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EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



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Meeting Announcement

Date: Tuesday, February 4th

Time: 7:30pm

Program: Mark Musick

Former F-4 pilot and Commander of the Nebraska Air National Guard, Mark will talk about his research on Howard Hughes. Published in 2010, "*Boxes: The Secret Life of Howard Hughes*" was based on research done by Musick.

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

President's Message Cristi Higgins



This winter has been offering some pretty good flying days. Just keep an eye on the weather and take the opening when it comes. The wind sure is blowing fast, hard and often. Maybe this means an early spring but I always let Punxsutawney Phil answer that. Be careful with that old wind though as it changes quickly.

The Nebraska Aviation Symposium was a huge hit and all of our EAA publications were picked up. I found it funny that the aerobatic stuff was the first to go. I'm gonna give the wind credit for that one too since I usually walk vertical but the other day had to

hold a horizontal pose to get across the ramp. Don't forget to take your sweetheart out for Valentine's Day even if it's the one with wings.

Happy Landings, Cristi

Silent Bids By Doug Volkmer

Virginia Meyers has donated the leather jacket (pictured below) to Chapter 569. The jacket belonged to her husband George. George was a long time Chapter 569 member. He passed away October 31, 2013.

We will be taking silent bids on this nice jacket. If you would like to place a bid, please submit it to President Cristi Higgins by email at higginschristi@msn.com or by phone to 402.798.0230.

We'll be taking bids until June 30, 2014.



PEN, INK, AND PILOTS

By Tom Winter

No need to say word one about Ernest K. Gann, but here are a few words about pilot authors who deserve the same rank, one for England/Australia, and one for France.

Nevil Shute and Antoine De St Exupery have in common that they turned flight into prose -- flight and the gift that flight gives to mind and spirit. This, to me is an admirable contrast with most who write -- or want to write. I spent my career in a building shared with an English department, peopled with profs and majors and graduate students who all felt obliged to write as a discipline. While staying home and writing worked for Emily Dickinson (Joanna's only rival for my affections!) for most.... Suffice it to say, I appreciate an author who went out and gathered and lived the writing's raw material!

Shute and St Ex lived it first, and wrote when they had something. Nevil Shute Norway was an aeronautical engineer, worked with Barnes Wallis, founded an aircraft company, was one of England's boffins in WWII, and flew from England to Australia and back, through India, Siam, Dutch East Indies. His autobiography, *Slide Rule*, is a must read. His insider war experience led to the novel *Pastoral*. The flight to Australia garnered him material for at least two of his novels, *Round the Bend*, and *A Town Like Alice*. *Flight of Fancy*, written by James Riddell, his co-pilot in the flight to Australia, is a travel book allowing us to see some of the first-hand

experience that went into the novelist's work. And I can never forget the power, built from an engineer's simple directness, of *On the Beach*.

Antoine de St Exupery is known to most for the "children's book" *Le Petit Prince*, and I'll start with that: a view of a planet from above. Wherever St Ex flew there was pen, notepad, and ink, in several bottles, alongside. Remember that photograph, *Earthrise*, taken by an Apollo astronaut from the moon? St Ex got that same wide, no boundaries, point of view and got it into prose.

What kind of prose. though, is hard to pin down. The Academie Francaise awarded his *Wind, Sand, and Stars* the Grand Prize of the Novel (Grand Prix du Roman) for 1939. Stateside, the American Booksellers Assn awarded it Non-Fiction Book of the Year. What to call it? It is part autobiography, part reportage, part mindful rumination, replete with faith in humankind. It starts with his starting as student pilot, then Aeropostale pilot over the Andes, and further, over the Sahara en route from France to Saigon, further on, a mission to rescue French monks out of Civil War Spain: A pilot all over this globe. With him we meet and appreciate real human beings: here a peasant in Patagonia, there a Bedouin in the eastern desert.

Some call his writing philosophy, but characterizing St Ex is an exercise in futility. I must try anyway. I'll use two of his words: *Serving through* most of World War II, and shot down on a reconnaissance mission from Sardinia into southern France, he

lived long enough to say "I hate this century with all my heart." His work is full of heart, and, marvel that it is, his work is utterly free of hatred. Heart then, heart with wings aloft.

But let's not characterize St Exupery. Let's read him, and don't worry about reading him in translation. French is a very direct language, and St. Ex chose his own translator. It's a clear window.

And finally, I lied about not needing a word about Gann. If you haven't read *Fate Is The Hunter*, for instance, or *In the Company of Eagles*, what the hell's wrong with you?

Book Review –
Runway Dust
By Dennis Crispin

A year ago author Charles "Ron" Furden sent me a pre-publication copy of his new book *Runway Dust*. Please check the review that I wrote for the January 2012 Chapter 569 newsletter.

The book was published late last summer and Ron sent me a copy of the final version. It is available on Amazon (<http://goo.gl/hpZ1e5>) and as a Kindle e-book.

I didn't have a chance to read it until recently, but this time I enjoyed it fully as much as I did on the first reading.

The author will revive wonderful memories for anyone that was lucky enough to experience the Piper Cub Era and make anyone who missed it wish that they had been there.

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I highly recommend this book for anyone who ever learned to fly – or wanted to.

Below we reprint Ron's press release for *Runway Dust*.

***Runway Dust, Airport Adventures
During the Fabulous Fifties***
By Charles R. Furden

Synopsis

At one time, there were many little private airports located across this country. They were often referred to as ma and pa airports and were usually run by one or two individuals. The facilities at these airports were usually basic and the training aircraft were not always the latest models. But those little airports were unique, the flying was inexpensive, the rules of the sky were friendly and the clientele were students and pilots who enjoyed being with their own kind. Friendship at these airports was a common denominator. One such little dirt airport then located in the Salt Lake Valley was Utah Central. That long ago airport and the people who were a part of it is the subject of a new book entitled *Runway Dust, Airport Adventures during the Fabulous Fifties* by Charles R. Furden or Ron, as he is known in the book.

During the mid-fifties, Ron was hired by a small flying service located at the airport. Their school aircraft were the friendly little Piper Cubs. At the time, the airport had more than its fair share of activities with both the school and private aircraft that were based on

the airport.

Ron had always had a desire to work at an airport and started his duties with lots of enthusiasm. But things did not always go the way he had anticipated, and he had more than a few surprises. Pushing an airplane around in the mud has its moments and fueling airplanes in the cold wind and rain is something that he is still trying to forget. He never realized there were so many duties required at a small airport. And the textbooks never had much to say about narrow dirt runways that were often dusty, sometimes muddy, occasionally covered with ruts and sometimes white with snow. Student pilots learned early in their training to anticipate the unexpected. And flying the Piper Cub was fun, even simple, but there is that learning curve. At times, Ron would find himself wondering if somehow the Cub was teasing him in his inexperience. But Ron did learn the art of flying. His experiences in the sky were beyond his wildest dreams. Countless hours were spent in the air playing in the wind and with untold fascination he studied the wonderful world of the airman.

During his employment, he became acquainted with a variety of people, the teens earning their wings, the professionals looking for a career in the sky, the weekend pilots who just wanted to be a part of what they loved and the old timers who had been in aviation since almost its beginning but just couldn't let go. The time Ron spent at Utah Central was an education in history and personalities. Their stories, their humor, their successes and even their tragedies became his

memories and many found their way into *Runway Dust*.

For whatever reason, fate would permit him to spend time in what would be a passing moment in aviation's history. His time at Utah Central was a one-time experience that Ron never wanted to see end, but for airports hanging on the tail end of progress, it was only a matter of time.

If you have ever wondered about those days of long ago and what life was like at one, even many similar airports or why humans through-out all time have yearned to fly, *Runway Dust* will tell you why.

plane talk by Lauran Paine, Jr

THEY SAY YOU CAN'T GO BACK, BUT YOU can. For a while, at least. It all started in McKinney, Texas, with my wife and me visiting her Texas sisters. We stayed at a bed and breakfast, the Tartan Thistle, a house built in 1880 with high ceilings, solid doors, a large porch, and wooden floors that creak to go with the screen door that squeaks. They don't build 'em like that anymore.

While my wife and her sisters were antique shopping, I sat on the porch and wrote. It was quiet and peaceful, with shade trees and people that nodded and said "howdy" as they walked by. Nice people at the B&B, too. Breakfast was waiting every morning at 8:30. My wife said, "I could get used to this." I could, too, to a point. I just can't sit too long without laying my hands on some tools or some airplane somewhere. I like to go places...for a while...but my hangar always calls me home.

My brother-in-law BJ (for Benny Joe) toured me around one day, but not to where the tourists go. We went to Gebo's, the local farm supply/hardware store and—holy guacamole!— they had one of everything. Name it. Parts for your sickle bar mower? Yup. Horseshoes and a fender for your horse trailer? Yup. Bobwhare (barbed wire)? Yup. Overalls and a float valve for your watering trough? Yup. Long neck, angled needle-nose pliers? Yup. (I bought the last one of those, but I'm sure it's been re-stocked by now.) John Deere salt-and-pepper shakers? Of course. Second aisle on the right as you walk in. Spent two hours there. Barely scratched the surface.

From there we went to the old tractor place, Clarence Paysinger Tractor and Equipment. Acres of rusted and not-so-rusted tractors and parts. Some of the tractors run, most of them don't. All would be great projects. How much? "Whatever two fools can agree on," Clarence says. Much of the "figgerin" was done on the seat of the old golf cart Clarence drives around the place. Lots of numbers written in ink right on the upholstery. You've got to like accounting like that. Tractor heaven, that's what it was. Spent three hours there.

Lunch was at The Cotton Gin Cafe (yes, I have the t-shirt) in Prosper, Texas. Hundred-year-old building, brick sides, *tall* ceiling, concrete floor, menu handwritten on a board on the back wall, a fresh berry cobbler on the counter, and nice people that greet you with, "Hi, how y'all doin'?" I got the burger basket after looking at the chicken fried steak that was so big it spilled off the side of the plate and into the next county. Didn't think I'd be able to "get around it" as they say. Was it good? Went back three times in three days.

Okay, Lauran, where are you going with this? This is, after all, an aviation magazine! I know, I know, but it's about destinations, too. And I'm going

to go flying, and I'm going to go "back" to do it. Back to October 19, 1965. That's the day Dennis Shelby, my very first flight instructor, walked me out to a straight-tail (no back window) blue-and-white Cessna 150, N5653E, on the tarmac of Ried-Hillview Airport in San Jose, California, (one runway, no paint, no tower), set his coffee cup up on the cowling and said, "This is an airplane." I remember it well; my heart was pounding. We walked around the airplane while Dennis talked. I don't remember much of what he said; I was too awestruck. We got it started, and I turned the yoke in the direction of the turn as we taxied out of the parking spot. Mistake number one of 10,783 to follow. Soloed on November 8, 1965. Got my private certificate January 21, 1966. My last Cessna 150 logbook entry is October 2, 1966.

I started flying in a Cessna 150, and I had to go back and fly one again. Just had to. It's a pilot thing. I knew it wasn't going to be easy. My fellow pilots at work said, "You flown one of those things lately? It'll eat your lunch." They were right.

How does that happen? I used to be comfortable in the airplane. It flew like I expected because I had been taught what to expect and it was the only airplane I'd ever known. Now, 35 years later and a few thousand more hours than the 92 hours total time I had when I last flew one, I came to it with preconceived notions—none of which fit the airplane—and no "feel" for it.

They call them One Fifty *Twos* now, and they have slanted tails marketing) and a back window (the better to "check six," I reckon). It's not a very big airplane—shoulders touch when there are two of you in it, and the rudder pedals are right smack beside each other.

Simple, but very functional. It starts and taxis pretty much like I remember.

Takeoff? I don't remember doing all

those deviations from centerline in 1965. Lifts off just like any airplane: yoke back at the proper speed and it flies. And, just like that, I was 35 years younger. The sights, the view out the side window— just a thin door there—of the wheel hanging, the vibrating cowl, and the blur of the propeller, all still there. The sound, steady, not powerful. The rate-of-climb, low, but doesn't matter 'cause you don't go high anyway. Aileron left, turn left. Aileron right, turn right. A little rudder each way to keep you in a turn and not a sway. Yeah, I remember, I remember!

It was the landing where I forgot. Flared high—knew I would— and used the ailerons like pinball flippers. The result was a corkscrew effect down the runway, like a cork bobbing on the high sea. Stupid? Yeah. Embarrassing? Yeah. Oh, to be 21 again and to be able to land this thing! I was a better 150 pilot then than I am now, by far.

I finally came to some modicum of a landing agreement with the 152, and we taxied in. I'd done what I set out to do; I'd gone back. And it was good. Illuminating, exasperating, and embarrassing, but good. I loved it. It took me "there," where I had been and where I wanted to go again. You can go back...for a while. But not at the FBO counter: \$14 per hour (as best I can remember 1965) versus \$62 per hour brought me right back to 2002. You know, a Cessna 150 is not what you'd call a classic in the sense of B-17s, P-40s, BT-13Ds. But in its own right, it is a classic, having given first flight to thousands, starting them down the road to aviation success and enjoyment. The perfect machine for the job. In that sense it is a classic and deserves its just due. You'll never hear me trash-talk a Cessna 150. However, after my first landing in one in 35 years, I know there's one 152 out there trash talking me!

(This article originally appeared in the August, 2002 issue of EAA Sport Aviation.)

**Minutes of the Club Meeting
January 7th, 2014**

The meeting was called to order promptly at 7:29 PM CST by President Higgins.

Bill and Evonne Williams were introduced and talked about an exhibit of fallen service men and women that they have produced. Their effort to honor our fallen soldiers is titled Fallen Patriotic Productions and is sponsored by Bellevue University. They presented several touching stories and a short video of people participating in the event.

Bill and Evonne also talked about the Honor Flights and how much it means to those veterans still with us. The Honor Flights currently include WWII veterans and also Korean War veterans.

The business meeting was begun and President Higgins entertained a motion to give \$500.00 to Fallen Patriotic Productions to continue their work for our service people. The motion was seconded and carried by acclamation.

A motion was made to donate \$100.00 to the Aviation Art contest. The motion was seconded and the motion carried.

The membership discussed having a pull-up display that could be shown at numerous events. More information and the cost of the new graphics caused the membership to delay action.

President Higgins handed out pins and certificates to officers and others who have supported the efforts of Chapter 569.

Discussion focused on a new Aviation Club at UNL. Member Ann Schutte will be the faculty advisor. Tom Winter recommended that the Chapter donate \$500.00 to support the club. Action was tabled until the next meeting to hear a presentation and more details concerning the endeavor.

The membership then discussed efforts in regard to the Young Eagles program with EAA. A potential student was identified and the chapter will research the number of credits that are available to go toward a student's sponsorship. It was decided that EAA Chapter 569 will sponsor a student to attend the Air Academy at Oshkosh. A motion was made and seconded to make reservations for the Air Academy.

The meeting was adjourned by the President at 9:02 PM.

Respectfully Submitted
Doug Elting, Secretary, Chapter 569

Classifieds

Let's go flying in 2014!

If you are looking for some inexpensive flying time in 2014, read on. If you wish to fly under Light Sport regulations, with your driver license as your medical, read on. If you have a Private pilot certificate, and want to fly with PVT privileges, read on.

This is a truly a "no risk" deal, for the right individual(s). Read on, to learn more. I have an Ercoupe 415-C with a fresh Continental C-75 engine, and I have done some number crunching that you may be interested in. First, the Ercoupe is a certified aircraft that falls under the light sport regulations, so it can be flown under either category. It is currently at York Airport, but location is flexible, as long as it remains in southeast Nebraska.

If you like the idea of owning your own airplane (on a shared ownership basis), and being able to fly when you want, and not having to deal with rental issues, then this is the opportunity for you to consider. Based on one partner, I have used typical hangar, insurance and annual inspection rates, and arrive at a fixed cost of about \$125/month, or about \$25/hour based on 60 flight hours per year. I figure fuel at about \$30 per hour, based on \$5/gal and 6 gal/hour. I figure engine overhaul and maintenance at \$20/hour, based on TBO and miscellaneous expenses. Thus, hourly cost to fly your own plane would be \$45/hour, plus fuel at \$30/hour, for a total of \$75/hour. With two partners (or three total co-owners), the cost would be \$65/hour to fly your own airplane.

Now for the best part. To join in this air-adventure, all it takes is a "buy-in" to co-own the Ercoupe. Since I wish to maintain "ultimate" ownership of the Ercoupe, I agree to a "buy-out" anytime you wish to pursue other air-adventures. The buy-out price is set equal to the "buy-in" price, less the \$20/hour cost for overhaul and maintenance, based on Hobbs meter. So, for example, if you buy into this air-adventure, and accumulate 180 hours of Hobbs meter time over 3 years, and then decide to pursue other interests, I will buy you out by refunding your 'buy-in' price less \$3600 (equal to 180 hours x \$20 per hour). Not a bad deal, huh? Three years of flying for \$3600, plus fuel, plus fixed costs for hangar, insurance and annual.

Let me know if you might be interested in this kind of air-adventure. I think this plan will work for up to three total co-owners, including myself. My contact information is Ph. 402-450-6170, or email wwoldt1@hotmail.com. We can discuss the concept further, and determine if this is something that will work for us, so that you can go flying in 2014.

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.

July 28 - Aug. 3, AirVenture, Oshkosh, WI, <http://www.airventure.org/>

EAA Chapter 569 Membership / 2014 Renewal Form

Include your \$20 check made out to EAA Chapter 569

Mail to: Mark Werth, 2110 Spring Meadow Circle, Lincoln, NE 68521

Name

Spouse

Address

City

State

Zip

Home phone

Work Phone

Email Address

EAA Number

Date You Joined Chapter 569

Newsletter via email ?

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