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## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

### Chapter Meeting

01-19-06 7 p.m.

Jerry Driskill's House  
1822 14th Ave.

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## CHAPTER OFFICERS

### President

David Britting

### Vice-President

Jerry Driskill

### Sec/Treasures

Mike Logback

### Young Eagles

Coordinator

Mike Bailey

### Newsletter

Editor/Publisher

Sam Friesen

### Ass't. Editor

Max Tequila

## New Meeting Time

After much discussion amongst the various members of the chapter, we have decided to move our meeting time from the third Sunday afternoon of each month to the third Thursday evening of each month. This month we will be meeting at Jerry Driskill's house for some metalworking and riveting demos. Our normal meeting place will still be at the airport terminal building. Jerry's address is 1822 14th Avenue. This is north of McPherson and for those that don't know where it is call Jerry or any of the McPherson area members for directions. Phone numbers are on your chapter members list.

After the election of chapter officers, we have some minor changes. Our new president is David Britting, vp is now Jerry Driskill, and the sec/treas. is now Mike Logback. Mike Bailey will continue as the YE coordinator and I will continue as newsletter editor. Congratulations guys and thanks for being willing to take the responsibilities involved.

Dave Britting is freshening one of his 172s and will have it for sale when he's finished. Pictures are posted here; [www.eaa1344.com](http://www.eaa1344.com). There are also pictures of other projects currently in progress by the various chapter members.

A new project that should be getting underway very soon is the

Sonex Waix that Russell Malm has purchased. The kit should be delivered by the time you read this.

At the time I'm writing this, Paul T. hasn't purchased a project, but he has his building insulated now so that he will have a warm place to work when he decides on a project.

I have not talked with any of the other members recently to check the progress of their individual projects. Tony D., Jim P., and Paul F., send me an email or give me a call and let me know how you're doing.

Last but not least, this month is the first installment of the continuing saga of the events leading up to, and the beginning of the construction of a Pietenpol Air Camper from Tom S.

# Area Events

1<sup>st</sup> Saturday of every month – Ponca City Airport Pancake Breakfast (PNC)

2<sup>nd</sup> Saturday of every month -- Beaumont Hotel (SN07) All-You-Can-Eat Pancake Breakfast

3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday of every month – Alva Regional (AVK) Alva, OK

4<sup>th</sup> Saturday of every month – Augusta Municipal (3AU)

4<sup>th</sup> Saturday of every month -- EAA Chapter 455 Fly-in Breakfast at Enid Woodring Regional (WDG) from 8:00 a.m. – 10:30 a.m.

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**Please note:** The Cherokee PA28-180 I mentioned in the last newsletter that would be for sale is now ready to go and is listed with pictures here: [www.members.cox.net/ea377](http://www.members.cox.net/ea377) This fine example of a Cherokee belongs to Mary Shortridge. If that name sounds familiar, it should. Mary and her husband were here in McPherson last September to help with our first Young Eagles Day. Mary says her, new to her, Comanche should be back from the paint shop in the next week or so.

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Submitted by a heavy iron driver...

After landing on RWY 30 the other day I began to taxi to the gate when I noticed a beautiful red fox strolling across the taxiway.

**Me:** Hey, Ground. Did you know you have foxes here on the airport?

**Ground:** Oh, sure, plenty of them. I'm surprised you knew it was a fox -- most pilots think they are wild dogs.

**Me:** Well, I've been to a bar or two. I believe I know a fox when I see one!

**Female Voice:** *Then I guess you'd know a wild dog, too.*

## Confessions of An Airplane Nut

By Tom Stinemetze

### Part 1

Being a man of faith and a True Believer, I take it on faith that God knew what he was doing when he designed me with all my quirks, foibles, desires and talents. I am also sure that He has a good sense

of humor. Case in point, my love of flying and just about anything aeronautical. I am not now, nor have I ever been, a man of substance – financially speaking. In fact, for quite a bit of my life our family has lived from paycheck to paycheck with not much left for frills and gegaws (a technical term.) Consequently, my love of flying things has mostly been limited to pictures, models, dreams, bummed rides, and endless conversations with like minded “Airplane Nuts” (hereinafter referred to as AN to save ink.) By the way, aircraft grade nuts, bolts, and various other types of fittings go by the designation “AN” also, the reason for which should now be obvious.

Now such lore is not without its value in the real world for how else could I endear myself to my wife with such phrases as: “That plane was a Curtis Hawk when it took off and now it’s a Hawker Hunter. Who are they trying to fool?” - - Which is why my wife seldom will agree to watch a movie with airplanes in it any more. But I digress...The real value in such a love is that it can be passed on to the next generation which is how it worked in my family.

I recall the day when my wife came home from the doctor’s office and hit me with the news that we were going to be parents. I had just made up my mind that we could probably stretch the family budget just enough for me to take flying lessons. Needless to say, my plans were changed pretty quickly and the only turn I was practicing was how to turn my son over fast enough to avoid being soaked during a diaper change. Two other children followed in relatively quick succession with the result that flying lessons were well out of reach. I, therefore, turned back to a childhood love, model airplanes, which I built out of balsa wood and cloth and were powered by tiny gas engines. This was in the day before radio controls and these planes were flown around in circles attached by wires to a control handle held by the pilot in the center of the circle. (It’s hard to vomit without losing control and crashing but it can be done.) I knew that I had passed my love of airplanes on to my two sons when I found them in the basement carefully studying the construction of my beautiful Waco SRE biplane – with a hammer.

To cut the introduction short(er), my sons grew up deeply involved in building and flying airplane models and actually decided to do something about it (which is where I had gone wrong way back when.) One son, Matthew, ended up with a Bachelor’s degree in Aerospace Engineering from Wichita State University and the other, Justin, ended up with two Associate degrees and a Bachelors degree in various aspects of Airframe and Powerplant maintenance from Kansas State University. Both eventually ended up in the teeming metropolis of Mojave, CA working for a gentleman named Burt Rutan at a little known company which goes by the name Scaled Composites. I will probably go into more depth about my sons and their involvement with Scaled in a later chapter in this epistle. For now let me just say that Matt had a very intense indoctrination into aircraft prototyping during his stint as lead project engineer during the construction of SpaceShipOne. If that name doesn’t ring any bells with you then you probably don’t qualify for the AN title. You can read a lot about the project at the official Scaled Composites website which is found at <http://www.scaled.com>. Even better is the DVD set entitled “Black Sky, the Race for Space” which is available from the Discovery Store at <http://shopping.discovery.com>

Thanks to Matt letting me in on the secret project a whole week before everybody else heard of it, I became immersed in the promotional hoopla (another technical term) and could just casually mention to my fellow workers that my son was building a ROCKET SHIP! My wife and I enjoyed(?) our brief 15 minutes of fame as we were interviewed by three television stations and several newspapers. Eventually SpaceShipOne flew to space three times, won the \$10 million Ansari X-Prize, went on permanent display in the Smithsonian Museum, and the hoopla died down. But you know what, somehow I was left with a desire to DO SOMETHING that I hadn’t experienced quite the same way before. If my son could build a space ship, surely I could build something that would fly. After all, didn’t he inherit some of that talent from me?

