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EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



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Meeting Announcement

Date: Tuesday, July 2nd

Time: 7:30pm

Program: Mark Gaffney

“Nebraska Aviation Accidents...A Discussion of Causal Factors and Risk Management”

Place: Duncan Aviation Engine Shop
5000 NW 44th St – Lincoln, NE

President's Message Cristi Higgins



Flying season is in full swing. I hope you all are getting out and up to enjoy it. Our Air Academy camper Glen is back and reporting it was the best experience of his life. He is an old 13 so we did good but I hope his aviation career is just starting. Everything was paid for from Young Eagle credits and Rollie Woodruff's memorial. THANK YOU to our pilots that fly kids all year to make this happen and to Rollie! Join us in July to meet and hear about Glen's adventure in Oshkosh!

I like to stay active as well even if I just ride along so I took a formation ride with The Flying Conestogas in Beatrice. This year I jumped in with Randy Prellwitz. Randy is an instructor and has done many formation flights. He let me sit in the left seat but I wasn't about to take the controls for a formation flight so I thought. Randy likes to keep the formation tight and he really should be a Blue Angel or something. We were number 3 position in a classic arrow.

John Cox led in position 1 and Bill Stelling was number 2. What a thrill to roll down the runway together and take flight. The air was bumpy but the Conestogas are used to that. Now I mentioned I was not controlling the airplane however what I meant was not with my hands. This is very new technology but I found that as Randy got inches from John's wing or tail if I leaned right tight into Randy the aircraft would bank right a little. Same with forward distance by a lean back in my seat the throttle would back off some RPMs. I don't know if I can actually log it but I'd like to think I was helping him out. I did mention to Randy that Bill was further back than us. He asked if that was my way of telling him he was too close? I replied that we did want it to look pretty for the parade folks below us. We laughed a lot and I hope he will take me along again because that was a privilege and a thrill that had me smiling all day.

Happy Landings!

Cristi Higgins



Colonel Keith Schell spoke about his 155th Air Refueling Wing at the June meeting. Colonel Schell circled Denver for 9 hours refueling fighters on 9/11.

Welcome new members!

Name: Bill Melton

City: Lincoln, NE

Building Information/Type of Airplane

Project: Starduster Too

Aviation/Flying Information: ATP, Airline, Military

Memorable Aviation Experience: Watching the sun rise above an overcast with Mt. Fuji poking out the top.

Name: Dave Ahlstrand

City: Beatrice, NE

Building Information/Type of Airplane

Project: Ultra Piet re: O2B.... "HABU"

Aviation/Flying Information: PPSEL HiPerf/Complex TailDragger Aerobatics some Glider & Glider Tow

Memorable Aviation Experience: Growing up with & then being one of the last to be signed off by Uncle Tom (Umberger)

Homestead Days Flyover



Photo taken by President Higgins of the formation flight over Beatrice on June 15th.

Accident Report

Accident occurred Saturday, March 20, 2010 in Warren, OH

Probable Cause Approval Date: 07/01/2010

Aircraft: KINNEY KEVIN ZENITH 601XL, registration: N61601

Injuries: 1 Uninjured.

NTSB investigators used data provided by various entities, including, but not limited to, the Federal Aviation Administration and/or the operator and did not travel in support of this investigation to prepare this aircraft accident report.

The pilot reported that the purpose of the flight was to conduct flight testing of the amateur-built experimental airplane. The pilot was also the owner/builder. He

stated that while conducting some clearing turns in preparation for slow flight testing, he observed an oil pressure warning on the engine monitor. The indicated oil pressure was zero. He immediately turned toward the airport and reduced engine power to idle. About 60 seconds after the oil pressure warning, the engine lost power completely. The pilot established best glide airspeed and set up for a forced landing. He noted that he overshot the first field he had selected, but then settled on a second field. The airplane clipped two sets of trees during the approach and struck a wire fence during the landing. The pilot estimated that the airplane slid 20 feet after touching down. A post

accident inspection revealed a failure of an oil hose. Specifically, the return hose from the oil cooler had a 1-inch longitudinal split at a bend in the line. The pilot commented that he might not have properly accounted for the compound S-bend at that location on installation. The airplane had accumulated about 5.4 hours at the time of the accident. The airplane received damage to the firewall and fuselage.

The National Transportation Safety Board determines the probable cause(s) of this accident to be:

A total loss of engine power due to the failure of an oil hose due to improper installation of the hose.

plane talk by *Lauran Paine, Jr*

WHENEVER I DO SOMETHING STUPID IN AN airplane or just want to remember a certain aerial event, I make a small, cryptic note in my logbook. It's usually just a word or two above the "from" and "to" line.

Occasionally I glance back through my logbook and read my scribbling, just to see if I've learned anything. It turns out some events are vivid still, others I barely remember, and still others I've forgotten (couldn't be age, could it?). But the comments entertain me. After all, they're a collective snapshot of my aviation life.

In my early logbooks I seem to have been dutiful, logging my time and writing short notes like "power on stalls" and "turns about a point." I was probably conserving ink inasmuch as it was 1965, I was in college, I could barely afford a pen, and Air Force ROTC was paying for my flying lessons.

One early 1966 entry stands out in my memory still. After the line "T-37, 1.3, local, day" I wrote "EEEEEEEE!" It was my first solo in the "Tweet." I went to the practice area and did four loops in a row. I was 22 years old and in flying heaven. Flying was all I ever wanted to do, and here I was in a jet—with stick, helmet, flying suit, and an ejection seat—and doing it! I wrote at the bottom of the logbook's page, "Life's complete."

Then a couple of stupid things: In pilot training students bragged amongst themselves about taking the T-38 to 50,000 feet. It was a marker, a milestone, or so we thought. So, solo, I took my T-38

up there. (This was before Mode C.) It was awesome, the sun was glinting off the wings, and I was feeling pretty darn cool. Then I peeled off in a 120-degree bank toward my imagined enemy below.

There isn't much air at 50,000 feet, and the abrupt maneuver disturbed what little airflow there was to the engines, and they both flamed out. "Cool" suddenly became "stupid." *Very* stupid. My first thought was, "Lauran, you worked so very hard to get here, and now you blow it by becoming dumber than a fence post. You stupid, ignorant jerk."

To make a short story shorter, I got the engines relit at 35,000 feet, came home, and landed. I parked, went inside, and said nothin' to nobody. Until now. (This happened 34 years ago, so I hope the statute of limitations has expired.)

What's funny is I remember the day I did this—and there is no entry in my logbook. I guess I wanted to make sure no one would read my logbook and notice that I had recorded my ignorance for all to see.

Jump to 1987. There's an entry over BOI (Boise, Idaho) that says "re-entry." I don't remember it now, but I must have been a little late on the letdown on that one. Okay, a *lot* late. Another Idaho entry says "30k x-wind." Again, I don't remember it specifically, but it must have been memorable on that day. Thirty knots across the runway would qualify as a memorable event.

On 2/19 there's a "#2 gen" entry. There's another on 2/20, and yet another on 2/23. Two different tail numbers. Must have had a run of bad generators in February.

"Vector" appears above SEA (Seattle, Washington). I *do* remember that. The controller gave us a vector out of traffic and then got very busy on the frequency. We were in the clouds, level at 6,000 feet, and, knowing the local terrain, headed for Mt. Rainier at 14,400 feet. Couldn't get a word in. Finally did. Controller was irritated. Then alarmed, "Turn left immediately and climb." Crisis averted. "Vector" in my logbook reminds me of that day.

"Rust" is a comment that coincides with dates. It's a frequent comment after two-week vacations. Two weeks may not seem like much, but when you fly nearly every day your hands just flow around the cockpit. That ability goes away in as little as two weeks. Fortunately, it comes back after a couple of legs.

"Mtn wave." Cryptic but memorable. That stuff is weird. It takes control of your airplane, and pilots don't like that. And you can't see it. You have to ride it—if you have room—or turn or something. I was flying a National Guard airplane that day, with an ejection seat. Comforting thought. But if I'd been in a light airplane, I'd have had diarrhea for a week.

"Grnd fog" is in the logbooks quite a few times. It's the kind you don't get into until you're at or below the published instrument approach minimums. Freaky stuff. You're the judge if the runway's visible enough to land or not. You have about 10 milliseconds to make the decision.

"Near miss." Yup, remember it well. We were doing a VOR approach through broken clouds,

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and the dirty belly of a VFR Cessna was *suddenly* and *clearly* visible in the top of our windshield. My copilot that day, Steve Allison, said, "Life is short." He passed away five years later. Cancer. But we didn't die that day. Steve was right—life *is* short.

"Beaut nite." It was one of those clear, smooth, bright moon, towns clearly visible everywhere kind of nights. You know the kind. Wonder and beauty all at the same time.

"Balloon." You know what that means: tad hot, flared late, pulled hard, ballooned up, high, out of airspeed and ideas all at the same time. But it must have turned out okay because I'm here talking to you about it.

"T-storm." That's in my logbooks a lot; I guess because they always get my attention. They're big, gray, ugly, bumpy, and spit stuff, like hail and lightning. And they'll rip your face off if you're not careful. In one place, "T-storm" is listed three days in a row. I don't like 'em! Even writing this, I'm visualizing them and finding ways to stay the heck away from them.

"Sick." Now, *that* you shouldn't do. Don't fly sick! I guess I did, and it was memorable enough to write the comment in my logbook as a reminder not to do it again. If you feel bad on the ground, you'll feel worse in the air.

"DJ glove." That's the day I found my youngest son's perfect baseball glove. It was just the one we'd been looking for, and I was excited to get it and bring it home to him.

"Bro." Took my son on an overnight trip with me. It was fun.

It's good they know what the ol' man does when he leaves the house for work.

"Nse gr clpse." I remember it. National Guard airplane. On taxi, the nose gear just folded up. Brain goes, "Tilt!" View out the front is all wrong. Parked it. Went and got another airplane.

"Oil press." That's in there twice. Once on an airliner and once on a Guard airplane. Had to shut down the engine each time. Luckily, both airplanes had two engines. Good thing. My innards aren't that strong.

"Drafted." That's when the company is out of reserve pilots and they call and tell you that you *will* fly that day. It's extra pay, but my days off are more important to me than money. I don't think I've answered the phone on a day off since.

"Pax in lav." I remember. It was a nasty, bumpy night. Passenger got scared and ran to the lavatory. He wouldn't come out. Landed with him in there. Paramedics gave him oxygen. He was okay. Felt sorry for him. Don't know if he ever flew again. Hope he did, on a "beaut nite."

"Smoke." Remember that, too. It was at the gate. A panel started smoking. Evacuated the airplane. Evacuated *us*. All felt sick. Canceled rest of trip. Made mental note of how fast smoke can incapacitate.

"Coyote." Yup, there he was, on the runway. Right in front of us. Missed him. Don't know how. But he got an honorable mention in my logbook.

"Batt hot." No, it wasn't just "the light." The battery *was* hot. The

mechanic let me touch it. Lesson: Don't ignore warning lights. We didn't, but it's always worth repeating.

"Window crack." I remember. Looked up and saw a huge crack in the window. Asked, "Was that there before?" Answer, "Don't think so." Then, suddenly, it cracked bigger and then "bicycle-spoked." Good thing windshields are laminated.

"Red alert." Remember that one, too. Calgary, in Canada. Holding short for takeoff. Was told we wouldn't be cleared for takeoff because there was a "Red Alert." "Red Alert" is not in the *Aeronautical Information Manual*. Fifteen minutes later, got cleared for takeoff. Still don't know what a "Red Alert" is.

"Prpsl." Jump to May 31, 1968. Cessna Cardinal, N29402. 9,000 feet over the ABI (Abilene, Texas) VOR. I proposed marriage to Kay Lyn Statser. She said, "Only if it's forever." So far, so good. Thirty-three years now and still goin' strong.

I could go on. Thirty-five years is a lot of logbooks and a lot of notes, but you get the idea. Now go pull out your logbooks and look at the notes. It's kind of fun. It's who we are. It's what we've learned. After all, what is life but memories and experiences?

(This article originally appeared in the March, 2002 issue of EAA Sport Aviation.)

**Minutes of the Club Meeting
June 4th, 2013**

The meeting was called to order promptly at 7:31 PM CST by Vice President Keith Gomon.

Vice President Gomon introduced Col. Keith Schell, Commander of the 155th Air Refueling Wing. Col. Schell has spent 32 years with the Nebraska Air National Guard. The program outlined the role and mission of the refueling wing and the stellar performance of the group here in Lincoln.

Col. Schell noted several stories of his involvement with the Nebraska Air National Guard including his service as a RF-4 pilot. He noted that it was possible to bring more stuff home from overseas in a KC-135 than an RF-4. He also noted

that the wing supported the air surveillance effort immediately after 911, spending over 9 hours over Denver. Col. Schell noted that there are approximately 1,000 people in the unit which makes it the 4th smallest unit in the ANG.

Vice President Gomon informed the Chapter of the upcoming June 6th dedication of the "First Flight" sculpture at the Lincoln Children's Museum.

Young Eagles will fly on July 17th and 24th.

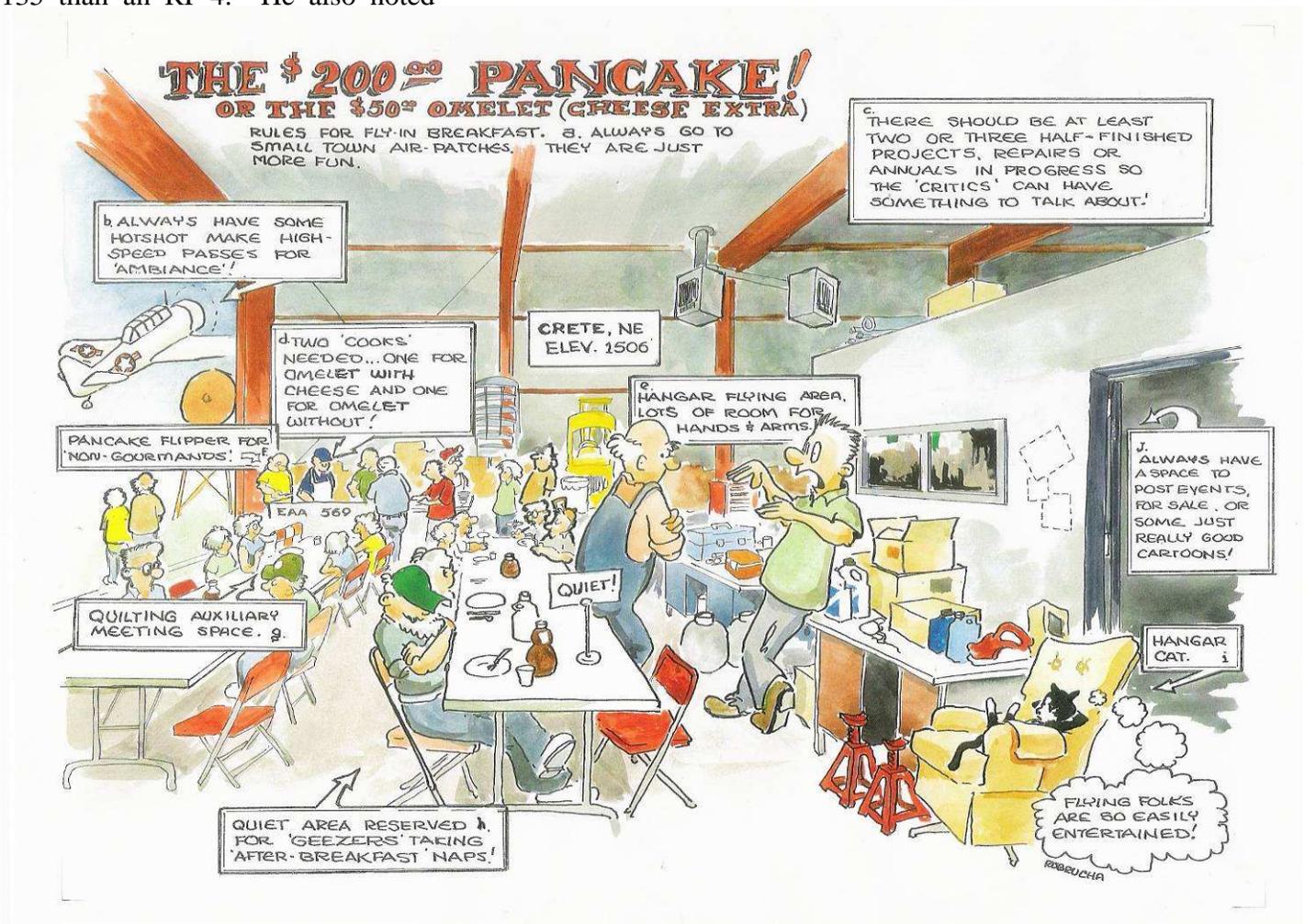
The meeting was adjourned by the Vice President at 9:05 PM.

Respectfully Submitted
Doug Elting, Secretary, Chapter 569

Classifieds

**Interested in a
Ercoupe 415-C
partnership?**

Light Sport Partnership Opportunity! Are you looking for inexpensive flying time in a Light Sport qualified aircraft? If you are interested in exploring opportunities with an Ercoupe 415-C (rudder pedals) located at Wahoo (KAHQ), contact Wayne Woldt at 402-450-6170 or wwoldt1@hotmail.com.



Events

York Airport (JYR), EAA Chapter 1055 Fly-in breakfast on the 1st Saturday of every month. 0800-1000. Free will donation.

Crete Airport (CEK), EAA Chapter 569 Fly-in breakfast on the 3rd Saturday of every month. 0800-1000.

June 30, Pender Veterans Fly-in, Pender, NE (0C4). Annual Fly-in breakfast for over 35 years. 0800-1200. More info: Paul Peters: 402.380.9882

July 4, Seward, NE (SWT) Annual Aerobatic Airshow (free) at 1100 featuring the Lincoln Aerobatic Club. Sponsored by Seward Airport Authority and Whisler Aviation. Please bring a lawn chair.

July 13 – 14, Wayne (LCG), Fly-in, Annual Chicken Show. More info: Nancy Braden: 402.375.1733 or www.chickenshow.com

July 29 - Aug. 4, AirVenture, Oshkosh, WI, <http://www.airventure.org/>



Young Eagles Events

July 17th and 24th 1800 – Math Girls
(Lincoln - Silverhawk Aviation)

John Cox
2279 County Road 2425
DeWitt, Nebraska 68541-2518



Have a safe and happy 4th of July!