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Meeting Announcement

Date: Tuesday, October 7

Time: 7:30pm

Program: Kitplanes cartoonist and fellow member Bob Chambers

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

Overheard near a Camp Schuler campfire. – by Dennis Crispin

Kelsey, Jake, it is time to get to bed now. We will have to get up early in the morning to make Bert Rutan's forum.

Tell us a story, Granddad.

OK, just one story. Then you need to get some sleep – You will have a big day at KidVenture tomorrow.

Make it a better story than the one you told us last night!

Yea, that story about how Amelia got lost over the ocean was just too sad. This time tell us a story with a happy ending.

A few years back, at an airport far away, lived a hot babe named Cinderella. Cinderella lived in an apartment over a T-hanger with her mean step-mother and her two mean, ugly step-sisters. Everyone knew that they were mean to Cinderella because while the step-mother flew an immaculately restored V-tail Bonanza and each of the step-sisters had her own S2-C Pitts, poor Cinderella had to make due with a tired old C150 with faded paint, an over TBO engine and a Narco Superhomer for a radio.

It was Cinderella's lot in life to do all the dirty work around the airport. She drove the snow plow in the winter, cut the weeds in the summer, and scrubbed up the oil spots where the radial engines dripped on the ramp. It was Cinderella who always had to get up at 0230hrs to gas the mail plane. Meanwhile, the two step-sisters spent their days drinking Mountain Dew, eating Cheetos and flying

their nice airplanes.

One day a passing pilot stuck a notice on the bulletin board stating that the local prince was throwing a hangar party to celebrate the completion of his new Swearingen SX300.

Now this information caused all sorts of discussion around the airport and in town. You see, a prince has a really great progressive compensation schedule and an excellent benefits package. There was a rumor out that the prince was looking for a permanent co-pilot, so every mother in the kingdom was scheming on how to get her daughter lined up with the guy. All of this insured that the hangar party was going to be the social bash of the year.

On the Saturday morning before the party, Cinderella discreetly asked if she might be allowed to go along. "Certainly not!" growled the step-mother "Someone has to watch the gas pump! We will be going in my plane. You finish mowing the grass runway and get the cowls off that Twin Beech that's in for it's annual."

So Cinderella was driving up and down the sod runway on the mower tractor(a classic 8N Ford), feeling very sorry for herself and mumbling assorted non-niceties under her breath, when a Power Parachute dropped onto the grass ahead of her. A gray haired little old lady, wearing purple toreador pants and spike heels, jumped out and said "Hey babe, why are you looking so glum?"

"It's because I'm stuck on this (*expletive deleted*) tractor and everyone else has gone to the party." replied Cinderella

"So – why don't you just go to the party?" said the old lady.

"Well, to start with, I don't have any way to get there." snapped Cinderella, becoming just a bit miffed

at the direction she sensed the conversation was going.

“Now don’t get testy on me,” said the lady “I’m from the Fairy Godmother Society and I’m here to help.” With that, she waved the old Collins com antenna that she was using for a magic wand. There was a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder and suddenly the old Cessna that was tied down in the weeds behind the hanger transformed into the slickest little Formula One racer that you ever did see.

“Ooo, that’s neat!” exclaimed Cinderella, exhibiting a sudden profound attitude adjustment, “But I don’t have a thing to wear.”

“That’s the easy part” chirped Godmother and there was more lightning, more thunder and the ratty old coveralls that Cinderella was wearing became a hot pink silk flight suit that fit her curvy little bod like a coat of Imron.

“Wow,” exclaimed Godmother “if I do say so myself, you look better than a new Cherokee with the invoice stamped paid! But there is one more detail we need to take care of.” There was another wave of the wand, another brief meteorological event and the greasy RV9A cap that Cinderella was wearing became a fiberglass crash helmet, color coordinated with her outfit, of course.

“Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you”, exclaimed Cinderella.

“Have a great time at the party,” said Godmother as she reached for the Rotax’s starter cable, “but plan a good departure time, because everything goes stock at 2400 Zulu.”

As the PPC pattered over the airport fence, Cinderella pushed the racer’s throttle to the firewall and set a GPS direct course to Mid Kingdom Airport and her rendezvous with the prince and her destiny.

Upon landing Cinderella could see that the party in the hangar was in full swing. Being slightly distracted she ran into the big man himself on the taxi way. That is, her airplane ran into his airplane. Fortunately the damage was slight –

only a bit of scraped paint and a cracked position light.

For the prince it must have been love at first sight because he suggested that they go flying in his new airplane and even offered to let her fly left seat!

They made some high speed passes down the runway, buzzed the hangar a couple times and did a chandelle to demonstrate the Swearingen’s fantastic climb performance.

Then they landed, found a secluded corner of the ramp and began a conversation on riveting techniques, GPS navigation, airfoil performance parameters and all the other things that young lovers tend to talk about.

Things were just going good when in the corner of her eye, Cinderella noticed that the time display in the glass panel read 23:56:15. She blurted out “Oh Prince! I gotta go! See ya!” and jumped out of the prince’s airplane and ran to her own. She then fired up, took off from the taxiway and made a straight out departure.

Well, the prince tried to give chase, but he goofed up his first hot start attempt and it was a couple minutes before he could get airborne. Once he got into the air the prince couldn’t find another plane in the sky, except for a ratty looking old Cessna flying low and slow over the treetops.

The prince was broken hearted, but when he landed he found, there on the ramp, a pink ‘glass helmet. He vowed he would find the girl that it belonged to.

The next morning, while cooking breakfast, Cinderella had to listen to her step-sisters gripe and bellyache about the girl in pink who had monopolized all of the prince’s time at the party.

For days to come, the hot topic of gossip around the airport centered on just who was the mysterious, gorgeous blond that the prince had become so enamored with.

Two weeks went by and one day a Citation landed with the royal chamberlain aboard. The official held up the pink ‘glass helmet and announced that he had been instructed to try it on every young woman in the kingdom.

All the girls lined up, each hoping to be the one picked, but the helmet didn’t quite fit any of them. When he got to the two step-sisters it wouldn’t go on the first one because her ears were way too big. It went on the second step-sister OK, but her head was pointed and the helmet just spun around like an out of balance prop.

Just as the chamberlain was about to reboard he noticed the young woman who was fueling a Mooney across the ramp. “You don’t have to try her,” called the step-mother, “she wasn’t even at the party.” But when the official tried the helmet on Cinderella it was, of course, a perfect fit.

Just then the prince stepped out of the jet and exclaimed “Darling, I’ve found you!” “Well, what took you so long,” said Cinderella, “I was just about to give up and ask for a transfer to another fairy tale!”

So they were married, created a hanger full of homebuilts and flew on into CAVU conditions forever.

Oh Granddad, I don’t believe that story. Some of those things can’t possibly be true!

Well of course it is true – would your old granddad give you anything but the straight scoop?

If the prince was so hot on finding Cinderella, why didn’t he just look her up on the internet?

Good night Kelsey, good night Jake.

Good night Granddad.

Good night Granddad.

(Dennis received a blue ribbon (1st place) for this story in the creative writing-humor class at the Richardson County Fair.)

Meet an EAA 569 Member



Andy Lahr was chosen for this month's "Meet an EAA 569 Member". Andy is a valuable member of the chapter. He is always willing to step forward and volunteer his time with all chapter events. Here's what he had to say:

Family? Spouse's name? Pamela
Kids Ryan 25, Mandy 32

Grand children Abigail 7, Alexa 5

Date you joined EAA? 1993

Date you joined EAA Chapter 569?
Fall 1997

Employer / Occupation? Lumber salesman for a small Oregon company which sells Pine Lumber made in Honduras. I sell to the dealers in the islands of the Eastern Caribbean south of Puerto Rico.

What sparked your interest in aviation? I have been fascinated with airplanes since I was a little kid. I grew up a short distance from Arrow Airport on North 48th Street in Lincoln. The original Arrow factory was in the Goodyear production facility on North 56th Street, which was very near my home. The Arrow factory was long closed by the time we moved to the area. I didn't see any of the Arrows, but the airport was busy with parachute jumpers and small aircraft traffic. I built balsa airplanes from kits and a couple with gas motors. I flew a couple of the control line planes. Diane Bartels (AKA Sharpie) was my teacher for 5th & 6th grade. I built her a model of a Piper Cub the summer she got her private pilot's license. I studied

everything about the space program through all of grade school, high school and college. I am still a supporter of it.

Do you remember your first airplane ride? My airplane ride was in a commercial plane leaving Lincoln and going to Scottsbluff NE via GI & North Platte. It was a Convair flown by Frontier airlines.

Are you a pilot? If so, how long and where did you learn? What ratings do you have? I received my license in July 1991. I took lessons in Gothenburg and Cozad NE. I flew both Piper and Cessna aircraft. I am SEL rated only with no additional endorsements or ratings. I have not been actively flying since I moved to Lincoln in 1996.

Do you own a plane? If so, what planes have you owned and/or currently own? I have never owned a factory built airplane. A buddy of mine and I were going to buy a Tri Pacer when we both worked at the Lincoln airport in the late 1970's. We were out bid by another party and probably a good thing. We did not have the money at the time to rebuild it and the guy who was going to help us do the work died in a crash at the Oshkosh airshow.

Do you have a desire to build? If so, what plane(s) are you interested in? I am currently building a Pelican "PL". The PL stands for Primary Light. A Canadian company was anticipating the light sport category and designed this plane to fit the expected requirements. It took too much time for the Light Sport Rules to be established, and the company went bankrupt this spring. They sent most of their production to Brazil and France. The design and tooling has been purchased by a guy in Quebec and is offering kits and parts. Kolb aircraft is trying to redesign the plane

to make a Light Sport product and it looks like a Pelican, but has many changes.

Favorite airplane? The SR71

Finish this sentence: When I'm not building, flying or thinking about aviation I like to eat and sleep with the little time that is left.



Andy's Pelican PL on display at Westfield Shopping Center a few years ago.

Membership Renewal

The time has come to pay your dues and renew your membership for the 2009 year.

In 2006, we made a concerted effort to update our membership lists with correct address and phone numbers. Please fill out the form on page 6 so that we are sure to have your information correct. It would also be helpful if you could include your cell phone number.

Mistakes. Everybody makes them.

(This article originally appeared in the September, 2000 issue of EAA Sport Aviation.)

By LAURAN PAINE, JR

MISTAKES. WE MAKE THEM WHEN WE build. Well, maybe you don't, but I do. I'll share a few of my mistakes, and perhaps you'll open up and say, "Well, yeah, okay, maybe I did that one time, too." Then we'll be halfway home because, in building, recognizing that you made a mistake is half the battle. Doing something about it is the other half.

I come from a long line of mistakes. No, I'm not blaming (or suing) my parents for my shortcomings, and my mistakes are all my own. I'm just saying that I've made building mistakes from the get-go.

When I was in U.S. Air Force pilot training, I was building a Guillows balsawood and paper model (can you still get them?) of a Super Cub. I love Super Cubs; it's un-American to not like Super Cubs. Anyway, I dutifully pinned the balsa parts to the wing template provided with the plans. I then glued the parts and let them dry overnight.

The next evening, during a study break, I removed the wing, sanded it, doped it, and put on the paper covering. I wet the covering so the paper would dry tight. The wing was looking real good when I went back to studying the T-38 hydraulic system.

The next night I pinned and glued the parts for the other wing on the wing template. The next day was Saturday, so I sanded, doped, and covered the second wing. Then I moved on to the fuselage, gluing bulkheads and stringers until it started looking like a fuselage. To preview my creation, I picked up the wings and held them to the fuselage. They didn't look right. I swapped them around and held them to the fuselage again.

Sumthin' wrong here...dang it! I'd built two left wings!

Okay, laugh. Laugh a lot. I never said I was the sharpest knife in the drawer. Want more? Oh, sure, you're getting into this now, aren't you? Seeing how stupid I am makes you feel pretty darn smart. Oh, it does, it does.

Okay, let me backtrack a little and tell you what gave me the idea for this story: blood on the G key. There I was, dutifully pecking away at the keyboard, when I noticed blood on the key for the letter G. I'd just come in from the shop where I had been doing some drilling. I was holding one piece of aluminum sheet behind another— carefully holding one piece of aluminum sheet behind another.

Okay, not carefully enough. I nicked my left index finger with the drill bit. I know. I'm not supposed to do that. (Don't make me say that "sharpest knife in the drawer" thing again.) I didn't think much of it at the time, but there it was, blood from my left index finger on the G key.

That blood was prima facie evidence of a mistake, so I said to myself, "Mistakes are a part of building airplanes. Let's talk about 'em, chew on 'em, share 'em, and move on." After all, the bigger the obstacle, the greater the satisfaction in overcoming it.

But we can't just sit here and philosophize about mistakes. That's for the academics. EAAers are hands-on people; they let their projects speak for themselves. (Sometimes I think we could use a little more of this EAA spirit inside The Beltway, a little less verbiage and a little more hands-on, ya think?)

Have you ever tried to drill something with the drill going backward? It works not very well. Have you ever set your drill on the edge of the workbench, only to have it fall to the floor—and bend your #40 drill bit to a nice 33.333333-degree angle? Have you done these things three times?

Of course you haven't. Only I have. And what's up with those big drill bits that make the not-perfectly-round holes? I hate that.

Oh yeah, and have you ever drilled the wrong size hole? I did that in one place because I was in a hurry. And that's another lesson: Don't be in a hurry.

When it gets close to time for me to go to "work" (flying the airliner), I start scurrying about a bit to finish what I set out to finish. Not a good idea. Haste causes you to do before you think. In building, we should always be doing just the opposite of that: Think before you do. Ever drilled in the wrong place? I haven't done that yet, so there. And when I do, I don't have to tell you about it. I've already spilled my guts enough.

Enough about drilling. Any more and you'll never want to pick up a drill. Hey, not to worry. In the end, mistakes make us better builders.

Riveting. Now there's a subject for the ages. You should see my practice riveting piece. Man, I got some doozies in that puppy. Which is exactly why I have it. I always pound a couple rivets in practice before I put the gun to the real deal. Still, they're not all perfect on the real deal. And they're not all perfect on the airliner I fly either. They're usually just some cosmetic flaw, but they're still holding just fine.

And I suspect they will on my RV-8, too. The bad ones, though, the too-flat ones, the bent ones, the badly tipped ones, I take those out and do them over. Which brings me to another point: I have evidence that I'm not the only one that makes mistakes.

Van's Aircraft has what they call "oops rivets." And they had them before I started building. When you drill out a rivet, the hole usually gets enlarged. "Oops rivets" have a little larger shank but the same size head as the original rivet, so by using one you keep both structural and cosmetic integrity intact. "Oops rivets" lead me to believe that somebody pounded a bad rivet before I ever did. Now don't that just make me feel smug all over.

How about this one: You put the rivet in the skin for back riveting, you have the pressure just right on the gun, you

have the correct rhythm to pound that little 426 rivet with the finesse of a concert pianist, you do so, and then you stand back and admire your perfectly formed rivet. Then you realize that you just riveted a rivet. The skin stiffener you were supposed to rivet to the skin is still sitting on the other worktable. No, it wasn't me this time! George Orndorff mentioned in one of his construction videos that it has happened. 'Nuff said. It got my attention.

I'd been reading how difficult the construction of the trim tab could be; it has a lot of small bends and angles. So I took it with me on vacation. In the afternoons, after fishing, after boating, and before the evening barbecue—and while my bride of 32 years was out floating on the lake with her girlfriends on The Estrogen Barge (her name for it, not mine)—I'd work on the trim tab. And work on it. And work on it. Very carefully. And it turned out just fine. I'm not gloating, just noting that time and patience are the builder's friends.

This is the flip side of the above story: My son brings over a friend whose Dad is building an RV-6, and I always ask him how his dad's project is going. "Well, it finally happened," my son's friend said. "My dad worked on this part for weeks. Yesterday afternoon I saw him pick it up, walk over to the trash can, and throw it in. He then walked over to the phone, picked it up, dialed, and I heard him say, 'Van's? I need a WD4685B blivet and a WD4685A blivet and a DW8248.'"

"I understand," I told him.

Hey, we never said this building thing would be easy. If it were, as they say, everybody would be doing it. We said it would be challenging. And it is. Meeting challenges is what makes us who we are. Airplane builders are made of sturdy stock. That's why I like 'em.

I love this one. I crowned myself The King of Stupid this day. I primed the part. I'm faithful about that. I like looking at primed parts knowing they are protected. Makes me feel good. And I use a good primer, good aircraft

gray, selfetching, and all that. But it kept peeling off the part. What's up with that? What was up is that I'd forgotten to peel the protective plastic covering off the aluminum. My primer doesn't etch plastic. King of Stupid fits, don't ya think?

Ever twisted a bolt right off with your new hi-tech torque wrench that you thought you knew how to use but didn't? Me neither. (Now don't go check with Van's order clerk to see that I ordered a new AN-3 bolt; that's not playing fair.)

Paint runs. I hate those things, even though I haven't had any. That's because I haven't started painting yet. Yo! Gotcha on that one, didn't I?

Okay, enough about mistakes. We make 'em. It's just a part of what we do. It's not all of what we do, just a part of it. Mistakes teach us. They temper us. They make us better. And overcoming them makes the accomplishment all that much greater. So maybe we're even a little too proud of our airplanes sometimes. Indulge us once in a while. We think we've earned it. Besides, if you're smart, you can use our pride to your advantage: Let us prattle on about our projects and we'll generally buy dinner.

All of which reminds me...that 470 rivet head in that hard to get place, where the gun slipped in my hand and transformed that nice round rivet head into three small smiling ones, I have to go drill out that one and do it over. Which brings me to what we all know: If it ain't right, do it over. If it ain't right, do it over. If it ain't right, do it over. (No, that's not a misprint; I wrote it three times.)

One last thing—about quitting time. Drilling, de-burring, sanding, and all that stuff make little aluminum pieces and shavings all over the shop floor. Those little pieces stick to the bottom of your shoes, slippers, whatever. If you absentmindedly stride on in the house from the shop to exalt over some item of building success, you track all those little aluminum pieces over the cream-colored family room carpet, and they show up in the light real good. That's another thing building airplanes has taught me— how to vacuum.

Minutes of the Club Meeting

Meeting called to order on September 2, 2008 by Don Shoemaker at 7:30pm.

Two visitors attended the meeting, Scott Johnson and Dave Eloge.

Certificate of sponsorship for sending student to camp will be sent to the Dick Miller family in recognition of donation.

Pilots are needed for Young Eagle flights in Fremont on September 13.

Nominations/volunteers needed for 2009 officers. Time is short. Must move fast.

The Christmas Party will be held at The Knolls on December 7. We need to line up entertainment. Also, need nominations for the Spark Plug award.

The net result of the July B-17 tour stop in Lincoln was \$1,591.41.

The EAA 569 chapter website is loaded with information from calendar events to videos to help builders.

The meeting concluded with a film called 'Speed and Angels'.

Dean Hoy, Secretary

Minutes of the Executive Meeting

The September 10, 2008 meeting was attended by: Don Shoemaker, Erick Corbridge, Dean Hoy and Doug Volkmer.

Letter of thanks to B-17 participants were reviewed, approved, signed and mailed.

Ideas for future programs were discussed.

Planning for the Christmas party began. Doug, Dean and Erick will contact various vendors for door prizes.

A few individuals were considered for the Spark Plug Award.

Dean Hoy, Secretary

Classifieds

Want to learn to fly? Time for a BFR? Or want to just polish up your skills? John C. Cox of rural DeWitt is a Certified Flight Instructor and would be glad to help you out. John can be reached at 239-3953.

Interested in becoming an EAA 569 member?

If you are interested in becoming an EAA 569 member or simply want to attend a meeting, please contact President Don Shoemaker at 402-797-7200 (home) or 402-475-4800 (work).

EAA Chapter 569 2009 Membership Renewal Form

Please complete this form and send to: Thomas Henry
Include your \$20.00 check for your 2009 annual chapter dues.
1360 S 96th Rd
Firth NE 68358

Name Spouse

Address City State Zip

Home phone Work Phone Cell Phone

EAA Member Number Date You Joined Chapter 569 Email Address



Events

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

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

Chadron (CDR), Monthly Aviator's breakfast, 8-10am. Oct 25, Nov 22 and Dec 27.

Oct 11 Seward (SWT), Fly-in and motorcycle rally. Smoked BBQ lunch cooked on site - \$4 to \$8. PIC eats 1/2 off. More info: Seward Airport 402-643-2125.

Nov 1 York (JYR), Nebraska Chapter of Ninety-Nines meeting, 10am, York FBO. Also Jan 3, 2009 at 10am, place TBD. More info: Patsy Meyer 402-423-6614.

Jan 28-31 Kearney (EAR), 17th Annual NE Aviation Symposium and Maintenance Seminar at the Kearney Holiday Inn (308-237-5971 for room reservations). 28th: 7pm Wings Program featuring presenter Mark Grady. 29th: 8am Opening remarks by NAC President, Barry Scheinost followed by NDA Director Stuart MacTaggart and FAA Regional Manager Chris Blum. Various break out sessions through morning and afternoon. Luncheon speaker, Joe Kittinger (set records for highest balloon ascent, highest parachute jump, longest drogue-fall (4 min), and fastest speed by a human through the atmosphere) and sensational WWII style singing group, "The AVI8ORS Ensemble". Evening banquet with guest speaker Denny Fitch (UAL Captain who controlled throttles on fated DC10 airliner which crashed at Sioux City, IA on July 19, 1989). Maintenance Seminar on 30 & 31 with guest speakers and Events Calendar IA renewal. More info: <http://avmechseminar.org>

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