



## E A A C H A P T E R 1 0

JULY 2008

### PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR JULY

Now that July has arrived, it's time to plan a trip to Oshkosh for AirVenture. With fuel prices as high as they are, planning fuel stops will probably be worth the time. Planning will also include getting a copy of the 2008 AirVenture Notam. The Notam is effective from 6a.m. CDT Friday, July 25, to Sunday, August 3, 2008. It is available by calling 1-800-564-6322 or by downloading from either [www.airventure.org](http://www.airventure.org), [www.eaa.org](http://www.eaa.org), or from [www.faa.gov/airports/airtraffic/air\\_traffic/publications/notices/](http://www.faa.gov/airports/airtraffic/air_traffic/publications/notices/). Although tickets aren't required until Sunday, I'm sure many planes will be arriving before then.

This year's Sand Ridge Burger Bash on Sunday, June 29 had one of its best days in recent years. The day started with a flour bombing briefing at the Tiny Tiger hanger at mid-field. As an experienced pilot, I knew my shoes would be soaked after walking around the grass runway. Lacking any other suitable footwear, I showed up in a pair of snow boots. I looked distinctive in my t-shirt, shorts and boots, but my feet were dry! The bombing was fun, and if I ever think of going really high in the Cardinal, I know I can fly it in snow boots. At noon, the weather was pleasant (warm not too hot), and the rain earlier in the week stopped in time for the runway to dry out. Aircraft parking had a few soft spots, but there was room for the fifty plus planes that flew in. As everyone finished their burgers, the Grumman Wildcat based at Sand Ridge made several fly-bys. It was a rare sight for the visitors to see. By the end of the day, the cooks had grilled about 400 hamburgers, and dozens of people got to take airplane rides. The day was all we had hoped it would be.

Due to planned construction at Bartlesville airport, the date for the 2008 Tulsa Fly-in at Bartlesville has been moved forward one week from the date published earlier in the year. The new dates are Friday and Saturday, September 12 and 13. Some national publications may not be able to make the changes to their calendars, so don't be surprised if they have the old dates. Volunteers from Chapter 10 are major supporters of this fly-in, so plan to attend and volunteer for a few hours while you are there.

At this month's meeting, we will hear from Dr. Dennis Deakins, FAA Medical Examiner practicing at Riverside Airport. He will update us on items of interest to pilots and answer questions. If you have questions about your pilot physical that you would like to ask, this will be a good opportunity.

See you at the meeting,

Bhrent

# WHO WANTS TO BE OUR NEW NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Hi! How is everyone doing? With all the rain we've had this year, soaring has been really crummy in this area. It really hasn't been a factor for me though, since I haven't had time to do any flying anyway. Since my wife had to relocate to Houston a little over a year ago, I have been spending more and more time in Houston. It seems like just about every weekend is spent in Houston these days. In fact, the last three newsletters were written at Hobby airport in Houston while I was waiting for my flight to depart.

As a result of my both my traveling and work commitments, I have had little time to spend with my airplane friends here in Tulsa over the last year. The quality of our newsletter has suffered because of this. With that in mind, I feel I need to step down as your newsletter editor.

What I would like though, is for someone within our group to step up and take over the reins. I will help in the transition process so it's not like you would have to start from scratch. I will help any one who takes over as much as I can with articles, templates, and printer help. We have a printer service that does all of our printing with good quality at a low price. I will help make all the introductions required.

If you are interested in becoming our new newsletter editor, contact either Bhrent Waddell or myself and we can go from there. Please help us out with this, I would really appreciate it.

Craig

The pilot had just got settled in his seat when he pulled out a .38 Revolver and placed it on top of the instrument panel. Then he turned and asked the navigator, "Do you know what I use this for?"

The navigator replied timidly, "No sir, what's that for?"

The pilot responded, "I use this on navigators who get me lost!"

The navigator proceeded to pull out a .45 and place it on his chart table. The pilot asked, "What's that for?"

"Well, to be honest sir, "the navigator replied, "I'll know we're lost before you will."

### Who Brings Snacks?????

Please bring a snack to the membership meeting during the month that corresponds to the first letter of your last name as listed below:

January	A-C
February	D-F
March	G-H
April	I-L
May	Annual Picnic
June	M
July	N-P
August	Watermelon Feed
September	Q-S
October	T-V
November	W-Z

## RECURRING MONTHLY CHAPTER 10 EVENTS

• 1st Monday of the month	Chapter business meeting at our hangar	7:00 p.m.
• 2nd Monday of the month	Newsletter folding session at our Hangar	7:00 p.m.
• 3rd Monday of the month	Membership meeting at our hangar	7:30 p.m.
• 1st Saturday after the 3rd Monday	Pancake Breakfast at our hangar	7:00-9:30 a.m.

## CROSSWIND LANDINGS BY TERRY BOSWELL

The saga continues. From September `67 until December `69 I served as the Aide de Camp for the Commander of Eastern NORAD Region and First Air Force as part of the then Air Defense Command. My primary job was to keep my boss, Maj. Gen. Joseph L. Dickman from destroying the T-39 Saberliner provided for his use since his command was the eastern half of the US thru the DEW line in Canada extending into Greenland and Iceland. Gen. Dickman was in the class of `39 from West Point and initially assigned to bombers but was so much of a maverick until he was pushed off into fighters. Fortunately the Saberliner was slow enough that I could keep us out of most situations that exposed us to danger. He performed like he was in a slower, reciprocating powered aircraft but we were in a faster ship. If my anxiety got too high, I could always remind myself that the real exposure came when some hapless F-106B instructor came to pick up Gen. Dickman so he could slip the surly bonds of sky ...! Often their departures were almost level but still in afterburner. No doubt they were many knots above that expected of departure speeds from Stewart AFB, NY, but never mind, that was what we paid the instructor those big bucks for! I always warned the instructor to be watch the Gen. closely, anticipate the worse and practice his best tact as the Gen. did not like to be corrected!

My wife was always notified of our arrival time so she could met the Saberliner since we only owned one car poor AF Captain that we were. As we landed the crew chiefs could be over heard saying, "Well, the Gen. landed again." Finally she asked how they knew. Their reply, "If you could see the Capt. land one time you would understand." They thought my landings were better than his. He always landed unless it was a training sortie for another pilot.

I confess it took me about 75 hours in pilot training to fully understand the cross wind landing technique we refer to as the wing low. Prior to that point my landings were acceptable, just that I did not understand the purpose of cross controlling rudder and ailerons. After the 75 hour point landings were always easy until the F-4 and F-15 came into my spectrum because they were landed in a crab much as transports are today.

The Gen. drove me to distraction because he just threw the Saberliner on the ground when we landed in any cross wind. Earlier in his career he ran a couple of F-100s off the runway into the weeds using this well honed technique; throw her on the ground and the devil take the hindmost. Yes, checked up behind the rascal with his old unit. His landings were legendary! You can never trust an older flyer when you are a young Captain. I was born a couple of years ago but not yesterday! After all, their careers were behind them and I wanted mine to stay out front.

How does one tell his boss his crosswind landing techniques left a great deal to be desired? Delicately. The opportunity arose when we were going into Langley AFB, VA to critique an inspection of the 48<sup>th</sup> Fighter Interceptor Squadron. The runway was 07, winds from the north about 10 gusts to 15. With great care he was asked to add left rudder and as that lowered the left wing he should apply some right aileron so that the Saberliner tracked straight across the ground to the runway. As we descended adjustments were suggested since the winds to shift a bit. He was thrilled when his landing earned him a gold star! It felt like Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

Discretion being the better part of valor, there was no need to remind him that in `39 he should have learned how to make a cross wind landing. Since that time I doubt anyone had ever taken the opportunity to explain how to land. Fortunately the various aircraft he flew were tough enough to survive being "thrown on the ground."

A week later we returned to Langley to fire their commander. Same runway, similar cross wind so the suggestion was made to land like we had the previous week, left rudder into the wind and right aileron to hold a straight ground track. Talked him down to another superb landing. He was elated, declaring he had finally learned something new about flying, after 30 years one might add.

Next, the saga of the back course ILS or the rocket beam practice attack! There was never a dull flight with "The General!" But then, we all know that aviation has long, boring periods interspersed by moments of stark terror.

## A TRIP WITH ERNEST K. GANN BY PHILLIP GRAVES

Once, I was a hotshot commuter airline pilot in the Pacific Northwest. Being 26, slim, and not a bad looking fellow, I thought a lot of myself, even if no one else did. Flying Cessna 402s in the Puget Sound, from the busy terminal areas of Seattle and Portland, Ore., to the island strips of the San Juan Islands is one of those perfect aviation jobs...it pays a fortune in scenery and experience, but little in the way of wages. One of the side benefits of the job was the occasional meeting with a celebrity.

There was a well-known author who lived on San Juan Island; we all knew of him, but only occasionally did anyone other than the regular pilots on that run get to see him. Only when the regulars took a vacation did anyone venture into the coveted island routes for very long. One such day, I ended up taking a flight up to Friday Harbor. The regular pilot had done his best during my initial captain's training to school me in the local landmarks, ATC peculiarities, and of course, how to look as cool as possible as you taxi up to the terminal with a load of financially secure islanders heading to their cottages for the summer.

One of the local celebrities was the famed aviation author Ernest K. Gann (as if there is an Ernest B. or J. Gann). Everyone on San Juan Island either knew him or knew of him. Like most pilots, I had read all of his books and autobiographies and had placed myself in a Douglas aircraft on an American Airlines route or in a DC-6 in Burma, Africa, or Asia. To say he was a legend to me was a gross understatement; he was one of the last aviation gods still surviving in the 1980s that tied us all to that golden age of aviation: him flying a biplane past the Hindenburg on its way to Lakehurst; the birth of American Airlines; flying the Hump during World War II; and to our present day, humdrum (routine) aviation that we take for granted, but the reliability that he and other pioneers strove to achieve.

By accident or divine intervention, I at last found myself looking at a passenger manifest for San Juan

Airlines Flight 917 from Seattle-Tacoma International to Friday Harbor with the name "E. Gann" listed in seat 1A. (It's not as impressive as it sounds in a nine-passenger airplane.) As I gathered the six other mortal passengers at gate N12 for the 40-minute flight, I was surprised to see a diminutive, rumpled old guy in a P-jacket and fur-lined boots shuffling down the stairs and out to the Cessna. Trying not to embarrass myself, I only mumbled how I had read his books and admired his work. He only answered with a shrug of his slumped shoulders, a glimmer in his eyes, and a quick smile with a thousand wrinkles. Each wrinkle, I imagined, gained from thunderstorms in Buffalo, a crash in China, or a friend lost over the Pacific.

He sat behind me, quiet and contemplative. The takeoff was uneventful from Runway 16R, a right turn over Three Tree Point to the west. The Puget Sound was glistening as the sun set over the Olympic Mountains to the west. I flew north from Vashon Island, low, to give everyone a good view of beach homes and fishing trawlers puffing up the sound. Port Townsend slipped under the left wing as we droned north; a container ship was making its way from the Pacific shipping channels through Admiralty Inlet, leaving a snowy wake to mark its passing. I tried to look behind me to see if Mr. Gann was enjoying any of this, but his face was mute, looking out to the sunset over the Strait of Juan De Fuca, lost in thought; a lumpy, gnome of aviation history that seemed from another time.

The weather was stunning; a crisp fall day where great oak and alder trees stain the hills of Whidbey Island, covering them with the yellows and reds that make me think of calico cats lying on a carpet in the sun. Descending from 4,000 feet, I called our station for the current weather and runway in use. Friday Harbor was a cool 55 degrees Fahrenheit with a brisk wind from the southwest. When there is a strong southwest

(continued on next page)

wind at Friday Harbor, the air burbles over the low hills just to the west to make an uncomfortable ride for the paying folks, at best. At worst, it is a real handful if the crosswind is more than 10 to 15 knots as the airplane jumps and bounces like the proverbial cork in the surf.

Today, it was clear, but the station manager reported the wind as 210 at 15 gusting to 20 kt. This was more than I had tried in my vast three years at the airline. Without thinking, I dug my bottom deeper into the cheap foam seat, my elbows found the worn spots on the arm rests, and I unconsciously hunched my shoulders, making ready to do battle with the wind and the runway.

Cinching my seat belt, I told the folks on board to do the same. Circling over Fisherman Bay, I took a 3-mile final to line up and see how it looked. At 1,500 feet, the wind was steady, but the lower I got, the rougher it became. By the time we had the gear down and flaps out, the little town bounced beneath my left wing. Old 12F bounced and shook as I tried to keep the runway in the middle of the windshield and my lunch in my stomach. The airspeed was dancing a merry jig, the altimeter was keeping time, and my feet and hands worked like a hound dog looking for a family of gophers. More than once, I felt the stops on the ailerons and rudder telling me that this may not have a happy ending. I don't remember any technique, or deliberate act to make it land, but the old girl chirped first the right tire, then the left, as we settled to the runway like a fussy pelican coming to roost. I remember being relieved that it wasn't too rough a landing, despite the conditions that I'm sure are listed in the "Pilot Controller Glossary" as "Rough as a Cob."

I taxied clear, cowl flaps open, flaps up, boost pumps and transponder off. I opened the pilot's door as I slowly swung a wide arc in front of the little Cape Cod-style terminal building. Not to look cool, although I have been guilty of that in the past, but because after an approach and landing like that, I needed the fresh air. Normally, I jump out of the pilot's window exit to get the passenger door and baggage, and greet our paying cus-

tomers. Now, I cut the mixture knobs and listened to the big Continentals clatter to a stop. The silence was a sweet moment, a reprieve from what was ordinary for them, but a workout for me. Jerry, the lineboy, opened the airstair door for me and greeted the passengers to the end of their happy ride.

I sat for a moment, slowly taking off my David Clark headset and sliding it up on the glareshield. I looked out the window and seemed to feel the autumn breeze and taste the turning leaves for the first time. It was a beautiful day.

The passengers left, and their voices trailed off into the terminal building as I unbuckled my seat belt to get up. It was only then, I realized, someone was still in the airplane, sitting behind me. I felt a big hand on my shoulder, giving me two claps with a squeeze. I turned to meet the piercing eyes of the passenger in 1A. Mr. Gann gave a wink and in his gruff voice said, "Good job, son. That was a good landing."

I was useless for the rest of the day. I escorted him to the terminal, carried his bags, and tried to say something interesting. His wife met us, and we chatted until he finally shuffled off the tarmac in his oversize sailor jacket, bent frame, and gaunt, weathered face—just as I imagined him in *Fate is the Hunter* or *A Hostage to Fortune*.

I ferried the empty airplane back to our base in Port Angeles, alone in the dark with my thoughts. I wish I had thought of something clever to say, some way to tell him how much he and his life in aviation had inspired me to take this crazy business up as a career. I'm glad I didn't say anything; it was enough that I was there, flying for a living several generations after he had begun, and for much the same reasons. It was enough that he still knew a good approach and landing when he saw one, and told me so.

If I never pass another checkride again, I don't care. The look from that wizened face, those knowing, cheerful eyes, was enough. From one airman to another, it's enough.

## EAA CHAPTER 10 CLASSIFIED ADS

**FOR SALE BY OWNER** Glasair I/II RG, 300 hrs TTAF, Lycoming O-320 70 hrs SMOH, Lightspeed electronic ignition, High compression pistons, Large rudder, Dual sliding canopy, Panel mount GPS, xponder, intercom and more, New 3 blade MT propeller, New custom interior, Extended wing tips 80% completed, Ready for your paint, \$55,000 See at Gundy's (038), Owasso, OK Contact Mark Fridley @ 918-274-3574 or rmfridley@cox.net

**Franklin Aircraft Engine** Model 4AC171 60 HP. 3<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> bore x 3<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> stroke 6/2 C.R., s/n 2052, 1<sup>7</sup>/<sub>32</sub> venturi, Eisenman magnetos, complete, No log book, \$1000, Contact Ken Smith 698-4129.

**Lycoming O-235-0** T.C. 223, 100 HP, 2600 RPM, SM 1571-15, Two magnetos, no carburetor, otherwise complete., No logbook., \$1,000 Contact Ken Smith 698-4129.

**Lycoming O-290-D2** 135 HP, T.C. 229, no magnetos, has vacuum pump, engine damaged at L/H magneto mount area, L/H crankcase broken out, accessory case broken out, data plate is titled Lycoming Aviation Engine, No log-book, \$1,000 Contact Ken Smith 698-4129

**Waco UMF-5 Biplane** Waco UMF-5, 218 hours TTAE, 240 HP W-670 Radial, Radio, intercom, and ELT, 40 gal fuel, 350 mi range, 110 lbs baggage, 3 place, 25 awards: Grand Champion @ Biplane Expo, AAA Blakesburg, TX, Nebraska & Kansas, Oshkosh & Hondo, TX. This stunning beauty is built to Waco prints from the Smithsonian and flies better than it looks. 9500 hour build time over 12 years. Finished 2004. \$200,000. Contact John Hudec, 918-371-5029

**1946 Aeronca 7AC**, Continental A65, 6078 TT, 167 TSMOH, LSA qualified, new struts, wing spars, and cover, Millennium cylinders, 32K firm 918-371-2001

## OLDER PILOTS

Did you know that older pilots' experience out-weighs declines in physical or thinking abilities?

Over three years, older pilots' skills declined less than those of younger pilots. For some tasks, they improved more than those of younger pilots.

*Joy L. Taylor, PhD, associate director, Stanford/VA Aging Clinical Research Center, California, and leader of a study of 118 pilots, ages 40 to 69, published in Neurology.*

## FUNNIES

"Seven-Nine-Papa, we'll have to land soon. We lost an engine."

"Seven-Nine-Papa, we have you as a single-engine airplane."

"Seven-Nine-Papa, yes. That's why we'll have to land soon."

A recent study conducted by Harvard University found that the average American walks about 900 miles a year. Another study by the American Medical Association found that Americans drink, on average, 22 gallons of alcohol a year. This means, on average, Americans get about 41 miles to the gallon.

Kind Of Makes You Proud To Be An American.

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**EAA CHAPTER 10 MEMBER APPLICATION / RENEWAL FORM**

**DUES ARE \$20.00 PER YEAR - JANUARY 1ST TO DECEMBER 31ST**

Name _____ Co-pilot/Spouse _____ Address _____ City _____ State & Zip _____ E-mail Address _____ Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____ National Membership # _____	Aircraft owned _____ _____ Projects/% complete _____ _____ Bring this form to next meeting or mail to: EAA Chapter 10 Treasurer P.O. Box 1985 Owasso, OK 74055
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# EAA Chapter 10

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