



Chapter 569 **NEWSLETTER**

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EAA CHAPTER 569

CHRISTMAS PARTY

DECEMBER 4, 1994

SOCIAL HOUR 6 PM

BUFFET "ALL YOU CAN EAT" 7 PM

LEGIONNAIRE CLUB

5730 "O"

LINCOLN, NE.

This has become an annual affair! We will once again feast on the legionaire great buffet supper, visit with old friends, sing Christmas Carols, and wish all EAA'ers present a Happy New Year.

If you forgot to sign up, call Jim Fix NOW and beg him to add your name to the reservations.

We're looking forward to seeing you on the fourth of December.

EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION

WITTMAN AIRFIELD, OSHKOSH, WI 54903-3086 - PHONE 414-426-4800 - FAX 414-426-4828

LAST MONTH'S MEETING

Thirty Two people showed up last meeting to vote for the new officers. The nominating committee, Doug Hill, Jeff Clausen and Dick Miller came up with a list of names of people willing to commit to becoming an officer. The President, Ken Mueller called for voting. The elected officers for 1995 are:

Roger Aspegren, President
Rick Cooper, Vice President
Mark Lucey, Secretary/Treasurer
Terry Carlson, Newsletter Editor

Our speaker was John Nolan, retired Lt. Colonel, who told some fascinating stories about his World War II adventures. He flew B-25 bombers with the 345th Bomber Wing.

MAN.....OR WOMAN?

When the Lord created the world, he made man to live forty years, the horse to live forty years, the dog to live forty years and the monkey to live forty years. But, man was dissatisfied and wanted more than that so the horse, dog and monkey all volunteered to give ten of their years so that man would live seventy years. Now, man lives his forty regular years, the next ten he works like a horse, the next ten he leads a dog's life, and the last ten years he just monkeys around.

1994 ANNUAL NEBRASKA AVIATION CONFERENCE

Mark your calendar. The Nebraska Aviation Council will sponsor the annual Nebraska Aviation Conference Jan. 26-28, 1995, at the Old Mill Road Holiday Inn, Omaha, NE. There will be guest speakers, seminars on various aviation topics, vendor displays, etc. Look for flyers announcing registration details this fall including induction ceremonies for the Nebraska Aviation Hall of Fame.

Check with the Nebraska Department of Aeronautics, (402)471-2371, or Sandi Decker (402)729-5390, for further details about attending.



FLYING FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The following articles were written by Larry Craig, FAA Safety Program Manager

As I am writing this article, the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays are getting closer and closer. In fact, I am trying to remember what happened to my summer. Oh well, as we all know, the holiday season is a great time to visit friends and relatives and what's the best way to get there but in an airplane. However, unless we are retired and have plenty of time to spare, we have to get back to work, get the kids back in school, etc.. This is where the problem starts. With the pressures of having to return by a certain date, we start pushing the weather. My office gets a summary of reported accidents for the United States at the beginning of each workday and the summary after a holiday period is usually full of accidents, especially if the weather is down. So, make those conservative decisions and call it quits when you start getting that funny feeling in the pit of your stomach that things aren't going too well.

FAA TO REVISE REQUIREMENTS FOR AIRMAN'S THIRD-CLASS MEDICAL CERTIFICATE

As I have noted before, the FAA was planning on changing the validity period for third class medical certificates. Although I haven't seen a change to the regulations yet, we did get this news release in from Washington:

"In a move to cut regulatory burden and save taxpayers' money, the FAA has announced plans to lengthen the validity period for third-class airman medical certificates for many private, recreational and student pilots. The FAA is proposing to lengthen the validity period for third-class medical certificates from two to three years for everyone under 40 years of age. Medical validity period for pilots between the ages of 40 and 69 will remain at two years. Those 70 and over will be required to be examined each year."

"This action follows numerous periods of public comment and petitions seeking changes including AOPA which asked for 36-month intervals for medical examinations. The FAA asked John Hopkins University to prepare a detailed statistical analysis of information the FAA had collected on approximately 31,000 air traffic controllers over a 15 year period. The study sample was comparable to the private pilot population and the tests were similar to airman medical examinations."

"The FAA also plans to publish for comment in the Federal Register a report by outside medical

specialists on the issue of medical certification for diabetic pilots who use insulin."

Well, this proposed change is a little more restrictive than I thought it would be but at least it's a start. I emphasize again, I have not seen a change to the regulations yet and as soon as I do, I will let you know.

"OH MISS AGNES"

This story was written by Carl F. Runge for the 486th Bomb Group Association Newsletter. Carl is now residing in Nebraska. (Submitted by Jeff Clausen)

I was Navigator on the 835th aircraft "OH MISS AGNES" piloted by Dick Allbright on a mission to the railroad yards in Dresden on April 17, 1945. Our ship was shot down over Saaz, CZ. and was the last 486th Bomber lost in WW II. I thought you might be interested to learn of what happened to us that day and the following couple of weeks. I recently retired from MCA, after 28 years, They are parent company of Universal Pictures.

THE MISSION

April 17, 1945, target DRESDEN, railroad yards, a long rough mission, about 800 Flak guns defending the city. Second runs authorized, maximum effort. Our initial point (start of bomb run) was a town called Annaberg and we were warned in the event of second runs to avoid flying over Teplitz, the city of a large German oil plant still in operation and heavily fortified with flak.

The mission was routine until we arrived at the I.P. only to find heavy smoke over target with much traffic and were unable to proceed with bomb run. Our group proceeded to circle over forewarned location and we were immediately bombarded with the most intense flak barrage we had yet seen. Our aircraft took several direct hits knocking out two motors and setting off our load of incendiary bombs. The radio operator advised me of our burning load and all my attempts to open bomb doors and release load were fruitless. A few seconds later the pilot hit the alarm and we abandoned the burning craft at about 20,000 ft. in the vicinity of Saaz, CZ.

CAPTURE

I left the plane through the forward hatch forgetting that my shoes were still in the plane. They were far too uncomfortable and too cold to wear at high altitude but I always took them along for just this kind of an emergency. The chute snapped open jerking my feet downward and tearing loose my right flying slipper and flying boot. As I drifted down from about 5000 ft. the sight was something to behold. A sky full of

planes, bombers at high altitude and off in the distance some fighters strafing ground targets. I caught sight of our abandoned ship spiraling in descent and saw it hit in a muffled roar and a mushroom of smoke. I was soon able to judge where I would land and the same estimate was made by a group of civilians. The field was plowed and I hit softly. A warning shot flicked up dirt a few feet from me and seconds later a pistol muzzle was pointed at my forehead. I was completely surrounded. As I lay there I pointed inside my flying jacket and they removed my .45 and several clips of ammo. They motioned to me to stand and I did and then disengaged my chute harness. By this time a crowd of 40 to 50 had assembled in the field. They were chattering in German, most of which I clearly understood. My chute was gathered up and I was made to hold it resting on my head with both hands and I was led down a small tree lined dirt road. With one flying boot on one foot and just a sock on the other I trod through the manure covered road taking abuse, cursing and spitting, and one old crippled man let loose with his crutch and I caught the blow square in the back of my neck.

The familiar sound of a P-51 came roaring toward us and he flipped his wings as he passed at tree top height overhead. I am sure he must have seen me land and I am thankful he didn't try strafing my captors. The pass the P-51 made scattered my captors only momentarily and we were back on the move and shortly arrived in a very small village. Some woman that looked like a school teacher started asking me questions in English put to her in German by the town's burgomaster. If I hadn't been so scared it would have been rather amusing for when the question was asked by the burgomaster in German for the teacher to translate into English I already knew what the question was. My German was better than her English so I just played dumb. Their fumbling attempt at interrogation accomplished nothing and I gave only name, rank and serial number and my knowledge of German was kept a secret. They were all amazed at my youthful appearance. I was only 21 at the time, blonde hair and blue eyes. Several minutes later I was somewhat relieved to see a German soldier peddle up on a bicycle. I was told to pick my chute up and we headed out of the village down another dirt road, the soldier about 10 paces behind me walking his bike, left hand guiding and right arm cradling a rifle. We walked about 20 minutes and arrived at a small German command post. I was loaded on the back of a truck where sat my pilot, Dick Allbright and our tail gunner, Bernie Poole. A short truck ride brought us to the outskirts of Saaz, CZ. and a fairly large military installation. We got out of the truck and behind a barracks bldg.. There sat 5 of our other crew members. Only Westbrook, our waist gunner, was missing. We were shot down about 3:30 PM and

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Tickets are \$12.00 each. We need to make reservations in advance so we need to hear from you by November 18, 1994. Or better yet bring your money and reservation form below to the November meeting.

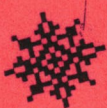
We're looking forward to seeing you on the fourth of December.

Name

Dinner Count

Mail to:

Jim and Janice Fix
3710 Airpark Rd.
Lincoln, NE. 68524



by 5:30, 8 out of 9 of our crew had been captured. I advised all of our crew that I could understand German fairly well and would stay alert for any information I could gather.

THE PRISION IN SAAZ

At about midnight a German officer ordered our guards to march us into Saaz where we were to be put in prison. The guards were instructed to open fire at any attempt to escape and I was able to relay this info to our crew. The city was blacked out but the guards managed to find their way. It was our first sight of the continent at ground level and the blackness made it all look foreboding and mysterious. The prison even more so. We were herded into a cell about 20 x 20 with ten cots and when the door closed behind us we all started jabbering like school kids. It was to be our home for the next 7 days. After about 5 minutes of wild talk, a guard came and silenced us and we all sacked out.

The room had a commode and sink, table with benches for eating, the ten cots with adequate mattresses and one blanket and one barred window about 6 ft. above floor level. The walls of the prison were about a foot thick and a person hoisted up could find a perch on the window sill which overlooked the rear of some homes. It was from that that we took turns playing peeping tom because the house opposite our window was home for some gorgeous doll. This lasted only a few days, she caught us looking one day and complained and that was the end of the window bit.

The food was almost inedible. Breakfast consisted of one slice of dark bread, not too bad and something hot they

called coffee. On the days they gave us a razor we would shave with the coffee. For lunch it was always potato soup and every other day some foul meat would be added. Dinner was coffee and one slice of bread. We were all searched when we were captured but it was surprising the amount of stuff we had left. One hacksaw blade about 3 inches long, rubber maps, candy and a few other pieces of junk carried in pockets. We were about to cut snaps off our flying suits and used these for checkers, the board was carved into the table with the edge of the hack saw blade. Any thought of escape was useless. We were on the third floor of a real old sturdy city prison. There were air raid warnings every night and on 2 nights the city was bombed with some dropping within several hundred yards of the prison.

We spent seven or eight days here and one morning we were taken by rail and truck to a regular POW camp near Teplitt. It was late afternoon when we arrived and conditions at the camp were quite poor. They allowed us to shower and we were placed in a room with about 60 American Army POWs. Most of the night was spent filling the GIs in on the last war news. The following morning our crew was interrogated and it was the same routine. Shortly before noon a group of 5 Germans, 2 Luftwaffe officers and 3 rather elderly men carrying rifles, marched us into town to the railroad station.

The rest of the story will be in the January's Newsletter.

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