



# EAA CHAPTER

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

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## JANUARY 1984 NEWSLETTER

**JANUARY MEETING:** The January meeting of the Lincoln Nebraska EAA Chapter 569 will be held on January 3, 1984, 7:30 P.M. at Lincoln Aire located at Lincoln Muni Airport. We will get to look at Ed Bowe's Cassutt and some other homebuilt airplanes hopefully.

Our first meeting of the new year is always kind of special as it will give everyone a chance to meet our new officers for 1984 and to meet with old acquaintances again. Not only this, but it is an excellent time to bring in prospective members and have them introduced to our friendly bunch. If you have a friend or neighbor even remotely interested in joining, bring him or her along. Don't forget to bring your checkbooks as it's dues time again!

**DECEMBER MEETING:** Our December meeting was well attended and everybody came away very stuffed. A special thanks to all the wives who were present and for those who baked cookies for our get together. There were many different kinds of goodies and your new president, Jim Fix, says he sampled all of them and that he'll be able to maintain his physique. What he means is that after eating all those cookies, he can look straight down and never see his feet as usual.

Special thanks to Les Christiansen for showing us how the Loran-C works. Les gave a very informative lecture on the workings of his little computer and it is really a remarkable device. Les taught us that this thing can take the place of a VOR, DME, and ADF plus do even more yet. I have just one question about that device of yours Les. How did you say you turned it on?

Last but not least, we watched the ending of **The Blue Max**. This was a very interesting movie and educational also as our hero demonstrated the four forces of aerodynamics familiar to all of us: stall, spin, crash, and burn.

Last month I wrote about Wild Bill. This month I'll tell you about Fred. Old Fred as he was known around the airport was a rancher and owned a 1959 Super Cub. Bought it new. Old Fred learned how to fly back in 1946 just after the war in a J-3. Old Fred's nephew was an Army Air Corp instructor during the war and came to help Fred on the ranch one summer and taught Old Fred the basics of aerodynamics and eventually let him solo.

Old Fred had been flying about 25 years when I met him. He would come buzzing the field in his grey and green Super Cub with sawdy fluorescent orange wing tips and land in front of the hangar on the taxi-way. Old Fred would take flying with him quite often, especially when he went to some other town. I thought it was great because I got to fly the Super Cub and log the time as PIC because I had my private license. Well, after about a year of this I discovered Old Fred had nothing but a student license that expired 20 years ago. That

didn't bother me much because I was doing the flying anyway. What did get my attention however, was the fact that Old Fred got his airplane annualized once every 5 or 6 years whether it needed it or not. Living out in the boondocks, one doesn't worry much about "big brother" snooping around, grounding airplanes. Old Fred would've shot the FAA guy anyway. On this particular summer day Old Fred decided his plane should be given an annual inspection as it was 1970 and the last time any mechanic looked at it was 1964. Besides the cows got out and ate the fabric off the left side of the fuselage and it got a little windy for Old Fred.

My boss and I started to work on Fred's plane. The fabric was totally shot but Old Fred just wanted the gaping hole the cows ate recovered. The fabric would punch out at 40 pounds and the minimum was 56 pounds as I recall but Old Fred figured it was good for another 10 years. My boss didn't mind as Old Fred lost the log books many years ago and nothing was ever recorded. I was draining the oil and Old Fred comes up and asks just what in the heck am I doing. He said he changes the oil every ten days or so and to put all that oil I drained out back in the engine. What Old Fred meant was that since the engine had over 2,000 hours on it, he'd burn about one and a half quarts every hour and the oil was essentially changed every 4 to 5 hours. Old Fred went on to inform me that Aeroshell oil was too damned expensive and he used Pennzoil, Valvoline, Phillips 66 and combinations of all 3 as it was cheaper and that's what his tractors used.

After about a week of working on Old Fred's airplane, I was glad to see it go. I cleaned about 75 shotgun shells out of the back, dozens of mouse nests including 5 little mice out of the wings, a pair of fliers under the stick, 2 quarts of Valvoline oil that had wedged way in back of the fuselage, 87 cents worth of dimes, nickles, and pennies, enough grass and hay to feed a large horse, 3 hornet nests, and about 5 acres of top soil.

When Old Fred paid his bill, he was cursing about the cost and muttering to himself about waiting ten years instead of five to get another annual. Old Fred was a good ole boy though. He'd curse and talk tough but he was usually a teddy bear. He flew people to and from their ranches when the weather got bad or would air drop supplies when the roads were impassable.

My fondest memory of Old Fred was the time he flew in and wanted me to show him how to use his radio. After showing him how the VOR worked he was simply amazed. He was even more amazed when I showed him an Omaha sectional. Why it even depicted not only where the airport was located from town, it even told you what the field elevation and length of the runway was. Old Fred said, what will they think of next. Getting Old Fred to talk on the radio correctly was even more of a challenge. Fred had the old coffee grinder style radio and could never get the hang of using it. He would talk into the mike and then hold it up to his ear thinking that's where the sound was coming from. I gave him an old pair of head phones and Old Fred was just awed over this new technology.

One nice Sunday morning Old Fred decides to fly his wife to Lincoln so she can visit with relatives for a week. On the Saturday before the big trip I try to explain and show Old Fred the correct procedure for landing at Lincoln. Fred had never landed at a controlled field before so he was a little apprehensive that those other guys wouldn't know what they were doing. Since Old Fred couldn't set the hang of tuning his VHT-3, I set the frequency on 118.5 for him and told him not to touch it and just tell the tower he wanted to stay on 118.5 for taxi instructions.

Early Sunday morning Old Fred and wife depart for Lincoln. Old Fred was really feeling good about this trip as he had all the latest innovations on board with his VHT-3, head set, and an Omaha Sectional. All week the weather was lousy so on Sunday it was beautiful and everybody and their brother are out flying at Lincoln Municipal. I tried to talk Old Fred into landing at Arrow airport but Fred's wife's relatives lived closer to Muni and didn't know how to get to Arrow so it was the big airport for Old Fred. Anyway Old Fred fired Lincoln and about 25 miles out his radio comes to life and everybody is talking so much and so fast, Old Fred can't even get a word in edgewise let alone understand one darn thing anybody was saying. About this time, Old Fred is

getting a little nervous as the airport is getting closer and closer and he sees 3 or 4 other airplanes in the sky. Out in the boonies if you see one airplane in a hundred mile radius, you log it as formation flying. About 10 miles out Fred is completely baffled what with all the chatter and all the airplanes in and around the airport. Then it dawns on him. His nephew who was a military instructor and taught Old Fred to fly, told him many flying stories and Old Fred all of a sudden has a plan. About 10 miles out Old Fred picks up the mike and as soon as there's a pause in the chatter Old Fred blurts out in an excited voice "Lincoln tower, this is 8564 - Charlie. Clear the runway, I'm going to try to bring this thing in on one engine!" There was dead silence for about 5 seconds, then the tower came back and said "Roger 64 Charlie, understand you're bringing it in on one engine, cleared to land on any runway you want". Old Fred smiles all the way down on final as all the other little airplanes scattered all over to get out of the way and the tower boys are hanging outside the tower cab with binoculars thinking a big twin is going to try and land on one engine. Old Fred does as he always does back home and lands on the taxiway in front of the hangar. As soon as Fred gets out of his Cub, the lineboy walks up and says the tower would like to talk to him. Fred lucked out by getting nothing more than a severe reprimand and an invitation never to come to Lincoln again.

I haven't seen Old Fred for many years now. I hope when I go home this Christmas, I run into Old Fred out at the airport as just maybe after 13 years, he might bring his Super Cub in for another annual.

As our going President, I would like to recognize the following people to express my thanks for your strong support;

Ken Dahle who provides us with a place to have our annual fly-in at Seward and his generosity in donating coffee mugs, prizes, POP, and a lot of valuable time.

Billy Dokulil who rarely misses any meetings even though he drives in all the way from Cedar Bluffs and who is quick to volunteer for assignments given him.

Ed Garner who provides many of us with information about flying airplanes and aerodynamics that you don't find written in any books.

Ted Oehlert who takes the time out of his busy schedule to type up and get this newsletter printed.

Caryle Reinmuth who shared with us a painful experience in the interest of safety and who climbs right back on the horse after being bucked off.

Lonny Davis who set up our picnic at Bonfers Field and arranged for a most interesting tour of Leo's treasures and of course who travels all the way from David City, rain, shine, sleet or snow to attend our meetings.

Rollie and Mary Woodruff who not only attend all our meetings but provide us with all the goodies at half time and who set up the picnics at Denton.

Don Shoemaker who hosted our last hangar party by letting us use his hangar and climb on his twin Navion, and who so graciously volunteered to serve on the nominating committee so he wouldn't be nominated for anything.

And of course to each and everyone of you who have helped whenever asked and who make up one of the best chapters in the entire EAA. Thank you all!.

Jeff Clausen

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