



EAA CHAPTER

Number 569

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

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JULY 1987 NEWSLETTER

JULY MEETING: The next meeting of EAA Chapter 569 will be held on Tuesday, July 7th, 1987 at 7:30 PM. We will meet in the meeting room at the Cobbler Inn (Shoemaker's Truck Stop, NW 48th and West "O", Lincoln). For July the refreshment committee members will be Bill Sheahan (in charge), Gerald Severson, Don Shoemaker, Dwight Snyder and John Starns. The refreshment committee members for the next regular meeting in September (no regular meeting in August because of Oshkosh) will be Jim Stephens (in charge), George Stout, Jim Troidl, Jim Wilkinson, and Paul Wood.

SEWARD FLY-IN: First of all, I would like to thank all the committee members and those who helped with all the various tasks necessary for the fly-in. Your help is appreciated.

The following is a list of awards given out at Seward;

Best Antique	Bob Arp	Stearman	N99266
Best Classic	John Breeze	Silver Swift	N2334B
Best Homebuilt	Bill Bouda	Verieze	N54W3
Best Interior	Bill Bouda	Verieze	N54NB
Best Paint	Don Eve	Skybolt	N4DE
Ladies Choice	Mike Howard	Sydewinder	N74RC
Oldest Pilot	Ed Garner		
Best Sport	Ernst Andersen		

Lonnie Davis

More from Paul . .

Avgag for July;

I was once told by an instructor what to do if both wings came off in flight;
"Grab the mike and talk dirty."

& & & & &

continued page 9

A SOUTH AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

When I was a young boy, I built a one-tube, all-band, short wave, radio receiver. The first station which I received in the English language was HCJB, The Voice of The Andes. It is a missionary station broadcasting the message of Christ to the world. In addition to the Christian message, they also told of the beauty of the high mountains which surrounds the city of Quito, Ecuador. As a boy, this was the one place in the world which I most wanted to visit, but finances at the time prevented me from fulfilling that dream.

On January 21, 1987 I decided to still that yearning, and left Omaha, Nebraska for Quito and other South American points. The routing worked out best for me to first visit Lima, Peru. I checked tours and found them beyond my limited budget, so purchased only air fare and started out. I did not even have hotel reservations. In this respect, God was very good to me, and I never lacked for a safe place on which to lay my head.

The flight to Miami was the usual -- routed through Atlanta. (I have been told that if you die in the Western Hemisphere, you will be routed to heaven through Atlanta.) From Miami to Lima we were above the clouds for the most part. I did get a picture or two of high mountains sticking up through the clouds. While still in Miami I saw four children ranging in age from 6 to 14 years. They appeared to be from Peru, so I talked with them and gave them one of the Greek Age Tellers. They spoke a bit of English, and we had a good time until the plane was ready to load. On leaving the plane, their mother asked if I had a motel room in Lima, and I replied in the negative. She said her husband would be meeting the plane and he would get me a nice, inexpensive, room. This he did and I stayed at the Miraflores Hostel. The cost was \$20.00 per night which is quite reasonable for such a nice place. There was a very nice restaurant about 1¹/₂ blocks away.

I traveled about the city by bus, cab, and my own two feet. A place of particular interest which I visited was the Gold Museum. They call it Muse de Oro. It is truly the Gold Museum. They said if they melted down all of the gold in the museum, it would be in excess of 43 million dollars in value. Of course in the ancient articles in which it now exists, it is worth many times that amount. They have probably 300 to 500'guns dating back to 1500 & 1600. There are several suits of armour and clay pots, mummies, etc. All in all, it is worth many billions of dollars. I spent most of the day there.

On January 24, I went by plane from Lima to Cuzco, Peru. I had been warned about the pickpockets, thieves and robbers in Cuzco. My informers had not overstated the situation. You had to literally hang on to your hair or it would be stolen. Thanks to a Mormon Missionary couple, I got to meet Luis, an Inca Indian who owns a half-interest in a hotel, runs a one-car taxi service, and acts as a guide. He seems to be an honest man and I got a room for \$14.50 per night. He also was my guide on a one-day trip to the Sacred Valley of the Incas. (More on that later.)

The natives of Peru are many and varied. Each one dresses in their colorful native dress ranging from a dull brown or black to bright red with white aprons. I have been told that each lady has 5 petticoats, but of course did not collaborate their statement. Some of the women wear white, brown, or black bowler hats. They carry huge loads on their backs. It was Saturday when I arrived, and they were coming in for market day on Sunday. What a sight, and what a crowd. There are the usual shops in buildings. In addition to these, the transient people

come in for miles around and set up shop on the sidewalks. It gets so crowded that you can hardly find a place to walk. This, of course, creates an ideal situation for thieves. Their goods of trade consists of anything from a tub of boiling water in which they cook the large Inca corn, to earrings, to blankets and alpaca sweaters. The ears of corn are not so large, although you do see some about 9" long. It is the kernels which are enormous. They will measure a good 1" long and 5/8" to 3/4" wide. The thickness is also in proportion to the other dimensions. I bought an ear, and it is delicious. They also pop this corn, and of course the popped corn is about 2" or more in diameter. I did not try any of the pop corn, as it had been popped at their home and was now cold. I tried not to eat any native thing which was not piping hot.

On my second day in Cuzco, I hired Luis to take me in his car on a trip through the Sacred Valley of the Incas. What a fantastic trip. We drove up a very steep mountain from Cuzco which is at an altitude of 10,000'+ up over a pass which is over 12,000'. What a view back down on the City of Cuzco! Nearly every house is roofed with red tile, and the walls are of brown dobie brick. The cathedrals and churches, of course, stand out due to their large size and beauty. Many are built from the stones which the Incas had shaped for use in their temples of worship. There are many of them, as about 90% of the population are nominally catholic. Many do not set foot inside the church more than once a year, but each one makes the sign of the cross as they pass by the edifice. My guide was catholic, and admitted it has been several years since he has gone to church. He is maybe considering becoming a morman.

Once over the pass, we started the long decent down into the Sacred Valley of the Urabamba River. What a scenic valley! The hills, or rather I should say, mountains; are green all the way to the top. They are very steep and are terraced with stone to hold back the earth. The terraces are the original Inca terraces. They grow anything from potatoes and beans to corn and wheat. The soil is very rich and fertile, and they route the water down so each terrace receives the proper amount. Many of the aqueducts are of Inca origin, and date back to 700 to 1000 AD. They were apparently exceptional engineers, although they lacked even a written language. It is amazing too how they got all these huge stones up there for terraces, in-as-much as they did not even have the benefit of the wheel as we know it. They did use a system of small rollers and levers and the inclined plane.

We visited a place high up on a mountain which is thought to have been a temple to the Sun God, which they worshipped. One stone in particular at the top of this worship area weighs in excess of 300 tons. It had to have been brought from another mountain down to the valley and up this mountain to its final resting place. What a task with only rollers, inclined planes, ropes, and mucho people power! There are literally train loads of stones used in this worship city. All are cut to match perfectly together. In fact, they fit so well you cannot get a knife blade between the joints, even though they used no mud or mortar to hold them together. They sloped each wall slightly inward to keep it from falling in case of an earthquake, of which there are many. The other thing of note is that their sundial stones and many other structures are placed in perfect alignment with the north-south, east-west, compass points. They had to have an unusual knowledge of astronomy in order to do this. We walked to the top which is about 800 to 1000 feet up a very steep grade. (Hard on an old man at 10,000 foot elevation). This area covers probably 40 acres of ground. It consists of houses as well as places of worship. All are made of stone and cut to fit perfectly.

The Urabamba River is a huge river, even though it is at least a couple of thousand miles away from the Amazon, of which it is a tributary. It has the fastest current of any large river I have ever seen. Of course it carries its share of mud and silt, but does support a large population of trout. The natives fish with large nets and seem to be quite successful.

On our way back to Cuzco, we passed through a small native village about 14 miles from where Luis was born and raised. We saw the Mayor of the village all dressed out in his robes and other regalia. Luis suggested I might want to have my picture taken with the Mayor. He told me I would have to bargain with him for the privilege. This I did, and we mutually agreed on 50,000 Soles which is about \$2.50 our money. Luis took three pictures. In one, I was allowed to hold the old man's staff of authority. Of course we put our arms around each other despite the smell of the unwashed body of the Mayor. I'll bet he could raise quite a stink at a City Council meeting!

When pictures were complete, I tried to pay him his 50,000 Soles. He now decided that it should be 150,000 Soles. Of course I refused, and he grabbed hold of my camera. I have it fastened to my belt with a strong, steel, retractable, key chain. This prevented him from getting it. He did make the mistake of letting his thumb stick up. I grabbed it with both hands and forced the old man down to his knees. I was afraid the other three men would come to his rescue, but they apparently thought it was a very funny joke to see the Mayor on his knees. When they laughed, I knew I had it made. The Mayor hollered OK, OK. He let loose of the camera, and I made the hasty decision to retreat to the shelter of the car. Luis also got in the car. The Mayor came over and shook his fist at me and held up his thumb to show me I had hurt it. We decided to drive off before something else happened. After a few miles Luis said he had it figured out. Because we had taken three pictures, the Mayor wanted 50,000 Soles per picture. All a matter of language barrier. (Next time, I'll insist on a written contract, with the Mayor's X in red ink. You do learn as you go along.)

We got back to Cuzco well after dark. It was a long and tiring day from 5:00 AM till dark. Oh, by the way. We did stop and eat lunch in a restaurant where the tourists do not eat. The same was true for dinner. Luis insisted it was very clean, even though it had only dirt floors and the cooking was done over an open fire. The lunch consisted of soup and charcoaled beef. The dinner (their smaller meal) was soup alone. Both were very tasty, and I didn't get sick so it must have been, as Luis said, very clean.

The next day I was up at 4:00 AM to be ready to go to Machu Pichu at 7:00 AM. Machu Pichu, as you may know is the Lost City of the Incas. Seeing it too has been my dream of long standing. It was the one city of the Incas which the Spaniards never located or conquered. It sits on a small plateau on top of a mountain and is invisible from below.

Luis had obtained my train tickets for me. It is a first-class train with three cars. Each one has an almost total glass exterior and is wonderful for viewing the scenery enroute. A soldier with a machine gun rides each car. The unsafe and difficult part is making your way through the crowd from the taxi to the train car door. This is jammed with people trying to sell the tourists all manner of merchandise. I was lucky and made it OK. One man was not so lucky,

and lost his camera in the tussle. He reported it to the soldier, but a shrug of the shoulders was about all he got. I understand you can often find a go-between and buy your own camera back at a price . They don't run a thieves market as such as they do in some countries, but there seems to be an underground grapevine which knows whose camera went where.

The train climbs out of the Cuzco valley of 10,000 feet up over the pass at over 12,000 feet by a series of switchbacks. The train goes forward a mile or so, switches; and then backs up a mile or so. There are four of these switchbacks. Again, the view of Cuzco is superb. In fact the train follows nearly the same route as the highway.

The first part of our trip was over part of the valley which I had travelled by car. The last half or more was completely new, as there is not a direct road to this almost inaccessible place except by rail. As we traveled along, I took many pictures of the mountains. Most of the mountains are farmed all the way up and are green clear to the top. Again, they use stone terraces to hold the soil which is very productive. (Oh, yes. I forgot to mention that yesterday we stopped where four farmers were ploughing with oxen. One farmer, for a price, even let me hold the plow handle and the whip.) Most of the land is farmed even without the benefit of oxen. It is farmed with a shovel or hoe. Imagine, if you will, walking up a couple of thousand feet each morning and then putting in a long day hoeing your potatoes, and then walking back down again that evening. While working, I would be afraid of stubbing my toe and falling out of my potatoe patch. At least it would be easy bringing your crop down hill to market.

As we continued down the Urabamba River, we passed a couple of bridges over the river whose base was huge stones placed there in about 700 to 800 AD by the Incas. They even placed two stones in front of the bridge piers to break the flow of the water and lessen the impact on the bridge structure during high water. In some places the river was bridged by suspension bridges. I think the ones now use steel cable, but we were told that they used to span the river in the same manner with vines as cables.

Just a brief history regarding Machu Picchii (I note there are three or four different spellings for the name of this place.) As I mentioned earlier, the Spaniards never did find the city, although they knew of its existence. In 1911 Hiram Bingham, a teacher at Yale, came to Peru. He had read considerably regarding this area, and was convinced that he could locate the lost city. He met a native farmer, Melchor Arteaga, who became his guide, climbed the canyon wall of the Urabamba, and discovered Machb Picchb.

The river at this point is called Villcanota, although it is part of the Urabamba. (Again, different spellings even for Urabamba.) He built a bridge across the river and used about 500 peons to clear out the vegetation covering the ruins. Little by little, paths and terraces came to light. It is figured today that there were over 250 homes and more than 100 series of stairs, totaling perhaps 3000 steps. All were made of stone, and some stones have three or more steps carefully cut out of the same stone. Just think. This was all done with stone implements as they did not know about iron or steel. They did know how to make brass from copper and tin, but this was not hard enough to chip away stone.

I forgot to mention that the train pulls into the station over 1000 feet below Machil Puchli, where busses wait to take you to the top. From the valley

it is impossible to see any sign of the city up above. The busses take you up a series of 14 switch backs. Believe you me, it is an exciting ride with Peru drivers at the wheel. I don't know if the brakes work, but the horns surely do. The ride down was even more exciting. It is only wide enough for one vehicle at a time, but if you pull in your arms, they get two busses through, with one going up and one going down. I guess it helps if you don't slow down enough to get afraid!

Hiram Bingham divided the city into different sections. The first group we encountered were the houses for the caretakers of the terraces. (Oh, yes. This was no different than any of the other mountains. Due to the steepness of some portions of the land, terraces were required to retain the soil.) Along with these houses were the small houses with windows at strategic places for the use of guards to protect the village.

From here, you come to the agricultural district. There are a great number of terraces that served for the cultivation of products typical of the region. The Incas knew more than 200 classes of plants useful for food and medicine, such as potatoe, corn, beans, etc. It was cultivated with a large stick with a bronze blade, similar to those still in use today. They also cultivate a cocoa tea. The Incas drank this and were thus able to carry large loads over high mountain passes. I drank some, and it does take away altitude sickness.

They have an urban sector and a fountain district. Water was brought in from a natural spring in the upper part of the mountain. I climbed about halfway up this mountain, but quit when it got slippery and I was afraid of falling. It was raining on the top of the mountain, but not raining down at the village level. The view from up there is superb.

There is another part which Dr Bingham has called the Palace of the Princess. He also discovered that over 75% of the mummies and other skeletons were those of women. It is thought by some to have been a place where special virgins were brought for use in their worship of the sun. The Incas were noted astronomers, and the priests knew exactly when the equinox would occur. They used this knowledge to impress the less knowledgeable indians. At the equinox each year they would conduct a ceremony in which they tied up the sun god thus preventing him from going any further north and allowing the people of Peru to perish from cold and hunger. I think it was a case of the priests using religion in the control of the common people.

Below the Temple of the Sun is the Royal Tomb. A large rock serves as the tomb. The entrance consists of six steps and in the walls are niches which probably were utilized as a place to put the mummies. They think this must have held the bodies of royal people, as the mummies found here were adorned with gold and silver ornaments. These were used only for royal people. Due to the extremely humid climate (It rains nearly every day), the mummies were brought out on sunny afternoons to be dried out. Otherwise they would have soon deteriorated. It is also thought that they may have worshipped the mummies -- sort of an ancestor worship.

The Sacred Sector has two great temples with a great rock at the center which is thought to have been used for sacrifices.

There is one area called the Intihuatana. There is much speculation regarding the prism raised over a natural stone. Some say it was a solar observatory where

the movements of the sun, the moon and the seasons were studied. Others believe it served as a sundial to mark the passing hours. This was one of the few Intihuantanas not destroyed by the Spanish priests. (You see, in order to change their religious beliefs to correspond to the catholic faith, they destroyed all vestige of their pagan religion.) Quite appropriately, the angles of this stone point exactly to the four cardinal directions of the compass. (Incidentally, Intihuatana in the Quechua language means "Palace where the sun is fastened.")

As is typical of the Indian villages, they had their plaza. It probably was used to make public announcements or for sports. They even had jails. In them are holes in the walls through which ropes could be used to impede the prisoners getting up. It could even be used to torture them to death. The moral of the Incas was summarized as follows: "Don't be a thief. "Don't be lazy. "Don't be a liar." This was the daily greeting, and the reply was, "Don't you be either!" Supposedly those who didn't heed this advice were tortured in the jails.

At one point, you can look down over the side of the canyon wall. I was told it was 3,500 feet to the bottom. I had brought along a golf ball to throw over the side, so I could say I had achieved a 3500' distance with a golf ball. The guide told me there were trails below where we might hit people. Later, he found a place where I could achieve 1500 feet with no danger. This I did, and he watched it descend. He told me that when we went down, he would find the ball for me. This he did. I couldn't even see where it landed, much less have gone down and found it. I gave the ball to his 6-year old son who was with us. Neither the father nor son had ever heard of golf, much less seen a golf ball. For them, this was something to treasure for the rest of their lives.

At 4:00 PM we started the train ride back. Why is it that the ride back always takes twice as long as the ride out? To pass the time away, I gave a Greek Age Teller to the 17-year old hostess on the train. She spoke fairly good English and quickly grasped the use of the card. The soldier also expressed an interest in it. I gave him one, and found he also spoke fairly acceptable English. I also showed them the Ethiopian method for the multiplication of numbers. He put aside his machine gun (Probably not the thing for him to do) and sat down and visited with me. It was quite late when we got in to Cuzco. He asked if he could accompany me out to my taxi, as it was quite dangerous at the train station. This was a welcome suggestion. The wall of people fairly parted as we walked out. I even think I got a better deal out of the taxi driver for having a soldier for a friend. At least it was less than it had cost me in the morning. Usually at night the fare goes up.

What an exciting way to spend a day in Peru! I don't know when I have had such an enjoyable time. Tiring, due to the altitude and amount of walking involved, but extremely thrilling to have been able to do it.

I spent the next day just wandering around Cuzco. Then on back to Lima for one night, and on to Quito, Ecuador.

On international flights, you have to be at the airport two hours before departure. You need to check your ticket and get seat assignments. In addition, you have to pay an airport departure tax. (I wonder what would happen if you accidentally spent all your funds? Do you suppose they feed you in jail?) At the airport I had my next experience which shows just how well God was looking after me. When boarding the airplane, the couple ahead of me had one too many pieces

of carry-on luggage. They were asked to take one piece back and check it. To do this in Peru is a major operation. I suggested that since I had only one carry-on I could take theirs and put it over my seat. This I did. After we were airborne and the seat belt sign off, the man came back and sat beside me. The plane was only about half full. He casually asked if I had a hotel in Quito and I said no. He then gave me his name and address and the address and name of the host and hostess for the Missionary Alliance Guest House. He said it was rather inexpensive. I asked if I had to reserve by phone ahead, and he said no. Just go out and tell them who sent me and they would have a room for me.

This I did, and found the price to be only \$8.00 per night. Breakfast was \$1.00, lunch (the big meal) was \$3.00 and dinner was \$2.00. In addition, the maid would wash and dry your clothes for only \$1.00 and she furnished the soap and labor. I should like to state again, God was especially good to me. A safe and clean place, and on top of that a bargain too. To make it even better, there was good Christian fellowship to boot. Charley and his wife were an ideal couple to run the guest house. The other people staying there were a riot too. There was a couple from Canada who shared the bath with me. Exceptionally nice people who have even invited me to stop and see them on my way to fish next summer. Others staying there were an optometrist and three nurses. They are donating their time in fitting glasses for the poor of Ecuador. They had many funny stories to tell like the woman who didn't like the frames of her glasses, so she traded with her neighbor, even though the glasses were an entirely different prescription.

The first couple of days, I just traveled around Quito photographing the city and various subjects. I did take busses to the equator and for other short trips out of town to markets etc. One day Charley Frey, the host at the guest house, asked if I would like to go up in the mountains about 60 to 70 miles from Quito. He had another man and his wife who wanted to go, and said if I would go, it would cost each of us only \$5.00. You know me -- more scenery to be seen and at a bargain price too. We went up to the power plant which supplies power for HCJB the Voice of the Andes mission radio station. It proved to be a very scenic trip and most enjoyable. We also stopped and visited the 240 acre antenna farm of HCJB. Quite near to this site, Charley took us to see a house owned by an airlines pilot. It is built in the shape of an airplane, tail feathers and all. It was difficult to photograph it due to the high wall enclosing it. Hope the pictures come out.

On Sunday I went to early services at 8:30 AM. I attended the same church Charlie and his lovely wife attend. It is called the English Fellowship Church and is located at Avenida Brasil 368. It was a nice church service and not too much different than our own Second Baptist in Lincoln.

Following church, I took a bus over to the northeast section of the city. (I was staying in the southwest section.) I noticed a large church with beautiful stained glass windows of which I wanted a picture. Church was still going on, so I only photographed the exterior. While doing this, I noticed two rather rough-looking characters circling the intersection on a motorcycle. I took out my pocket knife and opened it and put it in my pocket. I had kind of forgotten them and was walking back to the bus stop when they suddenly wheeled up over the curb on to the sidewalk and grabbed my camera. Fortunately, the chain kept them from taking it, and I pulled out the knife and said, "If you get the camera, you also get the knife!" They saw it, and buzzed off. I never saw them again, and I headed back for the safety of the Guest House. Charley told me later that in front of

churches is a favorite place for these fellows to work.

The next two days I rode busses to places I wanted to see. On one street, I saw the natives roasting about 6 guinea pigs. This is a favorite delicacy of the natives. They tell me almost every home has some roaming around in it. They produce many litters each year, and apparently are a cheap source of meat. You see them buying green wheat and other feed for them in the market place. At another street restaurant, I saw three whole hogs with the head and skin on which they had roasted. They were cutting slices off and selling it to those who passed by. Unfortunately, it was too crowded for pictures. Apparently, they love their pork.

On Wednesday, it was time to go home. I made it through the airport rush without incident. My seat mate was an Indian lady who had married a Jewish man, and had turned to the Hebrew religion. She said he was 65 years old and she was 37. He had just purchased a condominium in Miami for her. I gather that she felt he was putting her out to pasture, so he could take a younger woman. Unfortunately, I had to spend most of my trip to Miami listening to her tale of woe. I finally pretended sleep to shut her up.

Our flight on Equitoriana was over an hour late with the result I missed my Eastern flight to Omaha. It cost me an additional \$114.81 as I had to be routed differently. I am now fighting with Equitoriana to see if they will pay the bill.

In retrospect, this was the culmination of a life-long dream. Like my service experience in World War II, I am very glad I went. On the other hand, I wouldn't want to repeat the experience. As I stated at the beginning -- this was "A South American Experience!"

Lester H Christiansen
885 So 46th Street
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Attendance was impressive at this year's Seward Fly-In. Although I arrived after the premature departure of many attendees, I managed to enjoy some of the event, including seeing Jeff Clausen, George Wright, Jim Fix, and other principals doing their jobs to make it happen. I feel that all of the officers and troops did a fine job, in spite of various misunderstandings about the schedule and time of events starting and stopping. A special talent is necessary to pull success out of the jaws of failure, and create an event that came off without even one injury or noticable gaff. Let us be thankful for these stalwarts who put in un-paid hours and days of labor and planning for us. A heartfelt round of applause and bouquets to these dedicated officers and committee members.

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"Plane Talk" will have a new meeting place and time; We4hall meet in the south dining room of Bishop's Cafeteria, at 6:30 PM, Tueg4iy, July 21st (the third Tuesday of each month). "Be there or be square."

Paul Wood



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JULY 1987 SPECIAL EDITION NEWSLETTER

JULY PICNIC: Everyone mark your calendars for the special event listed below;

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* **WHAT** EAA Chapter 569 picnic
* **WHERE** Jeff Clausen's, 1320 Beechcraft, Lincoln
* (Located at Pester's)
* **WHEN** Thursday, July 23 starting at 7:00 PM
* **BRING** Yourself, your family, a prepared dish to share,
* beverage, table service
*

Jeff Clausen is offering free beer for anyone helping polish his Luscombe.

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DON'T GO NEAR THE H₂O: To those of us who love aviation, it often seems as though "aviation bashing" is the favorite sport of the mass media. Sensational headlines seem to lead one to believe that death, doom and disaster are commonplace within the aviation community. For that reason, it was refreshing to read statistics recently published by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) which indicated that aviation, overall, accounted for only two percent of the 48,601 transportation fatalities in 1986. In fact, more Americans died in recreational boating accidents last year than in all segments of aviation combined. While NTSB counted 1,030 aviation fatalities in 1986, there were 1,066 deaths recorded on the nation's waterways. As usual, the carnage on our highways lead the way with a total death toll of 45,840. (That's up from 43,795 in 1985).

As the old sergeant on "Hill Street Blues" used to say, "Let's be careful out there." Remember, SAFETY FIRST whether flying, driving or boating.