



EAA CHAPTER

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

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MARCH 1985 NEWSLETTER

FROM THE PRESIDENT: Our next meeting of EAA Chapter 569 will be held in the Duncan Aviation lunch room on Tuesday March 5th at 7:30 P.M. Clay Champoux is going to speak to us about aircraft engines. Clay is an A.I., presently working at LinAire. He will discuss engine care, maintenance, trouble shooting, and will give us little tips that he has learned through his many years of experience.

The refreshment committee for this meeting will be Jim Debus (in charge), Bob Dinkel, Billy Dokulil, Duane Drohota, and Bill Furgeson.

I want to give a special thank you to (guests?) Jan and Barry Daniels who come from Omaha just to attend our meetings. They both pitch right in and help organize things. At the last meeting, Jan made the coffee and helped with the refreshments. Barry always lends a hand helping our speakers and me carry our things out.

We were sorry to hear that Eldon Kreimer's wife, Barbara, recently passed away. Chapter 569 and myself wish to extend our condolences to Eldon and his family.

There was a planning meeting held at the Seward Airport concerning our fly-in for this summer. Much was accomplished, Duane will fill us in at the meeting.

This will be your last newsletter for those of you who have not yet paid your dues. We don't want to lose you, so please get with Jerry!

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AV-Stuff from Paul Wood

I'm sure most of us have resorted to the hand prop technique caused by deadius batterus, sometimes caused by a mental aberration diagnosed in Sig Freud's lectures as forgetius master switchius, upon leaving the Witchitaius Spamius.

This occasionally requires starting the motor by the "Armstrong" method. or as Peter Lert once showed me on a tired Apache, the "Hemmingway" method (farewell to arms).

Upon leaving Santa Barbara, California, last October, I attended a pilot club picnic at a local park in Montesnooty (Montecito), California. I invited a man I know, a would-be pilot, who I'll call Ray. As you may know, California is a bit like granola, everything that is not like fruits and nuts is flakes. Well, Ray is a very interesting eccentric, even for Shakeyside (trucker's term). He loves women, airplanes, whiskey, cigarettes, and "unusual" clothing. The latter tends to look like attire used by Cher or Jane "tilt-to-port" Fonda for jazzercise. This combined with his trim beard, booming deep whiskey bass voice, is certain to raise eyebrows at a family gathering. Ray made his appearance which caused a genuine commotion; mainly by all of the Bonanza drivers and their wives scurrying to find other seating. I, my friend and her kids gleefully invited him to our table and shared laughs and lies about flying 'til it was over. His story about the Fleet he crashed in, as a passenger, I'll save for another time.

"I learned about pilots from that"

Leaving Oshkosh Fly-in, one summer, in a rented Skyhawk, with my friend George, we had stopped at Hales Corners to take in the museum. This was back in the 70's. George was a Marine, medium time pilot, grey-haired, loved his wife and airplanes in that order. He had little use for the FAA and it's rules, however.

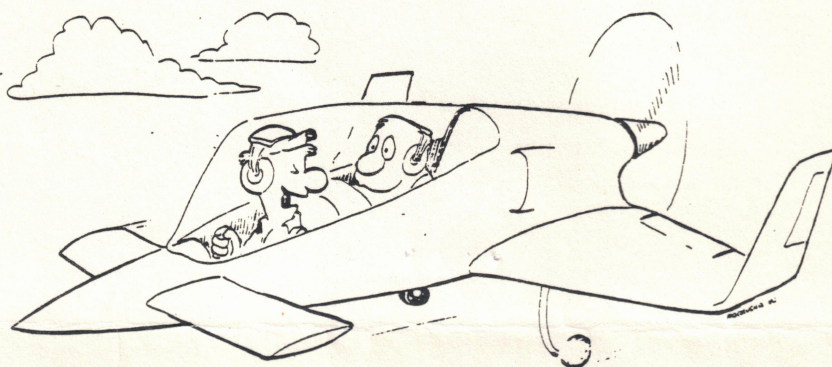
While waiting in the dingy Hales Corners Airport lounge, for a haze/overcast that seemed harmless enough, I pressured George into a take-off and climb-out over the stuff. Even with no weather brief or flight plan, he finally agreed to go for it. Hales had a rolling, opp-sa-daisey, grass surface, and just when you became prematurely airborne, you discovered you were not. Almost immediately, we hit fluffy scud, and dodging that hateful radio antenna just west of town, we lined up on 275° at about 10,500 feet. We still couldn't get over the stuff, and at that point, I argued for a 180° to return to Hales. He refused, and we droned on, bumping and lurching into heavier and heavier overcast. At a point about forty-five minutes out, I knew we were going to die. Even the airplane was making weird groaning noises. We took turns burrowing through the cloud, the wing tips were obscured from view. I felt it would be a relief to crash and get it over with. Finally, over a town, later discovered to be Baraboo, Wisconsin, I spied a hole in the cloud, and descending, found the town and a paved strip. Landing, I leapt to the concrete, and kissed it. Moments later, a Lear whistled in, both pilots appeared pale and shaken by being stuck up there running on the last of the kerosene fumes. After a few more faux pas by my stubborn pilot friend, I never flew with him again. I was glad to be home safe in California. I shall never be too proud to call flight service and ask for a direction finder steer to safe harbor, or other help. They really are on our side, believe it or not. As a ATC voice once told me after a particularly bad screw-up in pattern, and an apology on my part expressed, he intoned, "It's your airplane . . ." Or put it this

way, what's the most important part of an airplane? Answer; the part next to the seat.

PW

Did you hear the one about the Little Student Pilot who:

1. Refused to check his pitot tube for fear of getting urine on his hands?
2. Let part of the air out of his tires, to make a soft-field landing?
3. Thought flaps were arguments which he had with the instructor?
4. Thought a tail-dragger was something you used to tow gliders?
5. Drained his sumps only when he got the tanks too full?
6. Went to the laundromat to get prop-wash for his plane?
7. Thought a low-wing airplane was a result of hard landings?
8. Used a flight plan to build his homebuilt?
9. Stopped at a flight service station to buy fuel for his plane?



"I would love to claim design originality, but actually I just discovered I had the plans backward halfway through the project."

I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM THAT

The little airstrip where I keep my Cessna 120 is located quite near to a 'normally' small creek. Recently, due to a 7" rain upstream, it soon was covered with two feet of fast-moving water. Our hangars were under even more water, when my wife and I went out to inspect our pride and joy.

A farmer was working with a small wagon and team of mules to get farm machinery up and out of the water. I quickly bargained with him to tow my airplane out of the water and up a hill in the pasture for tiedown. Since the wind was blowing a gale, I persuaded him to tow me on the end of a 100-foot rope to give me leaway to maneuver the plane and keep it headed into the wind.

Iris and I climbed aboard and off we went. Apparently I had misjudged the wind velocity, as we had only gone a few yards when the plane became airborne. The mules thought the devil and all his horns must have been after them for they started on a dead run. Of course the faster they ran, the higher we went. To maintain directional control, I started the engine, but in doing so, forgot that this would take me even higher. You can imagine my consternation when I looked down and now found the wagon, the farmer, and both mules were hanging on the end of the 100 foot rope and were now approximately 50 feet off the ground.

I finally gathered my wits about me enough to trim the airplane for level flight while I decided just what to do. I knew if I landed, it would either kill them on impact or maybe even worse, drag them to death.

Fortunately for all of us, the wind continued to increase in intensity. On looking down and also as indicated by my trusty Loran C, ground speed was at or near zero. This gave me an idea. I gently eased the plane down until its load was once more on terra firma. You can imagine the relief to me, and probably even more, to the mules and farmer. The mules apparently did not want to repeat the performance, for they immediately laid down and refused to be moved. (You know how stubborn mules can be.) Since I could not go forward despite full power, this left me only one alternative. I gently eased the plane down to the ground.

Once more we lucked out. We had landed with the still full-powered propeller only two feet short of a high woven-wire fence at the end of the pasture. I jumped out and started tying the plane down on my side meanwhile hollering to Iris to tie her side down. Apparently due to the noise of the wind and the motor, she did not hear me, and I was over tying her side down when I awoke from the most king-sized dream I had ever had.

This actually happened to me the night of February 13, 1985. Iris tells me that I woke her up yelling for her to tie the plane down quickly before the wind upsets it. I guess my feet and arms were doing their part too, as I was kicking and flailing like mad.

I know this is a very bizzare dream, but I did learn a valuable flying lesson from it which I will remember all my life. I thought I should pass it on. "When in an airplane even solidly on the ground, never go to sleep at the controls and quit flying it until it is stopped and safely tied down at the ramp."