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EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



EAA 569 Contact Information

President

Tom Trumble
C: 402-540-6089
ttrumble1948@gmail.com
5545 N 17th St.
Lincoln, NE 68521

Vice President

Jerome Clinch
C: 402-499-8213
jerry@bccine.com
2741 N 81st St.
Lincoln, NE 68507

Secretary

Jerry Mulliken
C: 402-720-0125
jamulliken@gmail.com
118 S. 52nd St.
Omaha, NE 68132

Treasurer

Mark Gaffney
C: 402-304-0057
gaffneycfii@hotmail.com
7415 N 49th St
Lincoln, NE 68514

Tech Counselors

Erick Corbridge
402-499-1039
Corbe99@Yahoo.com

Tom Henry

H: 402-791-2116

W: 402-479-1540

TomHenry3@aol.com

Young Eagles Coordinator

Cristi Higgins

H: 402-217-9763

higginschristi@msn.com

Newsletter and Web Editor

Doug Volkmer

C: 402-890-2818

rv7doug@gmail.com

3720 Stockwell Circle

Lincoln, NE 68506



Meeting Announcement

Date: Tuesday, April 1st **Time:** 7:00pm

Program: Duncan Aviation Tour

Our tour guides will be Andy Bajc, Tom Henry and Erick Corbridge.

Place: Duncan Aviation, Hangar I

3831 N Park Rd, Lincoln NE 68524

Parking is west and south adjacent to Hangar I.

Enter the building at the southwest corner.



**Greetings
from
President
Tom
Trumble**

Last month's meeting was canceled due to a blizzard. A typical March day in Nebraska where we get: Summer, Fall, Winter and Spring in the course of 24 hours.

In April, we will try again for a tour of Duncan Aviation. Andy Bajc, Erick Corbridge and Tom Henry have agreed to lead. We will gather at the entrance of Duncan Hangar I (3831 N Park Road).

March is living up to its reputation of being windy. Remember to check the weather forecast before blasting off into the blue sky. These last two winter storms went from balmy calm to dangerous wind and snow in a matter of minutes.

We have all been witnessing the news of numerous aircraft accidents and near misses. I'm not sure if this apparent uptick in occurrences is real, or a product of everything we do is on camera. Maybe a combination of both. Please make sure your flight planning and weather briefing is adequate.

Jane and her Pilot

By Glen D. Witte

Doug Volkmer's monthly invitation again stimulated my urge to add a story to the EAA Monthly Newsletter. Club members contribute great stories each month and sometimes people say nice things about my weak contributions, too. The problem is that writing takes time and effort to do it well. "But what the heck. I will do it again," I told myself.

For a different perspective, I solicited a flying story that stood out in my wife's memory. You know, something like the time we arrived at the graduation right on time? Or maybe, the weather was bad but we landed and successfully rented a car for half price for the last 20 miles. You know, something pleasant. But, no, no. She remembered the bad stories. Sleeping in a shoddy motel in a little town an hour short of Lincoln to weather out a three-day blizzard. Or canceling a trip to Tennessee because there were rainless clouds that looked like downpours on radar. Or arriving after the graduation and missing the cake because of a fuel stop. I said, "Geeze! For every take-off, we had at least one landing, didn't we?" She didn't seem amused.

Jane is a fabulous passenger. And a wonderful lookout. She sees other planes miles before my eye catches a glimpse. She is excellent at reading town names on water towers, an essential skill for any competent right-seater. She never screams. She never cries. She never pukes. But she says she has no desire to handle the controls. They frighten her, she says.

Jane's memory of a precautionary landing and a long blizzard is slightly different from mine. But I will report, as faithfully as I can stand, an honest statement of the facts as she recalls. For background, I remember we were flying a rented Cessna 172, a perfect plane for a VFR pilot, on the way home to Lincoln from her parents near the Black Hills of South Dakota. The weather was lowering and the sun had set. I had decided we better stop at Norfolk for the night.

She remembers sleeping in a shoddy, drafty, small, motel hut separated from any other building. The retired, lonely, recently widowed, owner invited us for a cup of tea in his porch and Jane found him delightful. That evening, she remembers wind blasting snow against the one window for a night and day and ending after another night. She remembers the horribly slimy mold covering the block walls of the shower. She remembers finishing her one book and nothing else to read. The only channel on TV she was allowed to watch was the weather channel. She remembers missing two, maybe three days of important work.

Jane recalls that during our flight I had been calling on the radio. She said I was hoping to talk to someone at the airport. No one was answering, she remembers. She doesn't remember that I had been talking to a twin-engine in the clouds lining up for an instrument approach to Norfolk.

I remember Norfolk's VOR recentered on the dial as we finally spotted the rotating beacon. I seven-clicked the runway lights on bright for an easy landing. Except I came in a little hot. I decided to treat it

like a Missed Approach and to do a go-around, just as my instructor had taught me. This second time, I wheeled right up to the ramp. I felt pretty proud of that second landing.

Jane remembers thinking Norfolk was a larger town. I remembered thinking that flying high makes everything look smaller. Jane remembers asking the FBO guy if he heard our calls. He said he had not. She asked if he saw another plane land just ahead of us. He did not. I remember thinking how wise we were to land when we did and how great was my landing. The nice FBO guy did help us hangar the plane, she remembers, to protect it against the big snow that was coming. He also supplied us with an old car to drive into town. He recommended a couple of motels.

Jane recalls that we drove down a nice little road and came to a pretty little tree-lined creek and a narrow bridge. She recalls we drove up from the bridge and passed a big sign as we came to the edge of town. But something caught our eye. We backed up and took another look at the sign. In big, bold, capital letters, the sign read, "WELCOME TO NELIGH."



For Jane, the stay gave her the opportunity to make two new friends, although other parts of the stay were less than perfect. We call that story, "The Missed Approach to Norfolk."

For me, I later realized that even though the VOR dial was pointing right at Norfolk's VOR transmitter, the plane's nose was pointing 90 degrees to the side. The rotating beacon was not Norfolk's and I should have known better. Embarrassing!

* * *

Jane also recalls a story for which I think the Statute of Limitations may not have yet run. I worry about putting it into print. The FAA may take away my license. But hey! Maybe the FAA can't hurt me. My doctor has already stated she will not renew my Medical until she finds something wrong with my heart. (Two Rules: Never tell your doctor that you fainted. Do not let your wife see you faint.)

Jane recalls that we were flying to Denver for a godchild's graduation. For background, we remained good friends with Ernie and Kathy, a couple who lived next door to our house in a development south of Chadron. We were all raising babies at the time and Jane and Kathy and some of the other young mothers pooled limited resources and shared caring for children and arranging trips to the nearby swimming pool at the state park. Kathy and Ernie had moved back to Denver and we had moved to Lincoln. One of their children, one of our godchildren, was graduating and a big celebration was planned. We were invited. We decided to fly in the UCC Club Cessna 150, N2885S, the one Tom Winter made famous as his Bluebird of Happiness after he bought it from Wally Peterson, our Club's co-founder/benefactor/lessor. Jane was not thrilled by the plan. She thought driving was faster since

2885S couldn't beat a semi on the highway without a tailwind. And, as it turned out, a rain shower forced us to divert to the south, adding miles and a new route to our planned trip.

Jane remembers we had to make an unplanned stop for gas at a little airport somewhere in Kansas. (The Mixture knob finally impressed me with its importance. I will never ignore it again.) The difficulty was that there was no gas available. The manager reported that EPA demanded a change in the fuel storage system and the tank was not yet ready for fuel. On his advice, I recall, I had elected to fly to the next airport along the way for fuel. There were a couple of potential landing spots along the way, one being a crop duster's strip.

Jane remembers that it suddenly got really quiet. The engine quit! She remembers she started to scream. But she clinched her throat and stifled the noise. It would not help and it might distract the pilot. He is already scrambling with the controls. Then she remembers thinking, "Our babies will be orphans!" but then she remembered they are adults or nearly so. They will be ok. But, "The plane will explode in the fire!" Then, she thought, "It won't explode! The plane has no fuel." She felt better. Her brain switched back to the rational. She remembers hearing me say something about "search for the landing strip!" She quickly spotted it and tried to point it out.

I remember I ignored that help. I did not try to land on it. The plane was going down now! I had turned the plane toward the big wheat field across the highway for the safest landing spot available. I had tried to remain prepared, just as my instructors had taught me. I flew that plane all the way to the ground, just as my instructors had taught me. I remember the nose wheel hit first, contrary to my instructors' advice. I had pulled back on the yoke but, with no prop blast across the tail, the elevator demanded more aggression than the usual pull. The plane finally stopped rolling and we sat there for a few minutes, waiting for our legs to harden into bone instead of wiggly rubber.

Jane remembers we landed in the middle of a wheatfield in the middle of Kansas, with no real idea of where we were. After a few minutes, we noticed a pickup driving by on the edge of the field. The pickup stopped. Then it rolled ahead again. Then it stopped. Then it turned toward us. Later the driver said, "It is seldom I see an airplane parked in my wheat field." She remembers the driver was the crop duster. She remembers he said he was reluctant to help pilots. A

friend of his had helped another pilot who similarly had landed in a field and who later wrecked the plane and died. His friend got sued, along with others, by the family. Our guy kindly but cautiously said



he would help us. But we better not be lawyers! (We do not recall his name now. It was something like Lee or Dan. I will call him Dan.)

She recalls we tied the plane's wheel to the pickup for a pull to the gas tank and Glen and Dan's helper sat in the back to hold the plane connected while she rode up front with Dan. Jane recalls that Dan, who was a really nice guy, grilled her on our occupations. She proudly declaimed she had a good job as a supervisor and administrator for a national charitable foundation and "Glen is a self-employed businessman." But finally, she could not avoid Dan's insistent demand as to Glen's occupation. She finally had to admit that Glen was an attorney, "But not a litigator! He was just a probate attorney and only wrote wills," she had exclaimed. "He wouldn't sue anyone!" Dan just looked at her, and then broke out in a huge laugh. (I later guessed Dan didn't see any other way to get our plane out of his field, so he decided he could risk some gas.)

We finished the trip to Denver and arrived well after the last celebrant had departed. That evening, we shared a nice glass of wine with our friends in their house. During the course of the evening, Jane told our friends of our exciting landing. Ernie was an aircraft mechanic working for an airline. But he did work for others as well. He was sympathetic. (He did not, I noticed, compliment me on my skills at landing in a wheat field. Later, another pilot friend told me he thought the FAA might take my license away for running out of gas.) On Jane's description of our new friend Dan and how nice he had been in the wheat field, Ernie piped right up. "I know Dan! He is a good friend. I have flown to his landing strip to work on his crop-dusting airplane. He is a great guy! You guys landed very near Bird City, Kansas."

Since then, mentioning "Bird City, Kansas" brings a smile to Jane's face. She survived the trip and made another new friend.

As for me, it brings a feeling of guilt or shame for taking off with little fuel. Weeks later, it finally came to me that N2885S has an STC that permits the use of car gas as fuel for the plane. An alternative I had overlooked.

And so, the other perspective. Maybe kinder than my own.

The author, Glen D. Witte, is a practicing Estate Planning attorney in Lincoln, Nebraska and finds that an airplane is a mechanical marvel, an intellectual challenge, and, in the hands of a good pilot, a thing of beauty.

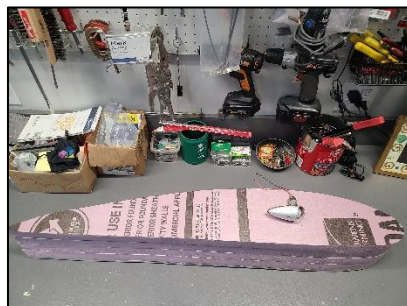
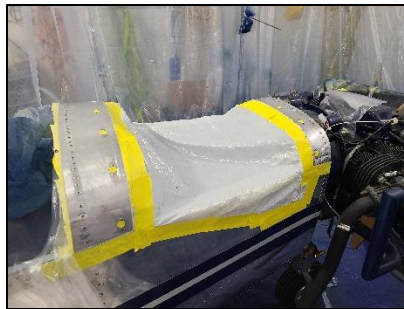
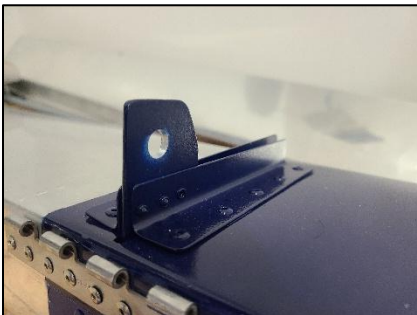
Builder's Report

(I reached out to our builders for an update on their project. We'll publish their reports as they come in. Click any picture to enlarge. – Ed)

Builder: Mark Gaffney

Project: [Teenie Two](#)

I've been staying busy with my Teenie Two project over the past year. I thought I was done with the elevator, only to discover the actuator was too long. So, last spring I re-made it and now it works according to the plans. I finished up the rudder actuator, painted it, and now the rudder is ready to be installed. My custom gas tank is almost finished. The last round of welding will take place this spring. Instead of mounting the tank with attachments on the sides, I'm planning on using tank straps like a J-3 Cub. I was able to measure the fuel capacity and I'm happy to report that it holds 8 gallons. With fuel burn at 2 ½ gallons an hour, I will have plenty of fuel. My makeshift paint booth is still in place but needs to come down, as we are adding another automobile to the fleet. Yes, Veronica will be driving soon! The painting I have left is above bulkhead A and B on the front. I simply pushed the airplane nose first into the booth and sealed up the gap with plastic sheeting. Anne was unable to attend Oshkosh last summer, so it was just Veronica and me. While at Oshkosh, she and I completed the Composite Workshop to get some hands-on training for wing tip construction. I'll start by making the shape with pink foam board and then composite over that. I didn't forget the Miracle Gloss mold release wax. Unlike a Rutan aircraft, the foam will be removed. I don't have a completion date. I have learned the devil is in the detail!



Builder: Bruce Holtmeier
Project: [Van's RV-10](#)



Finally took possession of my Lycoming IO-540 Thunderbolt 260 hp engine. I will be using dual electronic lightspeed ignition, airflow performance fuel system swinging a Hartzell Constant Speed 2 bladed metal prop with a 80" diameter. Engine lead time was 36+ months.

Month		EAA Chapter 569 Calendar
April	1	7:00pm General Meeting - Duncan Aviation Hangar I Program: Duncan Aviation Tour
	11	Young Eagles Rally - Seward, NE - 10:00am
	26	11:30am - 1:30pm Hastings Hamburger Fly in Lunch (rain or shine) - KHSI
May	2 - 4	Floatplane Adventure - Alma (H63)
	6	7:00pm General Meeting
	10	Young Eagles Rally - Fairbury, NE - 9:00am
	17	Young Eagles Rally - David City, NE - 9:00am
	31	11:30am - 1:30pm Hastings Hamburger Fly in Lunch (rain or shine) - KHSI

AirVenture 25 Poster



(July 21 – July 27, 2025)

Download and print your own poster!

[Download Home Printing Version \(no bleeds\)](#)

[Download Professional Printing Version \(Includes bleeds for professional printing\)](#)

And finally ...

P-51 Mustang



The P-51 Mustang, a long-range, single-seat, fighter-bomber became one of the most celebrated aircraft of World War II. With its Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, that produced a profound, throaty sound that conveyed immense power, it flew over 200,000 sorties and destroyed more than 9,000 enemy aircraft. After the war, surplus Mustangs went cheap, selling for as little as \$1,500.

John Cox
2279 County Road 2425
DeWitt, Nebraska 68541-2518

A big **THANK YOU** goes out to Larry Geiger for letting us store our breakfast grills and accessories in his hangar. We're still exploring our options and hope to have a location nailed down soon.