder, Paul Poberezny, and his involved family.

Stunt flying appears reckless; on the contrary it demands the ultimate in personal discipline.

And building life into a dead machine in which you'll trust your own life involves the ultimate in personal responsibility.

So the Experimental Aircraft Association provides manuals and construction plans and demonstrations for schools. Members voluntarily counsel new builders. The State of North Carolina is first to provide plane building and flight training in its public schools.

Somewhere in I'd guess the sixth grade in school right now is the boy who will someday design an airplane as usable as an automobile. Probably he's already "sponsored" by the EAA foundation.

But why?

Why should grown men spend money and risk danger to promote and participate in flying for fun?

Why should R. D. Ormond fly his antique Eaglerock all the way from Arlington, Texas — eleven hundred miles at 60 mph and with 16 stops for refueling?

How can you justify the danger and the extravagant self-indulgence when there are people who are hungry . . .!

Well, now, let's wait a minute.

A recent era during which the have-nots tied the world in knots demanding a share of what the haves have — left all of us confused about mankind's other right — to have fun.

Selfless Americans have not been unwilling to carry others on their shoulders but to take time out from carrying that load — for a modicum of personal, pleasurable enjoyment — is not a sin.

And our preoccupation with protecting ourselves and our offspring from all "danger" . . .

Has led a whole generation of our offspring to "go ape" in the unquenchable thirst of every man for a chance to take a chance.

Statistically, football is infinitely more hazardous than precision flying. You want to eliminate all hazards you must relegate each of us to a three-by-nine box *now*.

I'm not ready for that box.

And I'm sure next generation Americans are not.

For I was at Oshkosh b'gosh — and I saw young eyes alight with the delight of a lecture by imaginative Jim Bede —

I saw school-agers whose hands and heads are employed helping dad build an airplane in the family garage — and whose hearts know the difference between riding in an airplane and flying —

It's the difference between riding a bus — and riding a bike.

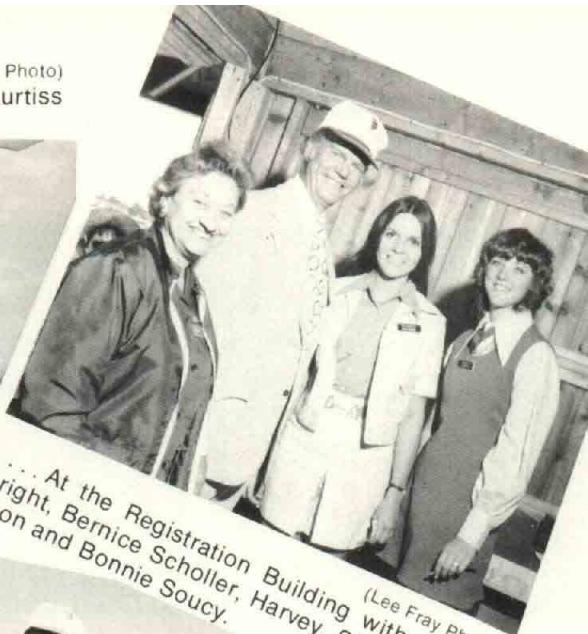
Well, I'll tell you something: Bikes are coming back.

And despite the penchant of bureaucrats to evict from our airports the men who built them — in favor of the "bus drivers" —

Despite the hangups inherent in a maternalistic government which knows no other way to justify its administration except to pile on regulations —

There are 45,000 men and women in at least one association who will fight a rear-guard defense of their right to lift humankind one rung more up from the mud — to where he can add to a lifeless life the fifth dimension: "accomplishment" — and the imagination's greatest stimulation — the sweet taste of danger.

(Lee Fray Photo)
Hank Palmer, right, shows Paul his Curtiss
Fledgling.



(Lee Fray Photo)
... At the Registration Building with, right, Bernice Scholler, Harvey, Sharon Math-
son and Bonnie Soucy.



(Lee Fray Photo)
Now here is a Press interview ob-
viously not bogged down with things
like Watergate or the energy crisis.



(Dick Stouffer Photo)
Paul Harvey arrives at Oshkosh and is greeted by, left
to right, Jack Cox, Tom Poberezny, Harvey, Paul Pobereznny, Audrey Poberezny and Ray Scholler.



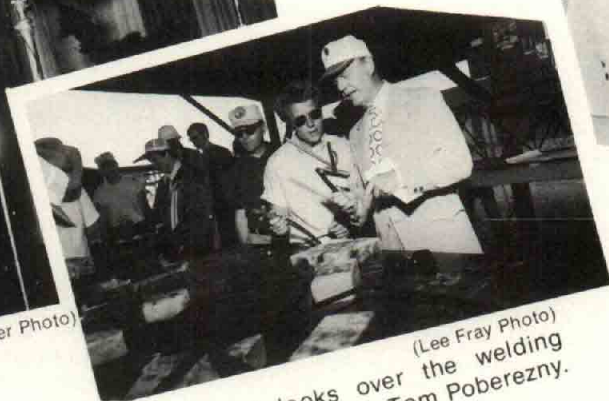
(Lee Fray Photo)
Paul
with
Audrey Poberezny.



(Dick Stouffer Photo)
"EAA is all
that's left
of flying ..."
Paul Harvey.



(Lee Fray Photo)
Paul looks over the EAA Booth manned by,
left to right, Martha Hodges, Dorothy Chase
and Shari Jobst.



(Lee Fray Photo)
Paul looks over the welding
workshop with Tom Poberezny.



(Dick Stouffer Photo)
Paul Harvey, Paul Poberezny and FAA
Administrator Alexander Butterfield.