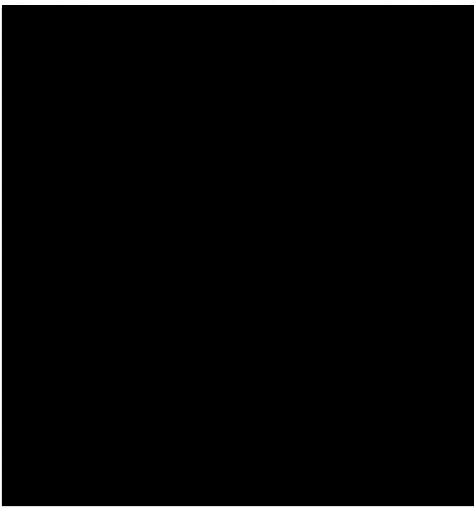




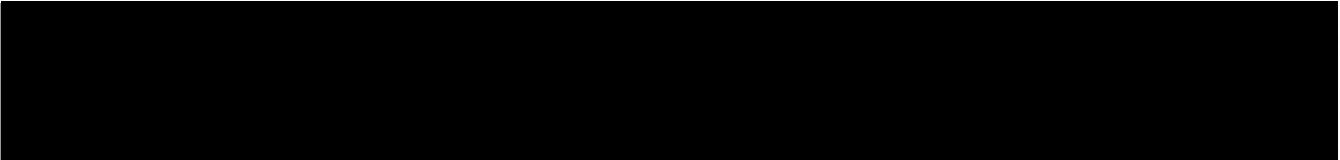
July 11, 2017

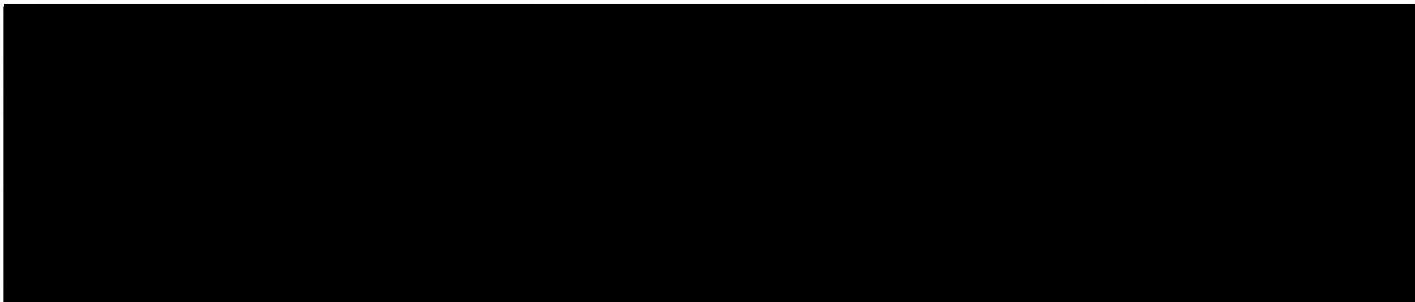


Per our conversation yesterday I am sending you my recollection of the events leading up to the off-airport forced landing of my Dad's Beech Bonanza V35 just south of Walters, Oklahoma.

Saturday morning, July 8, Mr. Robert Pohlmann and I met at the hangar to look at the newly installed vacuum pump and to bleed the brakes (they were a little squishy on my last flight). After we bled the brakes we did a preflight inspection and everything looked good. We decided to go up to Lawton, Oklahoma, which is about 20 minutes away, to do a touch-and-go and then return home to Kickapoo (KCWC) in Wichita Falls, Texas. Robert was to be pilot-in-command as I wanted to get more familiar with the KLN90B GPS from the right seat. During the run-up everything was good.

We took off and headed north toward Lawton, OK (KLaw). About 5 minutes into the flight Robert called up Approach and asked for flight following. Approach replied negative, their radar was down. So we dialed up the tower frequency on comm1 and listened to ATIS on comm2. Right after that I noticed a surging sound from the engine and asked Robert "What's that?" We both noticed the tach was no longer at 2500, it had gone up to 3000rpm. Robert adjusted the power down a couple of inches and tried to adjust the prop speed but had no luck adjusting the prop. At first he thought that we had lost the prop governor. He said we need to get back. He then noticed the oil pressure had gone to zero and said "we need to get this thing down now!" The engine was now running really rough and we were only getting partial power. Robert asked me to find the nearest airport on the Ipad or GPS. He pointed out the window and said





"There's Walters." He said "Find me the distance to Walters airport." I tried to find the distance to the Walters airport for Robert while he flew, but I had difficulty pulling it up on the iPad. It wasn't long until we noticed smoke in the cockpit. Robert opened the little window on the left side. I think it was about that time that we lost all power and it was clear that we were not going to make the Walters airport. He set us down in a newly plowed field about a mile south of the airport. The recent rain had really softened the newly plowed field and the landing gear sunk down all the way in the dirt until the belly of the plane was riding on the dirt. Both of us hit our heads on the instrument panel and we both have a few scrapes and bruises. We immediately exited the airplane and called 911.

I'll let you know if I think of anything else. It all happened so quickly! Please let me know if you have any questions.

Respectfully yours,

LaVena Wilson

