



EAA CHAPTER

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

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JULY 1982 NEWSLETTER

JULY MEETING: Please mark your calendars or leave yourself a note about the July meeting. It will be held on Sunday, July 18 at the Seward airport. A flight breakfast will be given by the Seward J.C.s beginning at 7:30 A.M. Since the weather wasn't cooperating with us at Crete and again at our picnic in June we still have trophies to give for the best homebuilt, antique/classic, plus our spot landing and sponge drop contests. Hopefully our friends in Hastings and Omaha will drop in on us and join us for lunch as we still have all the makings left over from our June picnic.

We will stage the contests at approximately 11:00 A.M. After this we we'll have our picnic. The hot dogs, hamburgers, and buns will be supplied. Please bring a covered dish plus your own place settings. For our Omaha and Hastings friends, we'll have extra plates etc. for you. Please remember to bring volley ball and net, softballs, gloves, bats, etc. If it rains, TOUGH, we're still going through with it as we can use Ken Dahle's hangar. Think sun though. We will also finalize arrangements for the up and coming Oshkosh trip so if you need a ride show up at the picnic and maybe we can line you up with a ride.

Sorry for the change in the meeting time and place but because the first Tuesday is July 6, many folks won't be able to attend and besides it's too hot to be inside anyway so please make an effort to get to Seward and we'll have a fun time in the great outdoors.

CRETE FLY-IN: On June 6, 1982 our chapter helped organize a fly-in in which we were well represented. Due to skunky weather (low ceilings and high winds) much of the mornings activities were somewhat curtailed. A couple of our members did manage to fly in though. Ed Garner and Ken Dahle were the first to arrive with experimental aircraft. I want Ed and Ken to know we really appreciated them flying in. And someone once said there are no "old and bold" pilots around! Lonnie Davis also came chugging along in his somewhat rare J-4 Cub Coupe. Quite a few other members flew in in less than ideal conditions also.

A special thanks need to be given to Howard Nitzel who provided us with two excellent displays. Howard had his immaculate Cassut on display plus his Pitts which is under construction. It gave everyone an excellent chance to see quality airplanes. Thanks also to Wilber Hanson who let us use his hangar which proved very useful later in the day when the sun came out. I want to thank everyone else who spent time on Saturday as well as Sunday to set things up and kept things going. Maybe we'll have better luck at Seward on July 18th with the weather. Thanks again.

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On Tuesday June 15th we had a picnic at Bethany Park in Lincoln. Due to muddy conditions not many people showed up. For those of you who didn't make it out, you missed out on some good food. More importantly, you missed out on Eldon Kreimer's home made 1978 and 1980 vintage wine. As Carl Carlson put it "it was good, R-E-A-L good". George Stout also provided us entertainment by sliding down the slippery slide. We all had a good time enjoying each others company. Hope more of you will make the next picnic in Seward.

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Congratulations to Carl Carlson. For those of you who missed our last meeting, Carl's Hyperbire has flown and Carl reports no problems. We'll look forward to seeing Carl at some of the local fly-ins this summer.

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Rollie Woodruff has set up shop at Brushnahan's airstrip in Denton. Rollie says you can find him there most evenings when the weather is conducive to flying ultralights. Rollie even has a phone at Denton if you want to get in touch with him. His number is 797-2345 and is a local call from Lincoln.

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I attended a flight breakfast in Harlan, Iowa in the middle of June which prompts me to write the next few paragraphs. Since many of us attend fly-ins around the area, it may be wise to think about the traffic pattern we'll fly when arriving. While entering the pattern at Harlan I was out in front of a Cessna 172 and had to go around and reenter the pattern. I pulled in behind the last plane on downwind and followed him, and followed him, and followed him and then he finally turned base about 3 miles from the runway. I was practicing slow flight on final until the guy in front of me landed and was turning off the runway when I proceeded to make a normal landing. I was concentrating on making a smooth landing when at about 100 feet a Cherokee tried to mate with my Stits Playboy. Fortunately he saw me in time to pull away as I really didn't have anyplace to go.

I guess the point I want to make is that when flying in to an active airport, one should pull in behind the last airplane on downwind. You should also keep your pattern close enough to the runway so that in the event your engine fails, you can still make the runway. This allows for more airplanes to land in a given time also. If the taxi way is at the end of the runway, don't land real short and taxi for five minutes but touch down a bit further on the runway and exit as soon as practical. Most of all be extremely watchful for other aircraft and be courteous to the guys on your tail by keeping your pattern within the state of Nebraska assuming the fly-in is in Nebraska, and use good and safe judgement. Happy landings!

Jeff Clausen

The Case of the Baffled Bolshevik

The Soviets were certain that a new American secret and possibly threatening activity was taking place dangerously close to the Canadian border.

For some years now their gigantic EGT-in-the-sky satellite had been registering high exhaust gas temperatures in the western Great Lakes area each summer. Routine intelligence indicated what seemed to be troop and aircraft movements numbering in the hundreds of thousands; but so clever was the American cover that the Kremlin still had no real concept of what this operation was, only referred to as "Oshkosh" in meager press stories.

What concerned the leaders in Moscow was the lack of motive. Oshkosh was not affecting Wall Street; therefore, if the operation was not capitalistic, it must be military. It went under the American code name of EAA.

Igor Chuckenvutski was no ordinary Kremlin agent. The illegitimate son of Nadar Voluptski, beautiful Russian woman spy, and Brent Buckle, former deputy sheriff of Selma, Alabama, Igor had been conceived during the freedom marches of the Sixties. With blonde hair, blue eyes, freckles across his snub nose, a pilot with a great appetite for beer, Igor could pass anywhere in the USA, but was

dedicated in his loyalty to his mother and his Mother Russia.

Satellite photos of thousands of unidentifiable parked aircraft and massed troops convinced Moscow of the need for the risky plan to slip Igor into the Oshkosh compound. He was given the cover name of Phineas Pinkham Jr., son of a famous American Spad pilot from World War One. Outfitted in a smuggled EAA jacket and cap with patches and badges, he was given five dollars and a pocketful of cecoc and sent in at field rank grade level.

The Russian satellite photo details indicated that Oshkosh troops were administered by a small officer corps mounted in old German vehicles, modified to be topless and doorless. Igor and his fake VW cut-down were smuggled inside the EAA wire by Metro Sanitation, disguised as a portable toilet. The payoff was cheap.

Unquestioned by his possession of the VW badge of authority, Igor's infiltration was a total success. He was soon answering the phones at EAA HQ. Moving freely, he still could not fathom the motive for America's Operation Oshkosh.

Discounting earlier Kremlin theories about the rise of the Confederacy

because of the age and condition of the Colonels, he then — against his better military judgment and aviation background — decided that the secret missiles of Oshkosh must lie somehow in the improbable aircraft designs. Igor decided to steal one and fly it to Cuba for technical evaluation.

On that fateful foggy morning this bold Soviet spy dashed out of his VW and vaulted into the cockpit of what he determined to be the most advanced and threatening design at Oshkosh Air Base. It had been left totally unguarded.

Igor jumped into the cockpit of this white and clean looking missile, facing it prop. He was astonished to find that all the controls were behind him. His blunder drew a large laughing running crowd of enlisted troops, even their women and children laughing and jeering. The rush of the crowd attracted a patrolling helicopter which Igor sensed to be a sort of airborne command ship. Caught red-handed, Igor leaped out of this confusing airship which had been treacherously mislabeled Very Easy, and he implemented his Plan Two.

Igor had made a study of the discipline of the Oshkosh compound troops; he knew their weakness. Reaching into his kit bag he began to fling out great handfuls of trash. He LITTERED. The helicopter's downwash spread the litter far across the immaculate flight line. The troops ignored Igor, broke and ran, picking up litter.

Igor ran to a more conventional looking aircraft, a Cub, with an insignia on its tail that mocked the great bear of Russia. In an instant he had the Cub sorted out and was aloft in a take off run that shocked him. Nowhere in the Warsaw Pact nations was there such technology.

But he took off inadvertently into a formation of biplanes which appeared to be smoking and tumbling out of control. Miraculously the biplanes recovered, sent after him in hot pursuit, and boxed Igor's Cub into a horrifyingly close formation. Igor could see that the biplanes were marked as Eagles. Their pilots were forcing him down, making very unchristian hand gestures from their nearby cockpits. But the clever Igor escaped by flying into a low cloud hanging over a nearby lake.

Igor was good, but had not reckoned with the skill and daring of the three Eagle pilots. They rolled inverted, found Igor in the fog, and closed in on the Cub again.

The fearful Igor, finding himself within touching distance of the insane American pilots again, also noted that all of them had their wheels upward. Igor could only conclude that when he himself entered the cloud bank he had suffered a moment of vertigo and had rolled inverted. Now he found himself apparently upside down in a tight formation of Oshkosh Force pilots.

Igor stared at their grinning faces hanging down in canopies, streaking through shredded mists only a few meters away. Calling up all his flying skill and iron nerve to escape, Igor rolled his Cub over to match the others, yanked back on the stick to employ his tremendous lift. . . and he dived straight into Lake Winnebago.

The Soviets still have no idea why hundreds of thousands of American troops muster at Oshkosh each year. They still monitor the signals from many strange and unfathomable aircraft, consider the vanished Igor, and they worry.