

EAA CHAPTER

NUMBER 569

• A LOCAL CHAPTER OF THE EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION — BOX 229, HALES CORNERS, WISCONSIN 53130 •

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DECEMBER 1984 NEWSLETTER

> > From The President < <

DECEMBER MEETING: The December meeting of EAA Chapter 569 will be held on Tuesday, December 4, 1984 at Duncan Aviation in their second floor lunch room at 7:30 PM. The program will be a presentation by Bob Baird of the Lincoln Flight Service Station on interpretation of weather information charts. A tour of the FSS facility is also planned.

Also at this meeting we will be signing up ladies who are interested in the "Pinch Hitter" ground school course. Val Hruska will be the instructor but we will need a minimum of 10 ladies to sign up for the course to be offered.

For refreshments, please bring your favorite dip and finger snacks. Chips and crackers etc. will be furnished by the Chapter.

Jim Fix

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As we run articles in the contributors' column, I will introduce the new contributors. This month we introduce Paul Wood who is also a new member. We welcome him to the Chapter and thank him for his contributions to this column.

Avsases and Avploys;

A line of heavy jets were lined up at LAX for take-off with kerosene and tempers fuming as a 747 Jetliner on long final delayed any movement. After what seemed like hours, the 747 wallowed down the slide-path like a clumsy, drunken elephant. While the impatient line of Jetcrews watched the liner touchdown, bounce and touchdown (los two landings), some was in one of the waiting crews keyed the mike on tower frequency and said, "You girls are lucky, our captain won't let us land our plane."

While desperate for a special shoulder grommet, once, I found that you can indeed turn rubber to a shape. Mount the rubber, roughed to shape, on a

suitable diameter bolt, washers and nut, and spin in a drill or lathe, using a file to shape the rubber whirling around at drill speed of 1325 to 1725 rpm or there-a-bouts. Works well and lot cheaper than molds, or liquid-air freezing to machine rubber stock.

You may have heard about the farmer and his wife who negotiating a ride in the front hole of a JN-4, finally arrived at a compromise at the barnstorming pilot's \$10 price. It was agreed that they could both have the ride at the reduced rate of \$5 if the pilot heard no sound from them during the entire flight, otherwise, they would have to pay double. After take-off the pilot wracked the Jenny through a series of gut wrenching (in a Jenny?) loops and spins. At touch-down the pilot yelled congratulations to the farmer on maintaining absolute quiet during the aerobatic display. The farmer replied, "Well, I came close to yelling when my wife fell out."

Ever have taps break-off in blind holes? I found that candle wax in the form of birthday candles is a splendid lubricant. Insert the candle piece in the hole, and turn the tap by hand or machine. The heat of the cutting melts the candle which lubricates and pushes the chips out the flutes of the tap, leaving a clean hole to bottom to. This works best in non-ferrous metal work.

Paul Wood
New-comer to the Chester

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> > Jeff's Column < <

As you may or may not know there will be a slight change in our newsletter. Effective this month, there will be bits and pieces of things written up by other members. Paul Wood who is a new member from California has volunteered a few paragraphs each newsletter as did Les Christiansen. I urge the support of other members in joining with us to make our newsletter entertaining as well as educational. Don't be alarmed if you are asked to send in a short paragraph or two about anything relating to flying whether it be philosophical, educational, political, entertaining, maybe even embarrassing. Next meetings please have something written up and put your name on it unless you wish to be anonymous. Let's get a column going entitled "The Flight I'll Never Forget".

Like the time I flew my cousin to Julesburg, Colorado and just 10 miles out he woke up and felt sick. We were flying my Cessna 140 so I had him stick his head out the side window to throw up. By the way, this is why we practice slow flight. I don't know if this is peculiar to just the Cessna 120-140 but rather than the contents of one's stomach going with the airflow along the side of the fuselage which sounds good as it's a lot easier to wash off, it honest to God travels forward and tends to hit you in the face and hair and actually sets back inside the airplane anyway. As it was August and about 105 degrees that day, the aroma nearly caused me to stick my head out the window and ask for Ralph, Ralph, oh Ralph! Get the picture? Anyway, I was able to swallow hard, breathe fresh air out of the open window, and hold my breath on landing, thus avoiding tasting my own lunch twice. The moral of this story is to #1, always carry sick sacks. #2, If your passenger turn white and begins to sweat, slow the airplane down in rough air and open all available air vents, have him or her place their head down and avoid any sharp movements that may affect their equilibrium. #3,

Land if possible, #4, don't try having them throwing up out the window. #5, Make them clean up your airplane. Just joking of course.

Now see there, that wasn't so tough to write about. I know everyone of you has a story similar to this so let's hear all about those wretched passengers from you pilots out there.

I'm sorry and I do apologize if I sound as if I have a fetish about human bodily functions but I think we can all relate to such things while we're flying. My next story involves a flight out of Julesburg, Colorado to Salina, Kansas and back. Being a young pilot anxious to build hours in complex aircraft, to wit, a Piper Arrow? Anyway, a good friend of mine asked me to fly his nephew to Salina to purchase a pure bred bull dog. This kid was a 16 year old spoiled brat who was used to getting his own way. The flight to Salina was uneventful and I even let the kid fly the plane a little. Since we got a late start, (the kid doesn't get up before 10:00 AM I was told), I was concerned about possible late PM thunderstorms. After screwing around 3 hours waiting for the kid to pick his dog, we were finally airborne. As I suspected, the cumulus starting boiling up in the west and I had the Arrow wide open racing a line thunderstorms to our destination. I am very fortunate in that I have a good 6 hour bladder. The kid wasn't so lucky as one hour into our flight and with only one half of a very critical hour left, he informed me that I was to land immediately so he could take a whiz. I very politely said "No way in hell!" I explained the solid wall of black in front of us about 80 miles was bad news and that we were in a race with those clouds. I informed my passenger that this complex aircraft came complete with toilet facilities, that being a Butternut coffee can. Junior crawled into the back seat and in a kneeling position proceeded to drain his radiator. About this time I saw a very nasty roll cloud below us and reached for the throttle to get us below maneuvering speed for the anticipated tough air. Before I could reach the throttle, we hit a very powerful downdraft that left me very snug against the seatbelt. About this time, I looked over my shoulder and saw this little Bull Dog floating in mid air. I was able to snatch the dog before I broke out into uncontrollable laughter. Junior was also floating in mid air, peeing all over himself as well as having spilled the contents of the Butternut coffee can on his head. Junior didn't see any humor in this at all and immediately informed me that he was going to tell his uncle that I dove the plane on purpose causing him to smell like a urinal. I was still laughing on final approach and was very glad to land before the thunderstorm hit. I no sooner got the plane in the hangar when it started pouring. I told the kid he had to stand out in the rain before I was going to let him ride in my car with the way he smelled and all. About a half hour after I got home, the phone rang and it was this kids uncle, my good friend. He was laughing uncontrollably and jokingly asked if I wanted to fly his nephew somewhere else the next day.

Jeff Clausen