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# EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



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## Meeting Announcement

**Date:** Tuesday, July 7<sup>th</sup>

**Time:** 7:00pm

**Program:** Nebraska State Patrol  
Aviation Support Hangar Visit

**Place:** Lincoln Airport - East Side  
Enter at Gate 25 (just west of North  
Park Rd & West Superior St)



### President's Message Tom Winter

#### Love in the Time of Cholera

Before I get going, I'd best explain that the title of Gabriel Garcia Marquez' novel is a pun: Cholera the plague, yes, but in Spanish, coléra is also passion. I shamelessly use the double meaning. In our unprecedented pandemic, a passion for flying is good for the soul. Passion, as in the hit from the film Flashdance, "What a feelin! Take your passion, and make it happen!" or as in jazz violinist Jean-luc Ponty's A Taste For Passion. We pilots have A Taste For Passion, and every single one of us has taken our passion for flying, and made it happen, no matter what.

In the novel, Fermina loves Florentino from early childhood, but is pressured to wed Dr. Urbino, a placid calm dispassionate man of science who rids the country of cholera. We pilots are Florentino, but we are also Dr. Urbino. Our passion is measured, controlled. The

limits we observe keep us safe, the hoops we go through keep us legal. We observe limits.

And here we find ourselves in a time of pandemic. Nobody at any airport I've landed at since the shutdown is wearing a mask, but we get it, we do the social distancing, and if we do shake hands, it becomes a profound moment.

And our coléra keeps us sane in this insane time of coléra. In the novel, Fermina and Dr Urbino have a long mostly contented life together, but finally, old Dr. Urbino ascends a ladder to get his parrot out of a mango tree. One damn-fool unnecessary risk. Did he have to do that? Dr. Urbino falls off the ladder and dies. An unnecessary risk after a flying passion.

And that event hits close to home: my daughters absolutely forbid me to ever again get up on the roof, but they are happy to "let" me fly — and as a matter of fact, I feel safer a thousand feet AGL than I do on a ladder at 12! I have trained to land the plane, but have no idea how to land a ladder. We pilots have courses in risk management that we can take, but if we keep flying long enough, we have, de facto, a Ph.D in it.

To read Fermina the love interest as the spirit of flight, which I do for the sake of this essay, we need, and develop, Doctor Urbino's cool calm rationality to parallel Florentino's passion and, yes Florentino's undying love, that lasted all his life.

Fermina and Florentino: in their old age, they are still in love.

The End.

## The Cowboy Pilot and his Stick Horse

By Glen D. Witte

A cowboy's stick horse is his most valuable asset. Without a horse, a cowboy faces a long walk home across the desert prairie in the blazing sun and almost certainly with a canteen of less than half the water needed to sustain life for the day. But seldom would a stick horse abandon its rider since they are almost always very well trained to stay ground tied where the reins are dropped.

A stick horse is an excellent mount when facing even a whole tribe of painted warriors armed with quivers stuffed with arrows and with lances as long as cedar trees. The horse stands perfectly still and calm even when six shooters are blasting away and bullets are whizzing past his ears. And when the ammunition runs out, the horse can whirl on its hind legs and rocket away in a cloud of dust shielding its rider from the deadly aim of mounted archers trailing behind on clearly inferior mounts.

Of course it takes a knowledgeable eye to select a good stick horse. A good stick horse may not on first glance seem the best of the choices. A paint horse with its flashing mane and many colors surely makes a good show, but let it stand in the baking sun for even a short time and on being mounted that paint would be welded to its rider's thighs. A shaggy roan might look ready for any rough weather with plenty of protection from the frost and snow

of winter blast and blizzard. But the cedar red of the horse's sides retain sharp and prickly thorns and slivers making a rider's seat most uncomfortable on a long ride.

But a top quality horse has no brand on its hip, no tattoo in its ear, no iron nailed to its feet, no second cinch, no breast strap, no silver bit in its mouth. Only the lightest of saddles and the lowest of saddle horns for the rider. Nothing but a string behind its jaw with which to be guided with the gentlest of touches. A wild, free spirit to give wings to its gallop. Its hooves must touch the ground but one step in three. Long legs and a short back for the best of speed and the shortest of turns. Great for cutting wild yearlings from the herd of cows and for racing down a cedar lined badland path ahead of a hail storm.

The stick horse's most outstanding quality is its loyalty to but one rider. Always fresh and ready for a full day's work no matter the time of sunrise or of rider rise. But it makes itself surprisingly invisible to any other person who might hope to spirit away good horse flesh without its owner's permission, merely by blending into the background of sticks and rubble behind the barn.

Many a mile did that stick horse carry this rider. Never tiring, never refusing to lope over the next hill to seek that last stray calf or to check for one more war-painted savage lying in wait for an unwary tenderfoot. Always easy to mount and never an arched back in the morning. Its tail was held high and

never tangled in the spurs of its rider's boots. Its head was perfectly formed on a graceful neck and lent just the right balance for easy mount and dismount.

But as time passed, it stayed young and healthy while its rider grew old and irresponsible, distracted by dreams of Cessnas and Pipers and Bonanzas. The rope that was its reins unraveled and fell loose to the ground. Its sides worn shiny soon roughened and splintered from the rain and the sun. It fell in with a bad crowd of broken boards and twisted tree limbs. It too was tossed into a pile of kindling wood for a branding fire and soon its spiritual essence floated among the celestial hosts of discarded stick horses of years past.

But its spirit lives on, not just in the heart of this rider, but in the hearts of every young cowboy whose grassy horizons have no limit and whose dreams soar to the heavens as only the wings of the fabulous Pegasus can sweep them.

*The author Glen Witte is a practicing Estate Planning attorney in Lincoln, Nebraska and finds that an airplane is a mechanical marvel, an intellectual challenge, and, in the hands of a good pilot, a thing of beauty.*

## You say it's your birthday?

July 15 – Dave Fritz

July 24 – Keith Gomon

## The Beat Goes On

By Sam Buchanan

There is a particularly unique aspect about flying from the rear seat of a 1940 Piper J-3 Cub; If the passenger in the front seat is rather tall, their shoulders block the view of the panel.

However, on this Saturday afternoon the view of the old airspeed indicator was being obstructed by the errant ponytails of a fourteen year old girl. Melanie is

barely Five-Foot-One, and the pilot had never noticed how the headset cups of a short passenger keep him from seeing the airspeed needle as it wavers between the seventy and eighty

numerals on the indicator.

It was one of those rare March evenings in North Alabama when the visibility is great and the winds light. The pilot had flown the old Cub that morning under overcast skies to a fly-in breakfast, but as the afternoon cleared to reveal splendid blue skies graced with only the occasional wispy cirrus, Melanie began to make hints about how nice it would be to take a ride in the Cub.

Melanie had never shown a great interest in flying, but several weeks ago the pilot took her and the Cub for a sightseeing trip over the hills of southern Tennessee, and had shown her how to use the view over the cowl along with the ball in the

slip indicator to make a coordinated turn. He had gotten quite a kick out of seeing how readily she picked up on the proper ratio of stick and rudder, much more quickly than some of his pilot friends who possess feet numbed by countless hours in modern craft. That trip apparently sparked Melanie's interest in further explorations of the Cub's charms, especially when she realized that her small hands and feet could control the thirty-six feet of fabric covered ribs just as readily as a heavily muscled male pilot.



The afternoon sun warmed them as they climbed out over the Tennessee River, so he decided it had been way too long since the Cub had flown with the window and door open. A twist of the latch and suddenly they were no longer just enjoying the view of the earth as it slid below outside the windows, but as the warm air and exhaust rumble of the ancient Continental A75 rushed through the open space, they were now a part of the atmospheric ocean in which the old Cub seemed so at home.

Melanie's diminutive frame located her eyes on a level where about the only view she had out the front of

the Cub in level flight was of the fuel float wire as it bobbed in the light thermals. The only thing in the cabin that could be pressed into service as a booster chair was a cloth bag in the baggage compartment that contained a couple of chocks. It was decided that if the chocks were slid under the seat cushion, the view out the front of the Cub might be significantly improved. After they climbed a few hundred feet, he slid the bag under the cushion as she "stood" over the front seat; fortunately, the arrangement turned out to be acceptably comfortable and her viewpoint from the front seat was greatly improved.

Now the pilot turned her loose to play with 360 degree turns of various angles of bank. He was almost certain he could hear a chuckle in the old Cub's exhaust bark. It was almost as if the fifty-seven year old plane was enjoying being once again the host to a ride of discovery for a young eaglet as she sprouted wings in the warm, clear air. How many times before had the old plane been responsible for introducing a formerly grounded earthling to the joys of flight? Even as aviation has ushered in technological advances unthinkable to the designers of the Cub, the stick in Melanie's hand still responded to the same aerodynamic truths that keep the highest-tech stealth projectiles airborne.

The slip ball traced Melanie's efforts as they arced through the evening air. Most of the time it stayed near the center of its tube,

*(continued on page 4)*

only occasionally wandering off to one side as the old Cub introduced Melanie to the fine points of adverse yaw. After a few minutes, it was obvious to the pilot that he could relax his efforts to peek through the wafting pigtails to steal a glimpse of the airspeed indicator. He began to relax in the rear seat as the teenager picked up the meanderings of the Elk River and began to follow the snaking course of the river upstream toward its source in the Tennessee foothills. Melanie was now seeing how closely she could follow the river while keeping the nose of the Cub level as the horizon tilted back and forth with the turns in the river.

He took time to notice how the cows in the pastures below seemed to be enjoying the tender new spring grass in its bright green splendor. He also noticed how numerous Limestone county citizens were using the warm afternoon as occasion to burn yard debris that had accumulated over the winter. The light gray smoke contrails weathervaned only slightly due to the southwest breeze, and eventually terminated in a miniature man-made cumulus five hundred feet above the earth.

As the sun continued its inevitable journey to the earth to end this day's warmth, Melanie instinctively turned back toward the Decatur airport. The pilot, noting that she headed in the proper direction without his intervention, wondered what



landmarks she was using to establish her homeward heading. Could it be the great Tennessee River on the southern horizon? Maybe it was the huge orange ball that was resting on the intersection of the earth and sky beyond the Cub's right wingtip. He even mused that maybe it was just that "female intuition thing" that sometimes baffles the male ego.

It was now obvious to the pilot that the Cub was definitely enjoying the ride. The old Continental had never sounded more content as it sipped its 100 octane tea. Its wingtips were now being held a constant and equal measure above each horizon. The Cub's nose was indicating a direct path back to the hanger as the race with the sun was eagerly engaged. No lights on the wingtips of this old bird, it had to be home as evening light descended.

Had a new pilot taken wing? Would this glorious afternoon be enough to stoke the aviation fire in the pig-tailed fourteen year old? Would she now eagerly anticipate the next journey into the air in the Cub?

I suppose only time will tell. I must tell you, however, that if I never fly another hour, that Saturday afternoon's flight has made all the expense and time expended to get that scrap of paper with the DOT symbol emblazed upon it worthwhile. Seeing my daughter lose herself in the charms of the old Cub as it effortlessly waltzed through the skies in the dance that only aviators know was one of the highlights of my aviation experience.

The beat goes on. The old airplane has served its intended purpose once again. A father has once again given the gift of flight to his offspring. A daughter has once again served notice of the incredible gift that only progeny can deliver.

And His creation has once again struck awe in the heart of an aviator as he sampled a moment of eternity surrounded by the incredible gift of life, life beneath the Cub's wings on the mother ship earth, and life in the cabin of an old aircraft in the form of a daughter that hopefully has the aviator's love of flight.

*Reprinted with Sam's permission. Sam is an RV-6 builder/flyer from Northern Alabama.*

#### Events

**Jun-Jul**, EAA Webinars. [Click here for more information.](#)  
**Jul 19**, Nebraska State Fly-in, O'Neill, NE (KONL) - *Cancelled*  
**Jul 20 - 26**, AirVenture, Oshkosh, WI - *Cancelled*

### Minutes of the Club Meeting

The membership meeting was called to order on June 2<sup>nd</sup> by President Tom Winter at 8 pm upon conclusion of the FAASTeam presentation by Mark Gaffney held via Zoom.

Discussion was held around a Crete breakfast June 20, and a live meeting July 7. Noted that Tarkio, MO is planning a fly-in in early July. The Seward July 4 celebration is canceled.

The program for the July meeting would be with Greg Whisler presenting.

There will be a webinar from EAA HQ June 9 about food service in the time of COVID 19.

Cristi suggested the chapter should work to assemble and paint Adirondack chairs from Lowes kits to take to Oshkosh. No action taken.

The refrigerator is transported and installed at KCEK.

The next board meeting will be 7 pm June 17 so as to make a final decision on holding the June 20 breakfast.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jerry Mulliken, Secretary

### Minutes of the Board Meeting

The board meeting was called to order on June 17<sup>th</sup> by President Tom Winter at 7 pm and was held via teleconference Zoom.

The June 20 Crete breakfast is on, according to Lori. There will be

masks in food service. No self-serve items available. Distancing to be practiced. Silverware will be in rollups. Sources for individual serve packets of syrup and butter were discussed. Rain is forecast, so a small crowd is likely, and tables may not be able to be set up outside.

July 7 member meeting will be live if a venue can be found, perhaps Duncan engine shops, or someone's hangar. Greg Whisler is available for the program.

The next business meeting will be July 15 via Zoom.

Harold Bickford moved, Dennis Crispin seconded a motion to purchase a sign with moveable letters that Cristi found for \$15.

Tom Trumble found a party room at Villa Amore in Lincoln that might be suitable for the Christmas party.

Meeting adjourned at 7:45.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jerry Mulliken, Secretary



### News from EAA Headquarters

EAA will be holding a virtual Spirit of Aviation Week the end of July, during the same time AirVenture would have been held. Please be sure to check out the following link. The IAC will also have a presence with several videos, webinars and presentations.

<https://www.eaatogether.org/>

### July Oshkosh Visitors Should Note Airport Operation Rules

As AirVenture 2020 is not taking place, Wittman Regional Airport will operate normally as a public-use airport with contract tower services. For those considering flying to Oshkosh in late July, it's important to manage expectations about what is permissible:

Aircraft parking for itinerant traffic is available on the terminal/Basler FBO ramp. No permit has been obtained for aircraft parking or camping on any turf areas of the airfield, and therefore it is not permitted. Those with business at year-round companies on the airport should check with those businesses for parking availability. No buildings or facilities on the AirVenture grounds will be open. Those attempting to camp will be asked to move to terminal/Basler FBO ramp parking or depart.

The Warbird/Homebuilt camping areas near P-1 taxiway will not be open. Papa 2 taxiway (Boeing Plaza) will not be accessible.

There will be no access to EAA facilities from the airport. EAA did not obtain a Wisconsin temporary campground permit for Camp Scholler in 2020, so it is illegal to accept or allow campers there this year. The EAA Aviation Museum also will be closed to the public through July.

For those who still want to fly to Oshkosh during AirVenture week, we encourage you to park at the terminal/Basler FBO ramp, stay at one of our local hotels, and enjoy some of Oshkosh's hospitality. Please coordinate with Basler Flight Service to arrange any ground handling needs.

And finally ...

## N678RA



**Roger Aspegren and his RV-9A. Roger chose the Eggenfellner engine for his project. He liked the modern high-tech design and couldn't turn down a pretty good Sun 'n Fun deal. It has proven to be a solid engine with over 700 hours on it now. Roger's [first flight was April, 2007](#), exactly 2 years after this photo. If you have a photo you'd like to share, please send it to your newsletter editor. *(Photo contributed by Dennis Crispin)***

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