



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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JANUARY 1985 NEWSLETTER

* FROM THE PRESIDENT *

JANUARY MEETING: The next meeting of EAA Chapter 569, Lincoln, Nebraska will be held on Tuesday January 8, 1985 at 7:30 P.M. in the Duncan Aviation second floor lunch room. We should all be over our New Years Eve headaches then. Our own Howard Nitzel will give us a presentation on aircraft paintings and interiors. Here's your chance to ask an expert how to cover up your "sins".

The refreshment committee for the meeting is: Ed Bowes (in charge), Jerold Carlson, Les Christiansen, Jeff Clausen, and Rick Cooper.

I want to thank all of you ladies who came to the last meeting. It was our pleasure to see you there. I wish that even more of you would attend. Judging by the small amount of leftovers, all of the food was delicious.

There has been enough interest expressed to have a pinch-hitter course. Please call Mary Garner (788-2748), or me (470-2346), and let us know what time would work out best for you. I will set in touch with Val Hruska as soon as you all decide when would be the best time. I don't think you could find a finer or more qualified person than Val, so please take advantage of this offer as the classroom time is free.

Norm Sell came up with some really nice items for the door prizes. They alone were worth your coming to the meeting just for a chance to win one. Jim Stephens was responsible for the raffle which made our treasury \$19.50 richer. Thank you Norm and Jim! I still haven't figured out how Shirley McKinty was able to reach into Ed Garner's hat and come up with Harlo's number for the cash drawings. I personally shook the "hell" out of those tickets!

Your Chapter annual dues are now due, please pay them as soon as possible. Last year some of you drag it out until May. Ted donates his time to present us with a current mailing list and I feel we owe it to him to be a little more considerate. I honestly don't know what we would do if

Ted ever decided to give up his job as our editor. This year, come hell or high water, the list goes out on March 1st and "your" name had better be on it!!

I still have a few Seward Fly In cups left. I will give them out on a first come, first serve basis.

Jim Fix

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This month we introduce a new contributor to the newsletter, Harlo McKinty. We appreciate the contributions from all members and thank Harlo for his column as follows:

I can't think of a more difficult act to follow than some of Jeff's stories; one thing his last barfing experience brought to mind was a similar experience with introducing this wonderful world of flying to a hot rod, drag race enthusiast who wondered about my enthusiasm for flying. We were in a rented Cessna 140 (1949 era) and hadn't even got to pattern altitude when his first symptoms were present. "Can I open the door?" - No! Don't you dare, we'll be back on the ground in 5 minutes. His stomach had no intention of waiting 5 minutes; so kind considerate soul that he was, he stretched the cuff of a nice new wool jacket and proceeded to fill up the sleeve. This was way before sic-sacs were heard of in our circle. He never asked for another airplane ride.

When I first thought of getting involved in building an airplane, Chapter 569 was just getting started and I had been attending Chapter 80 meetings in Omaha. At the T-18 forums in Oshkosh the BS and enthusiasm was a tremendously motivating factor. One fellow published an article that he built a T-18 in 6 months. Later at Oshkosh we did see a Zenith built in one week, and actually flown on Saturday.

I started out by buying plans and building an aileron. I wasn't even sure what a rivet was supposed to look like, or a dimple, or anything else. Don Shoemaker gave some excellent advice, but I was too dumb to believe it when he said that a person should get a little seasoning before starting a full project. This is where the members of the chapter have been a great help. Jim Fix patiently taught me a lot about riveting and sheet metal work; Dale Green was available for lots of help and parts. George Wright and many others have helped a lot with tools, know how, and parts. Dale Green's series of garages could be Van Dusen's warehouse in parts, if he wanted them to. How can you thank someone who helps two nights a week until 12:00 - 1:00 AM for seven years? Obviously, airplane building is a labor of love. Now you know why Jim Fix is no longer married.

If any of you are hesitant about getting started on a project, look in the mirror and see who's got to get started first. One T-18 I know was built on a budget of \$5/month, and there are many aircraft much easier and cheaper than a T-18. The present builders would be glad for the help, even holding parts, moving things, you'll find out it doesn't take brains, just on helluva lot of persistence. An understanding wife is a great asset too. My wife, in a fit of insanity said "why don't you make your next one wood so I can help?" She was on dope at the time.

Harlo McKinty

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AV-GAGS AND AV-PLOYS; by Paul Wood

Adjusting to this cooler climate reminds me of a neat method of starting a plane in cold weather. Many of you with J-3 Cub experience know this already. Dip a shop cloth in gasoline, stuff it over the air intake and proceed with normal starting procedure. Of course, NO SMOKING PLEASE, before, after or during.

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Aboard a carrier at sea, the catapult launch operation of the Jets had lead to several premature firings of the system, resulting in million dollar Jets splashing into the ocean just off the launch area. The pilots blamed the jittery new J.S. cap-launch officers mistaking normal hand movement of the pilot for the signal to fire. Not being spooled up, the aircraft and the pilot got deep sixed.

A simple solution was enacted when a mechanic's mate and several pilots got together and fashioned a padded aluminum bar-stock hook with a 50 foot nylon ski rope attached. The drill was simplicity. The pilot hooked the smart end over the cockpit ledge, with the other end of the rope attached to a snus loop around the cap-launch officer's ankle. When the pilot was really ready, he tossed the hook to the launch crew. Result, absolutely no more premature launchings.

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I'd like to share with you a quick way to restore chrome plating to sight rust free condition.

This is obviously more applicable to earth bound vehicles than to aircraft, but some of us may have some chrome that has restored on autos and cycles, as well as a few rusty chrome components on our aircraft.

Find some used aluminum foil. I recycle the stuff, so I reach into my recycle sack and pull out all I need, free. The heavier foil used on TV dinners works slightly better, but it all will work, even brand new foil off the roll.

Get it wet. Water works almost the best, but I prefer to squirt it with Armorall. Merely rub the rusty area and wipe clean. In some cases, the pits even vanish, being filled up with aluminum particles. Result, it looks like it just came out of the plating tank in many cases.

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>>> FOR SALE <<<

1969 Cherokee 140, Full IFR - Mark 12A-360 Navcom, Mark 12-90 Navcom, 3 lite marker. Bendix ADF, Transponder. Former Lincoln Aviation instrument trainer. Contact Jim Mackie, Seward 643-4858.

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Jeff's Column

I received stories of some very interesting experiences from folks from

all over who read our newsletter. Among them were a couple of tales from Ed Wach of Aurora which you will read shortly. Thank you Ed for taking the time to send us your stories.

Jeff

Back in the days when I was a newspaper editor, I ran a two page ad for all of the Co-op elevators in the area. In the ad were aerial photographs of each elevator. One year we needed new photos and the publisher of the paper, a non-pilot type, offered to take the pictures for me. It had been a little tricky in years past trying to fly at 300 feet while staring through a 35 mm camera's view finder.

I had access to a J-3 Cub at the time. That plane is one of the best low level photo ships ever made. I put the boss in the front seat and off we went. After shooting only two elevators the photographer was already looking pale and worried. It was bumpy down low. I suggested we land at Hastings which was only a few miles out of the way, and have a 7 Up. He grabbed at the chance. When loading up the thought struck me "if he barfs, it will come back on me", so I put him in the back seat with the excuse that he would get better photos shooting behind the wing strut. Sure enough, about three elevators later he cut loose. I told him to lean far out. We had both of the doors of the Cub open. After he dropped his load, we went on to finish the job, but his heart wasn't in it. By the time we got back home, the mess on the right side of the plane had hardened like a rock. It was all the way back to the tail. He went to the airport lounge and laid down. I had to clean the plane. It took nearly an hour.

Ed Wach

Please Note! - The next items are R rated so don't let the kiddies read on past this. I found these next 2 items floating around my office & decided you might enjoy them since we all have a boss. The other story doesn't have much to do with flying either, but I think we can appreciate St. Nick's dilemma.

See you all January 8th.

Jeff Clausen

THE BOSS

When the body was first made, all parts wanted to be boss. The brain said "Since I control everthing, and do all the thinking, I should be boss."

The feet said "Since I carry man where he wants to be and get him in position to do what the brain wants, I should be boss."

The hands said, "Since I do all the work and earn all the money to keep the rest of you going I should be boss."

The eyes said, "Since I must look out for all of you and tell you where danger lurks, I should be boss."

As so it went. The heart, the ears, the lungs, and finally the asshole spoke up and demanded that he be made boss. All of the other parts laughed and laughed at the idea of an asshole being made boss. The asshole was so angered that he blocked himself off, and refused to function. Soon the brain was feverish, the eyes crossed and ached, the feet were too weak to walk, the hands hung limply at the sides, the lungs and the heart struggled to keep going. All pleaded with the brain to relent and let the asshole be boss.

And so it happened. All the other parts did the work and the asshole just bossed and passed out a lot of shit. The moral: You don't have to be a brain to be boss, just an asshole.

YOU THINK YOU GOT IT BAD?

All night long, soot in the chimneys, smelly socks, cross dogs, shot at, mistaken for a stork, driving all night in the snow, damn near got killed by a 747, Mrs. Claus pissed off, I got in late.

AND THAT ISN'T ALL!

Donner & Blitzen and Rudolf got the shits over Albuquerque and you should see my suit. The damn Elves won't clean the sleigh unless I pay them double time.

I am so sick of cookies and milk I could vomit. The only highball I had all night is when I slipped getting out of the sleigh. My prostate is giving me hell, pissed my pants at 20,000 feet and froze to the seat. Allergic to pine needles, I itch all over. I think my hemorrhoids are back.

HO! HO! HO!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, ~~██████████~~ ~~██████████~~ ~~██████████~~

Happy New Year!