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# EAA Chapter 569 Newsletter

Lincoln, NE



## Meeting Announcement

**Date:** Sunday, December 1<sup>st</sup>

**Time:** 5:00pm (Dinner begins at 6:00pm)

**Program:** Christmas Party

**Place:** Antelope Park Closed Shelter

**Address:** Auld Pavilion Rec Center,  
1650 Memorial Dr, Lincoln NE



Scan for Google  
Map Directions

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**President's  
Message  
Tiffany  
Thompson**

As we find ourselves in December, the closing chapter of another year, I can't help but reflect on how aviation and the holiday season share a unique kind of magic. Just as flight opens up new horizons, this season brings families and friends together, inspiring joy, gratitude, and a spirit of giving. Whether through a flight in a trusty Cessna or camaraderie shared over a good beer in the hangar, aviation connects us in meaningful ways.

This letter is a bittersweet one for me, as it will be my last as your chapter president. It has been an incredible honor serving in this role, and I am deeply grateful for all the support and encouragement I've received from each of you throughout my term. I couldn't have done my job without your dedication and enthusiasm, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

As we look forward to the new year, we welcome a fresh chapter of leadership for EAA Chapter 569. I want to recognize and congratulate the new and returning board members who will step into their roles in January. I am especially thrilled to welcome Tom Trumble back as our chapter president. Tom's experience and passion for aviation will undoubtedly lead us to even greater heights.

While I am stepping aside from this position, I remain committed to our chapter's mission and look forward to continuing to share in the camaraderie and adventures that make EAA Chapter 569 so special.

Wishing you all a joyful holiday season filled with family, friends, and plenty of time in the skies.

Safe Flights and Smooth Landings,  
Tiffany Thompson  
President, EAA Chapter 569

## A Cub Introduced to a Cub

*By Glen D. Witte*

It seemed like I had barely found a tiny bit of sleepy comfort on the couch, much too early to get to work, when dad walked into the living room and said, "Let's go."

The spring morning felt hot, already, and I was still missing some sleep. I was not at all interested in leaving the sanctuary of Mom's relatively cooler house for the dusty, windy, sun-baked Badland prairie Dad called home. Third Grade was fun, I guess, but Saturdays should have some play time. Not work, work, work. Right? Surely a 10-year-old boy could have at least a few minutes to read a Roy Rogers story or a Superman comic book.

I said, "Where are we going?"

"To Grass Creek," was his laconic reply. I had no hint the trip would cast in stone my destiny.

Dad slipped into the driver's seat of the red 1958 Chevy pickup and shut his door. I climbed into the passenger seat and rolled down the window a little and slammed the door. The pickup was nearly new, only about two years old. The door wouldn't slam shut unless some air pressure could escape the tightly sealed cab. I did not have the experience to really make an independent judgment, but Dad said the pickup was better than the Willys Jeep he had used as his prior mode of transportation on the ranch.

Dad seemed to drive slowly today. At the County paved road, I opened the gate. Dad drove through and I struggled to close the gate to keep the livestock home inside the field. There were about a million more gates on this road. It finally came to me why dad brought me along.

We drove on the paved highway about a half mile south and turned off onto the Grass Creek Road, which was not graveled. It was usually bladed smooth, but many years of blading by the tribal road maintainer had made it a ditch about two feet deeper than the prairie. Rainwater made the road a muddy trap for the unwary. Wintry snows did the same. The wheel tracks in the grass paralleling the road were the bad weather road. The pickup and its Posi-traction differential made the two-wheel-drive pickup a reliable trail blazer.

At the next gate we turned south along a section line fence following what soon became merely two wheel ruts. We passed, not too close, the low boggy place where I could still remember all four Jeep wheels spinning helplessly and shooting mud balls into the air as the soggy mud held the Jeep's body in its tractionless goo. Two broken fence posts and a good one had sacrificed their wooden bodies to help the Jeep climb from its mire.

Another two miles and two more gates and we were inside the Grass Creek wheat field. The wheat field was on a higher elevation and the soil was much better suited to cultivation. The soil was sandier, less chalky, better at holding moisture, and had been farmed by Granddad since Dad was about 10 years old.

As the University Agricultural Extension Agent suggested, Dad and his father had practiced strip farming. That is, the practice of planting one strip this year and leaving the other strip fallow and plowed free of weeds. The fallow strip would absorb enough rainfall to grow a crop next year.

We drove to the orange Allis Chalmers tractor and its three bottom plow that was stopped along the edge of the field. No operator (hired man) was in sight. Dad got out and seemed to merely twiddle with the tractor. He stood beside the tractor in front of one of its large rear tires. I could not see that he was doing anything. He mumbled something about “wrong settings” and “no traction” and “weight shift.” Dad gave me no instructions and did not seem to need me. I returned to the shade of the pickup cab. I left the door open for what little whiff of breeze might come along to cool my tired impatience.

I could see no sign of human life in any direction. Home seemed like a thousand miles away. The only houses I knew of were those of Joe Angel and Clancy Kocher and Bob Johnson and the Flying Hawks now hidden by the trees lining Wounded Knee Creek in the distance.

The still quiet of the field was intensified by the buzzing of a few skinny bees looking for pollen in violets and cactus blossoms. An occasional grasshopper would cease its sawing and spring to a new blade of grass to slobber its tobacco juice in a munching frenzy. I kept an eye peeled for the possible rattlesnake that might decide to crawl near for a bit of shade under the pickup. None of those things minimized the sheer and absolute boredom.

After a while I thought I could hear the sound of an engine. It was very faint at first. It seemed to come from across the field. The sound of the engine seemed to come from the southwest, where was no road. The steep, sandy, hills made travel by auto extremely difficult in that direction. As those thoughts slowly percolated through my somnolent brain, my father seemed to hear the same engine and glanced toward the sound but with little reaction. He knew there was no road that way. Didn't he?

My curiosity slowly awakened and I searched the horizon for a glint of sunlight on a windshield, or a trail of dust rising from the wheels, or the rise and fall of the sound as the vehicle drove up and down the hilly terrain. But none of those normal signs of travel were apparent. Yet the sound did steadily increase in volume. It had to be something more than the sound of wind between the hills.

My gaze was finally rewarded with a spot in the sky. A hawk perhaps, or more likely, a buzzard circling a carcass of a cow that did not survive the winter. But the spot grew and I soon confirmed that it was an airplane. An Airplane! Never had I seen an airplane flying so low. Of course I had seen big bombers flying overhead. But they were always thousands of feet, maybe more than a mile, up in the air. Likely flying from the Air Base at Rapid City.

But this plane was coming closer! It was beautiful. Yellow. Big wings. Noisy motor out front. Wheels hanging down. And it was low! I could actually see the plane! I could see details! It was marvelous! It passed nearby and I was thrilled to be so close. But then, sadly, it passed on by. It went past the hill behind the pickup. It went out of sight. Its sound was lost. Its passing was much too soon.

I glumly settled back into the seat of the pickup and dreaded the boredom that would surely be my lot for the rest of the day, if Dad did not decide to go home some time today.

But then there was a low rumble of an engine behind the pickup. I jerked up and saw that wonderful airplane flying right toward the pickup. And then its wheels were bouncing along the ground in the wheat stubble not yet plowed by the tractor. And then it stopped, right by the pickup! I was amazed! I was thrilled again!

A man lifted his leg and slid out of the plane and ducked under the wing. He said, "Hi Dale."

Dad said, "Hi Earl. I have been looking at the hydraulics on this new tractor but I can't seem to get the setting right. I thought the hydraulics would give the drive wheels more traction in this kind of soil. But it is not working."

Earl said, "let's see what we can do. I brought the manual along and my tool box. I think we can fix it."

I heard no more of their conversation. The plane riveted my attention. Two tires in tandem on each side of the plane seemed to absorb the shocks and bumps that would have rattled any car to pieces going that fast across the field. The door on the side of the plane split in half. One half folded down and one half folded up and seemed to hook under the big wing overhead. There was not much inside. A few dials or gauges on the dash. A very light cloth seat hung down behind a gear shifter fastened to the floor like in the pickup. But not much else. Not even a gas pedal on the floor. All I could see was maybe a brake pedal and a clutch pedal. Or maybe two brake pedals, like the tractors have. But no gas pedal.

It was a dream! A thrill. An amazing thing! To even think that the flimsy, clumsy, conglomeration of wire and pipe and paint could actually lift a grown man into the air. It was miraculous!

I wanted a ride in it. I wanted to drive it. I wanted nothing more in the world than to fly!

Way too soon it became evident that Earl had fixed Dad's hydraulics problem and was ready to fly back to Chadron. Way too soon!



(Artwork by Tiffany Thompson)

Earl reached through the open door and pushed a few levers inside the plane. He stepped to the front of the plane and jerked a propeller blade. The engine fired into life, much like a tractor engine when I turned it with a crank. He hopped into the plane and in a minute revved the engine to make the plane move out of its own dusty tracks. The propeller blew up a huge cloud of dust and I had to cover my eyes to avoid instant blindness. I ran for shelter in the pickup and before I could look again the plane was already lofting into the sky and starting to disappear to the southwest.

Dad said the plane was a Piper Cub and Earl Henkens used the plane in his implement sales business and could get around much faster in the plane than he could in a car. A car would take at least two hours to drive to Chadron but Earl's plane would make the trip in about 45 minutes.

Earl Henkens's Cub was the first airplane I was able to touch, to smell, to peek into its cockpit. I remember that introduction to the Cub like it was yesterday, even though it took place more than 60 years ago. My destiny was cast in stone. I would fly. Everything else was secondary.

Since then, I did learn to fly. I could fly above the clouds. I could fly in the clouds. I could fly over fields and the waters and the prairie. Some day, I will be a jet fighter pilot, I am sure. That tiny airplane parked in a wheat field was the trigger for a lifelong lust to fly, an idea first introduced to this cub by a Cub.

*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.*

## **Minutes of the Club Meeting**

The November 5, 2024 member meeting of EAA Chapter 569 was held in Duncan Aviation Hangar "I". The meeting was called to order by president Tiffany Thompson at 7:00 PM. Nineteen members and guests attended.

On behalf of Lightspeed Aviation, Tom Trumble presented a Lightspeed Zulu headset to Toby Jordan in recognition of his first solo flight. Toby thanked the chapter for their support. Toby is a freshman on the Milford campus of Southeast Community College, specializing in advanced metal working. He aspires to work in commercial aerial application in agriculture.

Larry Bartlett, retired Duncan Aviation Chief, and certified parachute rigger, presented a tutorial on preflighting a parachute pack, and a demonstration of the initial process of inspecting and repacking a parachute.

At 8:00 pm, the business meeting resumed with president Tiffany asking for corrections to the October 1 member meeting minutes as published in the November newsletter. Hearing none, she ruled the minutes approved.

Treasurer Cristi Higgins reported \$9,161.88 in the checking account, \$3,009.48 in the breakfast account, and a certificate of deposit in the amount of \$10,000 for a total of \$22,171.36 in funds.



Secretary Jerry Mulliken noted that membership dues (\$25) are payable now and due by January 1, 2025. Chapter 569 is required to pay dues of \$460 to the national organization in December.

Jody Miller, wife of late EAA 569 member Ken Miller, established a memorial to EAA 569 at Ken's funeral. Funds in the amount of \$260 were donated by Jody. Tom Trumble moved to apply the funds to the current Ray Scholarship, since Toby's final expenses will exceed the amount of the scholarship. Mark Gaffney seconded the motion. The motion passed.

Tom Trumble announced a Young Eagles flight is organized for November 1 at Duncan Aviation. Sufficient pilots have volunteered, but ground crew personnel are needed.

Cristi Higgins reported that Axel Anderson will attend Explore Camp Session 1, and Anders Krzycki will attend Discover Camp Session 1 at EAA headquarters in 2025. Cristi will attempt to book a third slot in case an attendee can be identified.

Mary Shortridge has donated custom aprons for the breakfast crew.

Toby Jordan, Ray Scholar, has 24 hours of dual with Jon Vanderhoof, and 2 hours of solo. Funds received are \$8,800 of \$11,000 available. Expenses to date are \$4,714.15. Balance on hand is \$4,085.85. This includes funds on deposit at flight schools of \$1,976.25, and \$2,109.60 in the EAA 569 checking account. The chapter application for the 2025 Ray Scholarship is due in November.

President Tiffany presented the 2025 slate of Directors of the Board to take office January 1, 2025. The slate is as follows:

- Tom Trumble Director 1 (President)
- Jerry Clinch Director 2 (Vice President)
- Jerry Mulliken Director 3 (Secretary)
- Mark Gaffney Director 4 (Treasurer)
- Doug Volkmer Director 5 (Newsletter Editor)

Dennis Crispin voted to close nominations for directors. Cristi Higgins seconded the motion. The motion passed. Tiffany called for a vote to elect the slate of officers by show of hands. The slate was elected.

The 2024 Christmas party is on December 1, 5:00 PM to 8:00 PM in the Lincoln Antelope Park shelter, located ½ block east of the Auld Pavilion Recreation Center, 1650 Memorial Drive, Lincoln. The food will be catered by HyVee. The St. Patrick's 8th grade choir will perform. Volunteers are needed for setup and teardown at 5:00 and 7:30.

Tom Trumble moved for the chapter to donate \$150 to Lincoln Catholic Schools. Jerry Clinch seconded the motion. The motion passed.

In new business, the next EAA 569 fly-in breakfast is November 16, 2024, 8 AM to 10AM, KCEK. Float Plane Weekend will be May 2-4, 2025 at the Harlan County reservoir (H63 for water landings, 4D9 for the nearby Alma land aerodrome). Cristi Higgins offered to provide transportation between the two locations. The party will be on the dock.

The next general meeting will be January 7, 2025 at the Lincoln Municipal Terminal. The Christmas Party will serve as our December meeting.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jerry Mulliken, Secretary

### Young Eagle Rally

A Young Eagle Rally was held at the Lincoln Airport on November 10<sup>th</sup>. Chris Stokes, Mark Gaffney and George Carr volunteered their services to take these 15 kids on a circuit in their plane. Thanks to them and all the ground support for making this happen.



Chris Stokes flew them one at a time, in a Stearman.



George Carr and his group.



Mark Gaffney and his group.



### Chapter Dues for 2025

As we flip the calendar to December and round out another year, it is time to start thinking about your dues for 2025. The annual amount is \$25.

Whether you are a new member or renewing your membership, we are encouraging members to go to the Chapter website ([www.eaa569.org](http://www.eaa569.org)) and fill out the online form. To get to the form, select Join on the Chapter website home page and follow the instructions on the page. After submitting your form, you will be instructed on where to mail your \$25.

For those who wish to complete a paper form, there is a printable on the Chapter website as well.

### News from EAA Headquarters



### Questions on MOSAIC? Find the Latest!

While the general aviation community awaits the release of the final MOSAIC rule in 2025, EAA is keeping everyone up to date on what it could mean on many levels of recreational aviation.

Tom Charpentier, EAA’s government relations director, hosted an October 23 webinar that outlines the latest on the rule, which creates in effect Sport Pilot/Light-Sport Aircraft 2.0. [That webinar is archived and available for all EAA members.](#)

More information regarding possibilities within MOSAIC is also available online at [EAA.org/MOSAIC](http://EAA.org/MOSAIC). This site outlines opportunities for new and existing pilots, flight instructors, and flight schools.

While federal law prohibits the FAA from providing its internal discussions on any rule with outside organizations, [EAA’s recommendations to the MOSAIC NPRM](#) earlier this year — supported by a variety of GA organizations — are positive additions to the rule package that we believe should be included.

EAA Chapter 569 Calendar		
Month		
December	1	EAA 569 Christmas Party - Antelope Park Shelter 5:00pm
	21	8:00am - 10:00am Crete Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 569 - KCEK
January	7	6:30pm Lincoln Airport Terminal - 2nd floor conference room Parking available in any of the lots. Bring your ticket in to get it stamped for free parking. Program will be a tour of the terminal renovations.
	18	8:00am - 10:00am Crete Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 569 - KCEK
February	4	7:00pm General Meeting
	15	8:00am - 10:00am Crete Fly in Breakfast, EAA Chapter 569 - KCEK



# 'Twas the Night Before Breakfast

*By Doug Volkmer*

'Twas the night before breakfast,  
and all through the kitchen,  
nothing was in the way,  
of Dave's breakfast fixins'.

He was quite busy,  
preparing the fillings,  
for the tasty omelets,  
George would be grilling.

Bell peppers and mushrooms,  
were getting hacked,  
as Dave takes out frustration,  
with every whack.

With the morning forecast,  
calling for VFR,  
Doug knew they'd be flying,  
in from afar.

He'll be mighty busy,  
grilling the hash browns,  
for all the hungry pilots,  
coming from all around.

Jon preps his grill,  
and about to start the fire.  
He'll tailor the size of the pancake,  
to your heart's desire.

Meanwhile Harold and Lori,  
are busy thinkin',  
how much coffee,  
will they be drinkin'?

Pilots from around,  
are checking Saturday's forecast,  
"Yes, let's head to Crete,  
for an EAA breakfast!".

Saturday arrives,  
and the sky is blue,  
not a ripple in the air,  
to make the windsock move.

Out go the Cessnas,  
RVs and a Cub,  
flyin' to Crete,  
to get some fine grub.

From Fremont, from Millard,  
they enter the pattern,  
anxious to fill their plate,  
and share some plane chatter.

The hangar is filled,  
with the smell of sausage grilling,  
and some guy talking,  
about the airplane he's building.

Bruce is giving updates,  
on the build of his RV-10.  
He's about ready to hang,  
his brand-new engine.

Mark arrives in his Cessna,  
it's around 9 o'clock.  
He always has a great story,  
about flying "Doc".

George comes from Wahoo,  
in his Aeronca Champ.  
It's a sexy lookin' taildragger,  
sitting there on the ramp.

Cristi shares the news,  
about the Young Eagles rally,  
62 fifth grade kids,  
was the amazing tally.

While members put away,  
the tables and chairs,  
Edi and Helen,  
wash up the dishware.

As pilots file out,  
and preflight their plane,  
the hangar is empty,  
once more again.

Another Chapter breakfast,  
everything's put away,  
the ramp is now empty,  
til the next 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday.

Merry Christmas to all  
and to all a good flight!!



And finally ...

## Alien



Alien

The terrain can cast some interesting patterns that can only be seen by aviators. Doug Prange captured just that in this photo.

John Cox  
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