



EAA CHAPTER

NUMBER 569

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

OF Lincoln Nebraska

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FEBRUARY 1985 NEWSLETTER

* FROM THE PRESIDENT *

FEBRUARY MEETING: The next meeting of EAA Chapter 569, Lincoln, Nebraska will be held Tuesday February 5th, 7:30 P.M. in the Duncan Aviation lunch room. Mr. Bob Near of Blue River Aircraft Supply, Harvard, Nebraska, will talk to us about the advantages and ease of covering aircraft using Ceconite 7600. Here's a chance for those of you who are seriously considering a project, to learn something about fabric application.

The refreshment committee for this meeting will be Arthur Curtiss (in charge), Ken Dahle, Bob Dahlke, Lester David, and Lonnie Davis.

So far, only 3 ladies have contacted me concerning the pinch-hitter course and we need a minimum of 10. If I don't have enough interest by the 15th of February, I will just consider the course dead.

Thank you Jeff Clausen and Denny Bornmann for the door prizes given at the last meeting. I need volunteers to bring prizes to future meetings, all donations will be greatly appreciated.

Anyone who has not yet paid their dues, please do so, we will print the new membership roster on March 1st. We still have some EAA calendars left also.

Jim Fix

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AV-Stuff from Paul Wood

Among the many dumb situations that I and other pilots have lived to tell about concerns a certain wealthy EAA "pilot" out west. He was looked

upon with some amusement, mixed with envy. It's almost as if he was continually trying to provide us with a clumsy-bumpkin image to offset our jealousy at one man owning such a stable of swell aircraft. I'll call him Jake. To impress all of us once, he timed the delivery of his new toy, a twin eight-seater, with our visit to his large hangar for a night meeting. Amongst the antique bipes, kits, and various mouth-watering aluminum, he had made a space for the shiney new twin, with a special wood ramp placed strategically inside the hangar to raise the nose wheel and lower the 14 foot vertical tail to clear the beam over the hangar door. Using the electric tow motor, he proudly pulled the twin up to the wooden ramp as we all watched. For some suspicious reason, the ramp was ill-placed and with a sickening crunch and tinkle of broken glass from the beacon, the tail suffered severe damage, amid a loud outbreak of dead silence from the crowd. This performance followed an earlier snaffu that could have been fatal. Using a tow motor, again, he wheeled out his Cessna 310 to the ramp, and Jake proceeded to request and receive permission to taxi and take-off. I'm not sure if the ATC guys in the cab noticed, or just turned their heads when he departed the earth, still attached to the nose-gear tow motor. He noticed a "retract malfunction," and circled back to the field, trailing 100 feet of 110 volt extension cord and the tow motor. The tower cleared him to land on the grass as a safety precaution, which he did successfully. Can anyone guess how many revs that tow motor was doing on lift off?

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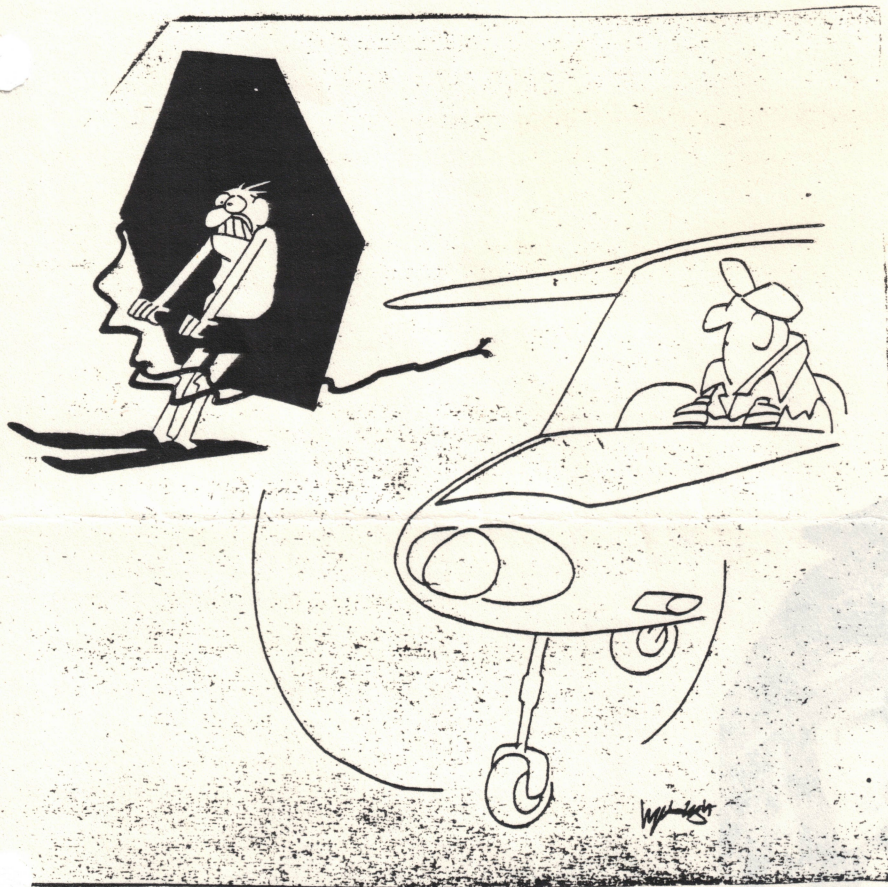
One soggy afternoon out west, during the summer forest fire season, a heavy, ancient borate bomber was returning to the airport after a run on a distant blaze. ATC cleared him to land, but warned him to "avoid crossing runway 15." The bomber PIC replied that, "... sorry, I'm heavy with full tanks, and the brakes are overdue for refit, but I'll try."

At mid-field after touch-down, spray flying from the wet runway, he barreled right through 15 intersection, and just after grinding to a stop, a huge bolt of lightning blasted the tetrahedron, narrowly missing the bomber's port wing tip. After a dramatic pause, ATC keyed the mike again and intoned in a deep voice, "... and the next time I tell you to keep off a runway"

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The next is another story from Ed Wach in the continuing spirit of some previous newsletters.

One barfer I had was in a C-172. I picked up the plane at Alliance. My 10 year old son and two of his buddies were along. I treated them to cake and Coke at the Alliance Airport restaurant. I was teaching my boy to fly at the time (he could have soloed when he was 12), so he sat in the right seat and the other two kids were in back. The boy sitting on the right rear had been quiet during the car trip to Alliance. I thought nothing of it at the time. After our snack, we took off heading for Mitchell. About 20 minutes later, there was a sudden commotion and noise in the rear seat. I looked back and there was the quiet kid giving back his cake and Coke and the last three previous meals. He sprayed the back seat, floor, inside the pocket on the back of the right front seat, all over my boy's head and even on the windshield. I learned later the boy could get sick just looking at pictures of moving vehicles.



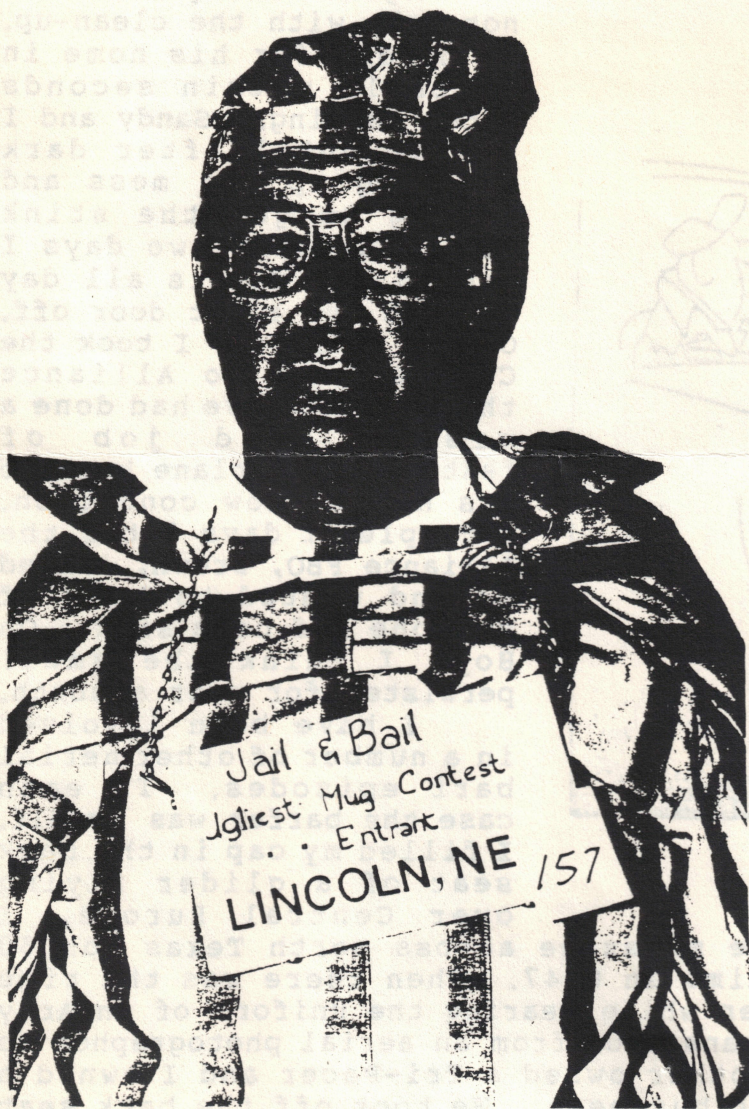
Again the pukee did not help with the clean-up. He headed for his home in Mitchell within seconds after landing. Sandy and I worked until after dark cleaning up the mess and trying to get the stink out. The next two days I hauled sky divers all day and had the right door off. On the third day I took the Cessna back to Alliance thinking that we had done a pretty good job of restoring the plane back to its normal new condition. A couple of days later the Alliance FBO, Brown, called me and wanted to know if someone had been sick. Oh Boy, I think the smell persisted for over a month.

I have been involved in a number of other aerial barf episodes. In each case the barfer was myself. I filled my cap in the back seat of a glider flying over Central Europe, I

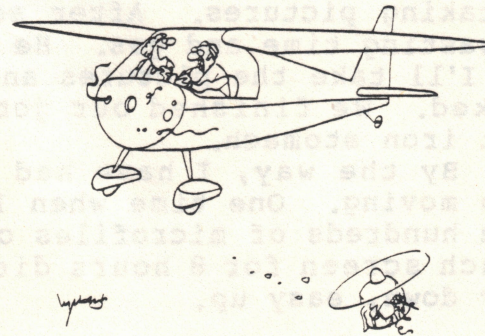
scattered puke filled pages of Life magazine across north Texas for 50 miles, again in a back seat, that time an O-47. Then there was the time when I disgraced myself in an airliner while wearing the uniform of an Army Air Corps Officer. Another was my transition from an aerial photographer to that of a photo plane pilot. My brother owned a Tri-Pacer and I owned a camera, so we formed an aerial photo business. We took off the back seat door of the PA-22 and I leaned out and snapped while Paul piloted. Most of our jobs were farm yards. I cannot stare through a camera view finder any better than by newspaper boss could. I knew that and kept barf bags handy in back. When I felt things rising, I called out "straight and level, Paul" and proceeded to fill the sack. After things settled down, we would go back to taking pictures. After several of these sessions, Paul was complaining of wasting time and gas. He finally told me, "show me how to run the camera and I'll take the pictures and you fly." I showed him how, he did it and it worked. We finished our jobs in less than half the time because he has a cast iron stomach.

By the way, I have had motion sickness on the ground when I was not even moving. One time when I was researching material for a book, I had to scan hundreds of microfiles of old newspapers. The rapid motion across that 6 inch screen for 8 hours did no good for the digestive system. Oh, well, easy down, easy up.

Ed Wach



In the interest of public safety, we have been asked to run this mug shot of a "still at large" desperado. Anyone seeing this fugitive from justice should take immediate cover.



"Hey! . . . The vibration's gone!"

OF INTEREST

TRYING TO DO THE JOB ALONE

Some of us have been guilty of trying to do the job alone while performing aircraft maintenance. This has resulted in dinged wing tips and tail fairings while moving aircraft and strained backs and mashed fingers while replacing components. Although costly, painful, and embarrassing, they are minor when compared to the following. May your consequences never be as severe as this person experienced. *To: Blue Cross + Blue Shield*

Dear Sirs:

I am writing in response to your request for additional information. In block number three of the accident reporting form, I put "trying to do the job alone" as the cause of my accident. You said in your letter that I should explain more fully, and I trust that the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six-story building. When I completed my work, I discovered that I had about 500 pounds of brick left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which fortunately was attached to the side of the building at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out, and loaded the brick into it. Then I went back to the ground floor and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 500 pounds of brick. You will note in block number 11 of the accident reporting form that I weigh 145 pounds.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming down. This explains the fractured skull and broken collarbone.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley. Fortunately by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope in spite of my pain.

At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground, and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel now weighed approximately 50 pounds.

I refer you again to my weight in block number 11. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles and the lacerations on my legs and lower body.

The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell onto the pile of bricks and, fortunately, only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the bricks, in pain unable to stand, and watching the empty barrel six stories above me, I again lost my presence of mind -- and I let go of the rope. The empty barrel weighed more than the rope so it came back down on me and broke both my legs.

I hope I have furnished the information you require as to how the accident occurred.

NOTE: Although amusing, this article makes painfully clear the seriousness of trying to do the job alone. Happy Holidays!

*Sincerely,
Jim Stephens*