



EAA CHAPTER

NUMBER 569

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

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MAY 1986 NEWSLETTER

MAY MEETING: The next meeting of EAA Chapter 569 will be held on Tuesday, May 6th at 7:30 p.m. in the Duncan Aviation lunch room. Our scheduled program for the evening is an informative presentation by Al Milana on "Back to the Basics".

The refreshment committee for the May meeting will be Ed Bowes (in charge), Jerry Carlson, Lester Christiansen, Jeff Clausen, and Rick Cooper. The following month for June the refreshment committee will be Art Curtiss (in charge), Ken Dahle, Lester David, Lonnie Davis, and Jim Debus.

SEWARD UPDATE: It is reported by our Seward Fly-in committee that there is no insurance available for the fly-in at under the \$1,000 per day figure quoted. This leaves us with the alternative of abandoning the organized flying activities and having a fly-in picnic instead (this was decided at the last meeting as indicated in the Secretarie's Report following). More news about this at the meeting.

SECRETARIE'S REPORT:

The April 1st meeting was called to order by President Lonnie Davis. Chapter rosters were passed out. Those not attending will receive them in the mail.

A Seward Fly-in update brought distressing news. No affordable insurance policy for liability had been found. Premium costs were averaging over \$1,000 per day. Don Shoemaker made a motion to limit our portion of insurance costs to \$350.00 if an insurance carrier could be found. Jim Stephens seconded. Motion carried. If insurance can not be found an area chapter "picnic" would take place.

After much research by Lonnie and myself we found we cannot be a non-profit organization and do not qualify easily for a tax number so our CD will be taxed accordingly. Jim Fix made the motion to leave our money in the CD even though the government would get a portion of the interest. Motion passed.

Meeting was adjourned. Part two of Lester David's "Hungarian Air Force" experiences followed.

TREASURER'S REPORT
April 30, 1986

JANUARY, 1986

Balance Forward	1,127.04
Dues	1,035.00
Kitty	55.92
Raffle	48.00
Calendars	90.00
Paid Out	254.46
CD Investment	1,000.00
Checking Account Balance	1,101.50

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Jeff's Column

SUMMER 1974

There in the hangar was probably the hottest airplane I was ever about to get checked out in. The night before I read the manual and learned emergency procedures and airspeeds and flap settings and where all the handles, levers, switches, and buttons were. I was at the airport early. One hour early to be exact as I wanted to just sit in the airplane and rehearse. I went over to the tin shed hangar to open the hangar door and preflight this closest thing to a P-51 I'd ever been in. I got to the hangar door and remembered I forgot the key to the padlock on the hangar door. I went around to the window on the side of the hangar, slid it up, crawled through the window into the hangar, got the extra key hidden up on the ledge by the door where someone had placed it for emergencies such as this, crawled back out the window, and finally opened the hangar door.

I proceeded to pull this poor man's P-51 out in the early morning sun and crawled up front to try it on for size. I fiddled around in the front cockpit for a while when my check pilot drove up. "Glad to see you remembered to bring your hangar key cause I forgot mine."

So begins the tale of my adventures with N-12266, a Beechcraft T-34. For those of you not knowing what a T-34 is, it is basically your straight tail Bonanza with 2 seats in tandem and a big bubble canopy with a stick instead of a wheel.

I've never met face to face with Bob, my check pilot. I visited with him on the phone to set this up but didn't know his qualifications or background. Bob was one of the officers of the CAP and was the designated check pilot.

As Bob walked over to the plane, I wondered if his pants would stay on and further wondered where he got such a long shirt to cover his beer belly and still be able to tuck it in.

Bob was a darn nice fellow. Said he was always looking for an excuse to go fly the T-34. Why he flew it 3 1/2 hours last year, 1/2 hour this year, only he was flying in the back seat. I should have known what was in store for me.

After a long preflight where I learned all about Sgt. Bob and his WW II experiences, none of which included any flying stories, we were ready to fire up and go fly. I was somewhat surprised when Bob got into the front hole. He mentioned something about never landing from the rear seat and besides the rear seat has instruments just like up front. "OK by me" says I. I put on the neat military style harness and cinched it up **tight**. I follow the check list out of the manual while Bob is already throwing switches, levers, and knobs. I figure Bob must be pretty sharp as he didn't even need a check list to start it up. I also noticed the engine wouldn't start. A quick glance told me Bob was trying to start the engine with the mags off. Bob says "this pig has a mind of it's own and is hard to start sometimes." Says I, "Ya I know what you mean and by the way, what's that switch with "L R Both" on it?" Bob runs off some explanation while he tries to switch the mags on without me noticing.

The T-34 starts up right off with the mags on and we taxi out for take off. I'm excited and pumped up. This is gonna be great. Bob tells me to go ahead and take off and he'll help me. In goes the throttle and I'm ready for a real rocket ride. Unfortunately, this T-34 has a 225 HP Continental engine where 30 or better of it's horses are ready for the glue factory. We roll and roll and roll and finally get off the ground 3/4 of the way down the 3,500 foot runway. We climb with gear and flaps up at 300 feet per minute. I ask Bob through our intercom if this is normal. Bob assures me all is running normal. Once we get to altitude, I went through some stalls and spins, loops, rolls and was just about ready to strafe a combine or two when Bob, who was looking kind a green, said he needed to get home so please fly us back to the airport.

After 15 or 20 minutes and a Coke, Bob got his color back and told me I was officially checked out in the 34 and could go fly anytime I wanted to go strafe combines. I crawled up front this time and started up and took off. I was in seventh heaven. Even though this particular T-34 was a dog, it had character and went pretty fast if you'd dive it steep enough. After an hour or so of playing fighter pilot, it was time to land. I followed the check list and all was going fine until I lowered the gear. Only one little wheel came down on the indicator. I climbed back up for some altitude and cycled the gear a few times and still only the left main indicated down and locked. I even tried lowering the gear upside down at the top of a loop thinking the resulting G forces at the bottom would cause the gear to fall free. No luck. I could hear and feel the gear but the gear indicator still showed only one down and locked.

About this time I was turning the owners manual to Emergency gear procedures. I decided to try one more thing before cranking the gear down manually. I got on the radio and tried to get Unicom to answer in hopes of someone being there to visually check to see if my gear was all the way down. No one was home. I had about 1 hour of fuel left so I climbed for altitude again in hopes of reaching Ogalalla Unicom and this time I got an answer. I asked the lady if she would please call Bob at home and tell him to drive out to the airport to check my gear. 15 minutes later Bob comes driving in and I get him on Unicom. He says my gear is down and to thump the gear indicator as it sometimes sticks. A good rap on the gauge and sure enough, all three little wheels drop down indicating gear down and locked. After a sigh of relief, I went around and ended an otherwise uneventful flight.

The next day I just had to take a cross country back home to show all my buddies what I had. The weather was beautiful and after 30 minutes or so I decided to try flying this bird with the canopy open. I pushed the glass bubble back a foot or so and locked it. The next second my maps promptly

exited the airplane and I was left feeling pretty stupid. No big deal, I had more maps in my brief case in the back seat. I unbuckled after I trimmed it up and attempted to reach my brief case. I know this was going to be a trick so I closed the canopy, crawled out of the front seat and leaned over the rear seat instrument panel and grabbed the rear seat stick looking out the back at the rudder. Talk about tricky. Pull back on the stick in this situation and you're floating in mid air with the nose pointed earthward. Push the stick forward and you kiss the instrument panel as you skyrocket upward. After a couple of minutes of this I realized how ridiculous I must look and hoped no one was flying formation above me. I finally reached my maps and got back to where I belonged and buckled up. After establishing myself and getting back on course, I sat on my map and opened the canopy again.

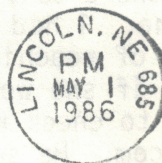
About this time I realized the front seat seemed too close so I grabbed a handle under the seat to move it back a ways and gave it a pull. My heart promptly missed a couple of beats as the bottom of the airplane fell out. I thought for a brief second Bob had forgotten to tell me about the ejection seat that blew down instead of up. As it turned out, the handle I pulled, adjusted the height of the seat. It sits on rails and must of been on the highest setting as I dropped about 5 or 6 inches.

I finally got to Ainsworth, set up on final, dropped the gear, thumped the gear indicator and landed without incident. I was at the height of my glory. I hopped a few rides and buzzed a few friends and left again later in the day. I enjoyed 25 hours worth of T-34 time and to this day I still look at the T-34's in Trade-A-Plane and still hope someday I hit the pick six at Aksarben.

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FOR SALE - SWAP - TRADE

HANGAR AVAILABLE - Jim Chambers has sold his Comanche and has a 50' x 50' hangar located on his 2,000 foot private strip between Muni and Pawnee Lake. Will trade free hangar space for flying time. Aircraft must have radio because of proximity to Muni. Tail dragger preferred. Contact Jim Chambers, 916 Carlos Drive, Lincoln, Nebr. 68505. Phone (402) 466-2474.



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