



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

PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR MARCH 2010

Our planned program for this month is Bob Zeng. He is a Professional pilot flying out of Tulsa, with a lot of interesting experiences to share with us. Most recently, trips to Haiti, with aid for the Earthquake victims.

We recently received a check from the EAA, for the sum of \$2,103. This is our share for supporting the B-17 visit last fall. Our appreciation goes out to all of the volunteers and especially Terry Hines for coordinating those volunteers.

This year we are sending Weston Powell to the EAA Air Academy. He was selected last year but the enrollment for his age group was already closed. This has pointed out to us that we needed to change the timing of our selection process. This year and hereafter we will handle the selection process in September and October. The deposit check will go in the first week of January, along with all of the rest of the required Chapter renewal paperwork. Problem solved!

Our January program was Jim Bridenstine of the Tulsa Air & Space Museum. He outlined the Rocket Races which are to be kicked off here in Tulsa. There has been a reschedule on that event. Originally to be in March, it is now scheduled for April 24th which is a Saturday. If the weather interferes, that would fall back to Sunday the 25th. Probably a wise decision considering the terrible weather we have endured this year.

Our kickoff to the fly-in season is The Wild Onion Fly - In Breakfast, Saturday, March 20th, at Tenkiller (44m), 8 a.m. to 11 a.m. It is put on by Chapter 1040 and will take place regardless of the weather. Mother nature has not smiled on them very often in past years. Hopefully we'll see some sunshine.

Fly Safe,

John Nys

UPCOMING EVENTS

- 6 Mar., 1st Saturday, Fly-In Breakfast from 0730–1000 @ Ponca City.
- 13 Mar., 2nd Saturday, Fly-In Breakfast 0800–1000 @ Bartlesville.
- 20 Mar., 3rd Saturday, Green Onion & Eggs Fly-In @ Tenkiller Airpark (44M), Supper the 2nd For campers by Mark’s Field Kitchen!
- 20 Mar., 3rd Saturday, Fly-In Breakfast 0700–1030 @ Gundys Airport
- 27 Mar., Last Saturday, Fly-In Luncheon 1100–1300 @ Claremore Regional Airport.
- 24 Apr., Tulsa Int’l. Airport, 1st Rocket Racing

- gathering, specifics to be published.
- 13–18 April, Sun-N-Fun Fly-In, Lakeland, FL.
- 12 June, Gainesville, TX, Texas Fly-in
- 4 July, Grand Lake, Duck Creek, OK, Warbirds 10 Squadron Flying Demos
- 26 July–1 Aug, Oshkosh, WI EAA Air Venture
We are working an application for Weston Powell to attend the EAA Academy.
- 17–18 Sep, Bartlesville, OK 54th Annual Tulsa Fly-in
- 25 Sep, Collinsville, OK Airman Acres Bean Dinner

BOARD DOINGS BY TERRY BOSWELL

The EAA Chapter 10’s Board is officially the “Kitchen Cabinet” during the winter. We appreciate the warmth of our kitchen, or should we note we are ready for one long, cold winter to be behind us. John Nys is working on our program for March so we focused on the upcoming “Rocket Racing” event for 24 April at Tulsa Int’l. Airport, west runway. Terry Hines and Jim Gallaway are in frequent contact w/ the Tulsa Air & Space Museum. We will be in touch w/ all as there will be a large requirement for volunteers to help w/ this event. There may be a chance to display some of our home-built a/c.

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.

TEN INVENTIONS THAT CHANGED AVIATION (SERIES FM SMITHSONIAN)

The Tomcat's Brain adapted from Air & Space, Smithsonian (other articles to follow as space is available, Terry Boswell)

As a 1968 graduate in electronic engineering, Raymond Holt was in a sandwich generation, caught between vacuum tubes and transistors. When he showed up for his first job, at Garrett AiResearch, the personnel manager told him he was the only one in his department who'd had a class in computer design. AiResearch had just been hired by Grumman Corporation to design the F-14 Tomcat's central air data computer, a microprocessor that would, with data from pressure sensors, calculate and report (on cockpit displays) Mach number, altitude, and airspeed, and accordingly, move the aircraft's control surfaces and adjust the sweep of its variable geometry wing. AiResearch had designed the McDonnell F-4 Phantom's central air data computer, but it had been electromechanical. "It's like a transmission on a car, except that it's chrome and gold. It was about two feet long and three feet high. When they showed it to me and said I had to make it electronic (to fit on a circuit board 40 inches square) I about freaked out."

Northrop Grumman engineer Dave Wolfe worked at Garrett AiResearch at the time, when his job was teaching Grumman technicians how the F-14's central air data computer worked. (I saw the airplane and I was so impressed that I left [AiResearch] and joined Grumman," he says.)

"Electromechanical systems were a maintenance nightmare," says Wolfe. "You needed a very special type of artisan to repair those things – almost a watchmaker. People were looking for something to replace that system." Garrett AiResearch was the only company to submit a bid for a digital, instead of electromechanical, design, but the small, powerful processors required did not exist.

In 1968, the integrated circuit was 10 years old. Jack Kilby of Texas Instruments and Robert Noyce of Intel Corporation had independently developed methods for assembling transistors – switches that in a binary language of computers say "on" and "off" – on a single splice, or chip, of a semi-conducting metalloid, like silicon. (Kilby's work won him the 2000 Nobel Prize in Physics.)

As a 10-year-old, the integrated circuit had come a long way. It could integrate hundreds of transistors on a single chip, as opposed to the first integrated circuits, used on the Apollo guidance computer, which made do with tens. In 1968, the circuits were mapped on huge, multi-color Mylar sheets "the size of an entire wall of a commercial building," recalls Holt. The degree to which that layout could be shrunk – and its details preserved – to form the pattern for etching on a chip was one limit to a chip's capacity.

Holt's team and chip maker American Microsystems created a six-chip processor containing 65,000 bits of data; an achievement Holt believes has been unrecognized because of semantics. Intel Corporation gets credit for producing the first *single-chip* microprocessor in 1971, but Holt contends that with the F-14A's flight in 1970, his team beat Intel to the first microprocessor by a year. Unfortunately, a hydraulic failure on the first flight caused the F-14 to crash (the pilot safely ejected), but the central air data computer performed flawlessly.

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

When we were close enough, I pulled up to 1300 feet and opened the bomb doors. There were furious black burst of anti-aircraft fire all around us, but I flew straight on through them, spotting our target, the torpedo works and the dry-docks. I saw a big ship in the dry-dock just as we flew over it.

Those flak burst were getting really close and bouncing us around, when I heard Bourgeois shouting, "Bombs Away!"

I couldn't see it, but Williams had a bird's eye view from the back and he shouted jubilantly, "We got an aircraft carrier! The whole deck is burning!"

I started turning to the south and strained my neck to look back and at that moment we saw a large crane blow up and start falling over!...Take that! There was loud yelling and clapping each other on the back. We were all just ecstatic, and still alive! But there wasn't much time to celebrate. We had to get out of her and fast! When we were some thirty miles out to sea, we took one last look back at our target, and could still see huge billows of black smoke. Up until now, we had been flying for Uncle Sam, but now we were fling for ourselves.

We flew south over open ocean, parallel to the Japanese coast all afternoon. We saw a large submarine apparently at rest, and then in another fifteen miles, we spotted three large enemy cruisers headed for Japan. There were no more bombs, so we just let them be and kept on going. By late afternoon, Campbell calculated that it was time to turn and make for China. Across the East China Sea, the weather out ahead of us looked bad and overcast. Up until now we had not had time to think much about our gasoline supply, but the math did not look good. We just didn't have enough fuel to make it!

Each man took turns cranking the little hand radio to see if we could pick up the promised radio beacon. There was no signal. This is not good. The weather turned bad and it was getting dark, so we climbed up. I was now flying on instruments, through a dark misty rain. Just when it looked hopeless of reaching land, we suddenly picked up a strong tailwind. It was an answer to prayer. Maybe just maybe, we can make it!

In total darkness at 2100 hours, we figured that we must be crossing the coastline, so I began a slow, slow climb to be sure of not hitting any high ground or anything. I conserved as much fuel as I could, getting real low on gas now. The guys were still cranking on the radio, but after five hours of hand cranking with aching hands and backs, there was utter silence. No radio beacon! Then the red light started blinking, indicating twenty minutes of fuel left. We started getting ready to bail out. I turned the controls over to Knobby and crawled to the back of the plane, past the now collapsed rubber gas tank. I dumped everything out of my back and repacked just what I really need, my .45 pistol, ammunition, flashlight, compass, medical kit, fishing tackle, chocolate bars, peanut butter and crackers. I told Williams to come forward with me so we could all be together for this. There was no other choice. I had to get us as far west as possible, and then we had to jump.

At 2230 we were up to sixty-five hundred feet. We were over land but still above the Japanese Army in China. We couldn't see the stars, so Campbell couldn't get a good fix on our position. We were flying on fumes now and I didn't want to run out of gas before we were ready to go. Each man filled his canteen, put on his Mae West life jacket and parachute, and filled his bag with rations, those "C" rations from the Presidio. I put her on auto-pilot and we all gathered in the navigator's compartment around the hatch in the floor. We checked each other's parachute harness. Everyone was scared, without a doubt. None of us had ever done this before! I said, "Williams first, Bourgeois second, Campbell third, Knobloch forth, and Ill follow you guys! Go fist, two seconds apart! Then count three seconds off and pull your rip-cord!"

We kicked open the hatch and gathered around the hole looking down into the blackness. It did not look very inviting! Then I looked up at Williams and gave the order, "JUMP!!!" Within seconds they were all gone. I turned and reached back for the auto-pilot, but could not reach it, so I pulled the throttles back, then turned and jumped. Counting quickly, thousand one, thousand two, thousand three, I pulled the rip-cord and jerked back up with a terrific shock. At first I thought I was hung on the plane, but after a few agonizing seconds that seemed like hours, I realized that I was free and drifting down. Being in total darkness, I was disoriented at first but figured my feet must be pointed toward the ground. I looked down through the black mist to see what was coming up. I was in a thick mist or fog, and the silence was so eerie after nearly thirteen hours inside that noisy plane. I could only hear the whoosh, whoosh sound of the wind blowing through my shroud lines, and then I heard a loud crash

CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER (LAST PART)

and explosion. My plane!

Looking for my flashlight, I groped through my bag with my right hand, finally pulled it out and shined it down toward the ground, which I still could not see. Finally I picked up a glimmer of water and thought I was landing in a lake. We're too far inland for this to be the ocean. I hope! I relaxed my legs a little, thinking I was about to splash into water and would have to swim out, then bang. I jolted suddenly and crashed over onto my side. Lying there in just a few inches of water, I raised my head and put my hands down into thick mud. It was a rice paddy!

There was a burning pain, as if someone had stuck a knife in my stomach. I must have a torn a muscle or broken something. I laid there dazed for a few minutes, after a while struggled up to my feet. I dug a hole and buried my parachute in the mud. Then started to walk, holding my stomach, but ever direction I moved the water got deeper. Then I saw some lights off in the distance. I fished out my flashlight and signaled one time. Sensing something wrong, I got out my compass and to my horror saw that those lights were off to my west. That must be a Jap (SP) patrol! How dumb could I be! Knobby had to be back to my east so I sat still and quiet and did not move.

It was a cold dark lonely night. At 0100 hours I saw a single light off to the east. I flashed my light in that direction, one time. It had to be Knobby! I waited a while, and then called out softly, "Knobby?" As a voice replied, "Mac, is that you?" Thank goodness, what a relief! Separated by a wide stream, we sat on opposite banks of water communicating in low voices. After daybreak Knobby found a small rowboat and came across to get me. We started walking east toward the rest of the crew and away from that Japanese patrol.

Knobby had cut his hip when he went thru the hatch, but it wasn't too awful bad. We walked together toward a small village and several Chinese came out to meet us, they seemed friendly enough. I said, "Luchu hoo megwa fugi! Luchu hoo megwa fugi!" meaning, "I am an American! I am an American!"

Later that morning we found the others. Williams had wrenched his knee when he landed in a tree, but he was limping along just fine. There were hugs all around. I had never been so happy to see four guys in all my life!

Well, the five of us eventually made it out of China with the help of the local Chinese people and the Catholic missions along the way. They were all very good to us, and later they were made to pay terribly for it, so we found out afterwards. For a couple of weeks we traveled across country and were strafed a couple of times by enemy planes, we kept on moving, by foot, by pony, by car, by train and by airplane. But we finally made it to India.

I did not make it home for the baby's birth. I stayed on there flying a DC-3 "Gooney Bird" in the China-Burma-India Theater for the next several months. I flew supplies over the Himalaya Mountains, or as we called it, over "The Hump" into China. When B-25s finally arrived in India, I flew combat missions over Burma, and then later in the war, flew a B-29 out of the Marianna Islands to bomb Japan again and again.

After the war I remained in the Air Force until 1962, when I retired from the service as a Lt. Colonel, and then came back to Texas, my beautiful Texas. First moving to Abilene and then we settled in Lubbock, where Aggie taught school at Mackenzie Junior High. I worked at the S & R Auto Supply once again in an atmosphere of machinery, oil and grease.

I lived a good life and raised two wonderful sons that I am very proud of. I feel blessed in many ways. We have a great country, better than most folks know... It is worth fighting for. Some people call me a hero, but I have never thought of myself that way, no.

But I did serve in the company of heroes. What we did, will never leave me. It will always be there in my fondest memories. I will always think of the fine and brave men that I was privileged to serve with.

Remember us, for we were soldiers once and young. With the loss of all 16 aircraft, Doolittle believed that the raid had been a failure, and that he would be court-martialed upon returning to the states. Quite the contrary, the raid proved to be a tremendous boost to American morale, which had plunged following the Pearl Harbor attack. It also caused serious doubts in the minds of the Japanese war planners. They in turned recalled many seasoned fighter plane units back to defend the home islands, which resulted in Japan's weakened air capabilities at the upcoming Battle of Midway and other South Pacific campaigns. Edgar "Mac" McElroy, Lt. Col., U. S. A. F. (Ret.) passed away at his residence in Lubbock, Texas early on the morning of Friday, April 4, 2003.

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-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 logbook, \$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

WATER LANDING IN THE F-4 DOUBLE UGLY BY TERRY BOSWELL

During the spring of '72 I gave up command of "D" Flight of the 433rd TFS in the 8th TFW (Wolf Pac) Ubon Royal Thai Airbase and moved to the wing staff as a Flight Examiner (FE). Yes, we were required to meet USAF standard evaluations during the war. Additionally we rendered an evaluation after an individual's initial 10 combat sorties. We knew empirically if we could get most individuals through their initial 10 sorties they would likely successfully complete their tour in combat. (This is the rationale for the Red Flag Exercise at Nellis AFB, NV.) FE's serve in the Office of Standardization and Evaluation for the Wing Director of Operations, a Colonel. We were asked to provide informal comments on the suitability of a specific individual to be a squadron commander.

There were four F-4D squadrons at Ubon, the 25th, 433rd, 435th & the 497th. Each squadron was primary for a 6 hour block on our FRAG (flight schedule). The 25th and 433rd were day squadrons and the other two, night squadrons. Dive bombing at night is a difficult procedure to adapt to; in general most individuals enjoyed this schedule. Since I had been a primary flight lead with the few laser designators I found my time divided between evaluations and leading sorties to North Vietnam. There were four FE's and we rotated between squadrons weekly. I never became really proficient in night bombing but that did not bother me too much!

At Ubon RTAB we took off on R/W 07 (single R/W) and landed on R/W 25 due to the proximity of the town. About 5 miles on final there was a large (apx. 1000 acres), shallow lake with only a few clumps of trees. One evening (0100) two F-4s were returning with four canisters of unexpended CBU-24. The lead was flown by Capt. Young. His guy-in-back or GIB was Lt. Toupees. Because there was weather they were given a radar pattern (GCA) behind a C-130 Gunship. Naturally the F-4 overran the C-130 so the lead F-4 went around. Because their fuel was low Capt. Young requested they be quickly returned via a short final. The F-4 has a radar altimeter but it does not function beyond 30° of bank. Most fighter pilots make turns using steeper bank angles. During the turn from downwind to final their altitude was reduced from 2000' AGL to 1250'. Just as they were rolling out Lt. Toupees said it felt as if they had taken a barrier. When they came to a stop Lt. Toupees yelled up to Capt. Young "the water is not deep!" The cause of this mishap was failure of the Central Air Data Computer or CADC. Their altimeters were still showing 1500 feet. Thailand was pitch dark. Bottom line, the F-4 is one tough fighter even if the gear doors failed. It took days to find all the CBU's since their canisters ripped open, spilling the contents. (Photo on page 8).

CHAPTER 10 OFFICER CONTACTS:

PRESIDENT

John Nys
40067 N. 3990th Road
Collinsville, OK 74021
Cell 918-519-5849
9jnys1943@gmail.com

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Terry Boswell
1700 College Park Rd.
Claremore, OK 74017
918-283-1622
9etbos@sbcglobal.net

VICE-PRESIDENT

Bob Thrasher
16315 E. 81st Court N.
Owasso, OK 74055
918-376-2148
9thrasher1@cox.net

FLIGHT ADVISORS

Bart Dalton (DAR) 272-8551 9planenutty@sbcglobal.net
David Snell (DAR) 609-6818 9d12c2av8@gmail.com

SECRETARY

Marvin Williams
16796 E. 79th Street N.
Owasso, OK 74055
918-376-9531
9nov375mr@cox.net

TECHNICAL COUNSELORS

Don Pearsall 272-5551 9dpowasso@cox.net
John Nys 272-2504 9jnys@cox.net
Bart Dalton (DAR) 272-8551 9planenutty@sbcglobal.net
Roger White 371-4949 9rogerandEJ@progridy.net

TREASURER

Jim Galloway
8005 N 168th E. Ave.
Owasso, OK 74055
918-272-9406
Cell 918-284-6071
9jegall@cox.net

YOUNG EAGLE COORDINATORS

Shawn Benson 918-274-3445 9thebensons1@cox.net
Tom Egbert 918-341-6377 9love2fly@sbcglobal.net
(Claremore)

EAA CHAPTER 10 ADDRESS

P.O. Box 1985
Owasso, OK 74055

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

N E X T M E E T I N G : 1 5 M A R C H @ 1 9 3 0 O R 7 : 3 0 P M
W H O B R I N G S T H E S N A C K S : G - H



McDonald Douglas F-4D (See article on page 6 for more information)