



June 2018 Newsletter Volume 42, Number 06
The Static Line

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Monthly meetings are the second Tuesdays of every month starting 6:30 P.M. at Deer Valley airport

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2018 CHAPTER OFFICERS / DIRECTORS

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2018 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

June	12	Monthly Meeting (MM) Speaker Valin Thorn Lancair "StarHawk"
July	10	Speaker Bill Kalt Aviation History
July	23-29	Airventure (Oshkosh, WI)
August	14	MM Speaker Tina Buskirk FAAST
September	11	MM Speaker Richard Simile Mooney Aircraft
October	09	MM Speaker Ryan Reeves Buckeye Airport Mgr
November	13	MM Speaker Steven Langford Rotorway Helios...
December	11	Holiday Party



SECRETARY REPORTS

Meeting Place:

- Deer Valley Airport Restaurant. Time: 6:30– 8:30 P.M..

Welcome Guests:

- Chuck Henry

Name Tags Check:

- Nineteen members were present. Several members put \$1.00 into building fund box.

Officers in Attendance:

- President: Carlos Hernandez.
- Vice President: Stuart Snow.
- Secretary / Treasurer: John Gregg was not in attendance.
- Directors: Cheri McGunagle and Tom Velvick. Dave Biddle was not in attendance.
- Tech Counselors: Roger Whittier. Ed Daror and Ron DeCandia were not in attendance.
- Young Eagles: Cheri McGunagle.

Program:

- EAA Video Magazine. June 9th is anniversary of Young Eagles Program. Build a RV-12 in one-week project at AirVenture You can vote online at EAA.org for color scheme of the plane from eight choices.
- Flying Start Program – way to get new members.
- A Video about Joe Pease a Pan AM, flying boat manager, talking about his experience at Pearl Harbor with pictures as presented by his widow Betsy Pease was played for the members.

Break:

- Ten minutes.

Announcements / New Business:

- Cherie spoke about Young Eagles and her quilting.
- Carlos Hernandez gave a presentation on his Van's RV-7 Pretty Penny progress. He started the build in 2006 and has the Engine mounted, now running hoses and wiring.

Adjourn

NEWS & EVENTS

ASK ATC

Do you have an ATC question but can't reach one? You're in Luck. Our own member, Steven Stenstrom works ATC for the FAA at Sky Harbor Intl Airport. He set-up an email for that. It is: eea538atc@gmail.com He is also happy to arrange a tour of the Phoenix Sky Harbor Control tower. Please email him on which month you can come for a tour.

NOTICE FOR RENT

Hangar Space available at GEU. 43 x 43 square to share with RV6A, Equipped with drill press, compressor, grinder, tools, shelving, workbenches in place. Excellent lighting. Epoxy floor. Bathroom, 100' water hose and utility sink inside. Access (back door) without needing to pass through airport gate. Remote control electric bi-fold door with Lexan upper panels for daylight. \$200 per month –

Contact Dave Biddle 602 321 4150.

JUNE 2018 WALLPAPER

CLICK PHOTO FOR JUNE 2018 WALLPAPER



JUNE 2018 SPORT AVIATION MAGAZINE

CLICK PHOTO FOR JUNE 2018 SA MAGAZINE



A Pilot's Story of a really bad day.

This is the almost unbelievable story of a fellow Delta pilot. Who flew his entire airline career with Delta Air Lines.

Marine Pilot's Astonishing Story (You can't stop reading this....)

"Jud, you're on fire, get out of there!"

Needless to say that startling command got my attention. As you will read in this report, this was just the beginning of my problems.

It had all started in the brilliant sunlight 20,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean as I nudged my F-8 Crusader jet into position behind the lumbering, deep-bellied refueling plane. After a moment of jockeying for position, I made the connection and matched my speed to that of the slowpoke tanker. I made the graceful task of plugging into the trailing fuel conduit so they could pump fuel into my tanks.

This in-flight refueling process was necessary, and routine, because the F-8 could not hold enough fuel to fly from California to Hawaii. This routine mission was labeled "Trans-PAC," meaning Flying Airplanes across the Pacific. This had been going on for years.

Soon, after plugging-into the tanker, my fuel gauges stirred, showing that all was well. In my cockpit, I was relaxed and confident. As I was looking around, I was struck for an instant by the eeriness of the scene: here I was, attached, like an unwanted child, by an umbilicus to a gargantuan mother who was fleeing across the sky at 200 knots as though from some unnamed danger. Far below us was a broken layer of clouds that filtered the sun glare over the Pacific.

In my earphones, I heard Major Van Campen, our flight leader, chatting with Major D.K. Tooker who was on a Navy destroyer down below. Major Tooker had ejected from his aircraft, the day before, in this same area, when his Crusader flamed out mysteriously during the same type of refueling exercise.

At that time no one knew why his aircraft had flamed out. We all supposed it had been some freak accident that sometimes happens with no explanation.

One thing we knew for sure, it was not pilot error. This accident had to be some kind of mechanical malfunction, but what? Our squadron had a perfect safety record and was very disturbed because of the loss of an airplane the day before.

"Eleven minutes to mandatory disconnect point," the tanker commander said.

I checked my fuel gauges again, everything appeared normal.

My thoughts were, "In a few hours I knew, we'd all be having dinner at the Kaneohe Officers Club on Oahu, Hawaii. Then after a short rest, we'd continue our 6,000-mile trek to Atsugi, Japan, via Midway and Wake Island."

Our whole outfit - Marine All Weather Fighter Squadron 323 - was being transferred to the Far East for a one-year period of operations.

"Nine minutes to mandatory disconnect."

My fuel gauges indicated that the tanks were almost full. I noticed that my throttle lever was sticking a little. That was unusual, because the friction lock was holding it in place and was loose enough. It grew tighter as I tried to manipulate it gently.

Then - thud! I heard the crack of an explosion.

I could see the rpm gauge unwinding and the tailpipe temperature dropping. The aircraft had lost power - the engine had quit running - this is a flame-out!

I punched the mike button, and said, "This is Jud. I've got a flame-out!"

Unfortunately, my radio was already dead; I was neither sending nor receiving anything via my radio.

I quickly disconnected from the tanker and nosed the aircraft over, into a shallow dive, to pick up some flying speed to help re-start the engine. I needed a few seconds to think.

I yanked the handle that extended the air-driven emergency generator, called the Ram Air Turbine (RAT), into the slipstream, hoping

A Pilot's Story Continues

to get ignition for an air start. The igniters clicked gamely, and the rpm indicator started to climb slowly, as did the tailpipe temperature. This was a positive indication that a re-start was beginning. For one tantalizing moment, I thought everything would be all right. But the rpm indicator hung uncertainly at 30 percent of capacity and refused to go any faster. This is not nearly enough power to maintain flight.

The fire warning light (pilots call it the panic light) blinked on. This is not a good sign. And to make matters worse, jet fuel poured over the canopy like water from a bucket. At the same instant, my radio came back on, powered by the emergency generator, and a great babble of voices burst through my earphones.

"Jud, you're on fire, get out of there.!"

Fuel was pouring out of my aircraft; from the tailpipe; from the intake duct; from under the wings, and igniting behind me in a great awesome trail of fire

The suddenness of the disaster overwhelmed me, and I thought: "This can't be happening to me!"

The voices in my ears kept urging me to fire the ejection seat and abandon my aircraft.

I pressed my mike button and told the flight leader, "I'm getting out!"

I took my hands off the flight controls and reached above my head for the canvas curtain that would start the ejection sequence. I pulled it down hard over my face and waited for the tremendous kick in the pants, which would send me rocketing upward, free of the aircraft.

Nothing happened! The canopy, which was designed to jettison in the first part of the ejection sequence did not move. It was still in place and so was I.

My surprise lasted only a second. Then I reached down between my knees for the alternate ejection-firing handle, and gave it a vigorous pull. Again, nothing happened. This was very surprising. Both, the primary, and the secondary ejection procedures had failed and I was trapped in the cockpit of the burning aircraft.

The plane was now in a steep 60-degree dive. For the first time, I felt panic softening the edges of my determination. I knew that I had to do something or I was going to die in this sick airplane. There was no way out of it. With great effort, I pulled my thoughts together and tried to imagine some solution.

A voice in my earphones was shouting: "Ditch the plane! Ditch it in the ocean!"

It must have come from the tanker skipper or one of the destroyer commanders down below, because every jet pilot knows you can't ditch a jet and survive.

The plane would hit the water at a very high a speed, flip over and sink like a stone and they usually explode on impact.

I grabbed the control stick and leveled the aircraft. Then I yanked the alternate handle again in an attempt to fire the canopy and start the ejection sequence, but still nothing happened. That left me with only one imaginable way out, which was to jettison the canopy manually and try to jump from the aircraft without aid of the ejection seat.

Was such a thing possible? I was not aware of any Crusader pilot who had ever used this World War II tactic to get out of a fast flying jet. I had been told that this procedure, of bailing out of a jet, was almost impossible. Yes, the pilot may get out of the airplane but the massive 20-foot high tail section is almost certain to strike the pilot's body and kill him before he falls free of the aircraft. My desperation was growing, and any scheme that offered a shred of success seemed better than riding that aircraft into the sea, which would surely be fatal.

I disconnected the canopy by hand, and with a great whoosh it disappeared from over my head never to be seen again. Before trying to get out of my confined quarters, I trimmed the aircraft to fly in a kind of sidelong skid: nose high and with the tail swung around slightly to the right.

Then I stood up in the seat and put both arms in front of my face. I was sucked out harshly from the airplane. I cringed as I tumbled outside the bird, expecting the tail to cut me in half, but thank goodness, that never happened!

In an instant I knew I was out of there and uninjured.

I waited . . . and waited . . . until my body, hurtling through space, with the 225 knots of momentum started to decelerate. I pulled the

A Pilot's Story Continues

D-ring on my parachute, which is the manual way to open the chute if the ejection seat does not work automatically. I braced myself for the opening shock. I heard a loud pop above me, but I was still falling very fast. As I looked up I saw that the small pilot chute had deployed. (This small chute is designed to keep the pilot from tumbling until the main chute opens.) But, I also noticed a sight that made me shiver with disbelief and horror! The main, 24-foot parachute was just flapping in the breeze and was tangled in its own shroud lines. It hadn't opened! I could see the white folds neatly arranged, fluttering feebly in the air.

"This is very serious," I thought.

Frantically, I shook the risers in an attempt to balloon the chute and help it open. It didn't work. I pulled the bundle down toward me and wrestled with the shroud lines, trying my best to get the chute to open. The parachute remained closed. All the while I am falling like a rock toward the ocean.

I looked down hurriedly. There was still plenty of altitude remaining. I quickly developed a frustrating and sickening feeling. I wanted everything to halt while I collected my thoughts, but my fall seemed to accelerate. I noticed a ring of turbulence in the ocean. It looked like a big stone had been thrown in the water. It had white froth at its center; I finally realized this is where my plane had crashed in the ocean.

"Would I be next to crash?" were my thoughts!

Again, I shook the parachute risers and shroud lines, but the rushing air was holding my chute tightly in a bundle. I began to realize that I had done all I could reasonably do to open the chute and it was not going to open. I was just along for a brutal ride that may kill or severely injure me.

I descended rapidly through the low clouds. Now there was only clear sky between me and the ocean. This may be my last view of the living. I have no recollection of positioning myself properly or even bracing for the impact... In fact, I don't remember hitting the water at all. At one instant I was falling very fast toward the ocean. The next thing, I remember is hearing a shrill, high-pitched whistle that hurt my ears.

Suddenly, I was very cold. In that eerie half-world of consciousness, I thought, "Am I alive?" I finally decided, and not all at once, "Yes, I think I am . . . I am alive!"

The water helped clear my senses. But as I bounced around in the water I began coughing and retching. The Mae West around my waist had inflated. I concluded that the shrill whistling sound that I had heard was the gas leaving the CO2 cylinders as it was filling the life vest.

A sense of urgency gripped me, as though there were some task I ought to be performing. Then it dawned on me what it was. The parachute was tugging at me from under the water. It had finally billowed out (much too late) like some Brobdingnagian Portuguese man-of-war. I tried reaching down for my hunting knife located in the knee pocket of my flight suit. I had to cut the shroud lines of the chute before it pulled me under for good. This is when I first discovered that I was injured severely. The pain was excruciating. Was my back broken? I tried to arch it slightly and felt the pain again. I tried moving my feet, but that too was impossible. They were immobile, and I could feel the bones in them grating against each other.

There was no chance of getting that hunting knife, but I had another, smaller one in the upper torso of my flight suit. With difficulty, I extracted it and began slashing feebly at the spaghetti-like shroud line mess surrounding me

Once free of the parachute, I began a tentative search for the survival pack. It contained a one-man life raft, some canned water, food, fishing gear, and dye markers. The dye markers colored the water around the pilot to aid the rescue team in finding a down airman. All of this survival equipment should have been strapped to my hips. It was not there. It had been ripped away from my body upon impact with the water.

"How long would the Mae West sustain me?" I wondered.

I wasn't sure, but I knew I needed help fast. The salt water that I had swallowed felt like an enormous rock in the pit of my gut. But worst of all, here I was, completely alone, 600 miles from shore, lolling in the deep troughs and crests of the Pacific Ocean. And my Crusader aircraft, upon which had been lavished such affectionate attention, was sinking thousands of feet to the bottom of the ocean.

At that moment, I was struck by the incredible series of coincidences that had just befallen me. I knew that my misfortune had been a one-in-a-million occurrence. In review, I noted that the explosion aloft should not have happened. The ejection mechanism should have worked. The parachute should have opened. None of these incidents should have happened.. I had just experienced three major catastrophes in one flight. My squadron had a perfect safety record. "Why was all of this happening?" was my thinking. In about ten minutes I heard the drone of a propeller-driven plane. The pot-bellied, four-engine tanker came into view, flying very

A Pilot's Story Continues

low. They dropped several green dye markers near me, and some smoke flares a short distance from my position. They circled overhead and dropped an inflated life raft about 50 yards from me.

I was so pleased and tried to swim toward the raft. When I took two strokes, I all most blacked out due to the intense pain in my body. The tanker circled again and dropped another raft closer to me, but there was no way for me to get to it, or in it, in my condition.

The water seemed to be getting colder, and a chill gripped me. I looked at my watch, but the so-called unbreakable crystal was shattered and the hands torn away. I tried to relax and surrender to the Pacific Ocean swells. I could almost have enjoyed being buoyed up to the crest of one swell and gently sliding into the trough of the next, but I was in such excruciating pain. I remembered the words W.C. Fields had chosen for his epitaph: "On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

In about an hour, a Coast Guard amphibian plane flew over and circled me as though deciding whether or not to land. But the seas were high and I knew he couldn't make it. He came in very low and dropped another raft; this one had a 200-foot lanyard attached to it. The end of the lanyard landed barely ten feet from me. I paddled gently backward using only my arms. I caught hold of it and pulled the raft to me. Even before trying, I knew I couldn't crawl into the raft due to my physical condition. I was able to get a good grip on its side and hold on. This gave me a little security.

The Coast Guard amphibian gained altitude and flew off. (I learned later that he headed for a squadron of minesweepers that was returning to the United States from a tour of the Western Pacific. He was unable to tune to their radio frequency for communications. But this ingenious pilot lowered a wire from his aircraft and dragged it across the bow of the minesweeper, the USS Embattle. The minesweeper captain understood the plea, and veered off at top speed in my direction.)

I was fully conscious during the two and a half hours it took the ship to reach me. I spotted the minesweeper while teetering at the crest of a wave. Soon, its great bow was pushing in toward me and I could see sailors in orange life-jackets crowding its lifelines. A bearded man in a black rubber suit jumped into the water and swam to me.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "My legs and back."

I was now very cold and worried about the growing numbness in my legs. Perhaps the imminence of rescue made me light-headed, for I only vaguely remember being hoisted aboard the ship. I was laid out on the ship's deck as they cut away my flight suit.

"Don't touch my legs! Don't touch my legs!" I screamed.

I don't remember it. Somebody gave me a shot of morphine and this erased part of my extreme pain.

An hour or so later a man was bending over me and asking questions. (It was a doctor who had been high-lined over from the USS Los Angeles, a cruiser that had been operating in the area.)

He said, "You have a long scar on your abdomen. How did it get there?"

I told him about a serious auto accident I'd had four years earlier in Texas, and that my spleen had been removed at that time.

He grunted, and asked more questions while he continued examining me. Then he said, "You and I are going to take a little trip over to the USS Los Angeles; it's steaming alongside."

Somehow they got me into a wire stretcher, and hauled me, dangling and dipping, across the watery interval between the Embattle and the cruiser.

In the Los Angeles's sickbay, they gave me another shot of morphine, thank God, and started thrusting all sorts of hoses into my body. I could tell from all the activity, and from the intense, hushed voices, that they were very worried about my condition.

My body temperature was down to 94 degrees; my intestines and kidneys were in shock. The doctors never left my side during the night. They took my blood pressure every 15 minutes. I was unable to sleep. Finally, I threw-up about a quart or more of seawater. After this my nausea was relieved a bit.

By listening to the medical team, who was working on me, I was able to piece together the nature of my injuries. This is what I heard them saying. My left ankle was broken in five places. My right ankle was broken in three places. A tendon in my left foot was cut. My right pelvis was fractured. My number 7 vertebra was fractured. My left lung had partially collapsed. There were many cuts and

A Pilot's Story Continues

bruises all over my face and body, and, my intestines and kidneys had been shaken into complete inactivity. The next morning Dr. Valentine Rhodes<<https://uss-la-ca135.org/x-msg:/9/jcook-h&d-div1963..jpg>> told me that the Los Angeles was steaming at flank speed to a rendezvous with a helicopter 100 miles from Long Beach, California.

At 3:30 that afternoon, I was hoisted into the belly of a Marine helicopter from the USS Los Angeles's fantail, and we whirred off to a hospital ship, the USS Haven, docked in Long Beach, CA.

Once aboard the Haven, doctors came at me from all sides with more needles, tubes, and X-ray machines. Their reaction to my condition was so much more optimistic than I had expected. I finally broke down and let go a few tears of relief, exhaustion, and thanks to all hands and God.

Within a few months I was all systems go again. My ankles were put back in place with the help of steel pins. The partially collapsed left lung re-inflated and my kidneys and intestines were working again without the need of prodding.

The Marine Corps discovered the cause of my flame-out, and that of Major Tooker, the day before, was the failure of an automatic cut-off switch in the refueling system. The aircraft's main fuel tank was made of heavy reinforced rubber. When the cut-off switch failed, this allowed the tank to overfill and it burst like a balloon. This then caused the fire and flameout. We will never know why the ejection seat failed to work since it is in the bottom of the ocean. The parachute failure is a mystery also. Like they say, "Some days you are the dog and others you are the fire-plug."

Do I feel lucky? That word doesn't even begin to describe my feelings. To survive a 15,000-foot fall with an unopened chute is a fair enough feat. My mind keeps running back to something Dr. Rhodes told me in the sickbay of the Los Angeles during those grim and desperate hours.

He said that if I had had a spleen, it almost certainly would have ruptured when I hit the water, and I would have bled to death. Of the 25 pilots in our squadron, I am the only one without a spleen. It gives me something to think about. Maybe it does you as well.

Cliff Judkins

[Author's Note: Amazingly, Cliff Judkins not only survived this ordeal but he also returned to flight status. He was flying the F-8 Crusader again within six months after the accident. After leaving the Marine Corps he was hired as a pilot with Delta Air Lines and retired as a Captain from that position]

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PICTURES FROM THE YOUNG EAGLES FLIGHTS ON 05/12/2018



Places to get information about airplane building.

On Facebook I found the following or put in your make in the search box:

Van's Air Force <https://www.facebook.com/groups/52637485835/>

Experimental Aircraft and Homebuilders <https://www.facebook.com/groups/388406521595480/>

Homebuilt Aircraft <https://www.facebook.com/groups/homebuilthangar/>

Mooney Aircraft https://www.facebook.com/MooneyINTL/?ref=br_rs

Beechcraft Aircraft <https://www.facebook.com/Beechcraft/?ref=search>

Rotorway Helicopters https://www.facebook.com/rotorway.us/?ref=br_rs

Lancair Aircraft https://www.facebook.com/Lancairinternational/?ref=br_rs

Plane & Pilot Magazine <https://www.facebook.com/planeandpilot/?ref=search>

Kitplanes Magazine <https://www.facebook.com/Kitplanes/>

ON THE EAA WEBSITE WHOLE SECTION IS ON HOMEBUILDING:

<https://www.eaa.org/en/ea/aviation-communities-and-interests/homebuilt-aircraft-and-homebuilt-aircraft-kits>

EAA | Aviation Interests | Homebuilders

Homebuilders

- Getting Started & Building
- Training
- Programs
- Frequently Asked Questions
- Kits & Plans
- Experimenter
- EAA Amateur-Built Aircraft Safety Pledge
- 2018 One Week Wonder
- 2014 One Week Wonder
- Video
- Discussion Forum
- At AirVenture

HOMEBUILDERS

The world of homebuilt aircraft — officially known in the United States as Experimental Amateur-Built Aircraft — has existed as long as powered flight. Even the Wright brothers were homebuilders, since they didn't rely on a factory to construct their airplanes. They, like the homebuilders of today, used their own abilities and craftsmanship to construct safe and efficient flying machines.

Today, tens of thousands of homebuilt aircraft fly throughout the world. A significant number of homebuilt aircraft have flown around the globe and one, the Voyager in 1986, was the first airplane ever to fly around the world non-stop on a single tank of fuel.

Experimental amateur-built aircraft, often called "homebuilts" because they are typically built in people's garages and basements, are the fastest growing segment of new aircraft in the United States. Amateurbuilt aircraft are built by individuals and certificated by the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) as "experimental amateur-built" (E-AB).

EAA was founded in 1953 by a group of airplane enthusiasts mostly comprised of airplane builders, although anyone with an aviation interest has always been welcome in the organization. EAA has been the organization of record as the homebuilt movement moved from simple, single-place tube-and-fabric airplanes 60 years ago to today's wide spectrum of aircraft that feature plans- and kit-built models. No matter the airplane project, one thing remains constant — homebuilt aircraft provide a path where nearly anyone can pursue their personal dream of flight.

[Download EAA's Intro to Homebuilding Sourcebook](#)

EAA's extensive resources, available through the EAA members' area or the association's staff, can help any aircraft builder or restorer to create a safe, efficient aircraft that provides recreation and education.

If you miss the Chapter Video you can go watch some at:

<http://www.eaavideo.org/category/videos/chapters>

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Reminder: Yearly dues are from January 1, until December 31 of each year. Yearly dues are \$20.00 per year. Please make check out to EAA Chapter 538.

UPCOMING EAA WEBINARS

For a list of past webinars that you can download, Click on the web link below:

<https://www.eaa.org/en/eaav/aviation-education-and-resources/aviation-videos-and-aviation-photos/eaav-webinars>

6/6/18 8 p.m. CDT [Planes and Cars](#) Mike Busch
Qualifies for FAA Wings and AMT credit.

In this webinar, Mike Busch — who has owned both airplanes and automobiles for more than 50 years — explores why planes and cars are so different. Why do aircraft need so much maintenance? Why do aircraft engines need to be overhauled every 2,000 hours while car engines don't? Why do planes cost so much more than cars? Are these fair comparisons, or are they apples and oranges? Tune in for an interesting discussion.

6/13/18 7 p.m. CDT [Developing a Pilot's Operating Handbook for E-AB Aircraft](#) Dick Socash
Qualifies for FAA Wings credit.

Each experimental airplane, whether one of a kind or a common model, is unique with its own set of operating parameters. A Pilot's Operating Handbook (POH), specific to a particular airplane, provides a useful tool for recording and referencing specifications, performance parameters, and general information that is useful for safe flight, proper operation, and compliance with FAR 91.103. The POH along with the aircraft maintenance log is a valuable asset when selling the airplane.

6/20/18 7 p.m. CDT [Tips for Flying into EAA AirVenture Oshkosh 2018](#) Fred Stadler
Qualifies for FAA Wings credit.

EAA's volunteer NOTAM chairman Fred Stadler shares some hints and tips for reducing your pilot workload when flying into EAA AirVenture Oshkosh. Discussion will highlight the special requirements and procedures of the FAA-issued NOTAM.

6/27/18 7 p.m. CDT [Keeping the Peace In Partnerships: A Guide to Aircraft Co-Ownership](#) Bruce Luedeman

Bruce Luedeman wrote the book on aircraft partnerships. In this presentation he will discuss how to select a partner(s), the importance of a single focus partnership, and why mixing business and pleasure flights is like trying to mix water and 100LL. Additionally, Bruce will focus on common areas of disagreement, partnerships, aircraft kits, why an exit strategy is important to include in any partnership agreement, and a hanger-full more of useful information.

FREE WORKSHOP

> **Join Debbie Simmer to learn about our brain-based approach to fitness and wellness.**

>

> We will explore neuro basics and simple exercises to help us MOVE WELL, SEE WELL and BALANCE WELL. This is the perfect workshop to get an introduction to how all this “brain training stuff” can work for you, whether you want to improve performance at work, reduce pain that interferes with activities you enjoy, or develop a new or favorite skill. Discover new possibilities to feel better and move better, without fear of pain, injury or failure.

>

> Perfect if you or a friend want a deeper look into the "neuro" part of what we're doing at Stronger Human.

> Perfect for you or a friend who's been curious about "brain-based" training.

>

> Saturday, June 16th 1:00 - 3:00pm

> Register for Workshop

<https://clients.mindbodyonline.com/classic/mainclass?studioid=319817&tg=&vt=&lvl=&stype=&view=&trn=0&page=&catid=&prodid=&date=6%2f7%2f2018&classid=0&prodGroupId=&sSU=&optForwardingLink=&qParam=&justloggedin=&nLgIn=&pMode=0&loc=1>

> About Debbie Simmer

> Debbie is an athlete, dancer, career executive and an entrepreneur - all of which fuels her calling as a movement professional, specializing in brain-and-body training. She is a Z-Health Certified Practitioner and currently enrolled in the Master Practitioner Program. She is also a TRX Certified Group Instructor, holds a Masters degree in Business Administration, a Bachelor's degree in Accounting, and has studied at the Laban Institute of Movement Studies and the Feldenkrais Institute.

Jack Norris
n1170u@hotmail.com

CALLING ALL EAA CHAPTER 538 MEMBERS.

Along with my request for articles, pictures, info for this newsletter, twenty-three people out of the 50 or so members have done the ten questions at survey monkey about our chapter and how we can improve it above the great job that Carlos and the rest of the officers/board member are doing. Please take six (6) minutes out of your day to help us make our chapter even better. You can copy and paste it into a web browser and go. You can hold CTRL and click on the link below.

<https://www.surveymonkey.com/r/9NYJZBV>

If you have any ideas for speakers for the chapter meetings please forward them to us.

2018 Pancake Breakfast Fly-In



Posted on [April 2, 2018](#)

The flyer is done and our *Planes & Pancakes in the Pines Pancake Breakfast and Fly-In* is just a little over three months away.

Be sure to mark your calendars so you can join us for great food, exhibitors and vendors, static aircraft displays and lots of fun.

This year's event will be on Saturday July 14, 2018 from 7:00 a.m. until 11:00 a.m.

We look forward to seeing you there!