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EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



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Meeting Announcement

Date: Tuesday, April 3rd

Time: 7:30pm

Program: Chad Cederburg

Chad will share with us his experience with composite structures.

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

related activities are fun and EAA 569 always embodies that!



At our April meeting we will be talking about composite structures with a presentation on the subject. In EAA over the years composites have long been a subject of conversation especially from the time of the various Burt Rutan designs which used the foam core/fiberglass sandwich type of structure. People might also remember the Beech Starship from the 80s as being a certificated composite design.

Our recent motorglider flying in the composite Diamond HK-36 is an illustration of how such a concept can result in a clean, efficient airframe with definite visual appeal. The sound and feel are different compared to aluminum and wood/tube/fabric designs.

The Windecker Eagle was an earlier composite design from the late 60s which offered good performance and a sleek look. An unexpected use was in testing the aircraft for radar reflectivity of composite structures.

Though not directly aviation related in 1963 the Chapparral race car was



**President's
Message
Harold Bickford**

April is almost here, winter is ebbing from our region and now we are in the midst of Daylight Savings Time. According to one long range forecast we should see periods of warming and cooling into spring with no severe spring storms. As we all know, that is only a forecast. Our actual mileage may vary though a recent visit by a very large flock of Canadian geese suggests that may be on the money. They seem always to mark the first "air show" of the year. Regardless we look forward to a new flying season and progress on various member's airplane projects.

Our fly-in breakfast had good attendance in spite of less than optimal weather. It is always good to see people come from far and wide. Since Saturday the 17th was St. Patrick's day the crew was in full festive mood with green derbys—a shout out to Ed for those- and the wearin' of the green. Flying and

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developed using a fiberglass composite monocoque chassis with fiberglass body. The goal was an extremely stiff chassis in a racing environment which had few rules compared to contemporary series. This was achieved and proved to be very damage resistant in the event of a crash. In fact, the chassis was competitive through 1968 which is an eon in racing. During that five year span the car prevailed in races from 150-200 miles all the way to enduro races such as the Sebring 12 hour demonstrating the stiffness and performance needed. Especially noteworthy is that in that time only two fiberglass chassis were raced with a third used for developmental work. There was an additional aluminum chassis used for one season which had a tendency to transmit vibrations from track irregularities; though lighter it was not as strong and more fatiguing to drive.

We also know well that boats are very commonly made of composite materials. In fact, many products from the boatbuilding world find their way into aircraft use, particularly the various types of cloth and resin. The pounding from water can be significant yet the design structure holds up well.

Composite structures of course allow for great latitude in shaping and surface smoothness which are well suited to aircraft structures. Fabrication techniques and the underlying engineering are what make composite structures intriguing and challenging. In homebuilding those techniques can yield some interesting applications

and designs. Your project (real or dream state) may only have a few parts or be largely or wholly composite. Regardless this should be a presentation of interest to all.

In this month's newsletter we have a survey form from Linda Dovel for advance planning of our end of year Christmas/holiday party. As happens every year event dates come and go before we know it and planning makes activities work better. Please take a few minutes to complete the survey.

Our next meeting is the 3rd of April, 7:30pm at the Duncan MPI shop. Also remember our monthly fly-in breakfast is on April 21 at Crete. See you in April!

Harold Bickford,
Chapter President

In the Cub with Wally Peterson

By Tom Winter

Among an old geezer's treasures, memories are the answer to Scrooge McDuck's money bin. Uncle Scrooge, diving into the piles of golden coins has nothing on Uncle Tom, diving into the reservoir of memories. Among the ones I enjoy are those times with Wally Peterson.

We linked up before we knew even each other: I had written a letter to the editor about some issue or other dealing with our university, and Wally, then a complete stranger, liked it enough to clip it, get it plastic laminated, and sent it to me via campus mail. We got to know each other serving on the Faculty Senate. This was before he

ran for the Democratic nomination for US Senate. (Former Governor Morrison jumped in late, took the nomination, and lost.)

Later I joined a church where he was already a member, and at the spring fundraising auction Wally offered a flight in his Cub!

Of course, I won the bid! Come the day, he got clearance via handheld to fly over my neighborhood to humor my wish to fly over my house and photograph it from the air. And after that, we flew wherever Wally wanted. Next then, was the Platte. This remains a favorite with me, as I never tire of admiring the sand-braiding Platte from the air and remember my first time. I got several shots of the sand-braiding Platte.

We landed at Millard, and best of all, we landed at Bill Durand's Sky ranch where the Durands were glad to see Wally. We spent a pleasant hour in the Durand living room. I got introduced to the Durand Mark IV, which I still greatly admire.

Wally liked sharing the joy of the Cub. Nothing more welcome in those days than to answer the phone and hear "I'm flying to _____. Want to go?" I never said no! I can hear him say it. Blessed memory! More than once I just hopped on the bicycle and pedaled to the Pester grass strip to meet him.

Among the memorable flights was the one to the Vintage Fly-in at Amelia Earhart, (K59) near Atchison, underneath the Kansas City airspace. The flight was, like all of Wally's flights, pure pilotage, and not in any hurry. Beautiful day.

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Nary a cloud — but there was a sneaky wind! At one point, we dipped low to read the name on a water tower, which led Wally to exclaim “How did I get so far off course?” Probably by talking with me! He altered our course and we got there spot on.

On the ground, the vintage planes didn't matter to me: My dream plane there was a beat-up old 150, that looked like it had never seen the inside of a hangar. But the pilot and his wife had it and could fly around together in it. How I envied them! And of course, some dreams come true... When it was time to go back, we split the fuel bill 50-50 — probably another foreshadowing!

Wally did not do a beeline home. Instead, we flew up the valley of the Missouri River. I had never appreciated before how flat and how wide that valley is.

Another unforgettable flight was a short hop from the Pester Airstrip at 112th and Holdrege to Seward. After lifting off from the grass strip at 112th and Holdrege, Wally radioed the tower asking permission to enter the Charlie Airspace. Nothing doing. They vectored us completely around it. Wally was not pleased, but it lengthened the flight considerably which suited me. More Cub time! Then, as we lined up for the runway, Wally said it out of the

blue: “I want a 150.” (If this were fiction, that would be foreshadowing!)

How selective memory is! There was some event at Seward, and even though the event was the reason for the flight, I forget the event, instead, I remember the people — it was where I first met Jeff Clausen, and Deni and Doug Hill, for instance.

In 1998, several members of this EAA Chapter, including yours truly and Wally Peterson, joined up to try to get a flying club going. Our first attempt was to pool some money and buy half-interest in an Aeronca that was hangared at Crete. Someone got it in front of us. We were at an impasse, until Wally took the bull by the horns: he bought Jeff Clausen's 150 that Jeff had taught Jack to fly in and offered to lease it to the Club. Attorney Glen Witte took care of the incorporation, and by year-end, the club was a legal entity, so my first lesson was in the Cessna 150 that Wally wanted, December 31, 1998. Soon after, the club shifted to a Cherokee that Wayne Fischer had bought, and when I got my ticket, Wally gave me the chance to go halves in the 150. His wish, and my dream, both fulfilled. There were more flights in the Cub, but this will do for now. I hope the reading is as pleasant as the remembering.

Wallace Peterson Scholarship

Provides a \$500 scholarship for use toward flight training or to attend an EAA Air Academy session. Established in memory of Wallace Peterson, an aviation enthusiast who fell in love with airplanes while watching them take off from a dirt strip near his home in Omaha, Nebraska, this scholarship will help put another young person on the path to a lifetime love of flying. Special considerations extended to applicants from Nebraska, though applicants from any state will be considered. [Contact EAA](#) for more information.

EAA 569 2018 Christmas Party Survey

Our numbers were down last year. Is this due to the cost or night, etc.? Last year was a Prime Rib buffet at Misty's costing \$40.00 (members paid \$30.00, club \$10.00) The \$40.00 was all inclusive —tax, gratuity, room, servers, bartender, decorations, etc.

Change to Friday night or keep Sunday night?

Should Club subsidize cost of meal?
Yes or No

If yes, how much per person? (last year it was \$10.00 per meal)

Reduce cost by changing menu or venue or stay the same as last year?

What price range would you like to see?

You can reply by email to lddovel@gmail.com or pastorelbickford@gmail.com or phone Linda Dovel 402-862-2892

Reply no later than May 15th.

Cozy For Sale

Well tested, highly modified COZY III. IFR panel, Lyc O-320. 2500 TT. Can deliver out of the country.

Call 817-296-1940 or email NOSTROMO56@TX.RR.COM for pictures and details.

Vance Atkinson



Gray skies plus low ceilings equaled a sparse ramp at the March Chapter 569 breakfast. However, it didn't stop Everett, Glorianna and son Mark Ford flying up from Abilene, KS in Mark's Mooney M20F.

Minutes of the Club Meeting March 6, 2018

The meeting was called to order at 7:34 PM by President Harold Bickford.

The program for the evening was titled "Flyin Hawaiian" presented by Wayne Woldt.

The presentation began by noting that the Barber Point NAS has been repurposed to the Kalaeloa Airport. Wayne then gave us a guided tour of his flight around Oahu in a Cessna 172. Wayne gave us views of the ocean around Hanauma Bay, a fish preserve with great snorkeling. Next came Sandy Beach, a body surfing beach. Next was Kailua beach which is former President Obama's hangout. Wayne flew over his wife's former home at Kaneohe Beach and Sunset Beach. Waimea Bay is a surfing beach. Wayne observed that he saw 3 rescues in 1 ½ hours while visiting that beach. Ka'ena Point is great for

whale watching while Yokahoma Bay is a less developed beach with huge waves crashing on the lava. Makaha Beach was the scene of Wide World of Sports surfing competition.

All in all, Wayne reported the cost of the plane and pilot was well worth the expense.

The presentation prompted Don Shoemaker to note that his unit stopped in Hawaii on their way to Okinawa in a DC3. They also dropped in on Wake Island.

The Ford Tri-motor is available for a visit in June however, one of the requirements is that it must stay in a hanger overnight in case of inclement weather. Since no hanger is available we will have to forego the invitation.

Young Eagles are set for March 30 in Seward if weather permits. April 20 is on the calendar for St John's 8th grade group.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned at 9:00 PM.

Respectfully Submitted
Doug Elting, Secretary,
Chapter 569

A SR-71 Blackbird Story *By Major Brian Shul, USAF (Ret.)*

There were a lot of things we couldn't do in an SR-71, but we were the fastest guys on the block and loved reminding our fellow aviators of this fact. People often asked us if, because of this fact, it was fun to fly the jet. Fun would not be the first word I would use to describe flying this plane. Intense, maybe. Even cerebral. But there was one day in our Sled experience when we would have to say that it was pure fun to be the fastest guys out there, at least for a moment.

It occurred when Walt and I were flying our final training sortie. We needed 100 hours in the jet to complete our training and attain Mission Ready status. Somewhere over Colorado we had passed the century mark. We had made the turn in Arizona and the jet was performing flawlessly. My gauges were wired in the front seat and we were starting to feel pretty good about ourselves, not only because we would soon be flying real missions but because we had gained a great deal of confidence in the plane in the past ten months. Ripping across the barren deserts 80,000 feet below us, I could already see the coast of California from the Arizona border. I was, finally, after many humbling months of simulators and study, ahead of the jet.

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I was beginning to feel a bit sorry for Walter in the back seat. There he was, with no really good view of the incredible sights before us, tasked with monitoring four different radios. This was good practice for him for when we began flying real missions, when a priority transmission from headquarters could be vital. It had been difficult, too, for me to relinquish control of the radios, as during my entire flying career I had controlled my own transmissions. But it was part of the division of duties in this plane and I had adjusted to it. I still insisted on talking on the radio while we were on the ground, however. Walt was so good at many things, but he couldn't match my expertise at sounding smooth on the radios, a skill that had been honed sharply with years in fighter squadrons where the slightest radio miscue was grounds for beheading. He understood that and allowed me that luxury.

Just to get a sense of what Walt had to contend with, I pulled the radio toggle switches and monitored the frequencies along with him. The predominant radio chatter was from Los Angeles Center, far below us, controlling daily traffic in their sector. While they had us on their scope (albeit briefly), we were in uncontrolled airspace and normally would not talk to them unless we needed to descend into their airspace.

We listened as the shaky voice of a lone Cessna pilot asked Center for a readout of his ground speed. Center replied: "November Charlie 175, I'm showing you at ninety knots on the ground."

Now the thing to understand about Center controllers, was that whether they were talking to a rookie pilot in a Cessna, or to Air Force One, they always spoke in the exact same, calm, deep, professional, tone that made one feel important. I referred to it as the "Houston Center voice." I have always felt that after years of seeing documentaries on this country's space program and listening to the calm and distinct voice of the Houston controllers, that all other controllers since then wanted to sound like that, and that they basically did. And it didn't matter what sector of the country we would be flying in, it always seemed like the same guy was talking. Over the years that tone of voice had become somewhat of a comforting sound to pilots everywhere. Conversely, over the years, pilots always wanted to ensure that, when transmitting, they sounded like Chuck Yeager, or at least like John Wayne. Better to die than sound bad on the radios.

Just moments after the Cessna's inquiry, a Twin Beech piped up on frequency, in a rather superior tone, asking for his ground speed. "I have you at one hundred and twenty-five knots of ground speed." Boy, I thought, the Beechcraft really must think he is dazzling his Cessna brethren. Then out of the blue, a navy F-18 pilot out of NAS Lemoore came up on frequency. You knew right away it was a Navy jock because he sounded very cool on the radios. "Center, Dusty 52 ground speed check". Before Center could reply, I'm thinking to myself, hey, Dusty 52 has a ground speed indicator in that million-dollar cockpit, so why is he asking Center for a readout? Then I got it, ol' Dusty here is making sure

that every bug smasher from Mount Whitney to the Mojave knows what true speed is. He's the fastest dude in the valley today, and he just wants everyone to know how much fun he is having in his new Hornet. And the reply, always with that same, calm, voice, with more distinct alliteration than emotion: "Dusty 52, Center, we have you at 620 on the ground."

And I thought to myself, is this a ripe situation, or what? As my hand instinctively reached for the mic button, I had to remind myself that Walt was in control of the radios. Still, I thought, it must be done - in mere seconds we'll be out of the sector and the opportunity will be lost. That Hornet must die, and die now. I thought about all of our Sim training and how important it was that we developed well as a crew and knew that to jump in on the radios now would destroy the integrity of all that we had worked toward becoming. I was torn.

Somewhere, 13 miles above Arizona, there was a pilot screaming inside his space helmet. Then, I heard it. The click of the mic button from the back seat. That was the very moment that I knew Walter and I had become a crew. Very professionally, and with no emotion, Walter spoke: "Los Angeles Center, Aspen 20, can you give us a ground speed check?" There was no hesitation, and the replay came as if was an everyday request. "Aspen 20, I show you at one thousand eight hundred and forty-two knots, across the ground."

I think it was the forty-two knots that I liked the best, so accurate and proud was Center to deliver that information without hesitation, and you just knew

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Events

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

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

Mar 31, Flying Poker Run, Millard, NE (KMLE) 0900 – 1100; [Click here for more info.](#)

Apr 10 - 15, Sun 'n Fun, Lakeland, FL <http://www.sun-n-fun.org/>

Apr 14, AOPA Rusty Pilot Seminar, Millard, NE (KMLE) Oracle Aviation 1300-1600; [Click here for more info.](#)

Jun 8-10, Nebraska State Fly-in, Chadron, NE (KCDR).

Jun 19-22, Air Race Classic, The Air Race Classic is the epicenter of women's air racing. The race route changes each year, approximately 2,400 statute miles in length with 8 or 9 timing points. This year, Beatrice, NE (KBIE) is on the route. If you would like to help out with this event, contact Diana Smith (KBIE) 402.223.5349 <https://www.airraceclassic.org/>

Jul 23 - 29, AirVenture, Oshkosh, WI <http://www.airventure.org/>

he was smiling. But the precise point at which I knew that Walt and I were going to be really good friends for a long time was when he keyed the mic once again to say, in his most fighter-pilot-like voice: "Ah, Center, much thanks, we're showing closer to nineteen hundred on the money."

For a moment Walter was a god. And we finally heard a little crack in the armor of the Houston Center voice, when L.A. came back with, "Roger that Aspen, your equipment

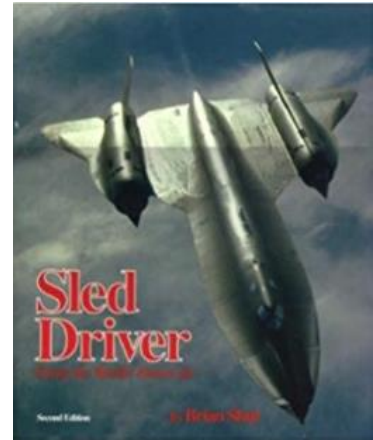
is probably more accurate than ours.

You boys have a good one."

It all had lasted for just moments, but in that short, memorable sprint across the southwest, the Navy had been flamed, all mortal airplanes on freq were forced to bow before the King of Speed, and more importantly, Walter and I had crossed the threshold of being a crew. A fine day's work. We never heard another transmission on that frequency all the way to the coast.

For just one day, it truly was fun being the fastest guys out there.

This is an excerpt from [Sled Driver : Flying The World's Fastest Jet](#) by Brian Shul.



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