



EAA CHAPTER

Number 569

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

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JANUARY 1989 NEWSLETTER

JANUARY MEETING: The next meeting of EAA Chapter 569 will be held on Tuesday, January 3rd, 1989, 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). The program will be installation of officers and the video tape on the building of the Curtiss NC-1,2,3 and 4, and the flight of the NC-4 which was the first airplane to fly across the Atlantic Ocean. This flight was reenacted by Connie Edwards in his WWII PBX in celebration of the 75th Anniversary of Naval Aviation.

The Christmas Party of December 4th took the place of our regular monthly meeting for December. Seventy six attended and had an enjoyable evening.

JANUARY REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE: Members up for the January refreshment committee are Jim Troidl (in charge), George Stout, Jim Stephens, Dwight Snyder and Don Shoemaker. The committee for February will be George Wright (in charge), Rollie Woodruff, Paul Wood, Kermit Wenger and Andy Bajc.

Minutes of November 1, 1988 Meeting - EAA Chapter 569

The minutes of the November 1, 1988 meeting were read and approved by Bob Dinkel at 7:45 P.M. The minutes and treasurer's report of October was approved. The election of officers for 1989 was held and the results are as follows:

President:	Clay Champoux
Vice President:	Jerold Carlson
Secretary/Treasurer:	Dick Miller
Editor:	Ted Oehlert

Refreshments were had after the business meeting followed by a tape of the 75 Anniversary of Naval Aviation.

Remember that 1989 dues of \$15.00 are due now and we also have EAA Calendars

for sale.

Treasurer's Report

Balance Brought Forward	683.14
Income (calendars, dues, Christmas party tickets)	1109.59
Expense (EAA Insurance, Christmas Party)	<u>(980.52)</u>
Checkbook Balance	812.21

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The following variation of Clement Moore's poem by Sharron Travis of EAA Chapter 697 in Chesaning, Michigan, should help us prolong the festive feeling of the season just a little longer.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the shop, nothing was stirring, not even the prop. The wings were all hung, with care on the wall. All wired up tight, so they wouldn't fall. The pilots were all cuddled, all snug in their beds, while visions of blue skies danced in their heads. With Ted in his PJ's and me in my gown, we just started to dream of an engine so round; when out in the yard there arose such a clatter, we sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Out to the back door, we flew like a rocket, unlocked the garage to look at our project. On with the lights, which had a soft glow. That shone on the wings, and the fuselage below. When to our wondering eyes should we see, but a beautiful sleigh, How could this be? With a little old pilot, so calm and quick, we knew in a moment--it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came. With calm in his voice he called them by name. Now Mooney, now Piper, Now Beechcraft and Christen, On Cessna, on Luscombe, On Aeronca, and Stinson.

To the top of the rafters, to the top of the roof, we couldn't hear the sound of a hoof. So up to the shop roof the coursers they flew. With a sleigh full of tools, and St. Nicholas, too. And in a minute, we heard a loud noise. It was indicative of toys for the boys. As we hid by the work bench, we made not a sound. Huddled in the back, close to the ground. This pilot was dressed in rich brown leather, It was lined with fur for the cold, cold weather.

A big brown bag he had flung on his back. He looked like a mechanic when he opened his pack. Out fell a drill with all of its bits. Then came the sander, and paper with grits. We had to sit down for a few minutes. Then he remembered the gun with all the rivets. When he reached in, he pulled out a grinder. He was a nice little man. No one could be kinder.

Once again, he was into his sack. Pulled out a nightie. "Oops, put that back!" The tools were quite heavy without a doubt. The sheet metal brake was the last thing out. He said not a word, just heaved a big sigh. This delivery was over. He'd head for the sky. He looked around and gave out a

chuckle. He rubbed his big belly and Pratt Whitney belt buckle. He sprang to his sleigh and set the transponder. Then he disappeared into the wild blue yonder. But heard him exclaim as he flew out of sight, "MERRY CHRISTMAS EAAer's AND HAVE A GOOD FLIGHT!"

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