



# EAA CHAPTER

Number 569

• A LOCAL CHAPTER OF THE EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION - BOX 229 HALES CORNERS. WISCONSIN 53130 •

## Lincoln, Nebraska

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## JANUARY 1988 NEWSLETTER

**JANUARY MEETING:** The next meeting of EAA Chapter 569 of Lincoln, Nebraska will be held on Tuesday, January 5th at 7:30 P.M. We will meet in the meeting room at the Cobbler Inn (Shoemaker's Truck Stop, NW 48th and West "O", Lincoln).

For January the refreshment committee will be Les Christiansen (in charge), Jeff Clausen, Rick Cooper, Art Curtiss and Judson Cuswing. The refreshment committee for February will be Jim Debus (in charge), Ken Dahle, Lester David, Lonnie Davis and Bob Dinkel.

We have several items of interest on the agenda for the meeting. Bill Hamilton will present a progress report on the activities of the Southeast Nebraska Aviation Council that was recently formed. I understand that Bill and other members of the council have been hard at work and have some optimistic developments to report.

Our chapter has received an official response from President Paul regarding the petition that was submitted to the National EAA Headquarters objecting to the National EAA membership requirements for all local chapter members. This response will be read at the meeting. Don't be expecting to hear a friendly response and reversal on the matter.

At this time the program scheduled for the evening will be aviation related videos. See you all at the meeting!

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**More from Paul . . . .**

I think almost the most fun I've ever had outdoors was the afternoons I spent at Santa Paula California Airport. For one thing, it's an uncontrolled field, has no lights, just reflectors, and is home for some of the most interesting and rare aircraft outside of any museum. On any Sunday, a walk down the corridors between the long rows of hangars leads you to the "open

house" signified by open hangar doors. Inside, on comfortably worn sofas or thrift store chairs, sit Morn and Pop with their Pacer or Monocoupe proudly displayed. They'll offer you a cold one from an old firdge if they know you, and they'll swap flying stories for an hour even if they don't. The chat may be halted momentarily while the 122.7 unicorn cackles out the news that one of their cronies is in the pattern with his Howard DGA or Waco biplane. The airport cafe is the archtypical greasy spoon, and knowing this, one can drive onto the ramp, park in the shade of a hangar, plant yourself and friend down on the asphalt with chairs, umbrella, cooler, and barbie so close to the numbers that you pull your feet back when those big old Howards come in. There was a dusty old 150 at the ramp that you could always count on to provide wing shade if you forgot the umbrella. The script on the cowl, as I recall, spelled out "Chicken Ship."

There also was an ancient Stearman duster, with clipped wings, an assortment of rips and patches that once had and airworthiness certificate inside it, but had become the property of a true idiot pilot. He would load his ten year old kid brother in the front "hole" and proceed to do "bounce and circuits" (read English for touch and goes) with the kids legs dangling out the bottom of the fuselage on final, I swear I *saw* the boy's sneakers skid along on touchdowns.

That's almost as bad an example of the California (read trucker's term, Shakeyside) crazies as those that inhabit Flabob Airport near Riverside. There the smog is so bad that after parking your plane, one of the duties besides cleaning the bugs off is to somehow scrape off the brown film that gathers on the leading edge about "sixty-thou" in thickness. At Flabob, I've heard of planes landing upside down, of T-6's keeping straight on roll-out after their engine falls off the airplane and rolls along beside them. The FAA closed the airport down for a while I understand, but it's back in business now. The Feds turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to this nuttyness, perhaps with a hope that once in a while some gem of an aircraft innovation will come out of all of it.

I hear you saying, "If you're such a 'Californiafile', what are you doing in Nebraska?" I can appreciate that question very well. I too am irked by the bumper sticker that proclaims, "I **IIPNY**", or the like (why don't they take their heart and go there?). What I like about the good life here is the clean air, the gentle attitude, and even the snow. I could do without the lack of house numbers and driving skills, but as Willa "Catheter" put it so well, "In winter, Nebraska is as bare as sheet iron." How true! But I love the "bareness" of the quiet winter landscape, and send those other foreigners back where they came from!

Paul Wood