



NEWSLETTER

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR A NEW BANNER

COMING NEXT MONTH!

 Volume 7 Number 1 JANUARY 1985 EDITOR: MARCIA SULLIVAN
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 Meeting: Saturday January 12th 10AM at Montgomery County Airport
 Conservair Office
 Refreshments: Darned if I know. Somebody (s) are going to get a
 a phone call.
 Program: Dick Jones: Everything You Always Wanted To Know About
 Magnetos, But Didn't Ask.

CHAPTER NOTAMS

....The Chapter Christmas Party at the Conroe Feedstore was quite a success...if you didn't make it, we missed you, and you missed it. We were surprised by "Charlie" Redford's attendance with guest, Pat Noel. Also, happy that our Pres-to-be and his family was able to make it. Hank Aldrich, although out of town at the time, did a bang-up job of choosing a beautiful plaque for outgoing El Presidente, Wally. The gift exchange offered some laughs and some grumbles. Several hardy souls closed up the place, or to put it more accurately, kept it open long PAST closing. Anyway, hope everyone has enjoyed their Christmas and New Years, and is ready to get down to the business of 1985!

....Speaking of which, the last Newsletter of Chapter 541 in Lake Charles contained a letter from the President, S.J. Gomez, Jr. covering several subjects, but mainly covered hopes, ideals, and goals for the Chapter. I would like to quote part of his letter.

"We propose to make every effort to accomplish our goals until each effort is exhausted. We ask that each member take pride in the fact that they belong to a special group of people that do indeed stand apart from the rest of the crowd. Take pride and make a committment to help with some of the chores so the burden gets a little lighter for those who carry most of the load. This chapter is your chapter and you not only have the ability to change things for the betterment of all, you have the responsibility of using your abilities for the betterment of the group. Should we all sit back to see who is going to call, or should we do the calling ourselves. The world has two kinds of people...those who will wait and see what things will happen and those who will make things happen. Be bold enough to be humble enough to volunteer your support of EAA Chapter 541 and its activities. You might even see yourself grow. Take a few more minutes of your time to read this column again and ask yourself if you are personally doing all you can do for the chapter. If you come up with a negative response to that question, turn that negative around to a positive by not waiting to be asked to perform a service for the chapter. Take the initiative, step out and offer a hand and follow through with the effort to make forward progress. WE NEED YOU!" (ED: Couldn't have said it better myself!)

ODE TO A LINE BOY

A lot of us earned our funds to pay for flying by pumping fuel and washing planes at the local FBO. Those of us who did are especially sensitive about the puns and poor jokes that are made about this lowly individual, who is forced into this servitude due to severe economic pressures (he's broke). Having had to do this myself, I'm sure I pulled my share of "good ones". Yet, since I've quit the profession, I've seen a few instances that are sure to bring a grin to the average pilot. So here is a short collection of situations which I've endured over the years.

GLK: "Say Sport, we've been flying for 9 hours today dodging these thunderstorms on a long cross-country. Could we tie this Cessna 172 down here for the night and get you folks to fill it up?"

Line Boy: "Yes, Sir, is that a twin or a single?"

Line Boy: "We filled up your airplane, sir, cleaned the windshield and checked the tires. Here's your bill."

GLK: "Sorry, I'm not going to pay this."

Line Boy: "If you don't, I'll call the Sheriff."

It took 30 minutes and two local flight instructors to convince this young fellow that there was just no way to put \$231.90 worth of fuel in a Cessna 170.

My neighbor had a gorgeous J-3 which he values more than his wife. During a preflight one morning he noticed something a little odd about his hardwood prop and asked the line boy about it. "Oh, yes sir, there was a small accident and about 4 inches of the prop was broken off, but don't worry, I fixed it with that new stuff, Super Glue, and ring shank tacks!"

After seeing Star Wars a couple of times, our new line boy naturally assumed that anything with a turbo on it should at least have Jet-A. The owners of the new Mooney Turbo 231 and the Turbo Centurian were not amused.

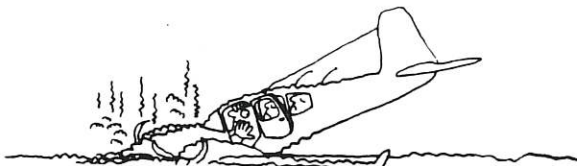
One knowledgeable line boy brought his girl friend out to the airport and took her directly to the "fastest planes on the field", I heard him say, "The new Cessna Cardinal RG." The youngster definitely had all his facts and figures memorized down to the last detail. The young lady was genuinely impressed. When he was finished reciting all the numbers to his accomplice, he came over to where I was standing and asked me to move a little, seems that his lady friend needed to comb her hair and the polished spinner on the Spartan Executive behind me would make a good mirror.

If he only knew.

Signed,

The Ground Loop Kid

(Ed: Many of us have our war stories of how we gained our license if Uncle Sam didn't do the paying. My own includes the many months of working behind the desk of a flight school for coolie wages that went toward plane time, which in many cases never materialized because they needed "my scheduled airplane, my instructor, or my body behind the desk!" We shall prevail!



ONCE A KNIGHT IS ENOUGH

"Forsooth!" sayeth the knight and riseth from the round table. "This is my offeth day, so I shall mount my iron bird and soar forth.

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So saying, the knight mounted his wheeled steed and traveleth to the place of roaring birds. Striding around the winged monster, he pulleth here and poketh there in a manner to checketh the firmness of the fowl's feathers.

And there cometh a feeling of great joy to the knight. He zoometh around the sky with great abandon until more than an hour hath gone. The knight descendeth from high places and flyeth beside the black earth, causing the wind to cease its roar. The knight turneth toward the alighting path. As the bird approacheth the ground, it is seen that one wing flyeth lower than its mate. Some say this is because the wind bloweth across the black earth.

The bird alighteth on one foot, whereupon it launcheth itself into the air again, turneth its nose into the wind and hitteth hard to the extent that its legs spreadeth wide on the ground. Its whirling nose biteth angrily into the black earth and the bird casteth one wing down and slideth along its belly. The knight dismounteth and woefully regardeth the crumpled bird.

And there cometh a troop of rolling cavalry calling themselves investigators and they doeth all manner of things to the broken bird. And then he of the grey beard speaketh to the knight in this manner: "Verily, Verily I say unto thee, thou hadst lost all directional control and it is far better that thou hadst taken the bird again the throttle than boot the rudder, for the spur is quicker than the rein.

However, the records show thou hadst no bird time in the last half year. For this, next time thou flyeth go and bring the Senior Knight that he may instruct thee how to alight thy bird with safety.

Stolen from ←
Chapter 44
Newsletter in
Rochester, N.Y.

Stolen from the October Oshawa, Chapter 364 Newsletter, who stole it from the August Boston Chapter 106 newsletter, who stole it from the Aug EAA 225 newsletter, who stole it from the Aeronca Lover's Club News.

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Chapter Memberships are available for \$15 a year individual and \$25 a year per family.

National EAA Memberships are \$25.00 per year from Whittman Field, Oshkosh, WI 54903-2591



"I'm not discriminating against females—everyone has to fly the landing pattern!"