



EAA CHAPTER

Number 569

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

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NOVEMBER 1986 NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER MEETING: The next meeting of EAA Chapter 569 will be held on Tuesday, November 4th, 7:30 P.M. at Shoemaker's Truck Stop on West O Street at NW 48 Street. The meeting will be held in the 50 by 100 foot yellow Penco building which is located in the Northwest corner of the truck parking lot at Shoemaker's. The program planned for the evening is a workshop which includes a demonstration on aluminum sheet metal work, fiber glass, and fabric. Please plan to attend as we have some very important business to transact including election of officers. The current officers have consented to appear on the ballot. Nominations will be accepted before the election so if you want to run for an office or know someone who would like to, please submit the nomination to one of the current officers or at the meeting. Chapter 569 is your organization and your vote is needed to insure that your voice is heard in the operation of the organization. See you there!

DUES TIME AGAIN! Dues are due January 1st. In order that our chapter secretary can publish a membership roster of current members in good standing, we need to have dues collection out of the way. Please keep the dues due date in mind so that we can get the new roster to you early.

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Jeff's Column

Some of you have been to the famous Brown's Airport in Weeping Water, Nebraska. For those of you not familiar with it I will describe it to you briefly. It is a very old airport, dirt strip, bunches of old airplane parts, pieces, and other treasures. Has a shop big enough for 3 airplanes and off of the shop is an old table, worn out chairs with stuffing coming out, coffee pot, cookies, old Trade-A-Planes, open T hangars, and most importantly, nice people to drop in on and just hangar talk with for awhile.

Such is the setting for this story only it takes place down south in Texas. Along about noon, a bunch of pilots usually drop in to eat lunch and swap tales and humor each other. Inside the shop is a nice Cessna 140, a 2

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year old Cessna 182 chuck full of avionics, and an old worn out piper Pawnee spray plane with the wings off thats been there for 8 or 9 years without ever being run.

It's Friday afternoon and old Bill, the seasoned mechanic and owner of the place, is shooting the breeze with the usual gang along with his young newly hired mechanic's helper. Pretty soon the conversation drifts around to the old Pawnee in the corner. The new mechanic (Sam) says it'll never run again, engine's froze and rusted up. One of the guys tells Bill if he was any kind of an airplane mechanic, he could fix it. Of course this set the stage for all of the others to chime in with insults, good natured of course, regarding old Bill's mechanic ability.

Old Bill didn't take this laying down. He promptly jumps up and bets anybody who will drop 10 bucks that he can get the engine started and run up by noon on Saturday. The first person to lay 10 bucks on the table was Sam, Bill's new helper. After the bets were laid, Bill instructed Sam to start pulling the carb off. All afternoon Bill and Sam were tinkering on the engine trying to unstick valves, lifters, pistons, gears, etc., etc.

The next morning, Saturday, Bill and Sam were at the shop bright and early tinkering again. Before too long, all the guys started dropping by touting old Bill about getting the Pawnee started. Along about 11:00 everybody was at the airport watching and waiting. Old Bill backed away from the oily mess of an airplane and instructed Sam to hook up the throttle linkage which he did, only backwards by mistake. Bill poured oil and gas in the old bird and announced confidently that it was ready to run and for all those suckers to get their money out.

At 11:30 Bill jumped into the cockpit and hit the starter, it ground around ever so slowly just barely turning the engine over. In a few seconds the starter wouldn't turn the engine at all, much to the delight of those betting against Bill. The battery was run down so Bill pulled the plane out a ways on the dirt portion of the floor and chocked it. He switched the mags on both, primed it, mixture rich, and throttle all the way back which was actually full open due to Sam's error in hooking it up. Bill went around to the front of the Pawnee and proceeded to prop it. For about 15 blades nothing happened. Old Bill's fece was getting red with anger. About the 16th blade the crowd was tense as the engine belched. 17th blade, same thing, 18th blade it belched, coughed, and died. 19th blade and there was a deafening roar, the dust was blowing so hard visability in the hangar was zero, zero. The Pawnee lunged forward out of the hangar door, it hit a cement block, did a 180 degree turn and came screaming back into the hangar just missing the Cessna 182. People were scattering out windows and doors and crawling under tables and anything else offering shelter. The Pawnee then plunged headlong into the side of the hangar scattering debris all over and made a gaping hole in the hangar. After the noise subsided except for the ping, ping, pinging sound of the hot engine cooling down, the dust cleared and the people began emerging from their hiding places. They saw Sam standing in the middle of the hangar scratching his head in bewilderment. Just then old Bill came running through the hangar door, his face beet red, ran up to young Sam and with his nose in Sam's face hollered "See, I told ya I could git the damn thing started."

Jeff Clausen

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The item on the next page has been submitted by Paul Wood in recognition that there has been a notable lack of material dedicated to the "multi-engine homebuilder". The following item should make up for this deficiency.

HAIL TO THOSE BACK-YARD BIRDMEN!

THEN YOU'D BETTER
HAIL AN AMBULANCE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE MCCALL

Scholars still bicker over which came first, back yards or aviation. Until their donnish quibbling is resolved, no one can accurately establish how long it has been with us, this pursuit that Proust once termed "*Le sport des trous de cul*." The sport of assholes?

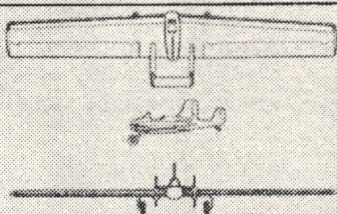
Well, Marcel, you ought to know! But Proust, schmoust. America has been both birthplace and graveyard (in the home-built aircraft hobby, the two are seldom more than a few feet apart)

for hundreds of would-be Wrights and Lindberghs. Tinkertoy heroes chasing Erector set dreams, some say. Erector set heroes chasing Tinkertoy dreams, say others. Mercifully, Lincoln Logs have been kept out of it. Whatever its drawbacks and foibles, back-yard aviation has often been said to be wallowing in a technological and intellectual limbo. And in the forefront are the men and machines you are about to meet.

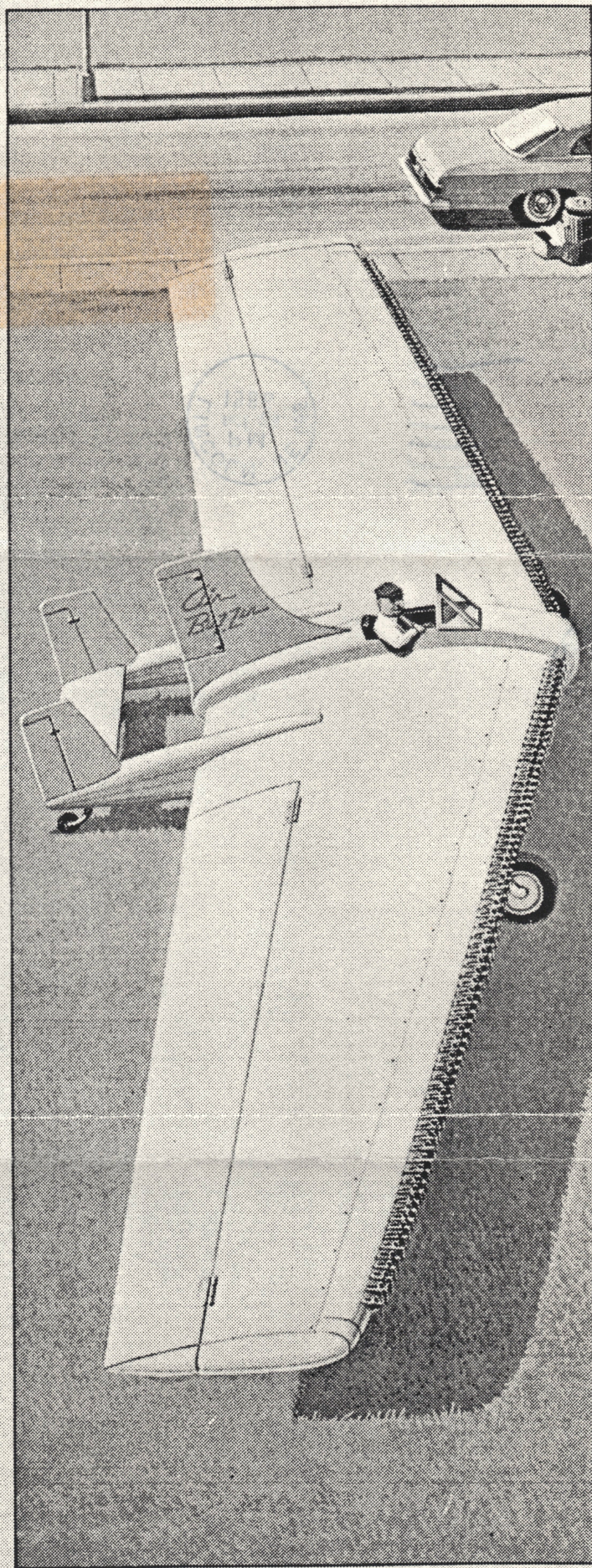
THE FUFFERDAW MK III AIR BUZZER:

A MAN, A DREAM AND 180 BALKY
MODEL-AIRPLANE MOTORS

Take the man on the right—please! He is Basil Fufferdaw, who had a dream (or was it a nightmare?) after a model-airplane meet and poured most of his life's savings, plus the inventory of his hobby shop, into making it come true. Fufferdaw's nephew Maurice once got 97 motors popping all at once; but by then, as Basil recounts, "The kid was bawling so hard over his cut-up fingers that he was useless, so I let him run on home for more bandages." That's as close as the Air Buzzer has come to gaining full power in the 12 years Basil Fufferdaw has spent trying. There are other problems. What with the neighborhood whispering campaign, skilled ground crews are tough to find, harder to persuade and impossible to keep. Like the Feeney twins—just getting the hang of it when their old lady finds a couple of thumbs missing and calls in the cops. A whole team of



well-drilled mechanics is the real answer, but the local scaremongers have made it hard to dig up one lousy volunteer. It is a tricky job, flicking 180 tiny propellers to life without mangling your digits in their spinning frenzy, moving fast enough to get the last one going before the first one sputters out of gas. But Basil Fufferdaw—dreamer, designer, would-be pilot—thinks it can be done and must be done. Not only to prove his radical aeronautical theories, not only to publicize his hobby shop, not only to make a dream come true, but to show 'em, make 'em eat their words, shut 'em up once and for all. Especially that little punk Maurice.



November 14, 1986

Dear EAA Member,

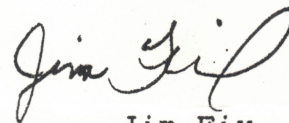
The EAA Chapter Christmas Party has been scheduled for Sunday, December 14, 1986, at the American Legion Club, 5730 O Street. The cash bar will open at 6:30 and the dinner will be served beginning at 7:00. Please make your dinner selection listed below and return this letter along with a check for the amount to:

Mr. Duane Drahota
6626 Bethany Park Drive
Lincoln, Nebr. 68505-2256

Please make your check payable to EAA Chapter #569 and return this letter to Duane no later than November 29th in order for him to make reservations at the Legion Club. For additional information, you may phone Bill Sheahan at 464-6476.

There will be entertainment following the dinner. Again this year we will be exchanging Christmas gifts, so please bring a gift with a value no greater than five dollars. Please identify the gift as to FEMALE or MALE.

I encourage you to attend as we all had a tremendous time last year.



Jim Fix
Christmas Party Chairman

DINNER SELECTION

_____ Steak Dinner @ \$9.50

_____ Chicken Dinner @ 5.95
