

TEXASAAA

TEXAS CHAPTER • ANTIQUE AIRPLANE ASSOCIATION • NEWSLETTER • MARCH 2019

Presidents Corner...

I think you all will agree, nothing beats a warm hangar in February to hold a chapter meeting. Thanks to Mark and Barbara Nebrig for hosting our February meeting. We had 41 members and guests in attendance and as always plenty of good eats to enjoy.

Thanks to Phil and Margaret Cook we have a full year of meetings scheduled except for the month of July, so if you have room and July 20th free we are looking for a meeting host.

I want to thank Jim Baker for his article and pictures about the Texas Barnstorming Museum in this issue. Jim and his wife Lisa are doing a great job of getting young kids interested in flying. Plan on attending the flyin and Pig Roast, May 10th and 11th, Hallettsville Municipal Airfield for a good time and a great cause.

Our next meeting/flyin is hosted by Al Hilton on March 16th at Clark Field TX (3T6) Justin, TX. See Calendar of events in this issue for directions. Our member Darrell Irby will tell us about his family's trip to Hawaii.

Until then, stay warm and happy!
Terry





Texas Barnstorming Museum Hallettsville Municipal Airfield (34R)

In the late 20's and 30's, most Americans hadn't ridden in an airplane, or really seen one up close. Aviation was new, exciting, advancing rapidly, and full of boundless opportunities. Barnstormers, in Jennys, Wacos, Fleets, or whatever else, carried this "introduction" to Aviation across the country, inspiring countless as they went. Of the first 7 Astronauts, 5 had ridden as a kid with some early aviators, and one, Wally Schirra's, father and mother were both Barnstormers. Later, these kids would become the nation's "Greatest Generation", fly over Europe and Japan, and eventually land a man on the moon.

My name is Jim Baker. Professionally, I'm a pilot for Southwest Airlines. I was lucky, and as a kid knew exactly what I wanted to do. I enlisted in the Navy as a machinist, used the money I saved to learn to fly, became a Crop Duster, flew Beavers in Alaska, and then by some weird twist of fate too long to write about here, came to fly a 737 directly out of flying a Stearman ("the chief pilot who hired me laughed and said I was current in a Boeing"). Blah blah blah, enough about me, its not the point here but sort of necessary so you can understand the position from which I'm writing.

Anyway, raising a family in a small South Central Texas town has its challenges, but as the kids grew, my wife and I noticed there were simply no kids (other than our own) involved or really having any path of introduction into flying or aviation mechanics. Our local airport was a ghost town. This, at a time where the opportunities are without limits. Most kids, it seemed to me, preferred the instant gratification of electronic devices. Many kids lacked that

first element... exposure... to become interested in Aviation.

In 2016, my wife (who should be Sainted) and I started the 501 c(3) "Texas Barnstorming Museum" with a single purpose... to inspire young kids into the aviation trades, like the early barnstormers. I had a 90 hp J-3, a Stearman and a bunch of projects to start. Friends came out of the woodwork and liked the idea. We began to interview students from 4 somewhat local high schools and found 8 motivated students who formed the initial cadre. Our initial idea was to provide ground school, 3 initial lessons in the Cub, and assistance to go on from there, as our facilities and time are limited for complete "in house" training. We provide, thru grants and scholarship awards, pathways for these students to continue their training at other, better equipped facilities and universities. I've got to say, we've made some mistakes, but for just being at this a couple of years, I think we are going to be ok!

As the students progressed, so too did our fleet... which now includes a Cessna 140, a 1929 Fleet Model 7, and an Aeronca Champ. The Champ and the 140 have full electrical systems, radios and transponders, which are used for the cross country training. Each student solos initially in the Cub. The big push is to get the kids into flying, with an emphasis on stick and rudder skills... trust me, they've got the electronics part whipped. Our efforts are supported by fund raisers (like the fly-in on May 11th) and grants. With the addition of the 140 and Champ, we can keep the students here for their entire PPL. Friends from work became active, and help teach the kids.

Of the initial 8 students, I think 5 will eventually go



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on professionally. Currently one is in the Baylor Aviation Program studying for her Instrument rating, 4 are high school seniors this year, and each should graduate with a PPL, a tail wheel and a high performance endorsement, 3 of these have already been accepted into various Aviation colleges. We have lost a couple due to outside interests, but they might come back around.. I hope so. All in all, not bad for a town with a population of less than 3000.

Each year, at Hallettsville Municipal Airfield (34R) we host the annual Fly-In, Pig Roast and Museum Open House. Last year the weather was a factor, but we served in excess of 500 the previous year. The kids (students... whatever, they are all like family to me) work the event. The Fly-In is always the second weekend in May. "Under your wing" camping is available Friday night and we typically show a movie on the hangar wall. We are centrally located between Houston, Austin and San Antonio, and have 3200' of paved runway, and 2600' of grass runway. The grass runway is closed for parking during the fly in.

Please visit our website www.wherelddogsfly.org for more info and pictures. I hope to see yall here.

*Thanks so much
Jim*



Letter from an Australian Cattle Station Pilot

I am writing to you because I need your help to get me bloody pilot's licence back. You keep telling me you got all the right contacts. Well now's your chance to make something happen for me because, mate, I'm bloody desperate.

But first, I'd better tell you what happened during my last flight review with the CAA Examiner.

On the phone, Ron (that's the CAA d*#"head), seemed a reasonable sort of a bloke. He politely reminded me of the need to do a flight review every two years. He even offered to drive out, have a look over my property and let me operate from my own strip. Naturally I agreed to that.

Anyway, Ron turned up last Wednesday. First up, he said he was a bit surprised to see the plane on a small strip outside my homestead, because the "ALA" (Authorized Landing Area), is about a mile away. I explained that because this strip was so close to the homestead, it was more convenient than the "ALA," and despite the power lines crossing about midway down the strip, it's really not a problem to land and take-off, because at the halfway point down the strip you're usually still on the ground.

For some reason Ron, seemed nervous. So, although I had done the pre-flight inspection only four days earlier, I decided to do it all over again.

Because the prick was watching me carefully, I walked around the plane three times instead of my usual two.

My effort was rewarded because the colour finally returned to Ron's cheeks.

In fact, they went a bright red. In view of Ron's obviously better mood, I told him I was going to combine the test flight with some farm work, as I had to deliver three "poddy calves" from the home paddock to the main herd.

After a bit of a chase I finally caught the calves and threw them into the back of the ol' Cessna 172. We climbed aboard but Ron, started getting onto me about weight and balance calculations and all that crap. Of course I knew that sort of thing was a waste of time because calves, like to move around a bit particularly when they see themselves 500-feet off the ground!

So, it's bloody pointless trying to secure them as you know.

However, I did tell Ron that he shouldn't worry as I always keep the trim wheel set on neutral to ensure we remain pretty stable at all stages throughout the flight. Anyway, I started the engine and cleverly minimized the warm-up time by tramping hard on the brakes and gunning her to 2,500 RPM. I then discovered that Ron has very acute hearing, even though he was wearing a bloody headset. Through all that noise he detected a metallic rattle and demanded I account for it.

Actually it began about a month ago and was caused by a screwdriver that fell down a hole in the floor and lodged in the fuel selector mechanism. The selector can't be moved now, but it doesn't matter because it's jammed on "All tanks," so I suppose that's Okay.

However, as Ron was obviously a nit-picker, I blamed the noise on vibration from a stainless steel thermos flask which I keep in a beaut little possie between the windshield and the magnetic compass. My explanation seemed to relax Ron, because he slumped back in the seat and kept looking up at the cockpit roof.

I released the brakes to taxi out, but unfortunately the plane gave a leap and spun to the right. "Hell" I thought, "not the starboard wheel chock again." The bump jolted Ron back to full alertness. He looked around just in time to see a rock thrown by the prop-wash disappear completely through the windscreen of his brand new Commodore. "Now I'm really in trouble."

I thought..

While Ron was busy ranting about his car, I ignored his requirement that we taxi to the "ALA," and instead took off under the power lines.

Ron didn't say a word, at least not until the engine started coughing right at the lift off point, and then he bloody screamed his head off.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

"Now take it easy Ron," I told him firmly. "That often happens on take-off and there is a good reason for it." I explained patiently that I usually run the plane on standard MOGAS, but one day I accidentally put in a gallon or two of kerosene. To compensate for the low octane of the kerosene, I siphoned in a few gallons of super MOGAS and shook the wings up and down a few times to mix it up. Since then, the engine has been coughing a bit but

in general it works just fine, if you know how to coax it properly. Anyway, at this stage Ron seemed to lose all interest in my test flight.

He pulled out some rosary beads, closed his eyes and became lost in prayer. (I didn't think anyone was a Catholic these days) I selected some nice music on the HF radio to help him relax. Meanwhile, I climbed to my normal cruising altitude of 10,500-feet. I don't normally put in a flight plan or get the weather because, as you know getting FAX access out here is a friggin' joke and the weather is always "8/8 blue" anyway.

But since I had that near miss with a Saab 340, I might have to change me thinking on that.

Anyhow, on levelling out, I noticed some wild camels heading into my improved pasture. I hate bloody camels, and always carry a loaded 303, clipped inside the door of the Cessna just in case I see any of the bastards. We were too high to hit them, but as a matter of principle, I decided to have a go through the open window.

Mate, when I pulled the bloody rifle out, the effect on Ron, was friggin electric. As I fired the first shot his neck lengthened by about six inches and his eyes bulged like a rabbit with myxo. He really looked as if he had been jabbed with an electric cattle prod on full power. In fact, Ron's reaction was so distracting that I lost concentration for a second and the next shot went straight through the port tyre.

Ron was a bit upset about the shooting (probably one of those pinko animal lovers I guess) so I decided not to tell him about our little problem with the tyre.

Shortly afterwards I located the main herd and decided to do my fighter pilot trick. Ron had gone back to praying when, in one smooth sequence, I pulled on full flaps, cut the power and started a sideslip from 10,500-feet down to 500-feet at 130, knots indicated (the last time I looked anyway) and the little needle rushed up to the red area on me ASI. What a buzz, mate!

About half way through the descent I looked back in the cabin to see the calves gracefully suspended in mid air and mooing like crazy. I was going to comment to Ron on this unusual sight, but he looked a bit green and had rolled himself into the fetal position and was screaming' his 'freakin' head off.

Mate, talk about being in a bloody zoo. You should've been there, it was so bloody funny! At about 500-feet I levelled out, but for some reason we kept sinking.

When we reached 50-feet, I applied full power but nothing happened. No noise no nothin'. Then, luckily, I heard me instructor's voice in me head saying "carb heat, carb heat." So I pulled carb heat on and that helped quite a lot, with the engine

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finally regaining full power. Whew, that was really close, let me tell you!

Then mate, you'll never guess what happened next! As luck would have it, at that height we flew into a massive dust cloud caused by the cattle and suddenly went I.F. bloody R, mate. You would have been really proud of me as I didn't panic once, not once, but I did make a mental note to consider an instrument rating as soon as me gyro is repaired (something I've been meaning to do for a while now).

Suddenly Ron's elongated neck and bulging eyes reappeared. His mouth opened very wide, but no sound emerged. "Take it easy," I told him, "we'll be out of this in a minute." Sure enough, about a minute later we emerged, still straight and level and still at 50-feet.

Admittedly I was surprised to notice that we were upside down, and I kept thinking to myself, "I hope Ron didn't notice that I had forgotten to set the QNH when we were taxiing." This minor tribulation forced me to fly to a nearby valley in which I had to do a half roll to get upright again.

By now the main herd had divided into two groups leaving a narrow strip between them. "Ah!" I thought, "there's an omen. We'll land right there."

Knowing that the tyre problem demanded a slow approach, I flew a couple of steep turns with full flap. Soon the stall warning horn was blaring so loud in me ear that I cut it's circuit breaker to shut it up.

But by then I knew we were slow enough anyway. I turned steeply onto a 75-foot final and put her down with a real thud. Strangely enough, I had always thought you could only ground loop in a tail dragger but, as usual, I was proved wrong again!

Halfway through our third loop, Ron at last recovered his sense of humour.

Talk about laugh. I've never seen the likes of it. He couldn't stop.

We finally rolled to a halt and I released the calves, who bolted out of the aircraft like there was no tomorrow. I then began picking clumps of dry grass. Between gut wrenching fits of laughter, Ron asked what I was doing. I explained that we had to stuff the port tyre with grass so we could fly back to the homestead.

It was then that Ron, really lost the plot and started running away from the aircraft. Can you believe it? I saw him running off into the distance, arms flailing in the air and still shrieking with laughter.

I later heard that he had been confined to a psychiatric institution - poor bugger!

Anyhow mate, that's enough about Ron. The problem is I got this letter from CASA withdrawing, as they put it, my privileges to fly; until I have undergone a complete pilot training course again and undertaken another flight proficiency test.

Now I admit that I made a mistake in taxiing over the wheel chock and not setting the QNH using strip elevation, but I can't see what else I did that was a so bloody bad that they have to withdraw me flaming' license.

Can you?

**Ralph H. Bell
Mud Creek Station**

□

CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2019

Next Meeting: March 16th, on Clark Field TX (3T6) Justin, TX.

We are invited to Al Hiltons' hanger for our Meeting and Lunch at Noon. The lunch will be pot luck. Members are asked to bring a Main Dish and a Salad or Dessert to share. Got spare junk in your hangar, bring it as a door prize.

For Flyers: (3T6) is on Sectional and Terminal Area charts about 3 miles north of Justin, Texas. Elev. 705ft, runway 17-35 is 1800x22 ft asphalt. Use 122.9

to announce.

For Drivers: Halfway between Ponder and Justin on FM156 turn West on Eakin Cemetery Road and go 1/2mile west to the Airport. Turn South (left) on Clark Airfield Road and follow it to the (second hangar) on left.

Upcoming Meetings 2019:

- **April 20th** - Fairview Airport Bo and Cindy Case 's hangar
- **May 18th** - Jim Austin's hangar, Northwest West Regional Airport
- **June 8th** - Bobby Jones hangar, Tailwheel Acres Airport
- **July 20th** - Open
- **August 17th** - Jim Austin's hangar, Northwest West Regional Airport
- **September 21st** - Ken and Linda Robbins' hangar, Fairview Airport
- **October 11-12th** - Ayers Aviation / Annual fly-in, Gainesville Airport
- **November 16th** - Laurie Mitchell's hangar, Fairview Airport
- **December 21st** - Golden Coral Keller Texas

Fly-Ins of Interest 2019:

April 6th and 7th - HEART OF TEXAS AIRSHOW, in Waco.
May 10-11 - Hallettsville Municipal Airfield (34R) Fly-In, Pig Roast.

July 22- 28, EAA Air Venture Oshkosh

August 28 - September1: National AAA Fly-In, Blakesburg, IA.

October 11- 12: "Fall Festival of Flight" TXAAA Annual Fly-In, Gainesville, TX. October 24 - 27: Flying M Ranch, Reklaw, TX □

Classified

FOR SALE: 1 Jacobs R-755-9 245 Hp 165 Hr smoh, 1 Stearman 220 Cont. motor mount, 1 Leise Nevill 50 amp gen, 1946 Cessna 120 airframe. Contact at (940) 367-4480 Bob Landrum 11/16

T-HANGER FOR RENT: At Clark Airport, Justin, TX. \$100.00 per month. Contact Al Hilton 972-741-4520 11/16

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Meeting Minutes February 2019

- At 12:07 P.M. Lynn Hearn led the Blessing before lunch.
- At 12:37 P.M. President Terry Wallace called the Meeting of Members to order.
- President Wallace thanked Mike Nebrig for the use of his hangar for the meeting.
- We were pleased to have a member's guest from Canada who flies a 150.
- One of our younger members will celebrate her birthday in a couple of days. She will be a young 94. Happy Birthday Ona B!
- Bo Case said he had a few extra aircraft engines so anyone who wants one is welcome to it.
- Phil Cook discussed upcoming meetings.
- Mike Clark brought some aviation books for anyone who wants them.

Previous Meeting Minutes: January Meeting Minutes were printed in February and accepted.

Old Business: None

New Business: Treasurer Laurie Mitchell gave the financial report. President Wallace announced there would be a Board Meeting following this meeting.

Next Meeting: March 16th at Al Hilton's hangar, Clark Airfield.

A motion to adjourn was made and seconded.
The meeting ended at 12:57 P.M.

Respectfully submitted by
Doug Green, Secretary
Texas Chapter AAA



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TEXAS CHAPTER ANTIQUE AIRPLANE ASSOCIATION Membership Application - Renewal Form

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Aircraft Type: _____ National
AAA No. _____

(Ownership of an aircraft is not required)

To start or renew membership in the Texas Chapter of the Antique Airplane Association please furnish the above information and send it with \$25.00 (payable to Texas AAA) to: Treasurer, Texas Antique Airplane Association, 170 Dillavou Lane, Rhome, TX 76078

Texas Chapter
Antique Airplane Association
2417 Stonegate Dr. N.
Bedford, TX 76021



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The only Requirement is a Love of Airplanes and the Fellowship of those who share that Passion.

Membership and Dues for the Texas Chapter of the Antique Airplane Association are \$25.00 per year. Visit our Web site at www.texasantiqueairplane.org or www.txaaa.org for details and a printable Application Form. New Members Dues are PRO RATED, contact an Officer for correct amount.

NOTE: Membership expires on September 30 each year. Send dues and address changes to TXAAA Treasurer, 170 Dillavou Ln. Rhome, TX 76078

The Texas Chapter supports and encourages membership in the National Antique Airplane Association.

For Information about joining the National AAA, Visit their Web site at www.antiqueairfield.com or E-mail antiqueairfield@sirisonline.com or you may write:

Antique Airplane Association, Antique Airfield,
22001 Bluegrass Road,
Ottumwa, IA 52501-8569

**See a color newsletter on
our web site at www.txaaa.org**



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