

April, 2026

Volume 51, Issue 4

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EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



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Meeting Announcement

Date: Tuesday, April 7th **Time:** 7:00pm

Program: Paul Hamer

In 1992, Paul Hamer and former SR-71 pilot, Harlon Hain, flew a 1976 Cessna 310R to third place in The First Around the World Air Race, during which they were intercepted by 2 jet fighters over the Baltic Sea.

Place: Lincoln Airport Terminal – 2nd floor meeting room

Take your parking ticket to the information booth to get free parking.



**Greetings
from
President
Tom
Trumble**

Please wear your name tags at Chapter meetings and events. It makes our events more inviting. If you need a name tag, please let me know.

Breakfast News

After a long winter, the 2026 Wahoo fly-in breakfasts will begin on Saturday, April 11th, 8:00am to 10:00am. The Nebraska Corvette Association is caravanning in so it will be cars and airplanes on display. I'm looking forward to Doug & George's omelets, Jon's pancakes and Doug E's hash browns, bacon and sausage.

Last month's meeting was held at the Lincoln Air Terminal. Lori provided some snacks and drinks that were much appreciated. Member Mat Ellison gave us an update on KC135 low level training routes. These routes are shown as VR routes on the sectionals. Example VR1521 begins and ends just northwest of the Seward airport. So, be on the lookout for KC135's at 500' or below flying these routes.

2026 50th Year Christmas Party.

Note the date has changed from December 11 to December 18, 2026 due to the caterer's schedule. In honor of this being our 50th anniversary, current members and one guest can attend free of charge.

The location will again be St. Patrick's Catholic Church, 6111 Morrill Ave, Lincoln, NE.

Minutes of the Club Meeting

The March 3, 2026 meeting was held at 7:00 pm in the Lincoln airport terminal conference room. Twenty members and two guests attended.

Mat Ellison started us off with information about the low-level training routes used by military refueling aircraft such as the KC-135. Some of these routes are shown on VFR charts as VR or IR routes. Increasingly flights are conducted at 250 knots and 500' AGL. Mat urged pilots to communicate on the area CTAF. Flight Service is the only ATC source that can brief these flights.

President Tom Trumble opened the business meeting at 8:08pm following a break for snacks provided by Lori Oliveros. Tom Winter moved, Cristi Higgins seconded, a motion to approve the minutes of the February meeting. Motion passed.

Treasurer Mark Gaffney reported the following:

Item	
Interest on CD	\$31.85
Breakfast Income	
EAA 569 Checking Account	\$7,778.79
EAA 569 Breakfast Account	\$5,560.92
Cash in Checking Accounts	\$13,339.71
EAA 569 Certificate of Deposit	\$10,000.00
Total Cash Assets	\$23,339.71

Last report cash assets. \$23,206.03

Bills to pay are as follows:

Dwana Henry is owed \$236.59 for 2025 Christmas party supplies.
 Tom Trumble will reserve the 2026 Christmas party room for \$150.
 Reimbursement as needed for meeting snacks.
 Budget of \$500 for iPad to be dedicated to Young Eagle events.

Jerry Clinch moved, Cristi Higgins seconded a motion to pay the above listed bills. Motion approved.

Young Eagles coordinator Cristi Higgins reported there will a Young Eagles event Monday, April 20th at Seward, with 37 St John's school students.

Volunteers are needed for running a booth and Young Eagles signup at the Fremont fly-in June 20. Contact for the fly-in is Cari Hoffart (402) 727-2691.

There will be a plane pull on the west ramp of the Lincoln airport on April 18. Display aircraft needed. Cristi and Paige are helping with a booth.

Cristi led a discussion of arrangements for a Harlan County camp out weekend. Proposed dates are May 15-16-17. The South Shore Marina will host us. County contacts are Steve Adriana, Alma city manager, and Ron Hawley, former airport manager. A \$500 budget was approved last meeting. Steve and Ron offered to provide transportation from the Alma airport. Or, put on your floats and taxi to the dock.

Tom Trumble is open to suggestions for celebrating this, our 50th year. Tom has emailed Josh Wells about a visit from Doc, the B-29.

Mark Basel gave a builders report on his RV-8 project. The project appears to be proceeding nicely. He invites interested persons to drop by Hangar E1.

Wayne Woldt announced that he has acquired the hot air balloon he soloed in his salad days. He plans to restore it but is not planning to repeat his famous flight over the Husker football stadium at low altitude in a Miller Lite sculpted balloon just before an Oklahoma game.

The first 2026 Wahoo fly-in breakfast will be April 11. Subsequent breakfasts will also be held on the second Saturday of the month.

Tom Trumble reported the 2026 Christmas Party will be Friday December 11, St Patrick's church. Ricky's Cafe will cater. In honor of our 50th year, members and significant others will dine at no cost. Non-members can become members for \$25 and a few clicks on our website, or pay the man for dinner only at the expense of not gaining member benefits.

Another builder's tour is tentatively being planned this year. More to come on this.

The April meeting will be at the Lincoln terminal, April 7, 2026, 7:00 pm.

There being no further business, Tom Winter moved, Tom Trumble seconded a motion to adjourn. Motion carried.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:44 PM.

Respectfully submitted,
Jerry Mulliken, Secretary

From the  Gmail

- First Commercial Astronaut Mike Melvill Died at 85 - AvBrief.com – [Click here](#)

Badlands by Air, A Kid's view

By Glen D. Witte

Dad said, "The Cowboys say they have gathered all the cattle from Fog Basin. We better check. A stray calf would never make it through the winter."

Dad never wasted much time with words. Sometimes he didn't even talk. Just pointed. If he flicked his finger, that meant, "Get with it!" And he had big fingers!

His words sounded like work to me. I had been around him all my life. I could read his words, and his finger.

Strangely, he added more words. "I'm gonna fly the Basin."

My ten-year-old ears perked up. I had never seen dad "Fly" anything. He didn't even drive fast, (except on gravel roads, according to Mom, and slower on pavement, she said.) Fog Basin was, and still is, the roughest ten square miles in the Badlands. I wondered how he was going to do that.

Cutting to the quick, I asked, "Dad, how you gonna do that?"

Dad explained. "I hired a plane and pilot from Hot Springs to fly me over the Basin. Cows have a harder time hiding from a plane. I will tell the pilot to fly low and slow."

A plane?! An honest to goodness airplane? Out here? Where will it land? The road is too narrow! Our fields all have terraces! The main field has a creek (a "crick" back then) carved through its middle. The pasture will be too bumpy! How will he land??

I asked, "Dad! How will he land?"

"Well, I suppose we have to wait and see," said Dad.

I was excited! A plane! A plane I could touch! Wow! 1960 is going to be a good year!

I was scared. The airplane I was going to touch might be a pile of iron smashed into a terrace or crick bank. This is a terrible year for a plane wreck!

I wanted to ride in that airplane! Should I ask? What if Dad says No? What if the plane can't lift us if I sit in the back? What if the plane wrecks before I can take a ride? Oh, wait, what if the plane wrecks in the badlands? Who will find us? Who will even know we wrecked? Oh, shucks, it won't wreck. Not this time! I am sure! Uh, pretty sure.

My heart was pounding. My hands were sweating. I was afraid to ask. I took my chance. "Dad, uh, can I go along?"

My sister's ears perked up, too. The eldest of my three sisters, all younger than me, chimed in with her demand for equal rights. My baby brother was too young to talk, and, even then, likely too smart to risk his life like this, anyway. "Dad," she said, "If Glen can go, can I go too?"

Mom's maternal ears had already perked up. She was now frowning. Two children down in flames? At the same time? Who will find them? Who will rescue them? "Dale," she said. "Is it safe for our kids to ride in the airplane over the Badlands?"

Dad, seldom to express emotion and certainly never anxiety or fear, said, "Well, we better wait and see."

What?? Wait and see what? (Patience was not my strong suit.) I blurted out, "What?? Wait and see what?"

Mom, wanting much more reassurance than she was hearing, verged on vetoing the whole idea. Babies were designed to walk on solid earth! They were not made to float around over knife-edged ridges and sun-baked gullies. Her babies did not need to risk such silly things. They fall off enough cliffs as it is. No need to fall further. She steadied her voice and raised a rational, logical question. (Dad liked logical questions.) "How many seats does the airplane have?"

Dad said, "Well, I don't know. The last airplane had only two seats. One for me and one for the pilot. But sometimes they fly with four seats. I guess we will just have to see when the plane gets here."

Mom looked like she had been betrayed by the judge. Whose side was he on, anyway? Think about the kids! Then an idea came to her mind. A genius Idea. A Winner! "What if the kids get air sick?"

"Hmm," Dad said. "That could be a problem."

Mom's snarl slowly turned into a victorious smile. But then . . . Jacquie, her only eldest daughter, said, "Mom, we kids get car sick. You give us a pill that stops us from throwing up. Why don't you give us a pill for flying?"

Mom seemed to collapse in defeat. Dad was no help to her. Her daughter was too fast with a solution to the problem. Mom found the pill bottle. She gave each of us the maximum pills allowed for kids our age, one. (She might of, well, I can't swear, because I did not really see, but she might have kept a couple of pills for personal use, you know, considering her long, anxious wait in case we actually took off.)

We all went outside to wait for the airplane. Dad said, "Keep watch over the hill this side of the Flying Hawks' house." The sun was shining. The air seemed still. Comfortably warm. We waited. And waited.

And we got sleepy. We didn't hear anything. Only a fly buzzing around looking for dog scraps or a mouse tail the cats might have caught.

Suddenly, Dad said, "Come on, Everyone! Jump into the car." Dad always had the best ears. He could hear a mosquito a mile away. He must have heard the airplane coming!

Dad drove us across the field to the county road. A tiny airplane came around the edge of the Flying Hawk hill. The little plane and its wings made a capital T as it grew larger and larger. It seemed to grow downward. Its three wheels could almost touch the ground. And then the wheels did touch! They touched the county road! The plane rolled on the gravel road and came to a stop right in our driveway! Its engine made a loud roar and dust flew up and around and the tail of the plane swung around and down in our driveway so that it looked like a rocket ready to shoot off for the moon!

Dad got out of the car and talked with the pilot. It seemed they were looking at a map and maybe marking corners and places to search for cows. Finally, it seems dad was getting down to the important stuff. He looked over his shoulder at us, and the pilot looked up at us. He nodded! Whoopee!!!

The pilot lifted a five gallon can out of the back seat of the plane and set it among some tall weeds in the bar pit. He mentioned something about spare gas for the ride home.

He waved and Jacque and I raced to his side. He tucked us into the tiny back seat and snapped seat belts around us. We each had a window to see outside. But the sills seemed so high! We waved at mom as she stood by the car. She held her other babies close. She turned aside dabbing her eyes. Maybe a bug flew into her eyelashes. Dad and the pilot clambered into the front seats.

Pretty soon, the engine came to life. Dust flew and it became too loud to talk. The pilot pointed the plane down the road right where he came from and soon the noise of the road stopped rumbling and the wings above lifted us up and over the highline wires. Our pink stucco house looked very clear to see, but tiny! Like a toy house. And the car. It was miniature sized! Amazing!

In only a few minutes we had flown past the Spring Field and the North Field and across White River and past Cedar Butte. We flew along the edge of Cuny Table! And Fog Basin was below us!

A trip in a car would have taken at least a half hour, maybe an hour, to make the same trip. Especially if the bridges were washed out. (One of my old bosses, years later, had a favorite saying. "We will be at the meeting, the Good Lord willing. And the creeks don't rise." We all had the same problem, with bridges.)

The ground below was rugged, jagged, broken like giant, smashed eggshells or like mountains after an earthquake. The cricks and deep gullies and sharp banks made a thousand hiding spots. I had ridden that Basin with the other cowboys and knew how cows could hide. However, from our windows high up in the air, the ground looked almost smooth! Amazing!

The plane was so noisy, we kids could not really talk. We could point, and smile and nod, but no real conversation was possible. After a while, every creek and every gully looked like all the others. We started to nod, to doze off. Dang those little white pills! Sleep was not allowed! Not in this momentous aviation milestone! We fought against sleep. Our eyelids fought us! It was a wrestling match of the highest order. We were rescued from certain defeat by the pilot’s announcement we were turning toward home. Dad was pleased. He spotted no strays left behind!

Contrary to Mom’s concerns, the flight had been smooth and perfectly safe. No problems. “There was no reason to worry, Mom.” But the landing showed me the fright, er, flight was not yet over!

Of course, our pilot chose the county road again for his landing strip. He had made it look easy before. But now I could see the tall poles that held up high the electric lines. The poles stood very near the plane’s wing tips! That problem left my consciousness as soon as the wheels touched solid earth.

In the next instant, Sudden Death appeared! We landed, coasting at full speed. A car turned onto our road ahead! A head-on collision was seconds away! Mom was right! Flying is not safe!

But as soon as Harry Flying Hawk realized the danger, he slid his car to a stop and wheeled it into the bar pit. Harry had not expected a plane to swoop down right before his eyes! Our pilot breathed a sigh of relief and made his stop and turn-around very quickly this time. “Might be another car coming around the corner!”

The flight was super great! The excitement at the end made it even more memorable. The little white pills helped us stay relaxed for several more hours. As I recall, the whole family slept most of that afternoon. We all enjoyed “A moment of revery after a very exciting morning!”

The author, Glen D. Witte, is a retired attorney and former pilot 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.

Free to Good Kitchen

Month	EAA Chapter 569 Calendar	
Apr	7	7:00pm General Meeting - Lincoln Airport Terminal - 2nd floor meeting room
	11	8:00am - 10:00am Wahoo Fly in Breakfast, EAA 569 - KAHQ
	25	11:30am - 1:30pm Hastings Hamburger Fly in Lunch (rain or shine) - KHSI
May	5	7:00pm General Meeting
	9	8:00am - 10:00am Wahoo Fly in Breakfast, EAA 569 - KAHQ
	30	11:30am - 1:30pm Hastings Hamburger Fly in Lunch (rain or shine) - KHSI



The breakfast crew did some spring cleaning in March. We are ready to give away this heat lamp. It has two 250w bulbs. The arm has 4 different height settings. Also, the 569 breakfast crew will autograph it at no cost. 😊
Let your newsletter editor know if you’re interested.

Grateful Memorial to Jeff, Wally, and Chuck

By Tom Winter

When Greg Whisler recently did some trouble-shooting on the Bluebird of Happiness I learned that Jeff Clausen had taught him to fly, and part of his training was in my Bluebird! Jeff had acquired 2885S to teach his son Jack, but I hadn't known that Greg Whisler was also an alumnus of 2885S. I'm also a Clausen alumnus, as Jeff gave me my first tailwheel instruction. I met him at the Pester Airstrip, that little slice of heaven nestled in the SW corner of 112th and Holdrege. Soon we were aloft in a Cub (of course! Jeff always had a Cub!) "Cubs are piloted from the back seat." This would take some getting used to, since there was no view ahead: it was blocked by Jeff's broad shoulders! Amid the touch-and-goes, and looking to the side, I had stupidly let myself be guided by the line of 112th street, instead of a standard pattern, and worse, I was high. "Don't think you can be sloppy just because you're in a Cub," he said. He took the controls, slipped down to a proper approach height better for landing on the 1500' Pester Airstrip.



"If you're not down in the first third, it's an automatic go-around."

Yes, it was Jeff who taught me how to

slip, and why you might need to. On the subject of training, my favorite high school teacher was Mr. Devereaux. (It was 1960, and his first name was Mister). He autographed my high school yearbook with "Never quit learning." I had no idea that it was my first pilot lesson! Mr. Dev had produced a good civilian match-up to the aviation motto "A good pilot is always learning."

Another in this string: former Latin student Collin Lysford reminds me of one of my own sayings: "Never say you're only a student. Only a dumbass ever quits being a student."

And "dumb" calls forth another nugget: Chuck Oden at LNK, a sunny day when I had just landed despite challenging winds, invited me to ride along in his Cessna 210 to Beatrice for lunch. Still a "baby pilot," I asked, "Will it be safe in this wind?" Chuck's answer rings in my ears - another pilot motto.

"We're not going to do anything dumb."

He had 600 hours in the 210. A 210 can handle more than a 150, and a 600-hour pilot can deal with more than a 60-hour pilot. I look back on Chuck fondly and count him one of my mentors. Back when I partnered with Wally Peterson, Wally and I took turns, and after his turn, he would always ask "What did I do wrong?" And during my turn, he wouldn't wait till after I landed: he'd been flying since the 50s, and felt free to be my unofficial CFI.

Another lesson came after my unintended Evel Knievel left me temporarily lame. Graduating from a walker to a cane, how better to celebrate than with a flight! After the struggle to get the plane out, and

the struggle to get me and the cane into the plane, I just sat there thinking ahead: it was February 24, 2023, and I had not flown since October 2022, and I was darned if I was going to let the nearly four-month gap screw me up. So, I spent time thinking ahead through every step. I had a thousand hours then, but that did not matter:

“Don’t think you can be sloppy!”

And now always after the planning, after the preflight, I just sit there and think my way through. I hope I always will.

Fill-R-Up!

100LL prices as reported by Airnav FBO on 3-25-26					
Prices subject to change without notice. NL=not listed					
		Dist (NM) from KLNK	/Gal.	Service	
Lnk	Duncan	0	\$ 7.67	FS	
Lnk	Atlantic	0	\$ 6.53	FS	
KCEK	Crete	16	\$ 5.02	SS	
KSWT	Seward	16	\$ 5.50	SS	
KAHQ	Wahoo	24	\$ 5.75	SS	
KBIE	Beatrice	33	\$ 5.35	ss	
KFBY	Fairbury	44	\$ 4.85	SS	Lowest
KAFK	Nebraska City	43	\$ 4.96	SS	
KPMV	Plattsmouth	39	\$ 5.70	SS	
KJYR	York	39	\$ 5.00	FS	
KAUH	Aurora	56	\$ 4.85	SS	Lowest
KFMZ	Fairmont	40	\$ 5.10	SS	
KOLU	Columbus	45	\$ 5.51	FS	
KFET	Fremont	38	\$ 5.40	ss	
OG3	Tecumseh	44	\$ 5.80	SS	
93Y	David City	29	\$ 5.25	SS	

And finally ...

Out of the paint shop



Jon Sullivan has been making great progress on his RV-8 project. It has moved from his home shop to the paint shop and is now at his hangar at KLNK for final assembly. There will soon be another RV taking to the skies!

John Cox
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