

EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION



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

NOVEMBER `09

PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR NOVEMBER `09

We finally have some of the glorious fall weather that we all have been expecting. It got here just in time for the B-17 visit. New records were set for people flown, ground tours, and sales of memorabilia. Our thanks go out to Terry Hines and all the volunteers.

This month's meeting will be the Pie Auction. We donate pies, pay ridiculous prices to buy them back, and have a ball doing it. The proceeds help defray the cost of the Christmas Party, with overages going for Academy or Young Eagles expenses. Jim Smith has agreed to do the auctioning again. He signed on last year with wonderful results.

Did I mention the Christmas Party? The tickets will be on sale at the November meeting. Still \$30 per couple for Jamil's Prime Rib and Chicken with all the fixings. Saturday December 12th, at 6 P.M. We have about 80 spots available, so don't procrastinate. Attendees are asked to bring a gag gift clearly marked for male or female, so everyone has something to open.

Fly Safe,

John Nys

“PRESS ON” SMITH BY TERRY BOSWELL

One spring morning in `62 Capt. “Press On” Smith, Air Officer Commanding for the 10th Cadet Squadron, USAF Academy was completing his weekly hair cut in the Cadet Barber Shop. As his barber completed his work he stepped back and asked, “How about it, Capt. Smith, should I put a bit of this hair tonic on?” Capt. Smith quickly noted his objection with, “Goodness no, my wife will think I’ve been in a French whorehouse!”

As he was paying his barber another barber nearby was completing his customer, a Chief Master Sergeant. He asked equally innocently, “How about it Chief, should I put on a bit of this hair tonic?” The Chief without missing a beat replied, “Yea, go ahead, my wife has never been into a French whorehouse to know what one smells like!”

Naturally news of this occurrence went around the Cadet Wing with lightning speed. Capt. “Press On” carried his familiar handle because this was his normal reply to questions from the cadets under his authority, ‘all ba..s and no forehead!’

But this is not the end of the story. In May `72 Col. “Press

On” Smith was the commander of the 432nd Tactical Fighter Wing, Udorn Royal Thai Air Base. This wing provided our aerial escorts during the Linebacker Series of F-4 strikes into North Vietnam. When his group flew and he lead we called these “Colonel’s Day.” Between us girls, we much preferred the escort by the Captains like Ritchie, Madden, Lodge or Locker. Their skills were unequal. The Captains had 16 confirmed kills between them. “Press on”, nil!

One morning “Press On” was leading the escorts. After dropping off the tankers he determined he should test his M61 Gatling gun. He said he selected the gun on the weapons select panel just above his left knee. The select switch has three positions, up for radar missiles, center for heat missiles and down for the gun. Then he gently squeezed the trigger expecting to tap off a few rounds ascertaining that his gun was not jammed. Unfortunately he had not moved the select switch from radar missiles. Instantly the right aft AIM-7E radar guided missile launched. It was 16 feet long, white and about \$700K. Two days later he again tested his gun with the same result. Neither AIM 7 was guided but our comments were well focused on his inability to read and complete his checklist.

COMING EVENTS AND BOARD ACTIONS BY TERRY BOSWELL

16 November, EAA Chapter 10 Annual Pie Auction by Jim Smith, Auctioneer Exceptional, 1930 or 7: 30 PM, Bring your favorite pie and be ready to bid on the phenomenal offerings sure to be present.

21 November, EAA Chapter 10 Monthly Pancake Breakfast,

28 November, Claremore Airport (GCM) Fly-in or Drive-in, 1130–1300

12 December EAA Chapter 10 Christmas Dinner (First 80 only, tickets \$30/couple see Jim Gallaway for tickets, first come, first served)

Thanks to John Kurt and team for completing repairs on our roof before winter sets in. This should solve our leak issues and preserve our roof for several more years. We appreciate the early completion bonus John Nys paid!

We are considering adding an extension to our hangar to the east for storage of our chairs and tables as well as our locker and the locker for others groups that utilize our facilities. Questions, see John Nys.

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.

REKLAW CELEBRATES 25th ANNIVERSARY by Bhrent Waddell

Dave and Marcia Mason of the Flying M Ranch hosted the 25th annual Reklaw fly-in on Oct 23 – 25, 2009. It is known as the Reklaw fly-in because it is outside Reklaw, Texas. For the spelling challenged, that's Walker spelled backwards. The fly-in that started on an airstrip in the middle of the pine trees of east Texas 25 years ago has been affectionately called the "Best damn fly-in in Texas." This year about 500 aircraft and hundreds of people attended the event. The grass strip in the pine trees is known to be difficult to find even with good maps and a GPS. Once found, the ups and downs of the runway, although smooth, have surprised many pilots that have found themselves airborne again after their first touchdown. The Mason's have tried to provide the essentials for a good campout. With the support of local EAA chapter members, reasonably priced meals are served from Friday evening through Sunday breakfast. A refreshment stand, hot showers, ice for ice chests and an evening campfire are provided. For the less hardy, bus transportation is available to motels some 45 minutes away. This year Friday night's wait for the bus was a little longer than planned because no one could find the keys to the rental van. Everyone did get to their motels with the help of some volunteer drivers.

Although the weather at Reklaw was perfect for a fall campout, the initial flight from Tulsa was a little gloomy. The ceiling was about 3,000 feet when Terry Hines and I left Sand Spring's Pogue airport a little after nine o'clock on Friday morning in my Cardinal. Fortunately, we had a strong tailwind and the skies cleared near the Red River. We took a slight detour en route to go to Air Park Dallas, 4 miles north of Addison Airport so I could buy a folding bike I had found on Craig's list. This was okay with Terry since he needed to buy a tent before we reached Reklaw and he wanted to practice using a new Flight Cheetah hand held GPS unit. After we landed at Air Park Dallas, Terry went tent shopping while I waited to see the bike. While waiting, I ventured into a vacant house thinking it might be a FBO. I entered the split-level building on the top floor and decided to go down stairs. No lights were on in the building and my eyes were still adjusting to the darker light. After cautiously stepping down several steps, both feet splashed into about a foot of water. It's a good thing it wasn't 10 feet deep because I would have drowned. Since we were going to camp, I had dry shoes with me. After drying off, I completed the bike deal and loaded it into the Cardinal. A little while later, Terry returned with a tent and lunch. We left Air Park Dallas and the class B airspace and still had a good tailwind on to Reklaw. Thanks to the 3 GPS receivers, 2 VORs, a current sectional, and two sets of eyes, we found Reklaw on the first pass. While on downwind, we wanted to see where the other Tulsa flyers were camped. We simply looked for Paul Shireman's green Ran's Coyote and saw it and the other in the southwest corner of the camping area.

Once on the ground, we enjoyed two days of airplanes, friendly people, good food and great weather. The Tulsa planes included an RV-4, RV-6, RV-8, 2 Cessna Cardinals, Piper Cherokee, four Ran's Coyotes, and a Pulsar. Probably the largest plane attending was a Russian AN-2 bi-plane that made several smoking "high speed" passes. Reklaw has been the site of the South Central Cub Migration for years. Many of the Cubs and other planes made fly-bys through out the fly-in. The yellow Cubs flying down the runway below the green pine treetops are a beautiful sight. Colorful Piper Cubs were well represented and many of their pilots were recognized at the Saturday evening's barbeque meal. After the meal, everyone had a chance to win one of the many door prizes.

Sunday morning's departure found us with a good tailwind again. On the way to Tulsa, Terry had a chance to practice using his new GPS unit, and I practiced instrument approaches. The weekend was full of good sights and sounds just I had hoped it would be.

A PILOTS REPORT OF NO. 13 FROM THE RAID ON TOKYO

This is an excellent first hand account by the pilot of the # 13 aircraft on the Doolittle Raid off the carrier Hornet in 1942. Because of its length it will be published in sequence. It is by Edgar "Mac" McElroy, Lt. Col., USAF (Ret.). Lt. Col. "Mac" McElroy passed away at his residence in Lubbock, TX early on the morning of 4 April 2003. This article will be in four parts. It is my understanding there are only 9 survivors of this raid at this time. I was familiar with the Doolittle Raiders because they kept their brandy and silver goblets at the Academy. They are now on display at the Air Force Museum in Wright Patterson AFB, OH.

My name is Edgar McElroy. My friends call me "Mac". I was born and raised in Ennis, TX, the youngest of five children, son of Harry and Jennie McElroy.

Folks say that I was the quiet one. We lived at 609 North Dallas Street and attended the Presbyterian Church. My dad had an auto mechanic's shop downtown close to the main fire station. My family was a hard working bunch, and I was expected to work at dad's garage after school and on Saturdays, so I grew up in an atmosphere of machinery, oil and grease. Occasion-ally I would hear a lone plane fly over and would run out in the street and strain my eyes against the sun to watch it.

Someday, that would be me up there! I really liked cars and I was always busy on some project and it wasn't long before I decided to build my very own Model-T out of spare parts. I got an engine from over here, a frame from over there, and wheels from someplace else, using only the good parts from old cars that were otherwise shot. It wasn't very pretty but it was all mine. I enjoyed driving on the dirt roads around town and the feeling of freedom and speed. That car of mine could really go fast, 40 miles per hour!

In high school I played football and tennis and was good enough at football to receive an athletic scholarship from Trinity University in Waxahachie. I have to admit that sometimes I day dreamed in class and often times I thought about flying my very own airplane and being up there in the clouds.

That is when I even decided to take a correspondence course in aircraft engines. When-ever I got the chance I would take my girl on a date up to Love Field in Dallas. We would watch the airplanes and listen to those mighty piston engines roar. I just loved it and if she didn't, well that was just too bad.

After my schooling I operated a filling station with my brother, then drove a bus and later had a job as a machinist in Longview, but I never lost my love of airplanes and my dream of flying.

With what was going on in Europe and in Asia, I figured that our country would be drawn into war someday, so I decided to join the Arm Air Corps in November of 1940. This way I could finally follow my dream. I reported for primary training in California.

The training was rigorous and frustrating at times. We trained at airfields all over California. It was tough going and many of the guys washed out. When I finally saw that I was going to make it, I wrote my girl back in Longview, TX. Her name was Agnes Gill. I asked her to come to California for my graduation, and on yeah, also to marry me. I graduated on July 11, 1941. I was now a real, honest-to-goodness Army Air Corps pilot. Two days later, I married "Aggie" in Reno, NV. We were starting a new life together and were very happy.

I received my orders to report to Pendleton, OR and join the 17th Bomb Group. Neither of us had traveled much before, and the drive north through the Cascade Range of the Sierra Nevada's was interesting and beautiful. It was an exciting time for us. My unit was the first to receive the new B-25 medium bomber. When I saw it for the first time I was in awe. It looked so huge. It was so sleek and powerful. The guys started calling it the "rocket plane," and I could hardly wait to get my hands on it. I told Aggie that it was really something! It reminded me of a big old scorpion, just ready to sting! Man, I could barely wait!

We were on our way back to CA on December 7th when we got word of a Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. We listened with mixed emotions to the announcement on the radio, and the next day the declaration of war. What the President said, it just rang over and over in my head, "With confidence in our armed forces, with the un-bounded determination of our people, we will gain the inevitable triumph. So help us God." By gosh, I felt as though he was talking straight to me! I didn't know what would happen to us, but we all knew that we would be going somewhere now.

The first week of the war, we were back in OR flying patrol at sea looking for possible Japanese submarines. We had to be up at 0330 hours to warm up the engines of our planes. There was 18 inches of snow on the ground, and it was so cold that our engine oil congealed overnight. We would place big tarps over the engines that reached down to the ground. Inside this tent we used plumbers blow torches to thaw out the engines. I figured that my dad would be proud of me, if he could see me inside this tent, the engines were warm enough to start.

A PILOTS REPORT OF NO. 13 FROM THE RAID ON TOKYO

We flew patrols over the coast of OR and WA from dawn until dusk. Once I thought I spotted a sub and started my bomb run even had my bomb doors open, but I pulled out of it when I realized it was just a big whale.

Lucky for me, I would have never heard the end of that! Actually it was lucky for us that the Japanese didn't attack the west coast, because we just didn't have a strong enough force to beat them off. Our country was in a real fix now, and overall things looked pretty bleak to most folks. In early February, we were ordered to report of Columbus, SC. Man, this Air Corps sure moves a fellow around a lot! Little did I know what was coming next!

After we got settled in Columbus, my squadron commander called us all together. He told us that an awfully hazardous mission was being planned, and then he asked for volunteers. There were some of the guys that did not step forward, but I was one of the ones that did. My co-pilot was shocked. He said "You can't volunteer, Mac! You're married, and you and Aggie are expecting a baby soon. Don't do it!" I told him that "I got into the Air Force to do what I can and Aggie understand how I feel. The war won't be easy for any of us"

We that volunteered were transferred to Eglin Field near Valparaiso, FL in late February. When we all got together, there were about 140 of us volunteers, and we were told we were now part of the "Special B-25 Project."

We set about our training, but none of us knew what it was all about. We were ordered not to talk about it, not even to our wives. In early March we were called in for a briefing, and gathered together in a big building there on the base. Somebody said that the fellow who's head of this thing is coming to talk to us, and in walks Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle. He was already an aviation legend, and there he stood right in front of us. I was truly amazed just to meet him.

Col. Doolittle explained that this mission would be extremely dangerous and that only volunteers could take part. He said that he could not tell us where we were going, but he could say that some of us would not be coming back. There was a silent pause; you could have heard a pin drop. Then Doolittle said that anyone of us could withdraw now, and that no one would criticize us for this decision. No one backed out! From the outset, all volunteers worked from early morning hours until well after sunset. All excess weight was stripped from the planes and extra gas tanks were added. The lower gun turret was removed, the heavy liaison radio was removed, and the tail guns were taken out and more gas tanks were put aboard. We extended the range of that plane from 1000 miles out to 2500 miles.

Then I was assigned my crew. There was Richard Knobloch, the co-pilot, Clayton Campbell, the navigator, Robert Bourgeois, the bombardier, Adam Williams, the flight engineer, and gunner and me, Mac McElroy, the pilot. Over the coming days, I came to respect them a lot. They were a swell bunch of guys, just regular All-American boys.

We got a few ideas from the training as to what type of mission that we had signed on for. A Navy pilot had joined our group to coach us at short takeoffs and also in shipboard etiquette. We began our short takeoff practice. Taking off with first a light load, then a normal load, and finally overloaded up to 31,000 lbs. The shortest possible take-off was obtained with flaps full down, stabilized set three-fourths, tail heavy, full power against the brakes and releasing the brakes simultaneously as the engine revved up to max power. We pulled back gradually on the stick and the aircraft left the ground with the tail skid about one foot from the runway. It was a very unnatural and scary way to get airborne! I could hardly believe it myself, the first time I took off with a full gas load and dummy bombs within just 700 feet of runway in a near stall condition. We were, for all practical purposes, a slow flying gasoline bomb!

In addition to take-off practice, we refined our skills in day and night navigation, gunnery, bombing, and low level flying. We made cross country flights at tree-top level, night flights and navigational flights over the Gulf of Mexico without use of a radio. After we started that short-field takeoff routine, we had some pretty fancy competition between the crews. I think that one crew got id down to about 300 feet on a hot day. We were told that only the best crews would actually go on the mission, and the rest would be held in reserve. One crew did stall on takeoff, slipped back to the ground, busting up their landing gear. They were eliminated from the mission.

Doolittle emphasized again and again the extreme danger of this operation, and made it clear that anyone of us who so desired could drop out with no questions asked. No one did.

On one of our cross country flights we landed at Barksdale Field in Shreveport, and I was able to catch a bus over to Longview to see Aggie. We had a few hours together, and then we had to say our goodbyes. I told her I hoped to be back in time for the baby's birth, but couldn't tell her where I was going. As I walked away, I turned and walked backwards for a ways, taking one last look at my beautiful pregnant Aggie. (To be continued)

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-235-0 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

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

Acreage for Sale: 2.5 Acres with 330' of Runway frontage, Airman Acres Airfield, Collinsville, OK. Sets on dead end road. No covenants. Secluded area. Build exactly what you desire. \$67,500 Darren 918-857-2728.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

There are a few joint use air bases in the Air Force. Usually the military occupies one side of the airfield and civilian activity is limited to the other. One afternoon at the field the control tower in the middle of the runway received a call from an air craft asking, "What time is it?"

The tower responded, "Who is calling?"

The Aircraft replied, "It makes a lot of difference..." If it is a commercial flight, 3 o'clock. If it is an Air Force plane, 1500. If it is a Navy aircraft, 6 bells. If it is an Army craft, the big hand is on 12 and the little hand is on 3. If it is a Marine Corps aircraft, it's Thursday and 120 minutes to 'Happy Hour.'

FIGHTER PILOTS!

Q: How do you know if there is a fighter pilot at your party?

A: He'll tell you!

Q: What's the difference between God and fighter pilots?

A: God doesn't think he's a fighter pilot!

Q: What's the difference between a fighter pilot and a jet engine?

A: A jet engine stops whining when the plane shuts down!

Q: What can you tell a fighter pilot?

A: Not much!

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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

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