

October, 2022

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EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



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Meeting Announcement

Date: Tuesday, October 4th

Time: 7:00pm

Place: Duncan Aviation Engine Shop

Address: 5000 NW 44th St – Lincoln, NE

Topic: Lorrie Novak Lieutenant Colonel, Airline Captain

Lorrie will tell us about her aviation career.

Food will be available at 7:00pm.



President's Message Tom Trumble

Greetings from your President.

EAA 569 Christmas Party

Date Sunday, December 4

Time 5:00pm

Location: Misty's 6235 Havelock Ave, Lincoln

Cost: \$38

EAA Air Academy camps

Please contact me or Cristi Higgins if you know of a young person that would be a good candidate to go to the EAA Air Academy in 2023. Age 12-18 in the summer of 2023. If you have someone in mind, please contact them to see if they have an interest and then let Cristi or I know. Building an aviation interest with youth is a core value of EAA 569's mission. Registrations are now being taken (they fill quickly).

(continued on page 2)

Crete Breakfast Sat. Sept. 17, 2022

Rain dampened the turnout but as always breakfast was served. A big thank you to Larry and Diane Geiger for donating a gallon of genuine maple syrup. Pancake lovers are in for a treat. The syrup is being stored at a secure off-site location under 24-hour armed guard.

Young Eagles event

Date: Friday Oct. 14

Location: Nebraska Division of Aeronautics.

Time 9:30am

St. Patrick's 8th grade

If you would like to help out with this event, contact Cristi Higgins.

Minutes of the Club Meeting

The meeting was called to order on September 6 at 1904 hrs by President Tom Trumble in the break room of the Lincoln Air Traffic Control Tower. Several shifts of 5 or 6 were welcomed into the cab during and after the meeting. Until recently, the tower had been closed to visitors due to Covid precautions.

Treasurer Cristi Higgins provided a detailed treasurer's report. The EAA 569 checking account balance changed from \$4516.16 on July 22 to \$8535.23 Aug 22. The increase was largely due to the national chapter funding the Ray Scholarship which was awarded to Noah Philson. The breakfast account stands at \$1429, with the Aug 20 breakfast grossing \$776.00. A CD is valued at \$10,000.

The next Young Eagles event will be Sept 13 with 20 students from Waverly Middle School and High School.

The next breakfast is scheduled for September 17.

The chapter picnic will be held at the Shoemaker strip, hosted by Holly and Jon Dixon. Address is 11215 West Yankee Hill Road, Denton, NE. Bring: Table setting, chairs, main dish, side dish or desert. Drinks provided. Early arrivals may witness a flour drop competition.

Next general meeting will be Oct 4, 7 PM at the Duncan Engine Shop.

The Christmas party will be December 4 at Misty's.

Meeting was adjourned at 1919 hours.

The Lincoln tower crew was very hospitable. If you missed the tour, give them a call and schedule a visit. They are checking if your gear is down and locked.

Respectfully submitted,
Jerry Mulliken,
Secretary

Zenith Open House 2022

By Harold Bickford

We have been coming to the Zenith Open House event since 2013. (Disclaimer time: we are customers) This year marked the 30th anniversary (held September 16 & 17) for builders and fans of Zenith aircraft. The event is held at their factory located on the Mexico Missouri airport. EAA Ch. 944 from Chilicothe, Missouri served breakfast and lunch on both days. Avemco and Kitplanes magazine sponsored the Saturday breakfast which was most appreciated.

It was also an opportunity for aircraft equipment vendors to have a presence among aviators who both build and fly. Zenith does not specify equipment particular to an aircraft aside from weight and power considerations so there is much latitude for product choices. Much information is exchanged in a friendly, informal environment. The various vendors - 23 in total - also offer product specific presentations and participation in forums regarding their products and services. This includes engines, avionics, aircraft equipment, paint etc. There is plentiful free camping on the airport (no facilities) and nearby motels are available though advance booking is always a good idea.

Every year also features a STOL contest as Zenith offers both the 701 and 750 STOL designs. The event is open to all while the STOL specific designs rule the roost. Takeoffs and landings that would fit between the 50-yard line and end zone of a football field with room to spare are typical.

The gathering also provides an opportunity to see what other builders have done with their aircraft. Though the Zenith designs are typically built from kits, scratch building from plans is supported and like a Pietenpol no two are the same. Interestingly this also results in the best completion percentage in the homebuilt arena showing that the Zenith design philosophy of simplicity and quick build times works.

EAA has a yearly presence with Charlie Becker as the primary representative along with volunteers to help run the EAA booth. There are always new people along with veteran participants who have varying degrees of familiarity with EAA programs and services along with lots of questions. Having one on one conversations is a key component in having a presence at the event. The EAA motto of “learn, build, fly” is always the focus.

Each day starts with a factory tour which is always informative. Zenith continually updates their processes and equipment as they develop their designs to the next iteration of final size, matched hole parts. In the process this involves more than just layout changes. As an example, the 701 kit is being updated and will incorporate some new components. The prototype fuselage under construction exhibited detail differences which are aimed at streamlined assembly and improved fitment of parts. The wings and tail will follow with the result being a significantly updated design of the original “Sky Jeep” suited for the ever-evolving kit/home builder market.

The Friday and Saturday evening catered dinners are always well attended. Fun, food and camaraderie abound. Both nights feature awards and raffle items which can run the range from hats and shirts to electronic navigation items. If a winning number is not claimed then there is always a second chance! After dinner people are invited to stay and mingle for some late evening hangar flying.

Just as gathering provides anticipation of what will transpire, when folks have to depart it is always the summer camp experience; nobody really wants to leave. But work and duty call and sometimes weather can be a big factor. Naturally folks are looking forward to next year's open house!

The Iowa Aviation Museum is an Undiscovered Jewel Amid the Cornfields

By Dennis Crispin

A small sign along Interstate 80, about 85 miles east of Council Bluffs, is the only indication that it is there. Go south 15 miles to Greenfield, Iowa and you will find the Iowa Aviation Museum. To someone with an interest in historic aviation, it is truly an undiscovered jewel.

It is a small museum; it houses only about 15 aircraft. The planes are light GA aircraft from the 20s, 30s, 40s and 50s. They are all in excellent condition and displayed nicely. You couldn't get another one in with a shoehorn.

Outside the building, the military is represented with a Navy A7D Corsair jet fighter and an Army AH-1 Huey Cobra helicopter gunship. In the adjoining T-hangars, awaiting restoration and the construction of more display



This rare Curtis Robin is the third built and the oldest surviving aircraft of its type. It used a surplus WW-1 OX-5 engine.



The Iowa Aviation Hall of Fame honors those who have made contributions to Iowa Aviation.

The museum houses the Iowa Aviation Hall of Fame. The walls of a large room are covered with plaques honoring men and women who have made significant contributions to Iowa aviation. There is also an extensive research library.

Only 15 minutes off I-80 if you are driving and an easy flight from anywhere in eastern Nebraska, the Iowa Aviation Museum is well worth your time.

space, are a few more planes including a rare Evangel 4500.

Included in the collection are such iconic aircraft as the Piper J-2, J-3 Cub, Curtis Robin, Taylorcraft, Pitts S1S, Stearman and Schweitzer glider.

There is a small collection of interesting artifacts ranging from the WW-2 "Gibson Girl" emergency radio to a wedding dress made from a parachute.



This plaque commemorates the recent visit of a Sikorsky HUS (UH-34D). The airworthy helicopter is the only surviving Marine HUS with documented combat use in Vietnam.

The Cowboy, His Horse, and His Plane

By Glen Witte

Jack Sodak stepped down from his horse and loosened the cinch. Old Mose stretched his nose toward the tin bucket hanging on the nail by the barn door. He snorted disgustedly when he discovered there was no oats in the bucket. "Sorry, ole boy," Jack murmured. "We'll get ya fixed up in a minute. I jist gotta get that Winchester out of the scabbard before I take the saddle off ya. Then we can find that gunny sack of grain I stashed in the old oil barrel. Dang mice were eatin' it faster than you were. So I gotta help you. Jist give me a minute.'

Mose nudged Jack in the back to speed him up as Jack stepped around the tall horse to the other side of the saddle. Jack pulled the 30-30 out of the scabbard tied by the straps near the saddle horn and levered the breech part way open to make sure there was no cartridge in the barrel. There was still a faint smell of burned gun powder and Jack mused that he ought to clean the gun before he went much further. "Dang NSA," he said, under his breath. But he instead merely leaned the gun against the barn wall, the barrel nesting in one of the vertical grooves of the corrugated tin siding.

Jack put his shoulder to the door and slid it open. A fleeting remembrance of how well the door's rollers had worked ten years ago when he had built the barn and installed the iron overhead track which was to carry the weight of the door as it glided open. But the sands of time had apparently clogged the bearings of the steel wheels in the track and the sedimentary detritus from a thousand mud laden hooves had filled the gap below the plank door. So now Jack was effectively making a new ditch with the bottom of the door each time he opened the door. Mose had no sympathy and pawed the ground, impatiently waiting to be ushered into the inner sanctum where the oats were stored.

Even though Mose had remained ground tied where Jack had dropped the reins, Jack got a short hold on the reins in anticipation of Mose's eager entrance through the narrow door opening. Jack led the way into the gloom, broken only by the light passing through the green Fiberglass corrugated panel in the tin roof. Jack's eyes had not adjusted to the darkness but Mose's nose was leading the charge to the grain barrel and Mose's hooves threatened to trample anything in the way like so much collateral damage. Only by stiff-arming Mose with the reins in his hand and jerking Mose's nose down to his chest could Jack get Mose's charge arrested well enough to avoid the cowboy's greatest embarrassment; that is, being killed by his own horse.

Together, in a kind of two-step shuffle, the cowboy and the horse assaulted the metal sides of the grain barrel. Jack lifted the wooden lid he had fashioned from left over planks and some tin he had flattened and nailed over the wood, hopefully tightly enough to keep out the intrusive mice, and scooped out a gallon of the dry grain in a plastic milk jug the bottom of which he cut out with a jack knife. Jack shouldered Mose's nose out of the barrel and pushed him over toward the feed bunk behind the swinging gate in the next pen. While Mose relished each mouthful of the grain, Jack dug out an other gallon or so and dumped that in the feed bunk as well. "That ought to take care of you for a while, Ole Boy," Jack said. Mose responded with a dismissive swish of his tail.

Jack unclined the saddle and removed Mose's bridle and hung the tack on the wood fence. Jack closed and fastened the swinging gate and made sure that the other door in the barn was open and that the corral gate was open to the horse pasture. The spring had brought good rains for a change and the spring-fed horse tank had pure fresh water (and plenty of moss, Jack thought). He slid the heavy door shut and laid the rifle in the crook of his arm.

Jack suddenly felt tired as he walked toward the little house across the dirt driveway that led from the county road to the house and then on to the open sided machine shed. There was not much for machinery in the shed any

more. But it still provided shade for the 4-wheel drive Chevy pickup and in the winter time kept the frost from forming on the windshield. As much as Jack had studied physics and meteorology, he still had not conceptualized the process by which frost was barred from covering a windshield by the mere presence of three walls and the roof of the machine shed. Maybe when he retires, he thought, he could work out that problem.

It had been two years now, since his wife had died. The house seemed empty. Her furniture was still where she had left it. Her clothes were still in the closet, taking up more than half the space, and her quilts still covered the bed. Certainly, she was not there but there was something more than her mere physical presence that was missing. Jack was not particularly religious, although his parents had given him as good a Christian upbringing as anyone could. He still believed in doing the right thing' and seemed to always side with the underdog and tended to look after those who needed the most help, but it was just hard to follow all the rules required of the 'fraternity.' He didn't pray much, really, maybe never. He would admit sometimes, and then only to himself, that it would be nice if there was some great power that could rescue him from problems that he had not foreseen well enough to avoid. But even that might not have felt right, sort of like asking for outside help to make the fight 'more even.'

But the house was lacking a spirit. It had no life. It was just four walls and a roof. It got cold at night and hot in the day. Just like a pile of rocks. Or like a stranger's house. Even though he had kept his soft old recliner rocker in front of the TV with its book stand at the side, it no longer provided the warm, secure refuge from the day's tribulations as it had in the past. Maybe it was because the matching recliner was now empty. Maybe it was because he fell asleep in that old chair more often than he could bear to sleep in the bed.

Jack looked in the refrigerator and found the remnants of a hamburger patty now looking like the proverbial science experiment. The cheese too had long ago donated its body to more research for a cure for polio. Or shingles, nowadays.

Jack bent down and looked in the cupboard below the toaster, a feat never easy before and now seemingly more difficult than it should have been after only a short day of riding. Jack pulled out the last can of Del Monte Cling Peach halves and found a can opener in the knife drawer. He cut the lid almost but not quite all the way around and bent the tin lid back. He sipped the sweet juice and fished out a half with a spoon from the silverware drawer. He poured a cup of coffee from the automatic coffee maker left over from breakfast. The coffee was cold, but the day had been hot and he thought that it was a fair trade.

Jack sat down in one of the wooden chairs at the kitchen table. Jack pushed his straw hat back which revealed a white crown of non-tanned skin and rubbed his forehead where the hat band had made a crease in the skin. He thought maybe it had made a crease in his skull from the years of pulling the hat on so tight against the perpetual wind. He put one booted foot up on the chair on the other side of the table. He was never allowed to do that when Sally was alive, but he could never figure out why. He never left a mark on the chair, except maybe for the dirt that may have fallen off the boot if he didn't get it all dug out from the heel. Of course there were no spur marks. He had not worn spurs ever, on the principle that if he needed to kick the horse that much to make it go, he would just get another horse. Or, as in his younger days, get a trail bike, like his Yamaha 125.

After draining the last drop from the peach can he folded the lid down into the can and crushed the open top together to keep a cow's foot from getting stuck in the can, mostly out of habit since he no longer used kitchen garbage as a method of filling gullies and wash-outs as had his parents 60 years ago. He tossed down the coffee mug's dregs and he thought about more food. But the hamburger seemed like only coyote bait and he wasn't

even worried about coyotes. He guessed he must not be hungry. The evening meal now was just something that had to be done to keep body and soul together and not the pleasant time to share the day's events with Sally over a feast fit for royalty. (She had occasionally complained that he would compliment her grilled cheese sandwiches just like he did her German Sweet Chocolate cake and her peach pies. But she never made him stop his compliments.)

"Ah, Hell," he said. "I'm goin' flyin'."

The Cessna 182 snuggled in the machine shed along side the old Allis Chalmers 190 and the '75 Chevy pickup just as though they were all stable mates. The rotating beacon on the tail of the plane was about as high as the cab of the tractor, both of which overshadowed the pickup, even though for some of Jack's short legged women friends it took a step stool to clamber into.

The plane was only about 15 years old and had a hell of an instrument panel, including a Garmin G-1000 PFD and MFD along with a Bendix King three axis autopilot and ADS-B Out transponder (which Jack had installed after he purchased the plane). A top notch panel!

When new the plane probably cost the Civil Air Patrol upwards of \$300,000. But it had suffered major hail damage during a freaky storm and Jack bought it for a tenth of its original cost from the insurance company that replaced the plane for CAP. With new antennas and Plexiglas, the plane flew as good as new, surprising his skeptical friends, and even Jack.

Jack hooked up the hand tow bar to the nose wheel of the plane and, using brute force, pulled the plane out of the pole shed. After his usual careful outside inspection, especially of the fuel tanks on top of the wings (the lower trailing edge of which had tattooed its wavy pattern into Jack's forehead). Jack hopped into the cockpit after making his standard outside inspections and ran through the checklist of instruments and control settings. He turned on the rotating beacon to warn those nearby that soon he would start the engine. Again, out of habit since there was no one within five miles of his place, he hollered out the window, "Clear Prop," to give warning to the midgets who might be in danger of decapitation by the soon to be rotating prop.

Jack cranked the big engine for a few seconds and all 520 cubic inches roared to life. Seeing the oil pressure gauge come to life, Jack next watched the Alternator gauge to see a positive voltage as soon as he flipped on the Avionics master switch and the TV screens of the Garmin G 1000 system came alive.

Jack released the parking brake and as soon as the plane started to roll he stepped on the toe brakes to make sure they each worked, one for each of the two main wheels. He did not want any surprises on landing, like one brake working and the other not working. It is hard enough to land a plane in a straight line without being a one-brake test pilot.

Jack slowly taxied the heavy plane along the familiar path toward the strip of grass that ran for a half mile along the top of the ridge that ran more or less north and south from the building site. The path led upward toward the top of a small rise and the approach end of Runway 36. The arid Badland soil was almost as hard as flint and the short, curly Buffalo Grass held the soil from wind erosion and from washing away in the violent if too seldom rainstorms that the spring and summer typically brought. Jack felt no need to pave it with concrete. One cement man had jokingly suggested that Jack would have to dig up 10,000 pound per square inch dirt to install 6,000 pound per square inch concrete. Since Jack's plane only weighed about 30 pounds per square inch of tire he guessed he would not make that investment.

Jack did, however, invest several thousand to build a fence 8 feet high around the runway to keep wildlife off the runway. Jack did not often land at night, but the fence was one more safety factor he thought was worth the money.

Jack held the brakes and brought the engine to full power. He lowered the flaps to the first notch and then let the plane roll. At first it seemed as though the plane was not accelerating as fast as it should be but soon it reached rotation airspeed of 55 knots. Jack pulled back on the yoke and the nose pitched up. Jack held it at the 10 degree pitch angle as shown on the G1000 PFD and soon the wheels stopped making noises as they rose above the rough sod. Jack leveled off for a minute to let the airspeed build to about 70 knots and then raised the flaps. He then raised the nose and let the plane climb at a relatively leisurely 700 feet per minute and 80 knots.

The sun was descending toward the western horizon, painting a beautiful Charlie Russell landscape of reds and pinks on grassy mesas dotted with grazing Herefords and Angus between white dry creeks and knife edge Badland ridges.

“What a beautiful day to be alive and flying,” Jack mused.

“Remember to treat that plane gently, Boy. Remember, it is like a young horse. If you stay calm and treat it gently it will carry a big load for a long way for you. But if you get excited or treat it rough it will buck you off and can kick shit outta you. So treat ‘er gentle.”

The words of his old instructor Frank Snook wafted in and out of his consciousness from time to time. Jack had learned a lot in his years of flying, sometimes about five minutes after he really needed to know it! But he appreciated all the flight instructors who did their best to prepare him and to keep him safe.

Jack’s imaginative brain sometimes got him into trouble. But he was proud of his self-designed “Instrument Approach” to his landing strip. Jack entered into the Garmin his own flight plan and its User Defined Waypoints!

Jack flipped on the autopilot and the plane flew toward the first waypoint. Jack flipped the GPS display to show the terrain warning screen, not to see and avoid the one tree within fifteen miles, but to see the GPS calculated altitude above sea level of the plane.

He looked out the side window. He saw darkness, the shadow of the horizon obscuring the land he so recently abandoned. He recalled his long ago night flights with his instructor and his question of how to see where to land at night in case of emergency. The instructor said, “Turn on your landing lights and land where the landing looks good. But if you don’t see anything that looks good, then turn off the landing light.”

Jack had plotted his approach coordinates and determined the altitude at which he should cross each waypoint. His approach plan was as good as the FAA could devise, and he did it the same way Old Man Jeppesen did for his mail plane pilots in the 1920’s. Only Jack’s landmarks were electronically memorized distances from at least four radio beacons about 10,900 miles up.

The autopilot approached the first waypoint and started a gentle bank to the left. As the plane passed the waypoint, the autopilot activated the next leg of the plan and flew in a straight line toward the second waypoint, which was directly in line with the runway.

As the plane curved around the second waypoint and lined up with the third, Jack firmly pushed in the prop control to full RPM and smoothly retarded the throttle to slow the plane to 70 knots. He gently pulled back on the yoke to raise the nose slightly to hold the altitude steady at 4,200 feet. As the plane passed the third waypoint on the way to the runway Jack lowered the nose and reduced the throttle just a little to maintain the 70 knot airspeed. With adjustments for wind speed Jack allowed the plane to descend at 500 feet per minute. If his adjustments for wind and human error in holding a descent rate were correct, he would cross the fourth waypoint just 500 feet above the runway elevation. In this case he was off by 20 feet. He retarded the throttle just a whisker and flipped on the landing lights.

The lights reflected nothing yet. Jack continued the descent at just slightly more than 500 feet per minute and moved his gaze from his instruments for only a half second at a time. His final waypoint was at the approach end of the runway and his plan was to be fifty feet above the runway when he crossed the waypoint. But Jack was well aware that the airspeed at the ground could be substantially different from the airspeed at 500 feet above the ground.

Just as he passed the final waypoint, Jack glanced up and felt the usual rush of relief as he spotted the grassy slope of the runway. Jack used the landing light beams to display the runway even though the GPS display also showed the centerline of the runway in a distractingly too realistic depiction of the virtual reality. His touchdown was faster and perhaps harder than he would have found acceptable in daylight. But nothing bent.

He applied brakes, gently. Locking the brakes is always easy on slippery grass and one wheel locked is a recipe for disaster. He slowed the plane to a safe turn around speed and taxied the big plane back to the shed, its sleeping place.

Before walking back to the brightly lit house and its cosy interior, Jack checked the sky for clouds as every pilot and every farmer or rancher will do. "This is why I like country," mused Jack. "No noise. No street lights, no car lights, no fuzzy glow from hoards of living room windows silently polluting the perennial haze enveloping congregations of humankind."

The stars shone like a million pinpricks in a black umbrella in front of a spot light. An occasional fluff of cloud would dim a patch of sky as it wafted by on the gentle breath of a sleeping giant lying somewhere just beyond the line of vision. The Milky Way shone like a paved highway across the sky, like the proverbial via leading to Rome or the star dust streaming from the wings of Pegasus. Maybe more like a streak of dust left by celestial chariots delivering the mail, like the more "modern" Pony Express riders.

"I am blessed" Jack mused. "I have a horse I like and a steed I like to fly. What else does a man need?" He left the answer to that question un verbalized.

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.



Builder's Tour

August 13, 2022



Steve Becker's Wittman W-10 Tailwind



[Click on any photo to enlarge](#)



Bruce Holtmeier's RV-10

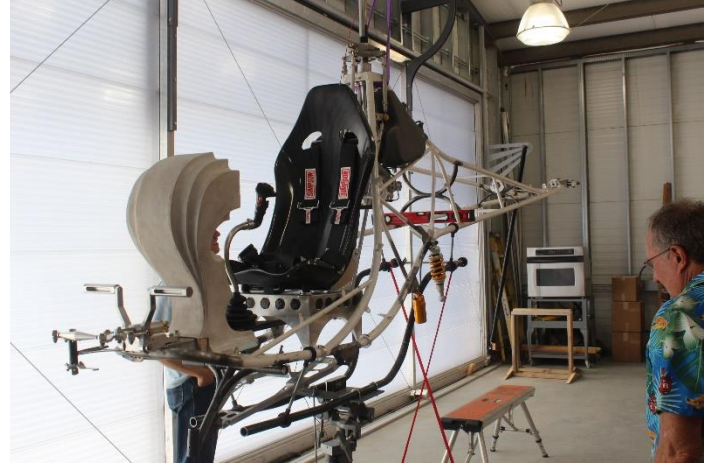


Colby Osborn's Bearhawk Model 5



Builder's Tour

August 13, 2022



Doug Elting's Helicycle

Thanks to Dennis Crispin for sharing these pictures from the Builder's Tour. More photos are in the Photo Gallery at www.eaa569.org.

Month	EAA Chapter 569 Calendar	
October	1	8:00am York Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 1055 - KJYR
	4	7:00pm EAA 569 Meeting. Duncan Engine shop 5000 NW 44th Lincoln, NE Food Served
	8	1:00pm to 4:00pm Omaha Chapter 80 - Youth participation Airplane build. RV-12, Oakview Mall 2nd Level
	15	8:00am Crete Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 569 - KCEK
November	1	7:00pm EAA 569 Meeting. Duncan Engine shop 5000 NW 44th Lincoln, NE Food Served
	5	8:00am York Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 1055 - KJYR
	12	1:00pm to 4:00pm Omaha Chapter 80 - Youth participation Airplane build. RV-12, Oakview Mall 2nd Level
	19	8:00am Crete Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 569 - KCEK
December	3	8:00am York Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 1055 - KJYR
	4	5:00pm EAA 569 Christmas Party Misty's 6235 Havelock Ave
	10	1:00pm to 4:00pm Omaha Chapter 80 - Youth participation Airplane build. RV-12, Oakview Mall 2nd Level
	17	8:00am Crete Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 569 - KCEK

**You say it's your
birthday?**



October 9 – Kerm Wenger

And finally ...

The Fifty Project!



Sean Smith and Alex Abate from Seattle, WA attended our September breakfast. They are on a mission to fly to all 50 states in their Mooney. They are visiting and staying with family and friends along the way. Nebraska was the 10th State they visited. They hope to finish around October 10th. You can follow their journey by going to thefiftyproject.com.

John Cox
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