

**Midwest Antique  
Aircraft Club  
2014 Grassroots Fly-In**

**Brodhead, WI**



*Approximately 500 attendees came from 19 states and 3 foreign countries. 167 aircraft (over 50 different types) were represented.*



*1930 Byrd from MD*



*Fleet 10 from IL*



*Pietenpol air camper from WI*





# The Prez Sez...

by Darrel Sauder

Who said we were in for a rough fall? So far the weather has been beautiful. I am sure all of you are flying everyday (that you can).

Speaking of flying, which Molly's newsletter is intentionally about, a friend of mine sold an ultralight trike to a guy with explicit instructions not to fly it until he had received instruction on how to fly it. You guessed it--had to go try it out on his own. The result of his efforts have been repeated hundreds of times; he made it to tree top level before losing control, destroyed the airplane, and did a great deal of damage to himself; broken bones, several weeks in the hospital, and is still recovering. I am sure the rest of his life will be affected by this one stupid act. However, we may all recall a time when we pulled a stupid aviation trick that we learned a life's lesson from. Just remember when you point your finger at someone, you have three of your fingers pointing back at you!

On that high note, our speaker could not make it last meeting so I filled in with a rendition of a fly in Musk Ox hunt on the North Slope of Alaska that I pulled off in the 80's. Nobody got up and left, so guess it came off OK. Funny, when you tell a story like that, how you relive it again. And, as you are trying to go to sleep, you can't!! It seemed like only yesterday.

We enjoyed our last burger burn of the year. Thank you Rick and all of those who helped set up. Thanks again, Rick, for all the burger burns this summer.

Next meeting, Wayne Anderson, a retired USAF pilot will be telling about his experiences flying helicopters in Viet Nam. It will prove interesting and informative. Don't miss out!

Speakers, entertainment, experiences, tall tales; our chapter is always looking for any program that would be of interest. Sooo....we need your inputs and participation.....remember...everyone has a story.

Don't forget to floss.

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*ED. Note: I asked Grove for an update about his ongoing battle with prostate cancer. This is what he had to say:*

Thanks for your concerns. I have been in some kind of Prostate cancer treatment since 2007, radiation, Chemotherapy tablets and now IV Chemotherapy which started August 12th. I will get a total of eight treatments before going into a maintenance & observation period. I had my 4th treatment on Oct. 29th. They are three week apart. The post treatment is kind of a roller coaster. Four or five days after the treatment there is a big drop-off in strength & energy as the white blood count drops. Then, there is a gradual build up in strength & energy until the next treatment. I have been staying away from crowds because of the low white blood count. Otherwise, I am doing well, no pain or nausea and my appetite is good.

Thanks again for your concerns, Grove

*Let's all keep Grove and Janet in our thoughts and prayers!*



If you can, wear something patriotic or red, white, or blue in honor of our vets.

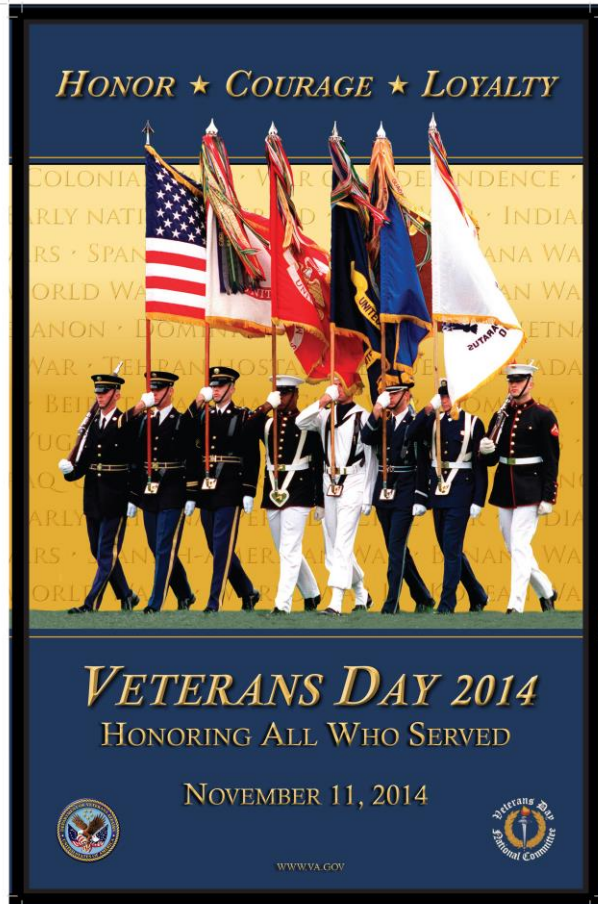
**Next Meeting:**  
 Tuesday, November 11  
 at **Chapter 39 Clubhouse**

**6:30 Hangar Talk**  
*Treats provided by Rick & Jerry*

**7:00 Meeting**

**Program:**

A Tribute to our vets on Veteran's Day  
 Wayne Anderson will share some of his  
 experiences flying helicopters in Viet Nam.



**November Birthdays:**

Jim Hayward—19th  
 Bruce Bowen—28th

**Chapter 39**

**Officers**

President	Darrel Sauder
Vice President	Dan Benkert
Secretary	Gary Schroeder
Treasurer	Milo Schindler

**Volunteers**

Newsletter & Web Manager	Molly Benkert
Young Eagles	Jerry Petersen Brenda Nolan
Safety Officer	Jerry Densmore

**Tech Advisor** Randy Daughenbaugh

**TREASURER'S REPORT**

*by Milo Schindler*

Balance brought forward.....	\$1823.34
Income:	
Dues X 3.....	55.00
Burger Burn.....	62.50
Expenses:	
Elk Club deposit.....	100.00
Balance on hand.....	\$1840.84

# Secretary's Minutes

By Gary Schroeder

- Meeting was held at the clubhouse
- Burger burn in Rick's hanger
- Darrel called the meeting to order at 7:05
- Minutes read and approved
- Treasures report given, balance \$1820.34

## Old Business

- The question was brought up should we try other menu ideas next year for the burger burns. The idea was tabled to another meeting.
- Dan and Molly's fly-in was a great success.
- We need more member stories for the newsletter.
- There are still more frames and room on the wall for member pictures.

## New Business

- Shawn Gab talked about the GA user group committee that is sending out a survey regarding hangers and GA services to create a GA friendly airport.
- There was discussion about the Christmas Party including where to have it and there may be a survey to choose a location. Chuck will be the speaker again; it should be a great one again.
- There were 4 pictures from Butch Weber that was donated to be auctioned at the Christmas party.

## Program

Darrel shared his very cold experience hunting Musk ox in northern Alaska in 1983, flying in and landing on a frozen river in the middle of nowhere in subzero temps with numerous challenges getting there and back. Did he mention it was cold? Oh to be young and bullet proof.

Meeting adjourned at 8:40

**SAVE THIS DATE!**  
Annual Christmas Dinner at the Elks Club  
January 17  
Social Hour: 5:30  
Dinner: 6:30  
  
Speaker: Chuck Childs  
  
Full information later

## For Sale

1946 Aeronca Chief  
\$18,000

Call Kathy Brandiger for more info: 341-33417



# Motor Glider Adventures (or How I Spent My Summer Vacation)

*By Scott Christensen*

1970, the first year at Oshkosh for the EAA fly-in. I was part owner in a Fournier RF4D motor glider from Germany. I was 20 years old and on summer break from college. This trip would be my third EAA fly-in, with the other two in Rockford, Illinois.

We had been flying the Fournier for two years. The bungee rings were worn out and replacements had been on order for a while. I decided to use some similar rings temporarily until the factory cords came in from Germany. One ring on each side of the single wheel was not enough to support the weight of the motor glider. Two were installed but didn't fit very well and needed to be wrapped with nylon cord. Doing a retraction test showed that the new installation would touch the top of the wheel well, but it appeared that the original cords did the same thing.



The motor glider was based at Sky Ranch, Colorado. I wanted to depart for Oshkosh early on Sunday, July 25, so I flew the plane to the Boulder airport to be closer to home. Upon arrival the landing gear would not go down. I flew around for a while and finally had to use both hands to force the gear down. I didn't know if the gear would stay down upon landing so I decided to stop the engine so at least the prop wouldn't be damaged. The gear stayed down upon landing.

It was one of the gear doors that hung up and was bent back when I forced the gear down. My retraction test at Sky Ranch did not include the gear doors and was a mistake. Repairs were made over the next several days and Friday became the new departure day.

My parents drove me to the airport Friday morning. I packed clothes and maps in a briefcase, a small flight bag with more clothes and bath stuff, a thermos of lemonade, a flight computer and plotter, a tent and sleeping bag, a Nova-tech radio and headset. The only space left in the cockpit was for me, a six-foot pilot. It was a beautiful morning with the rising sun on the horizon.

I stopped for lunch at the Martin airport near Sioux City, IA. The airport had lots of Alon Aircoupes and I asked why. I was told the FBO uses them for pilot training. When I stated that I trained in an Alon in Denver, he told me that same Alon was now based at this airport. I drove the courtesy car to a truck stop to eat. When I departed Martin I saw my Alon taxi in from a training flight.

My next stop was at Austin, MN. The man I met at the airport did fabric workshops at the EAA annual convention, and he invited me to stay the night with his family.

The next morning I was off for Ironwood, MI. My dad's uncle and aunt were celebrating their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary and it made them happy that a relative came all the way from Colorado to be at the party.

After a few days in Ironwood and trying out the local Cornish Pasty shops, I was off again for Oshkosh. I arrived on Monday and set up the tent next to the plane. The next morning I crawled out of my tent and met my neighbors. They invited me to have breakfast with them. John and Betsy, with their children, were from the southern U.S. and demonstrated their southern hospitality. I still see and talk to them after 44 years.

I departed Oshkosh on Sunday morning and flew north to Escanaba, MI. It was hazy when I departed Escanaba and somehow got disoriented after takeoff. I was heading south instead of north and if I hadn't noticed the mistake, I would have flown down the middle of Lake Michigan. The compass was not very helpful because of local ground disturbance noted on the map. I got back on course and found land after 25 miles over water. I followed the lake shoreline until I determined my position over Manistique. I landed at the Brevort airport which was a small sandy

strip several miles from town. The airport had trees at each end of the runway, there was one Cessna 120 in the trees and a million grasshoppers and flies. I didn't make a good landing, and I knew I wasn't staying after I looked at the bungee cords and decided they needed some wrapping cord. I departed after blowing out all the grasshoppers and flies from the cockpit with the prop blast and the canopy open. Takeoff technique was lacking but I cleared the trees. St. Ignace was close and had a hard surface runway and facilities for repair. After landing, I called my aunt in Brevort to come pick me up.

I spent a couple of days visiting and then flew the Cessna 120 from the Brevort strip to St. Ignace. It so happened that it was my uncle that owned the only airplane at the local airport. I bought some nylon cord in St. Ignace and made repairs on the bungee cords. I departed St. Ignace headed for Flint MI. via the Mackinac Straits and the unforgettable Mackinac Bridge that joins upper and lower Michigan.

I stopped at Gaylord to see if my hot engine needed oil. I landed on the grass runway into the wind. As I taxied in it started to rain. It looked like a major thunderstorm was about to hit the airport, possibly with hail. There was no hanger space for the motor glider. I reinstalled the cowling after checking the oil level. I started the engine and ran around the wing to get in. I had forgotten to set the parking brake, and the plane was moving forward without me. I jumped up on the wing and lowered myself into the cockpit. I quickly closed the canopy and turned for the paved runway which was now into the wind. I took off twice! Yes, twice. The storm's downdraft had pushed me back onto the runway and I did a touch-and-go take off. The thunderstorm was over the airport, and I realized I didn't have my seatbelt or shoulder harness buckled. As I gained altitude, I attached the safety belts and noticed the airport was taking a beating from the storm. I was being sucked up into the storm and I could see the edge of the storm cloud all around me like being inside a big black umbrella. I reduced the throttle to idle rpm, extended the spoilers, and pointed the nose down to counter the tremendous updraft. In a few minutes I shot out from the thunderstorm and was back into clear blue skies once again heading south toward Flint. As I was listening to the radio, a news announcement came on and said there was a tornado watch for the Gaylord area. I was feeling fortunate that the little Fournier was stressed for aerobatics and the thunderstorm did not over 'G' the structure.

The airport outside Flint had washed-out runways so I continued and landed at Livingston. I spent two days with relatives swimming, boating, and played a first game of golf. It was a fun time. My next stop was Wooster, Ohio, where I had picked up the Fournier and delivered it to Denver two years ago. They were out of fuel so I continued to Washington, PA. The airport was located on a beautiful plateau with mountains on two sides and a valley and rolling hills on the remaining sides. It was the weekend and the airport was packed with aircraft due to a horse race nearby. I fueled up and was directed to a grassy spot where I could tie down for the night. The ramp was slightly off-level and the Fournier rolled by itself as I walked in front of the plane to the parking spot. I noticed some curious onlookers and I mentioned that "it just keeps following me wherever I go." The next morning I awoke to an empty ramp. All the aircraft for the horse race had departed. I packed and departed for Baltimore, MD.

I flew over the Appalachian Mountains. Beautiful but nothing like the Rockies. I landed at the Lee airport, and discovered I had no brakes. I was able to slow myself by putting the outriggers into the dirt on the edge of the runway. I taxied off the runway, shut down and borrowed some tools and made repairs. I asked about doing some scuba diving in Chesapeake Bay but the water was too shallow and murky. I departed for Williamsburg for a visit to historic Jamestown. When I arrived I received poor service and noted an unfriendly FBO. I didn't want to spend the night there so I departed for New Bern, NC. Jamestown would have to wait for a future visit, 30+ years later.

At New Bern I met Bill, a part time flight instructor and a full time Marine at Cherry Point NAS. I had just flown into a tropical depression and could be there a couple of days. Bill took me home with him to meet his wife and children. The next day he showed me around Cherry Point and their flying club. We spent the afternoon washing and waxing a Cessna 120 with the help from his wife and kids. There was a local EAA fly-in at Albert J. Ellis airport 30 miles south. I flew down and joined the other experimentals on the ramp. I met Chuck Francis, a Marine at Camp Le Jeune. He was interested in building an airplane and was an EAA member. He confirmed that a tropical depression was headed this way and offered me a place to stay at his house if I got stuck here. I said yes, but I had

to fly back to New Bern for my thermos I left at Bill's house. I couldn't get in touch with Bill, so I found a ride into town and stayed the night in a motel. The first night in a motel since leaving Colorado. The next morning I found my thermos waiting for me at the Flight Service Station at the airport. (I really did need that thermos for the rest of the trip.) It had rained all night and was still raining at the airport until late afternoon when the FSS broadcast three miles visibility. I departed south and barely made it to Albert J. Ellis. There was no chance of the weather improving so Chuck picked me up, and we went to his house. The sky was full of rain and lightning for several days. Finally the weather moved out to sea, and I had a chance to depart for Savanna, Georgia, where my brother was stationed in the Air Force. I stopped at Hilton Head airport just outside of Savanna and called the tower. I told them I could monitor the tower frequency but not transmit. He gave me landing instructions on the phone and said he would call me if there were any changes. I called my brother and told him I would be there in thirty minutes.

Savanna was hot and muggy. I spent most my time in the swimming pool. It turned out that scuba diving around Savanna was impossible due to the polluted waters. I would fly to Pensacola and hope to do some scuba in the water on Florida's coast.

I was on my way to the Milton 'T' airport when I stopped at De Funiak Springs to check my hot engine. I changed the oil and cleaned the filter in the carburetor. I was going to do a valve adjust but I couldn't find any tools for that job. At Milton 'T' I met another Bill. I told him my sad story about not being able to scuba dive along the Atlanta coast. He made some calls to the diving shops, and they were all booked up. He called a friend and we met him after dinner at Bill's house. Bill let me borrow his scuba equipment, and we loaded it into the boat at Gerald's house. They dropped me off at a motel for the night. Early next morning Gerald and his son picked me up, and we went to the marina to launch the boat. All his companions had cancelled so it was just us for a day of scuba in the Gulf.

I was scared to jump in at our first stop. I had never been out of the swimming pool at the YMCA in Denver. When I hit the water, my swim fins came off. Back into the boat, I tried some socks and when I folded them down over my heels, the fins stayed on. Too late for this stop though, Gerald came to the surface with a dozen Flounder he had speared. Off to our second stop which was a sunken barge in about 20 feet of water. It was very nice and I finally made an "open water dive". We had packed a lunch and stopped to eat. Our third stop was at a sunken WWII battleship. It was used as target practice and some of the gun turrets were still above water. There were lots of fishing boats all around so we had to be careful for hooks and line in the water. This is where I speared my one and only Flounder. The depth was about 30 feet and water a blue-green. Our last stop was a private fishing area of sunken cars that attracted the fish. It took awhile to find it with the recording depth finder and sightings from the land. The depth was 70 feet with clear beautiful blue water. This time Gerald took the shot gun in case we ran into sharks. SHARKS, did he say sharks? We threw out the anchor and followed the rope down to the bottom. Gerald was making good progress down the rope. I was having a hard time with equalizing the pressure in my ears. About 50 feet down I thought I could go no further but one last hard blow into my pinched nose and I finally equalized the pressure in my ears. I was on the sandy bottom looking up at the sunlight sparkling in the water above. The fish were all around, big ones and thousands of small ones. I got too close to a spawning pair and one fish got in between my legs and started slapping me. I quickly swam away looking for Gerald. I was running out of air, and I couldn't reach the reserve valve. As I reached Gerald my air ran out. I pointed to my reserve valve, and he turned it on for me. We headed for the anchor rope and followed it to the surface and our waiting boat.



Back on shore we loaded the boat on the trailer and washed everything with fresh water. At his house we cleaned the Flounder, and then we took showers to clean off the salt. We both were exhausted and grabbed some sleep before supper. At supper we noticed a piece of flounder that had a hole in it. Obviously it was the mark of the amateur diver on the boat today. You are not supposed to spear the part of the fish you are going to eat so they presented that piece to me for my supper. I spent the night with Gerald and family. In the morning I would depart for Austin, Texas.

I awoke to overcast skies and rain. Bill and Gerald showed me their Stearman they were restoring. It was going to be an award winner. The weather cleared around noon, and I went to see Bill to say goodbye. I tried to pay Gerald and Bill for the diving experience, but all they would take was five dollars for gas money. This was another good example of true southern hospitality.

I got a late start for Austin due to the weather. I only made it as far as Baton Rouge, LA. As I was fueling the plane several people gathered around. One woman was very interested in the motor glider, and she introduced herself and her husband to me. She said she competed in the Power Puff Derby, and I remembered seeing her on the TV when they stopped at the Jeffco airport in Colorado. They let me use their tie-down spot for the night and offered me a ride into town. I loaded my stuff into their car, which was a beautiful Shelby. I made the mistake of calling it a Mustang and they asked me if I wanted to walk the rest of the way into town. Despite the mistake, they invited me to stay the night with them instead of finding a motel. We found a nice German restaurant with live entertainment. I should have realized that Baton Rouge was known for its French restaurants, but that information came to me later via my parents. After dinner they showed me their shop where they built STC'd kits for the Globe Swift aircraft. I had been taken in by VIP's and was glad to have stopped in Baton Rouge for the night.

The next morning I departed for Austin. I was going to meet another Fournier owner and a builder of a Volksplane, VP-1. I was helping a friend build a VP-1 so I was familiar with the plane. We met at the San Marcos airport and went to preflight the VP-1. We found a missing pipe plug in one of the intake pipes. He suggested I stay the night, and we could fly tomorrow after replacing the plug. Later he called me at the hotel and said he had a business trip to make and had to cancel our plans. The next morning I departed San Marcos and flew to La Junta, Colorado.

The airport was across the road from a drive-in movie theater. After I set up my tent, I walked over to the theater and watched a movie. The next morning I was back home. I was gone 27 days, flew 62.7 hours in 21 states. The motor glider rate was \$1.00 an hour for fuel and \$1.00 an hour for maintenance. It was fun and interesting but not an expensive trip.



Fly Out to Wall for Breakfast

