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EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



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Meeting Announcement

Date: Tuesday, August 10th

Time: 7:30pm

Program:

"Basic Electrical Troubleshooting"

By Sean Davenport from Duncan Aviation. Bring your thinking caps as there will be a test.

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

meeting night. Offer to give them a ride to the meeting. Contact Roger Aspegren our membership chairman and volunteer to take one or more prospective or new members "under your wing" and make them feel welcome.

Lets make sure our new friends feel welcome and wanted any way we can!

Calm winds and clear skies,
Tom Henry

P.S. Get well soon Yvonne.

President's Message Tom Henry



Well I'm off to Oshkosh in less than 48 hours. I still have to go to work tomorrow but you can bet my attention span won't be very long when it comes to THAT four letter word! The only disadvantage of going is I stop making progress in the modifications to my flying machine that I have in work. I think I'll get over it.

Our program for August will be both interesting and challenging. Ought to be fun to watch as I'm going to recuse myself and Erick!

Now that we have both prospective new members and actual new members from the mall show, call them and remind them of our



Mark and Lorrie Novak spoke about their flying careers at the July meeting. Both are 1984 graduates of the Air Force Academy. Mark has flown a variety of airplanes including the B-1 Bomber and the KC-135 tanker. Lorrie currently flies a Boeing 757 and 767 for United Airlines.

Oshkosh 2010

By Doug Volkmer

I wasn't planning to go to Oshkosh this year. What my RV-7 needs right now is just me putting in some time pounding rivets. I have the tools I need to finish the fuselage so I really don't need any new tools. And it is a little early to be shopping for instruments and avionics.

But my son seemed interested in going and thought we should make the 550+ mile trip. He did a little surfing on the internet and found a room for \$75 a night about an hour away from Oshkosh. So on Sunday morning we left to take in opening day of AirVenture 2010.

Oshkosh had received a lot of rain lately so the grounds were still pretty wet. Camp Scholler was too wet to park fifth wheelers and motor homes. They were being re-routed to parking lots within Oshkosh. Airplanes were also being diverted to Fond du Lac and Appleton because of the wet grounds at Oshkosh. Some people were calling it Sloskosh.

One of the first planes we saw was Larry Geiger's RV-12. It was on display at the Rotax tent.



Larry's RV-12 at AirVenture 2010.

We wandered by the Repair Barn, sponsored by the Quad Cities EAA Chapter 75. Our Chapter 569 President Tom Henry has been volunteering at the barn since 1987. He and his wife Dwana come every year and stay the entire week.



Tom remains a member of EAA Chapter 75 in Davenport, IA.



"Gentleman Jim" a cool P-51.



Larry Bartlett from Lincoln, NE bringing in Old Glory before the afternoon airshow. Incidentally, Larry was my check ride pilot back in 1985.



1948 Navion from Still River, MA

I better include a picture of a Navion in this article otherwise I'll hear about it from Mr. Shoemaker. ☺



Mike Howard's RV-6

Mike Howard from Omaha, NE flew up in his RV-6. He has around 1,520 hours on his plane and has landed in all 48 of the lower states. He still has the original wood propeller which weighs only about 12 lbs. His maintenance on the propeller? An \$8 can of varnish every couple years.



Pietenpol Air Camper from Burlington, WI

View more photos of Oshkosh 2010 in the Photo Gallery at www.eaa569.org. If you have any Oshkosh 2010 pictures or stories you would like to share, email them to webmaster@eaa569.org.

HANGARS

By LAURAN PAINE, JR

FROM THE OUTSIDE THEY ARE lonely airport sentinels, but inside each of them is a story and stored dreams. They're all interesting, and some are fascinating. Walk into a hangar and the first thing you notice is its space. Airplanes have wingspans and hangars are built to cover them. Look up, across, and around, and your eyes have room to roam. It's a good feeling.

A hangar's space is related to the aircraft it covers. The hangar I visited in Tillamook, Oregon, is huge. It has to be. Built before World War II, it housed U.S. Navy blimps. Plural. Big blimps. They tell me you can see the hangar from the moon. (I'll have to take their word for it.) Inside, when you look toward the moon, you see a forest, a jillion wood trusses carried up there by hand, on walkways that are still there. It's a great place. The pigeons like it, too.

There used to be two blimp hangars, but one burned down. The survivor now houses the Tillamook Air Museum, which displays a bunch of great stuff you can actually touch, much of it from World War II. A good portion of it is flyable. A P-51 engine on display doesn't—and never will. It has a big hole in the side of its crankcase. Its sign says a connecting rod broke and came out the side of the engine—while airborne. Ugly. The pilot made it home, but it must have been an exciting ride.

My hangar measures 30 by 40 feet. Inside is one airplane under construction, one boat, one 1953

Ford tractor, and an American flag on the back wall. And a lot of good feelings created by just hangin' out there to pound a few rivets on the RV-8 and visit with whoever stops by—and someone always stops by. I have two peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and I'll share one. It's friendships. It's good people. It's independence. It's nearly a way of life. It's also just plain fun—as soon as I get it built anyway. The plans are sitting on my desk. The request for a permit to build it is sitting on some government employee's desk. I'll keep you posted. When I get it built, y'all are invited to the hangar warming. I'm going to call it "A Gathering of Friends."

Some ads say you can get a 40 by 60 foot hangar for \$7,500. It ain't so. There's the ground, the lease, the concrete floor, the permits, the taxiway to the taxiway, the electricity, the this and the that. It all adds up, but that's how the game is played. Persevere. Hold your ground. Beat down the bureaucrats and whine to your contractors and someday you'll have a hangar—and a lot less money in your bank account. But the hangar will be yours. Your place. To do with what you want. Any way you want. Any time you want. To put in it what you want. A great big adult toy box.

All of us can't afford a hangar, and I rented or borrowed by hook or by crook for years. When I had my Champ, I rented the corner of a guy's big, corporate hangar, and he knocked \$50 off the rent because my airplane was a rag wing—not aluminum. You have to like a guy like that.

Several rows from where my hangar will be is a T-hangar. Plain and faded green, it has room for just one airplane—an immaculate red and

white Piper PA-12. Open the door and the sunshine makes the Super Cruiser gleam. It gleams because when it's not flying, it's in the hangar. It's easier to keep an airplane in a hangar immaculate. Touch up something and it stays touched up because Ol' Mother Nature can't do her work as easily.

A couple of hangars down from me is the hangar home of a Stearman that wears Chinese military markings. It gets worked on a lot and flies a little. That's okay. Next to it is a Cub carcass, and the owner says, "I'm gonna get to it one of these days." He's been saying that for 10 years that I know of. That's fine, too. The guy just likes to hang out there. And who knows, someday the Cub just may fly again.

Another hangar houses a Cessna 180 and the requisite beat-up old couch from a living room past. When you sit on that couch, you really sit. It swallows you. There's even an old piece of carpet under the couch. It's filthy but, hey, it's carpet. In hangars we call that a touch of class.

Class is in the eye of the beholder. Class is a radial engine with lots of chrome and only a few leaks. If the engine ever did leak a lot, the carpet could double as a drip pan. Now that's the essence of functional. It all fits because that's what hangars are—functional. Functional is good. When I'm out and about I visit airports. That's how my partner and I found our Stearman, in a hangar where it had been sitting for seven years, unflown. The fabric was great. A zero-time 300-hp Lycoming was on a stand by the tail. The airplane wasn't for sale, but we bought it anyway. Probably we were able to buy it because there was so much

other stuff—projects— around it. That hangar was full! You couldn't even walk around the Stearman. To get to the tail you had to duck under a wing and inch yourself along the fuselage.

That's another beauty of hangars: You can pile stuff in them. And the guy who had this hangar did a magnificent job of it. The point, however, is that if you are looking for an old airplane, don't just look in the classifieds. Look in old hangars.

Visiting new hangars is a good way to learn things, too. During one airline layover in Kalispell, Montana, I wandered over to the local airport. They were building some hangars there. They weren't finished, but there were already airplanes in them. One had a Pilatus in it. New. No prop. A magnificent looking machine. I wondered what its story was. Another held a Cessna 170, what looked to be a '39 Chevy, an old motorcycle of unknown origin—and the requisite beat-up old couch. It was a hangar full of Americana.

Then I looked to my left and saw an RV-4 parked in front of another hangar, and I was on it like a paint job. A pickup drove up, the passenger window rolled down, and a voice said, "I can tell from the way you're looking at it that you are building one."

"Yup," I said, and then asked him about a trim tab question I had. He gave me the answer and the light came on in my head as I said, "Ah! So that's how you do that." It was all a very natural conversation leading to a very natural friendship. The catalysts, however, were airplanes and hangars.

That's another thing about hangars. They're generally unpretentious.

They're not flashy. Or gaudy. Or built to impress. They are what they are, and they tend to attract people who are what they are. My kind of people.

Recently I was talking to a young man just starting his aviation career. He was asking me some questions when I asked him one, "What are your goals in aviation?"

"To own a Super Cub in a hangar with a cot and eat Saltine crackers and peanut butter," he answered. Now there's a young man who has his priorities straight!

Hangars are in the future—and the past, like the one in Big Spring, Texas, at what used to be Webb Air Force Base, where I went through U.S. Air Force pilot training in the 1960s. Built during World War II when the base trained B-25 bombardiers, it was steel, with a bunch of steel-framed windows high on the front, over the huge sliding doors.

In it I remember looking at a T-37 that had hit a sandhill crane. The windscreen was gone and the pilot's helmet had blood and feathers all over it. Fortunately, the pilot had had his sun visor down and was able to land by looking between red blood cells and bone fragments. It wasn't long after that the air force added clear visors to its helmets. Good idea.

Just one story of the many about just one hangar. Think that hangar is important to anyone? In Big Spring there's a Committee to Save the Hangar, just for that hangar. When they dedicate its preservation, you know what will take place: The stories will flow.

Another hangar I know was an old, unpretentious lifesaver. I don't

know if it's still there, but in 1967 I had flown a T-34 to Scott Valley Airport in Northern California to visit my parents. It began to snow a couple hours after I arrived, and I went back out to the airport to care for the airplane.

There sat an old wooden hangar with no doors, its 1-by-12s, 2-by-4s, and 2-by-6s all aged nicely to a blackish brown color. The floor was dirt—and it was empty. So I pushed the T-34 inside. It snowed three feet that night, and I still have the picture of a dry T-34 sitting in a hangar with three feet of snow right in front of it. That hangar was my friend. Like I said, I don't know if it's still there but, in my heart, it will always be my friend.

We could visit a lot more hangars, like the one next door to me. I've never seen its doors open. But, peeking through the crack in the front doors, I can see an aluminum prop spinner. It's tilted up slightly, so I figure it's a taildragger. In my mind it's a shiny Swift in a dark hangar. It is, in other words, someone's beautiful secret.

I'm sure that as you toured with me the hangars I have known, you thought about those you know—and their stories. And your stories. Go with them. Let your mind wander. Old hangars are good feelings and good people. Today we need all of that we can get. Long may hangars, and people like you who come to them, last.

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

Minutes of the Club Meeting

July 6, 2010

The meeting was called to order by President Tom Henry at 7:40 PM.

The members were asked to introduce themselves and give a status report on their projects. Several visitors and a new member were present. New members included Travis Nelson. Visitors were made to feel welcome.

Following introductions, the program was provided by Mark and Lorrie Novak who gave us an interesting overview of their careers in aviation.

Dennis Crispin gave a glowing report on the success of the mall show with several interesting contacts with people who expressed an interest in the chapter.

Mr. Tom Trumble provided the Young Eagle report. The annual "Math Camp" is coming up soon. Tom reported that 61 young men and women were given rides at Beatrice.

Eric Corbridge gave the treasurer's report. Roger Aspegren recommended that \$250.00 be donated to help with expenses to enable the Peruvian mission student pilot attend at Oshkosh. Don Shoemaker made the motion, it was seconded by Jerry Carlson and the motion passed.

Doug Elting,
Secretary

Minutes of the Executive Meeting

July 17th, 2010

The meeting was called to order by President Tom Henry at 10:00 AM.

Treasurers Report: The Treasurers report was not available.

August Program: Mr. Sean Davenport from Duncan Aviation will present the program entitled "Basic Electrical Troubleshooting". Members will be challenged to test their skills.

A solicitation from the National Aeronautical Arts will be presented to the membership at the next meeting.

Board Members will be inquiring interest from the membership for officers' positions over the next few weeks.

No Technical Visits were scheduled.

Meeting was adjourned at approximately 10:30 AM.

Doug Elting,
Secretary

Parachute Repair Service

Contact Claude Wilson, FAA Master Parachute Rigger, for any maintenance, repair or packing of aerobatic or powered parachutes. He can be reached at (402) 499-4879 or by email at cwilsonjr@neb.rr.com.

Classifieds**FOR SALE****1962 Cessna 182E**

1545TT

Last compression check was 70/80, 70/80, 64/80, 70/80, 70/80, 69/80. Needs paint. Glass and interior are still great. Cleveland's and new tires a few years ago. Rebuilt carb in 2006 and have not used auto fuel since. \$35,000

Jim Chambers
Cell: (402) 440-5270
Home: (402)488-8814
Work: (402) 465-3806

FOR SALE**1978 Piper Tomahawk**

PA-38-112 2216 TTAF&E
Very Clean, new June, 2010
Annual All AD's Current. \$19,500

More Pictures at <http://tbarjne.com>

Email Tom at:
td_johnson@tbarjne.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.

August 28 – 29, Defenders of Freedom, Offutt AFB, Bellevue, NE. Performances by AirPros, Greg Poe Airshows. Contact Maj. Eric Nelson. Phone: (402) 294-8800 <http://www.offuttairshow.com>

Flight Graphics



**Vinyl Signs
Banners
Graphics**

Roger Aspegren
4001 SW 84th
Denton, NE 68339

402-797-5825 Cell :840-2499

Local Fuel Prices

York (KJYR) 100LL \$ 3.85 (full service)

Beatrice (KBIE) 100LL \$ 4.34 (full service)
100LL \$ 4.19 (self service)

(source AOPA as of July 31, 2010)

John Cox
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Reminder!!! Next meeting is August 10th!!!