



EAA Chapter 919 Newsletter

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MEETING NOTICE!

EAA Chapter 919 Monthly Meeting. 11-14-08 at 7:00 PM at the Winona (ONA) Airport.

* = 2008 Paid
* = 2009 Paid
Membership
(\$15.00 annually)

Richard Adank *
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Al & Ruthie Farner *
Lowell & Lori Finseth *
Ren Foster *
Fred Gleiter *
Fritz Husser *
Walt & Jan Kelly *
Mike Kearns *
Bernard Kriesel *
Thomas Lee *
Russ & Helen Marsolek *
Dave & Roxie McCorquodale *
Allen & Sandy Nelson *
Larry & Sandy Nelson *
Rob Ossell *
Tom & Marilyn Owen *
Chris Shoaff * *
Jerry and Susan Smith *
Mike & Barb Thern *
Allen & Laloni Thompson *
Daryl & PJ Thompson * *
LeRoy Thompson * *
Larry Ziemer * *

Contact this chapter at
EAAONA@HBCI.COM

FAA PRIVATE PILOT QUESTION OF THE MONTH....

The most effective method of scanning for other aircraft for collision avoidance during daylight hours is to use

A) regularly spaced concentration on the 3-, 9-, and 12-o'clock positions.

B) a series of short, regularly spaced eye movements to search each 10-degree sector.

C) peripheral vision by scanning small sectors and utilizing off center viewing.

What aircraft is this?



Mark IV Cozy



This month's EAA 919 Newsletter is dedicated to Jan Kelly. Jan passed away on October 25th.....

Jan passed away from all of us on Saturday, the 25th of October. Her family was by her side.

I have known Walt and Jan for many years. Initially my contact with them was through amateur radio, where Jan was N0WRQ and Walt is KE0XI. And after that it was primarily because of aviation and EAA Chapter 919.

Walt was doing a lot of flying, renting aircraft from both Win-Air as well as from Rushford Aviation. His wife (like many of us!) kept pushing Walt to get his own airplane. In fact Jan and I would joke in front of Walt that he should just give us the checkbook, and that Jan and I would come back with a plane for him! You see, Walt really took his time finding an airplane that would work well for both himself as well as for Jan. And it paid off with the purchase of a nice Cessna 172.

I was at Rushford Airport (55Y) when Walt and Jan took ownership. And boy were they both very happy! Since that purchase Jan and Walt flew often. And it was not unusual for many of us to go up for an evening flight, and to hear them on the air.

One place that they loved to travel to was a nice short hop to the Rushford Airport. There, FBO Mike Thern always has fresh popcorn ready. That just happened to be one of Jan's favorite treats! Her and Walt would fly down there, have a small bag of popcorn, sit on the lounge deck, followed by a smooth night flight back to Winona (ONA). It does not get any better than that!



If it wasn't a trip to Rushford, the weekends would find Walt and Jan heading off to some area fly-in. Jan was "in heaven" to be flying with her husband (of almost 42 years!). Wherever he went, she went. The two were always together. And it is my belief that she will still be flying, seated right next to Walt...

One comment that I will make is that Jan was loved by all. Amateur radio people, aviation people, it does not matter. No one, ever had a bad word about Jan. She was always pleasant and kind to anyone and everyone that ever met her. Everyone loved her.

Jan...you will truly be missed. By all of us.

RLM / EAA 919 Newsletter Editor



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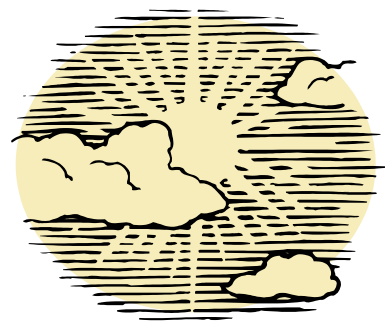
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Winona MN. Weather Almanac.

November average high temp 44°. November average low 30°. Record High 84° in 1950. Record Low -11° in 1977.

FAA Private Pilot Question of the Month. The correct answer is "B"



The 6th Annual PPC and Experimental Fall Color Fly-In was a BIG success!

Well the 2nd week in October brought some nice temps, and beautiful skies! Clear, just a little breezy....perfect Minnesota fall weather!

My day on Saturday began with a wonderful early flight from Winona to Rushford. During that flight I had mounted my video camera to the wing and that produced some nice video. And also during the flight I was greeted with a Cessna 150 coming up along side (Dan B). And at Rushford? AN EXCELLENT BREAKFEST!!! Eggs, pancakes, sausages, juice....what more could a pilot want! The ladies from EAA 919 really did a super job with ALL of the meals!

That morning the PPC'ers went off and toured SE Minnesota's scenic fall colors. "Up close and personal". Those men and women really enjoy the low-and-slow characteristics of PPC flight. And they also bring back some great photographs!

Later in the day Bill and Dan conducted the "competition". Two events open to both PPC's and fixed wing. "Precision Carrier Landings and Bomb Drops". One special note here...even though there were two categories of aircraft here, watching Bill fly his Mooney during the Precision landing completion was awesome! Trying to put a BIG, FAST plane down, close to a small line, with a low wing aircraft is not easy. In fact, in my opinion, he had the toughest challenge out of all of us. And he did great!

This fly-in was really fun for all of us I believe. And why was that? Because we all got to "play" if we wanted to! So many times the hosting EAA chapter is busy with everyone else that it becomes "work". But this time, there was work...but also play-time too. It really was fun! And my guess is that many of us will, though out the next year, be really working on our precision landings etc.

The next page shows just a few of the many wonderful moments from this fly-in. Enjoy them!

And to EAA 919, as well as to all who came from other locations; thanks. For without you all this fly-in would not even had taken place. Again, thanks, and we'll see you during the second weekend of October, 2009!

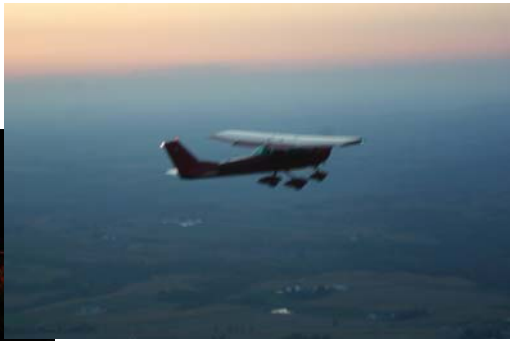
EAA Chapter 919 November Meeting

When: 11-14-2008 (note the date change due to deer hunting season).

Where: Winona MN Airport

Time: 7:00 PM.

Topics for discussion: Recap of the Fall Fly-In. Nominations for 2009 officers. New Business.



10.11.2008



Memories of 1948 NWA Crash Linger Near Winona – Associated Press

By Chris Hubbuch

August 27, 2008

FOUNTAIN CITY, Wis. — The deadliest day in area history started out like any August Sunday. The country was baking under a heat wave. Highs had been in the 90s all week, just the thing for county fairs and drying corn in the field. The state fairs were under way in St. Paul and Milwaukee.

In La Crosse, 1,500 fans watched Heileman's Lagers pound Winona 11-0 to sweep the weekend softball series. Three thousand people gathered on the Mississippi River to watch motorboat races. Aquinas and Logan football players got ready to start training for their season openers. The concert band played its last show of the summer in Myrick Park.

As the day wore on, a storm brewed.

In Chicago on that Aug. 29, **Northwest Airlines** flight 421 took off at 3:50 p.m. with 34 passengers headed to Minneapolis.

The captain was Robert Johnson, a 30-year-old South Dakota native. Like his co-pilot, David Brenner, he had joined **Northwest** in the early 1940s and had served as a civilian pilot during the war. Their hostess was a 26-year-old nurse, Mary Unga, who had joined the airline after serving in the Army.

They flew in a new Martin 2-0-2, a fast, "ultramodern" twin-engine plane designed to replace the DC-3, the commercial airlines' workhorse since the mid-1930s. They would have enjoyed luxuries like "cloud-soft seats," reading lights and air conditioning.

None could have known that the plane, in service for barely a year, was doomed.

At 4:55 p.m., cruising at 8,000 feet, Flight 421 passed over La Crosse. On a clear day, David Brenner could have looked down on his parents' Cass Street home.

The 27-year-old co-pilot had grown up there at the base of Grandad Bluff, building hundreds of model planes out of balsa wood, paper and a homemade banana oil. As a teenager, he washed planes and sold rides for Fanta-Reed air service to earn money for flying lessons. He earned his private pilot's license at 17 and his commercial license a year later.

In college, he met Jacqueline Argall. After class, he would take her up in an open-cockpit Stearman biplane, and in 1942 they were married.

Brenner joined **Northwest** in 1943 and flew mail and supply routes to Alaska. During the war, he trained Army glider pilots for the D-Day invasion.

Unga, from Dyersville, Iowa, had studied at St. Francis school of nursing in La Crosse and worked for three months at the hospital before joining the Army nursing corps and serving in the Pacific.

As they passed over the city, the crew pointed the plane to the **Northwest** and were cleared to begin their descent to Minneapolis.

Four minutes later, they radioed to report passing through 7,000 feet. They gave no indication of trouble.

It was the last transmission from the flight.

About the same time, people in Winona, Minn., were watching a storm roll in from the **Northwest**. Earl Schreiber and his father stepped outside their home on West Howard Street to check the sky and saw a plane flying below the clouds. Earl was 18, getting ready to start his freshman year at Winona State Teacher's College.

"There was a bad storm, a frightening storm," he said.

Others reported seeing the plane fly into the storm cloud.

Then things began falling from the sky.

Aluminum parts. A blue blanket. A pillow. A wallet belonging to J. W. Tinkers of Philadelphia. C.A. Carlson's hat.

Winona patrolman Ed Hittner was in his squad car at the corner of Third and Main when his radio crackled with a call about a downed plane. He was driving for Detective Tony Kamla, and they had a rookie officer in the back seat.

Hittner retired in 1964 as assistant chief. Now 91, he has lived in McAllen, Texas for 30 years, but he remembers every detail of the day.

The officers headed over the bridge into Wisconsin. A mile or so north on Hwy. 35, near Lock and Dam 5A, they saw a wing in the marsh. Hittner, a pilot himself, waded into the waist-deep water.

Hittner had a friend flying in from Denver in a BT-13 military trainer, and feared that was what he'd find. But he saw it was flush riveted and knew it was from a bigger, high speed plane.

Jack Volkel, a **Northwest Airlines** pilot who was in Winona between flights, pulled up, and Hittner showed him a piece of metal. Inside was stamped Martin 2-0-2.

"He just turned white," Hittner said.

Volkel went to call the airline to see if any flights were missing. The officers headed up the wooded, muddy hillside and began finding bodies.

Gary Schlosstein was a 20-year-old college student living at home in Cochrane for the summer.

His father, the Buffalo County district attorney, got a call about a plane crash and invited Gary to ride along. Near the Midway tavern, a police officer pointed them toward a fragment of the plane's tail.

"We knew then for sure it was not a Piper Cub," Schlosstein said.

The fuselage was on a steep slope about 50 yards down the ravine on John and Merton Sutter's farm. The tail came down near the top of another ridge. Other parts of the plane were strewn over a debris field nearly two miles long.

It was soon clear there were no survivors, although many recount the discovery Monday morning of a priest, still strapped in his seat and apparently unscratched. Some even speculated that he had lived through the night.

Schlosstein and his father stayed until the early morning as rescuers used ropes and baskets to recover the victims from the ravine.

He watched as a horse-drawn farm wagon creaked down the hillside with a load of bodies, an image the retired circuit court judge said he will never forget.

Alton Semling lived on a farm about two miles away. He remembers the storm, and then seeing lots of cars zooming by, so he drove over to see what was happening and found himself put to work.

"When you're 19, you're eager to get a look," he said.

The rescuers had formed a chain, passing stretchers up the hillside. A neighboring farmer had a Dodge Power Wagon with a winch they used to pull some of the wreckage apart. Semling remembers helping move one piece.

"It was a mess," he said. "More than this little boy could handle."

As the bodies were hauled out, they were placed on trucks and taken to the Fountain City auditorium, which served as a makeshift morgue, where relatives soon assembled to help identify and claim the victims.

Among those young people called in to help was John Breitlow, who was the son of a Winona mortician.

"That was sort of my introduction to the profession," said Breitlow, 76, who later worked in the funeral business for about a decade before becoming a college professor.

"I guess I didn't find it shocking," he said. "It was a not very pleasant job that had to be done. It was an emergency and I think we responded in an emergency manner."

News accounts at the time estimated the crash drew as many as 20,000 people. The crushed rock road was packed hard as concrete, said Willis Stuber, who worked as a hired hand on a nearby farm.

Rumors spread of looting, but there were no arrests. Most, it seemed, just wanted a glimpse of something extraordinary.

Earl Schreiber, who had seen the doomed plane pass over Winona, heard the news on the radio.

"I said, 'Dad, let's go over there and see what's happening,'" the retired schoolteacher from Ceylon, Minn., said.

They drove up on the ridge and skirted the guards as they walked into the ravine. They saw bodies, and parts of a plane.

"It was quite a shaking thing for both my dad and me," Schreiber said. "I think we were pretty quiet when we drove home."

The death toll doesn't come close to that of modern jumbo jet crashes, but at the time Flight 421 was the worst disaster in **Northwest's** 22-year history, and the first on its Chicago-Twin Cities route.

Many at the time speculated the plane had been struck by lightning. They wouldn't learn what had happened until the following summer, when the Civil Aeronautics Board released its accident investigation report.

The cause was a design flaw.

After the plane entered the storm, the left wing tip, weakened by a hairline crack, snapped under the force of the wind. As it broke free, the wing clipped the rear stabilizer, tearing off the tail section. The plane, now uncontrollable, continued on its northeast trajectory, breaking apart in the air.

A second Martin that had flown through the same storm just an hour after Flight 421 was later found to have a fatigue crack in its wing support joint.

The finding doomed the 2-0-2's future.

Martin agreed to rebuild the wings of **Northwest's** remaining fleet, but in spite of the company's creative marketing efforts, new orders evaporated.

"They were no damn good," Brenner's widow, Jacqueline, said of the 2-0-2. "Dave said after he tried it out it was like a flying boxcar."

There is no marker or memorial to the 37 people who died on Sutter Ridge, but six decades later, the hillside still coughs up pieces of the wreckage.

After the victims were removed and investigators finished combing through the wreckage, the bulk of the debris was piled onto wagons and hauled up the hill. It was sold to a Winona scrap dealer, according to reports at the time.

But much was left behind.

The plane's aluminum stairs — with bent railings but otherwise intact — sit in a field on the Sutter farm, and part of the tail sat for years in a shed.

"That's not all that unusual," especially given the time and the location, said Bill Waldock, an air crash investigator and professor of safety science at Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Prescott, Ariz.

Federal officials take what they need for their investigation, and the rest is left for the airline or its insurer. In rugged terrain where extraction is difficult, wreckage is often left behind, Waldock said.

Mary Aus and her husband, Michael, now live in a new house on the farm. Neither was born when the plane crashed, but the event has infused their memories.

Mary, Merton Sutter's daughter, remembers playing on the plane's stairs as a young girl.

Michael sometimes explores the ravine, where he has found pieces of the plane — a red cockpit warning light, bits of Plexiglass windows, the shard of a plastic plate stamped with the **Northwest** logo — and luggage.

A few years ago, he was hunting in the ravine when he found a jagged chunk of aluminum, about a foot square. He donated it to the Fountain City Area Historical Society, where it sits in a glass display case.

A spot of blood stains the olive green paint.

This article was copied and submitted by Steven Marsolek.



A CHINOOK IN WINONA!

On Tuesday the 21st of Oct I was at "Hangar #8" when I heard a unique "Whop Whop Whop". It had been many years since I had heard a helicopter with that sound, and I knew that it was not the normal medical choppers that fly into our area but rather...a military chopper!

Back in the early 70's while in the Marines, I flew quite a bit in the Chinooks as well as in Sea Stallions. And they were great. Big, noisy, but fun!

So yesterday I jumped on my trusty "Honda Trail 90" and scooted out to runway 12 to snap some photos. And when they were getting to leave I offered the crew a snappy salute to which the co-pilot did the same in return. These men (and women!) all have my deep appreciation and thanks for all that they do. After all...they are one of the reasons that we all enjoy the freedoms that we have here in the USA.

Back at the hangar I fired up the radio and had a quick chat with these guys. They were members of the Army Air national Guard out of South St. Paul, down here to practice some touch-and-goes. It certainly was fun watching them, and I hope that they, and others come back soon!