

LITE-WING NEWS

FEBRUARY
2008



THE MONTHLY PUBLICATION
OF EAA ULTRALIGHT
CHAPTER #104

President: Skip Little

Vice-President: Don McDonald

Secretary: Bucky Carter

Treasurer: Bob McComb

...NEXT MEETING THURSDAY FEBRUARY 21ST, 7:00 P.M. AT SIGNATURE AVIATION

From the President

Today is an exceptionally motivational day for writing as there is about a half inch of snow on the runway with continuing light flurries, with visibility down to less than a quarter mile at 25 degrees. Not as bad as some other areas, but it sure isn't aviatable. With yesterday being 67 degrees, and real blowy, it seemed that perhaps as the week progressed the wind would diminish and aviation could be committed, but, alas, it was not to be.

Which brings up the point of currency or the lack thereof. No, not the stuff that fills your wallet, but that of air ops. Although the lack of the former can well reduce the latter. Rather it's about getting enough. Flying, that is. It seems that as time goes by, we get older, or are there just more pill commercials on TV, advertising that we should be getting more. Flying - we're still considering flying. And lack of getting enough of that makes the muscle between our ears a little flabby. So, we should get as much as possible to keep us sharp. Flying, guys, stick with me on this - jeez!

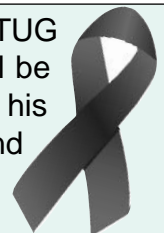
So when everything comes together to present an opportunity (for flying!!), roll the plane out and do your very best preflight. Sort of like an annual - maybe a semi-annual. When you're in the plane, warming up the engine, think take-off. Think power, rotation speed, rotation RPM, climb speed, action to take for engine out, then fly the pattern. Think about approach speed, power, altitude and position. Think descent picture, power, speed, flare and touchdown. More than one touchdown for first flight of the season is OK if you can reuse the plane.

While taxiing back for another go-around, think about your first take-off. Was it just OK, maybe you could try a smoother rotation or a different climb speed. Then do it. In the pattern, consider that last landing. How was the speed, the angle, the arrival. Set it up a little more precisely for a better result. Then do it all again so that you're really back on your game. Go try it at another field (no, not mine) to see if you really have it well in hand. And maybe a couple of other fields before you return to base.

Back at the hangar, do a good post-flight,

(continued on page 2)

It is with considerable sadness that we note the passage of fellow pilot and MTUG member Jeffrey Muth. A straight talking guy with a great sense of humor, he will be sadly missed by all. Although it seemed way too soon for Jeffrey to have made his final long cross country, he is now among the pilots who have gone before him. And to that group he will add his hangar stories, to be told under blue skies and gentle breezes. Farewell Jeffrey, and may all your landings be ten's.



especially if you have made any Navy type arrivals, do any needed maintenance, refuel and relax. Think about the orbits you made to determine what might be done somewhat differently so that you know your skills are really getting polished. Although you do this for fun, there's nothing like the feeling of a job well done. Especially when some of the ramp rats see your slick performance.

Then check the tach, log your time, go to the house and think about the next time that you're going to get a little - flying. Of course, after all, when you've done an ace job of aviating, everything is better. Yeah, you can tell by the grin! **ENJOY... Harold "Skip" Little**

FEBRUARY MTUG MEETING AGENDA

- ▶ Greetings and Announcements
 - Remembering Jeffrey Muth
 - Visitor Introductions
 - Member Happenings
 - Project Reports
 - Flight Reports
 - Anybody Been Flying?
- ▶ Old Business
 - January Meeting Minutes
 - Treasurer's Report
 - Newsletter Editor Report
- ▶ New Business
 - ELSA Registration Extension
 - Member Renewal Dues - Cash Acceptable

----- BREAK -----
- ▶ Program
 - Sport Pilot Certification
 - How To - By John Sewell

Help Promote Grassroots Aviation and EAA's New Calendar of Events

February 4, 2008 — We need your help to make EAA's new Calendar of Events website the best location online for aviation-related events and activities. How? By making sure to share all of the wonderful aviation events you're planning for this year at www.EAA.org/calendar/.

Thanks in great part to EAA Chapter 1246 (McKinney, Texas) webmaster Jim Smith, the calendar has been improved with outstanding new functionality, including powerful search functions that allow users to quickly find aviation events in their local area, or according to their area of interest. The calendar will also automatically generate useful information, such as maps, airport information, and links to the EAA Flight Planner.

To add your chapter events, visit www.EAA.org/calendar and click on "Submit Event" link. At the ensuing information page, add your name, contact information, and the information for the event. (All fields in bold must be completed before you post an event.) When finished, click "Preview Your Submission" and make sure everything is accurate. If no changes are necessary, click "Post My Event!" and the information will be loaded into the calendar. If you need to make changes, click "Make Changes" to edit your submission.

Help us make this the most comprehensive aviation events calendar on the web by filling it with as many of your local aviation events as possible. (Where better than to start than with EAA Chapter network, which conducts more than 10,000 aviation events per year?)



MINIMAX ULTRALIGHT FOR SALE

Rotax 277 with NEW points & condenser, and NEW pullstart. Like new prop gear drive. \$2800. **Call James M Cash 931-738-5776**

A Few Words About Our Friend Jeffrey Muth

Last month MTUG lost a member and I lost a dear friend. Jeffrey. He lost his battle with lung and bone cancer on January 24 2008, it was a beautiful cool, clear Thursday, and he was 54

After having some problems with his legs and back in August of last year, he was diagnosed with stage 4 large cell lung cancer. Jeffrey was a very proud man and turned to be very private to most of his friends during the last months of his fight, not wanting anyone to see him at less than what he felt was his best.

The first time I met Jeffrey he approached me in the hangar, arm extended, hand out announcing "I'm your new best friend, Jeffrey Muth". My thoughts were mixed but, you could see the enthusiasm just overflowing from him and he wanted to fly really bad as he had already bought a plane and needed some help.

From that day on, Jeffrey and his wife Judy fit right in to our little group. With the help of Todd, he learned to fly and spent nearly every weekend at the hangar flying, working on planes, grilling us all food or cutting some grass. When Jeffrey showed up you knew the entertainment had arrived, and he brought beer! Whether it was his sense of humor, slapstick antics, or his gift of playing the guitar and singing, you were sure that when he was there, it was going to be a good time. When he was flying, if you had your radio on you could hear him practicing like he was ready to take off from a large towered airport (*and he also did the towers replies!*)

The last couple of years Jeffrey and I spent a lot of time together making memories like his first solo, first cross country, fly-ins, giving each other call signs or sharing stories of our lives. He and I had much in common and on more occasions than I can remember he gave me support and guidance through tough times in my own life. Through those times he was MY best friend, as he was with the many people that knew him. That was just his way and his personality of knowing how to help someone in need, when they needed it the most.

The expanse of Jeffrey's life went well beyond being a pilot or a member of our group. He was a Loving father of two beautiful daughters, a Loving husband to his wife Judy, retired National Guard after 28 years, animal lover (he loved peacocks), skilled machinist, musician, carpenter, computer technician, and member of the Shriners and Masonic lodge, where he did many things for charity like the mini chopper motorcycle parades and much more to many people that knew him.

Jeffrey had a zest for life, always wanting to learn or do more, always turning a negative into something positive and, doing it with a smile on his face. Next time you go fly, take a moment and think of your memories of him like I do and, you may hear what I hear,

" LUV YA MAN, MUTH MAN OUT "

I will miss him very much,

Wade Lawicki

I first met Jeffrey a few years ago at Marion County Airport where the Chattanooga ultralight club was having their annual fly-in. Jeff told me of his interest in flying, but as USUA Regional Rep, I heard from a number of folks "of interest" but quite often never heard from them again. I wasn't sure Jeff was serious, but I was way off base. He was indeed serious and progressed quickly, in spite of numerous delays in his planned training. He became a good pilot. Jeff was funny and fun to be around.

I am fortunate to have known him.

Bob McComb

A Few Moments with Jeffrey

The Reverend Gary White

It was the 14th day of June when Jeffrey Muth picked me up from my office and we went to share in lunch and conversation. We talked about life and the many intersections of a networked social world. Briefly, the discussion would meander towards our labor and accompanying frustrations but, mostly, we talked about flying. In his enthusiastic way, Jeffrey was pondering a plan to use ultralights to conduct pipeline patrols and aerial surveys. The magnitude of his excitement for the financial reward of the brilliant plan encouraged me not to deflate such hopes by pointing out the illegality of the idea. Instead, another swig of peach iced tea was more attractive than being a realist. By the time the server brought us our lunch, we had moved on to the idea of flying helicopters in Sao Paulo, Brazil. We would need to learn Portuguese.

Such were the times spent with Jeffrey: moments of pure wonder, excitement, dreams and enthusiasm for making our lot in life more than it was or had been. Little did I know this was to be the last time I was to see him alive.

Two months after our lunch, thinking his flight lessons in helicopters was contributing to the pain in his lower back; he went for an MRI only to discover he had lung cancer that had metastasized into his upper and lower spine. We only spoke on the phone after his diagnosis.

Just over a year ago, Jeffrey, and his then fiancée Judy, and I met to discuss their upcoming marriage ceremony. As the minister for the event, I walked them slowly over the order of service. When we got to the "Intentions" section of the ceremony, I read to Jeffrey the words I would be reading on their wedding day, "Will you take Judy to be your wife? Will you love her, comfort her, honor and stay with her?" I told Jeffrey that the expected response at this point in the ceremony was for him to say, "I Will." He assured me there would be no problem with his answer and the tear welling in his eye assured the truth behind his commitment. Turning to Judy, I repeated the sequence of questions designed to affirm her willingness to take Jeffrey as her husband. Again, once the questions were read to her, she was to respond, "I Will." However, following her line of questions and her initial response in the affirmative, with a brief hesitation, I said that I had added an additional question, "Judy, are you really, really sure?" Everyone laughed and we agreed that, since the caterer and band had already been paid that we might as well complete the ceremony of Holy matrimony. They were clearly a couple already bound by the love shared between them.

All in attendance on their wedding day assumed that the commitment to, "love and to cherish 'til death do us part" was further off than what it ended up being. I planned on having the opportunity to have many more lunches with Jeffrey and to hear his laughter for years to come. Never did I dream that the last time I saw him grease that landing on the cool grass was, indeed, the last time.

Life/Flying Balance

by Cas Wolan

In a hangar at the airport, Where a brooding pilot blinks,
Deeply graven is the message -- It is later than you think.
The clock of life is wound but once, And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop, at late or early hour.
Now is the time you own; The past's a golden link.
Go flying now, my brother -- It's later than you think.

We measure our lives by years but, in reality, our lives are merely moments followed by moments each a gift of grace and luck. Sometimes the moments of our lives intersect with the moments of others and we depart the better for it. In life, Jeffrey gave me many wonderful moments and, even in death, memories of him urge my soul to rise out of the pedestrian routine of life and recognize that, "It's later than I think."

Gary



Remembering Jeffrey Muth



Middle Tennessee Ultralight Group

EAA Chapter 104 • Minutes of January 17, 2008 Meeting

- ▶ 22 were in attendance.
- ▶ New Guests were introduced.
- ▶ Bob McComb (our treasurer) gave the Treasury Report
- ▶ A warm and well deserved Thank You was given to Todd for the use of his hangar for the Christmas Party.
- ▶ Christmas Party report.
- ▶ Steve Turney was given Chapter Service Award "Newsletter Editor".
- ▶ There will be a head count at the next meeting so be ready to pay your MTUG Dues
- ▶ We discussed the need for an ELT for an ELSA or Experimental Amateur built plane and found although one is not required one is certainly advised.
- ▶ Todd discussed the DAR inspection that Robert Hill & Valerie gave at his hangar.
- ▶ Bruce Bolton discussed the Implications of the ELSA Deadline.
- ▶ MEETING WAS ADJOURNED.

THE DUMBEST KID IN THE WORLD?

A young boy enters a barber shop and the barber whispers to his customer, 'This is the dumbest kid in the world. Watch while I prove it to you.'

The barber puts a dollar bill in one hand and two quarters in the other, then calls the boy over and asks, 'Which do you want, son?'

The boy takes the quarters and leaves.

'What did I tell you?' said the barber. 'That kid never learns!'

Later, when the customer leaves, he sees the same young boy coming out of the ice cream store. 'Hey, son! May I ask you a question? Why did you take the quarters instead of the dollar bill?'

The boy licked his cone and replied, 'Because the day I take the dollar, the game's over!'

TO:

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