



## EAA CHAPTER 10

JANUARY 2010

### PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR JANUARY 2010

Welcome to a new year. I trust we will continue to see the growth and increased participation for EAA Chapter 10 this year to cap events from last year. For one, better weather is forecast in the near term which we sorely need. My last comments in November reflected a superb Indian Summer but that seems only a distant memory now. In fact, of late, the heating system in my shop and hangar has had difficulty keeping up with the deep chill of the past few weeks. The Pie Auction in November was a resounding success because of your participation and Jim Smith's auctioning. We look forward to other achievements like this.

Jim Birkenstock, Director of the Tulsa Air and Space Museum, is scheduled to bring our January program on the 18<sup>th</sup> at 1930. Jim has been in the forefront of efforts to keep aviation active and growing in Tulsa. I am sure we will find his discussion on the First Rocket Plane Race interesting and challenging. The race is scheduled for March 13, 2010. When and where we are asked to participate as volunteers I am sure many of you will rise to the occasion as you have for the B-17 rides, Young Eagles, and building maintenance. Jim's push is to bring rocket racing to America as another spectator sport combining the challenges of aviation and dynamic flight profiles. We wish this endeavor success.

As a reminder it is time to renew your membership for 2010 if you haven't already done so. Jim Gallagher is ready to receive your checks.

The Nys have experienced difficulties with our internet access since moving to Airmen's Acres. The service by AT & T has not measured up to what we had grown accustomed to from Cox. Certainly our new location is a factor. No matter the cause the lack of service can be an issue if you attempt to contact me via the internet.

Again, I look forward to a challenging and rewarding year for EAA Chapter 10. We hope to send one or more young people to the EAA Academy this summer so we will be working this issue from planning to fruition quickly. If you know of a solid aviation candidate please give their name to me or another member of our board.

Fly Safe,  
John Nys

## BOARD DOINGS BY TERRY BOSWELL

The Board met on 4 January at 1900 and opened a new chapter in club profiles because we are now officially known as the “Kitchen Cabinet” so Mr. Roosevelt has nothing on us. Perhaps we should acknowledge how cold it was. In fact, two of your erstwhile members managed to spin out in their cars so lets hope they can fly better than they drive. Never mind the glazed ice road at Gundys.

Please turn in your 2010 membership Dues to Jim Gallagher so we can determine who receives our newsletter and clean up our records.

The January program will be presented by Jim Bridenstine of the Tulsa Air and Space Mu-

seum. Jim tell us about the first ever Rocket Plane Race scheduled for 13 March 2010 in the Tulsa area. Jim has been working hard from his position within rocket planes to bring races between rocket plane into the public eye as a rival to NASCAR. No doubt he will WOW us with his plans for the 13th. I am sure he will need volunteers to work this show. EAA Chapter 10 has an enviable record of volunteering so we do hope many of us will step up and assist. We understand rocket planes are attention getters because their exhaust noise is greater than an F-16 in afterburner. If you have a vivid imagination you will probably believe they are louder than an F-4 Phantom II.

## ONGOING EVENTS BY TERRY BOSWELL

A. Claremore Airport Fly-In 30 Jan., 1130, lunch & prizes

B. DC-3/C-47 75th Anniversary bash to join AirVenture 26 Jul—1 Aug. `10, @ Wittman Regional A/P

C. Still have a paper certificate? These expire after 31 March `10. Mail processing takes 4 to 6 weeks but on-line process only 7 to 10 days. See me if you need an address or web page link via [www.faa.gov/licenses](http://www.faa.gov/licenses)

D. Holland recently experienced the consequences of requiring all aircraft to be equipped with Mode S. To the point, a SNAFU. We installed a Mode S in our RV-10 and were pleased with the data presentation near ATL.

### 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.

## I WAS THE SUPERSONIC SURVIVOR BY BEN SHERWOOD

In the rarefied world of fighter pilots, Brian Udell is known as the Supersonic Survivor. He's the only airman ever to survive ejecting at sea level from a jet going faster than Mach 1, the speed of sound. Incredibly, Udell endured a sustained load of 45 g. Given his weight -- 195 pounds -- that means he faced g forces of nearly 9,000 pounds, the equivalent of an RV trailer parked right on top of him. On April 18, 1995, Udell was flying an F-15E tactical jet fighter off the coast of North Carolina on a routine training exercise. An experienced pilot who has flown more than one hundred combat missions, Udell also served as an F-15E instructor. Almost instantly, he sensed something wasn't right with his plane and it was heading straight toward the ocean. The entire drama -- from that simple right turn to a life-or-death situation -- had taken only five or ten seconds, fewer than it takes to read this sentence.

At 10,000 feet, Udell's jet shattered the Mach 1 barrier of 769 miles per hour. Udell realized it was too late to save the plane. "Bail out! Bail out! Bail out!" he commanded. Udell watched the cockpit canopy slide back. He saw a white flash of light and an enormous wind blast. And then there was only darkness. Udell's parachute opened just five hundred feet over the water. He quickly realized his helmet and mask had been ripped off by the windblast. In the hospital, he would learn that all of the blood vessels in his face had exploded, his lips swelled up like hot dogs, and his head inflated to the size of a watermelon. The life preserver around his neck was no use -- it had been sliced into ribbons during the ejection. His gloves and watch were gone, too. A one-man life raft was supposed to be hanging at the end of a fifteen-foot cord attached to his right hip, and he prayed that it hadn't been shredded. One moment he was dry. The next, he was ten feet under water. Udell felt the salt burn his wounds, and he struggled to the surface. Now he was alone some sixty-five miles off the North Carolina coast in five foot seas without a life vest.

First, he tried a frog kick and realized how badly his legs were damaged. Three of his four limbs didn't work. Swimming wasn't really an option. He tried to pull himself onto the life raft, but with only one functioning arm, he couldn't get leverage. Every time he pulled himself up onto the lip of the raft, a wave knocked him off. Udell knew he was burning through adrenaline and wouldn't be able to keep going much longer. Finally, he put his head against the raft, closed his eyes, and said to himself: This is it. I'm going to die tonight. His eyes well up with tears as he remembers his decision to stop fighting for his life and to start praying. Broken and battered, he cried out: "God, I need help." Udell prayed to the Lord to let him see his pregnant wife Kristi give birth to their first child. He suddenly felt a surge of energy. Summoning all his strength, he made one last attempt to pull himself onto the raft. This time, instead of knocking him off, a gentle wave nudged him to safety.

Four hours later, a Coast Guard helicopter plucked Udell from the Atlantic. When air force investigators arrived at the hospital, one said, "You're not supposed to be here. The human body isn't designed to handle that." Udell and his partner Dennis White ejected at almost the same exact moment. The circumstances were almost identical, and yet White was killed instantly.

Why did Udell survive when his partner perished? "I have no clue," he says. "Those are things that are a mystery." Like many survivors, Udell is deeply modest about what he endured. "There's nothing superhuman about me," he says. "I'm a normal guy." Incredibly, within ten months of the accident, Udell was flying F-15s again and went on to serve two more tours in Iraq. At 3:36 pm on September 7, 1995, Udell witnessed the birth of his son Morgan Daniel. All of his prayers in the Atlantic had been answered. "This is what you fight for. This is what you live for," he says. "Pain is temporary. This is eternal."

Today, Brian is a captain with Southwest Airlines.

## A PILOT'S REPORT OF NO. 13 FROM THE RAID ON TOKYO

Within a few days of returning to our base in Florida, we were abruptly told to pack our things. After just three weeks of practice, we were on our way. This was it. It was time to go. It was the middle of March 1942, and I was 30 years old. Our orders were to fly to McClelland Air Base in Sacramento, California on our own, at the lowest possible level. So here we went on our way west, scraping the tree tops at 160 miles per hour, and skimming along just 50 feet above plowed fields. We crossed North Texas and then the panhandle, scaring the dickens out of livestock, buzzing farm houses and many a barn along the way. Over the Rocky Mountains and across the Mojave Desert dodging thunderstorms, we enjoyed the flight immensely and although tempted, I didn't do too much dare-devil stuff. We didn't know it at the time, but it was good practice for what lay ahead of us. It proved to be our last fling. Once we arrived in Sacramento, the mechanics went over our plane with a fine-toothed comb. Of the twenty-two planes that made it, only those whose pilots reported no mechanical problems were allowed to go on. The others were shunted aside.

After having our plane serviced, we flew on to Alameda Naval Air Station in Oakland. As I came in for final approach, we saw it! I excitedly called the rest of the crew to take a look. There below us was a huge aircraft carrier. It was the USS Hornet, and it looked so gigantic! Man, I had never ever seen a carrier until this moment. There were already two B-25s parked on the flight deck.

Now we knew! My heart was racing, and I thought about how puny my plane would look on board this mighty ship. As soon as we landed and taxied off the runway, a jeep pulled in front of me with a big "Follow Me" sign on the back. We followed it straight up to the wharf, alongside the towering Hornet. All five of us were looking up and just in awe, scarcely believing the size of this thing.

As we left the plane, there was already a Navy work crew swarming around attaching cables to the lifting rings on top of the wings and the fuselage. As we walked toward our quarters, I looked back and saw them lifting my plane up into the air and swing it over the ship's deck. It looked small and lonely. Later that afternoon, all crews met with Colonel Doolittle and he gave last minute assignments. He told me to go to the Presidio and pick up two hundred extra "C" rations. I saluted, turned and left, not having any idea where the Presidio was, and not exactly sure what a "C" rations was. I commandeered a Navy staff car and told the driver to take me to the Presidio, and he did. On the way over, I realized that I had no written signed orders and that this might get a little sticky. So in I walked into the Army supply depot and made my request, trying to look poised and confident. The supply officer asked "What is your authorization for this request, sir?" I told him that I could not give him one. "And what is the destination?" he asked. I answered, "The aircraft carrier, Hornet, docked in Alameda. He said, "Can you tell me who ordered the rations, sir?" And I replied with a smile, "No, I cannot." The supply officers huddled together, talking and glanced back over toward me. Then he walked back over and assured me that the rations would be delivered that afternoon. Guess they figured that something big was up. They were right.

The next morning we boarded the ship. Trying to remember my naval etiquette, I saluted the Officer of the Deck and said, "Lt. McElroy, requesting permission to come aboard." The officer returned the salute and said "Permission granted." Then I turned aft and saluted the flag. I made it without messing up. It was April 2, and in full sunlight we left San Francisco Bay. The whole task force of ships, two cruisers, four destroyers and a fleet oiler, moved slowly with us under the Golden Gate Bridge. Thousands of people looked on. Many stopped their cars on the bridge, and waved to us as we passed underneath. I thought to myself, I hope there aren't any spies up there waving.

Once at sea, Doolittle called us together. "Only a few of you know our destination, and you others have guessed about various targets. Gentlemen, your target is Japan!" A sudden cheer exploded among the men. "Specifically, Yokohama, Tokyo, Nagoya, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Osaka. The Navy task force will get us as close as possible and we'll launch our planes. We will hit our targets and proceed to airfields in China." After the cheering stopped, he asked again, if any of us desired to back out, no questions asked. No one did, not one. Then the ship's Captain went over the intercom to the whole ship's company. The loudspeaker bleared, "The destination is Tokyo!" A tremendous cheer broke out from everyone on board. I could hear metal banging together and wild screams from down below decks. It was quite a rush! I felt relieved actually. We finally knew where we were going.

I set up quarters with two Navy pilots, putting my cot between their two bunks. They couldn't get out of bed

**(CONTINUED FROM THE NOVEMBER NEWSLETTER)**

without stepping on me. It was just fairly cozy in there, yes it was. Those guys were part of the Torpedo Squadron Eight and were just swell fellows. The rest of the guys bedded down in similar fashion to me, some had to sleep on bedrolls in the Admiral's chartroom. As big as this ship was, there wasn't any extra room anywhere. Every square foot had a purpose... A few days later we discovered where they had an ice cream machine!

There were sixteen B-25s tied down on the flight deck, and I was flying number 13. All the carrier's fighter planes were stored away helplessly in the hangar deck. They couldn't move until we were gone. Our Army mechanics were all on board, as well as our munitions loaders and several back up crews, in case any of us got sick or backed out. We settled into a daily of checking our planes. The aircraft were grouped so closely together on deck that it wouldn't take much to get damaged. Knowing that my life depended on this plane, I kept a close eye on her.

Day after day, we met the intelligence officer and studied our mission plan. Our targets were assigned, and maps and objectives folders were furnished for study. We went over approach routs and our escape route toward China. I never studied this hard back at Trinity. Every day at dawn and at dusk the ship was called to general quarters and we practiced finding the quickest way to our planes. If at any point along the way we were discovered by the enemy fleet, we were to launch our bombers immediately so the Hornet could bring up its fighter planes. We would then be on our own, and try to make it to the nearest land, either Hawaii or Midway Island.

Dr. Thomas White, a volunteer member of plane number 15, went over our medical records and gave us inoculations for a whole bunch of diseases that hopefully I wouldn't catch. He gave us training sessions in emergency first aid, and lectured us at length about water purification and such. Tom, a medical doctor, had learned how to be a gunner just so he could go on this mission. We put some new tail guns in place of the ones that had been taken out to save weight. Not exactly functional, they were two broom handles, painted black. The thinking was they might help scare any Jap (SP) fighter planes. Maybe, maybe not.

On Sunday, April 14<sup>th</sup>, we met up with Admiral Bull Halsey's task force just out of Hawaii and joined into one big force. The carrier Enterprise was now with us, another two heavy cruisers, four more destroyers and another oiler. We were designated as Task Force 16. It was quite an impressive sight to see, and represented the bulk of what was left of the U. S. Navy after the devastation of Pearl Harbor. There were over 10,000 Navy personnel sailing into harm's way, just to deliver us sixteen Army planes to the Japs (SP), orders of the President.

As we steamed further west, tension was rising as we drew nearer and nearer to Japan. Someone thought of arming us with some old .45 pistols that they had on board. I went thru that box of 1911 pistols, they were in such bad condition that I took several of them apart, using the good parts from several useless guns until I built a serviceable weapon. Several of the other pilots did the same. Admiring my "new" pistol, I held it up, and thought about my old Model-T.

Colonel Doolittle called us together on the flight deck. We all gathered round, as well as many Navy personnel. He pulled out some medals and told us how these friendship medals from the Japanese government had been given to some of our Navy officers several years back. And now the Secretary of the Navy had requested for us to return them. Doolittle wired then to a bomb while we all posed for pictures. Something to cheer up the folks back home!

I began to pack my things for the flight, scheduled for the 19<sup>th</sup>. I packed some extra clothes and a little brown bag that Aggie had given me, inside were some toilet items and a few candy bars. No letters or identity cards were allowed, only our dog-tags. I went down to the wardroom to have some ice cream and settle up my mess bill. It only amounted to \$5 a day and with my per diem of \$6 per day, I came out a little ahead. By now, my Navy pilot roommates were about ready to get rid of me, but I enjoyed my time with them. They were alright. Later on, I learned that both of them were killed at the Battle of Midway. They were good men. Yes, very good men.

Colonel Doolittle let each crew pick our own target. We chose the Yokosuka Naval Base about twenty miles from Tokyo. We loaded 1450 rounds of ammo and four 500-pound bombs... A little payback, directly from Ellis County, Texas! We checked and re-checked our plane several times. Everything was now ready. I felt relaxed, yet tensed up at the same time. Day after tomorrow, we will launch when we are 400 miles out. I lay in my cot that night, and rehearsed the mission over and over in my head. It was hard to sleep as I listened to the sounds of the ship. (to be continued)

## CHAPTER 10 CLASSIFIED ADS

**FOR SALE BY OWNER REDUCED \$47,000!** 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, 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 logbook, \$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

## F-22A ADAPTED BY TERRY BOSWELL

These are great In-flight photos of the FA-22 as the first aircraft delivery was being made to Langley AFB, VA. Langley is first operational AFB for the FA-22. I chose to print an unusual photo of the F-22, the underside so we could view it smoothness which contributes to it stealth characteristics. (back cover)

In actual in-flight (simulated) combat operations against the F-15; two FA-22s were able to operate without detection while they went head to head against (8) F-15s. The FA-22s scored missile hits (kills) against all the F-15s and the FA-22s were never detected by either the F-15s or ground based radar. Maj. Gen. Rick Lewis said: 'The Raptor operated against all adversaries with virtual impunity; ground based systems couldn't engage and no adversary aircraft survived!' Our son, Keith, flew the tanker support for this exercise and reported there were many long faces in the Eagle world because they are not accustomed to being skunked.



FA-22—America's most advanced fighter aircraft for the 21st Century! They're a titanium and carbon fiber dagger. They're so advanced if their on-board locator is switched off even our own satellites can lose track of them. They're the first military aircraft ever built equipped with a 'black-out button'. What that means is: the best conditioned fighter pilots are capable of maintaining consciousness up to in the vicinity of 15+ G. The Raptor is capable of making 22+ G turns. If someday an adversary builds a missile capable of catching up to one of these airplanes and a Raptor pilot sees that a strike is imminent, he hits the BOB and the Airplane makes a virtual U-turn, leaving the missile to pass right on by. We know in the process the pilot will temporarily lose consciousness, so the Raptor then automatically comes back to straight and level flight until he wakes back up.

I have other photos of the F-22 in flight and will make these available to anyone who desires.

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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](http://eaa10.org)

**N E X T M E E T I N G : J A N U A R Y 1 8 , 2 0 1 0 @ 7 : 3 0**

**W H O B R I N G S T H E S N A C K S : A - C**



Underside of the F-22. Please see article on page 6 for more information.