

EAA CHAPTER 10

FEBRUARY 2009

PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR FEBRUARY 2009

Each year we send a young person to the EAA Air Academy. If you know someone that is interested in aviation, age 14 to 18, talk to me and we'll get you some specific info on the selection procedure. The camp is in early summer, but scheduling with EAA and the airlines requires us to select by about April 1.

At this writing we don't have a program scheduled. We are working on a couple of back-up ideas. This time of year seems to be the toughest time to get people out and interested in anything, with all the cold weather, winds, storms! Oops, just looked out the window, 70 degrees and sunshine. Well you know what I mean. Any ideas for informative, interesting people to talk to us are always happily accepted, by me or any of the officers.

There are still many people who have not paid dues for the year. You can pay at any meeting or send a check to Chapter 10, Box 1985, Owasso 74055. We have raised the dues to \$25 to cover the ever increasing cost of stamps and printing. Those that don't renew by April will be dropped from the newsletter mailing list.

As some of you probably know, our aircraft scales are now pretty well defunct. Out of the original 6 scales 4 are dead, one seems to work, and the last is highly suspect. Brent has seen some possible replacements and is researching those now. Hopefully we will have a new set soon.

I guess that's about it for now. Meeting, Monday Feb. 16, 2009, 7:30 P.M.

John Nys

President EAA Chapter 10



BATTLING THE BREEZE BY MARVIN GULLETT, DALLAS STAR-TELEGRAM

DALLAS - After four years of painstaking labor, artisans of the Vought Aircraft Retirees Club have restored an icon of U.S. aviation history, a World War II-vintage F4U Corsair fighter plane. Working with pieces and parts from several wrecked and scrapped aircraft and building many others themselves from drawings, the retirees have spent thousands of hours and hundreds of thousands of dollars re-creating a version of the distinctive, gull-winged plane that Japanese soldiers and sailors dubbed "Whistling Death."

Rebuilding the Corsair, one of two great fighter planes - the other was the Grumman F6F Hellcat - that enabled Navy and Marine pilots to dominate the skies in the Pacific theater, "has been a real work of love for the last four years," said Hank Marble, president of the Vought Aircraft Heritage Foundation.

The recently completed plane, which isn't flyable and will eventually end up in an area museum, will be rolled out for several hundred invited guests today in a hangar at

Vought Aircraft Industries west Dallas complex. Launched in 1938 to meet Navy requirements for a high-speed fighter airplane, the Corsair is the most famous aircraft designed and produced by the company founded by the aviation pioneer Chance Vought.

"It's an airplane I'm really proud of. If you read all the history of it, it's really something," said Dillon Smith, a 34-year employee of Vought who retired in 1994.

"It did what it was designed to do and that was defeat the Japanese Zero," Smith said. The first new, highly capable fighter aircraft to reach the Pacific theater early in 1943, the Corsair was initially deployed with ground-based Marine squadrons. Corsairs were flown by the famous "Black Sheep" Squadron, led by Marine Maj. Gregory "Pappy" Boyington, whose exploits were the basis for the mid-1970's television show *Baa Baa Black Sheep*. Incidentally "Pappy's" son was in the class of '62 at the Air Force Academy and just as lacking in discipline as his father.

MONTHLY CLAREMORE AIRPORT FLY-INS W/ LUNCH

Keith Fritts forwarded an e-mail announcing the beginning of monthly Fly-In Luncheons at the Claremore Regional on the last Saturday of each month. Lunch will be available for a donation from 1100-1330. Any excess donations will be shared to a local children's charity. Primary contact is Chris Ross at his website: www.okieflyers.com.

As the test pilot climbs out of the experimental aircraft, having torn off the wings and tail in the crash landing, the crash trucks arrive; the rescuer sees a bloodied pilot and asks, "What happened?"

The pilot's reply: "I don't know, I just got here myself."

Randy Crandell, Lockheed test pilot.

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 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.

NATIONAL REVIEW COMMENTS ON FLT 1549

G. K. Chesterton thought Rudyard Kipling, for all his bellicosity, best understood the arts of peace: the work of the administrator and the engineer that keeps the world going, and that is often heroic because life and death depend on its successful execution. Kipling himself could not have made this point more clearly than did the events of a recent day in the life of Chesley Sullenberger III, US Airways pilot. At the start of a routine flight from New York City to Charlotte, NC, an act of nature intervened: Canada geese collided with the engines. Air-traffic control told Sullenberger to head for Teterboro airport in northern New Jersey. Calculating that he would not make it, he decided to land in the Hudson River instead. He brought his tons of aircraft down as smoothly as may be, and, when the plane began to



fill with water, walked up and down the aisles to make sure that every passenger had gotten off safely (they had). Well done, sir, Well done indeed. From page 11, Feb. 9 [National Review](#)

WISDOM — FROM THE MILITARY MANUA L

‘If the enemy is in range, so are you.’ — Infantry Journal

‘It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed,’ — USAF Manual

‘Whoever said the pen is mightier than the sword obviously never encountered automatic weapons.’ Gen. MacArthur

‘You, you, and you... panic. The rest of you come with me.’ — U. S. Marine Corp. Gunnery Sgt.

‘Tracers work both ways.’ — U. S. Army Ordnance

‘Five second fuses only last three seconds.’ — Infantry Journal

‘Any ship can be a mine sweeper. Once.’

‘Never tell the Platoon Sergeant you have nothing to do.’ — Unknown Marine Recruit

‘If you see a bomb technician running, try to keep up with him.’ — USAF Ammo Troop

‘Though I fly through the Valley of Death, I shall fear no evil. For I am at 50,000 feet and climbing.’

‘You’ve never been lost until you’ve been lost at Mach 3.’ — Paul F. Clickmore (test pilot)

‘The only time have too much fuel is when you’re on fire.’

‘If the wings are traveling faster than the fuselage, it’s probably a helicopter—and therefore unsafe.’

‘When one engine fails on a twin-engine airplane you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash.’

‘Even with ammunition, the USAF is just another expensive flying club.’

‘If a pilot screws up, the pilot dies. If ATC screws up...the pilot dies.’

‘Never trade luck for skill.’

The three most common expressions (or famous last words), in aviation are: “Why is it doing that?”

“Where are we?” And

“Oh S...!”

‘Airspeed, altitude, and brains. Two are always needed to successfully complete the flight.’

‘Mankind has a prefect record in aviation; we never left one up there!’

MARINE REPORTS HIS FLIGHT 1549 HUDSON DITCHING

(Editors note: This article first appeared on the internet about a week ago. I think you'll find the story very inspiring.)

This is from a Partner at Heidrick & Struggles who was on Flight 1549.

Thursday was a difficult day for all of us at the firm and I left the Park Avenue office early afternoon to catch a cab bound for LaGuardia Airport.

I was scheduled for a 5pm departure, but able to secure a seat on the earlier flight scheduled to leave at 3PM. As many of us who fly frequently often do, I recall wondering if I'd just placed myself on a flight I shouldn't be on!

Just prior to boarding I finished up a conference call with my associate, Jenn Sparks (New York), and our placement, the CIO of United Airlines. When I told him that I was about to board a US Airways flight, we all had a little fun with it.

I remember walking on the plane and seeing a fellow with grey hair in the cockpit and thinking "that's a good thing... I like to see grey hair in the cockpit!"

I was seated in 8F, on the starboard side window and next to a young business man. The New York to Charlotte flight is one I've taken what seems like hundreds of times over the years. We take off north over the Bronx and as we climb, turn west over the Hudson River to New Jersey and tack south. I love to fly, always have, and this flight plan gives a great view of several NY landmarks including Yankee Stadium and the George Washington Bridge.

I had started to point out items of interest to the gentleman next to me when we heard a terrible crash - a sound no one ever wants to hear while flying - and then the engines wound down to a screeching halt. 10 seconds later, there was a strong smell of jet fuel. I knew we would be landing and thought the pilot would take us down no doubt to Newark Airport. As we began to turn south I noticed the pilot lining up on the river still - I thought - en route for Newark.

Next thing we heard was "Brace for impact!" - a phrase I had heard many years before as an active duty Marine Officer but never before on a commercial air flight.

Everyone looked at each other in shock. It all happened so fast we were astonished!

We began to descend rapidly and it started to sink in. This is the last flight. I'm going to die today. This is it. I recited my favorite bible verse, the Lord's Prayer, and asked God to take care of my wife, children, family and friends.

When I raised my head I noticed people texting their friends and family....getting off a last message. My blackberry was turned off and in my trouser pocket...no time to get at it. Our descent continued and I prayed for courage to control my fear and help if able.

I quickly realized that one of two things was going to happen, neither of them good. We could hit by the nose, flip and break up, leaving few if any survivors, bodies, cold water, fuel. Or we could hit one of the wings and roll and flip with the same result. I tightened my seat belt as tight as I could possibly get it so I would remain intact.

As we came in for the landing, I looked out the windows and remember seeing the buildings in New Jersey, the cliffs in Weehawken, and then the piers. The water was dark green and sure to be freezing cold. The stewardesses were yelling in unison "Brace! Brace! Brace!"

It was a violent hit - the water flew up over my window - but we bobbed up and were all amazed that we remained intact.

There was some panic - people jumping over seats and running towards the doors, but we soon got everyone straightened out and calmed down. There were a lot of people that took leadership roles in little ways. Those sitting at the doors over the wing did a fantastic job...they were opened in a New York second! Everyone worked together - teamed up and in groups to figure out how to help each other.

I exited on the starboard side of the plane, 3 or 4 rows behind my seat through a door over the wing and was, I believe, the 10th or 12th person out. I took my seat cushion as a flotation device and once outside saw I was the only one who did....none of us remembered to take the yellow inflatable life vests from under the seat.

We were standing in 6-8 inches of water and it was freezing. There were two women on the wing, one of

whom slipped off into the water. Another passenger and I pulled her back on and had her kneel down to keep from falling off again. By that point we were totally soaked and absolutely frozen from the icy wind.

The ferries were the first to arrive, and although they're not made for rescue, they did an incredible job. I know this river, having swum in it as a boy. The Hudson is an estuary - part salt and part fresh water - and moves with the tide. I could tell the tide was moving out because we were tacking slowly south towards Ellis Island, the Statue of Liberty, and the Battery.

The first ferry boat pulled its bow up to the tip of the wing, and the first mate lowered the Jacobs ladder down to us. We got a couple people up the ladder to safety, but the current was strong pushing the stern of the boat into the inflatable slide and we were afraid it would puncture it...there must have been 25 passengers in it by now. Only two or three were able to board the first ferry before it moved away.

Another ferry came up, and we were able to get the woman that had fallen into the water on the ladder, but she just couldn't move her legs and fell off. Back onto the ladder she went; however, the ferry had to back away because of the swift current. A helicopter arrived on station (nearly blowing us all off the wing) and followed the ferry with the woman on the ladder. We lost view of the situation but I believe the helicopter lowered its basket to rescue her.

As more ferries arrived, we were able to get people up on the boats a few at a time. The fellow in front of me fell off the ladder and into the water. When we got him back on the

ladder he could not move his legs to climb. I couldn't help him from my position so I climbed up the ladder to the ferry deck where the first mate and I hoisted the Jacobs ladder with him on it...when he got close enough we grabbed his trouser belt and hauled him on deck. We were all safely off the wing.

We could not stop shaking. Uncontrollable shaking. The only thing I had with me was my blackberry, which had gotten wet and was not working. (It started working again a few hours later).

The ferry took us to the Weehawken Terminal in NJ where I borrowed a phone and called my wife to let her know I was okay. The second call I made was to Jenn. I knew she would be worried about me and could communicate to the rest of the firm that I was fine. At the terminal, first responders assessed everyone's condition and sent people to the hospital as needed. As we pulled out of Weehawken my history kicked in and I recall it was the

site of the famous duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr in 1804. Thankfully I left town in better condition than Mr. Hamilton who died of a mortal wound the next day! I stayed with my sister on Long Island that evening, then flew home the next day.

I am struck by what was truly a miracle. Had this happened a few hours later, it would have been pitch dark and much harder to land. Ferries would no longer have been running after rush hour and it would not have been the same uplifting story. Surely there would have been fatalities, hypothermia, an absolute disaster!

I witnessed the best of humanity that day. I and everyone on that plane survived and have been given a second chance. It struck me that in our work we continuously seek excellence to solve our client's leadership problems. We talk to clients all the time about the importance of experience and the ability to execute. Experience showed up big time on Flight 1549 as our pilot was a dedicated, trained, experienced professional who executed flawlessly when he had to.

I have received scores of emails from across the firm and I am so grateful for the outpouring of interest and concern. We all fly a great deal or work with someone who does and so I wanted to share this story - the story of a



miracle. I am thankful to be here to tell the tale.

There is a great deal to be learned including: Why has this happened to me? Why have I survived and what am I supposed to do with this gift? For me, the answers to these questions and more will come over time, but already

I find myself being more patient and forgiving, less critical and judgmental.

For now I have 4 lessons I would like to share:

1. Cherish your families as never before and go to great lengths to keep your promises.
2. Be thankful and grateful for everything you have and don't worry about the things you don't have.
3. Keep in shape. You never know when you'll be called upon to save your own life, or help someone else save theirs.
4. When you fly, wear practical clothing. You never know when you'll end up in an emergency or on an icy wing in flip flops and pajamas and of absolutely no use to yourself or anyone else.

Thanks to all who have reached out ...I look forward to seeing you soon!

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 (O38), Owasso, OK Contact Mark Fridley @ 918-274-3574 or rmfridley@cox.net

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

Lycoming O-235-O 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

THE GARBAGE TRUCK PRINCIPLE

A lady is taking a taxi to the airport when a car suddenly cuts in front of them. The taxi driver slams on his brakes and avoids a collision while the other driver curses, shouts, and gives him the finger. The taxi driver just smiles and waves. "Why did you do that?" the lady asks. "That guy could have hit us and sent us to the hospital." The driver then explains the principle of the garbage truck.

Many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage...frustration, anger, and disappointment. As their garbage piles up they need a place to dump it and sometimes they'll dump it on you. Don't take it personally. Just smile, wave, wish them well, and move on. Don't take their garbage and spread it to other people at home, at work, or on the streets.

CRAIG, PLEASE OMIT THIS LINE, ALSO SIZE THE F4U ON PAGE 8 PLEASE

The bottom line is that successful people do not let garbage trucks take over their day. Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets, so..."Love the people who treat you right; pray for the ones who don't.."

Life is 10 per cent what you make it and 90 per cent how you take it.

A retired couple decides to walk a couple of miles a day to stay in shape. To make sure they walk two miles, they walk a mile away from the house the first day. As they turn for home, the husband asks the wife if she's too tired to make it back home and she says "oh, no. I'm not tired at all." That's when he says "you go back by yourself, and when you get home, get the car and come get me."

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Note: For security purposes, you must remove the "9" from the front of the listed e-mail address to make it valid.

**EAA CHAPTER 10 MEMBER APPLICATION/RENEWAL FORM
DUES ARE \$25.00 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



EAA Chapter 10

P.O. Box 1985
Owasso, OK 74055

We're on the web!

eaa10.org

NEXT MEETING: FEBRUARY 16, 2009 @ 7:30

WHO BRINGS THE SNACKS: DELTA THRU FOXTROT

