

Inside this Issue

- 1** President's Message
Flyouts
- 2** Christmas Party
- 3** Chapter Officers
Executive Board Meeting
Dues are Due
- 4** Calendar of Events
Me and My Piper L-4
- 5** Me and My Piper (cont.)
- 6** Ground Observers Corps
Operation Sky Watch

Editor & Webmaster

Suzanne Hong
(928-380-8379)
glasair@rvlogon.com

Contributing Writers

Fred Allen
Elizabeth Bryan
Suzanne Hong
Don Witt

EAA Chapter 1144

P.O. Box 213
Wenden, AZ 85357

EAA 1144 Website

www.geocities.com/ea1144

Salome Area Website

www.azoutback.com

ARIZONA OUTBACK FLYERS

EAA Chapter 1144

Salome, Arizona

President's Message



An Executive Board Meeting was held at the Hong residence on December 20, 1006 at 3 pm. Attending were Jerry & Judy Breeyear, Ted & Elizabeth Bryan, Chuck Schilder and Suzanne Hong. We discussed and planned flying and other.

activities for our chapter for 2007

It was reported that the Christmas Party was a success. Sorry I missed it.

Skip Schipper will be the program speaker for our January meeting, on Saturday, January 13th.

I hope that every one had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. *Fred Allen, President Chapter 1144.*

Flyouts

Flyouts are planned for the third week of each meeting month with a back-up alternate day on the third Friday of each month. First flyout of 2007 will be on January 16th to Chemehuevi Valley, CA (49X) just west of Lake Havasu. Plan to arrive there by 11:30 am and a shuttle will take you to the Havasu Landing Resort & Casino for lunch.

On February 20th we will fly to Twentynine Palms, CA (TNP). Plan to arrive by 11:30 am and pack a picnic lunch. There is an FBO but no restaurant.

We will fly to Needles, CA (EED) on March 20th arriving about 11:30 am. Again, pack a picnic lunch, there are no restaurants near by.

April 17th we'll fly to Marana, AZ (MZJ) for breakfast. Plan to arrive by 9:30 am. Airplane parking is located by the restaurant.

For more information contact Chuck Schilder by phone at 859-4479 or by e-mail at cnainaz@tds.net





Christmas Party



Our annual chapter Christmas Party was held on December 16, 2006. ...these pictures tell the story:

Chuck Schilder presented 2006 Chapter Service Awards to
Art Anderson - President
Ed Haynes - Vice President
Bev Sullivan - Secretary/Treasurer
Suzanne Hong - Newsletter Editor



About 40 members and guests attended



Art Anderson



Ed Haynes



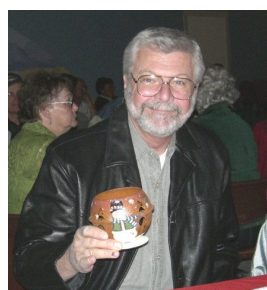
Suzanne Hong



Bev Sullivan



We had good food and a great time!



Several door prizes were given away. It just depended on where you were sitting. Tom Donnelly was one of the lucky ones finding a note taped under his seat.



50/25 winner
Jim Dunlap



50/25 winner
Kathy Fletcher



The biggest laughs of the night were during the "Yankee Swap", directed by Bob Black. One of the items traded several times was this tool box. Here Larry Sullivan lost it to Gary Riley...not certain who finally ended up with it.



President

Fred Allen 928-859-4721
fcallen@tds.net

Vice President

Chuck Schilder 928-859-4479
cnainaz@tds.net

Secretary/Treasurer

Elizabeth Bryan 928-859-4519
lizjess@tds.net

Flying Tech Advisor

Eldon McDaniel
928-859-3656

Air Frame Tech Advisors

Jerry Breeyear 928-859-3127
gbjabreeyear@rvlogon.com

Ron Skites 928-859-4590
flyingS@tds.net

Hospitality Chairmen

Judy Breeyear 928-859-3127
gbjabreeyear@rvlogon.com

Marge Skites 928-859-4590
flyingS@tds.net

Young Eagles Coordinators

Ted & Elizabeth Bryan
928-859-4519 lizjess@tds.net

**Newsletter Editor,
Photographer, Webmaster**

Suzanne Hong 928-859-4702
glasair@rvlogon.com

Executive Board Meeting

Fred Allen, President elect, called a meeting on December 20, 2006 at 10:00am at the home of Suzanne Hong. Those present were: Fred Allen, Suzanne Hong, Chuck Schilder, Jerry Breeyear, Judy Breeyear, Ted Bryan, and Liz Bryan.

The main purpose of the meeting was to appoint committee members, schedule fly-outs for Jan.-April and to make sure that we are following our by-laws. Discussion followed for each of the areas and will be printed in this month's newsletter.

Suzanne again mentioned that our newsletter needs to include member profiles & would like everyone to send information to her ASAP.

We also need to establish a list of all members with their National EAA numbers.

Next executive meeting will be held on January 13, 2007, directly following our regular meeting.

Elizabeth Bryan, Secretary

Dues are Due

The 2007 chapter dues are due in January.
Paid members for 2007 are:

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Fred Allen | John Hong |
| Art Anderson | Suzanne Hong |
| Pinkey Anderson | Joe Kelsay |
| Jerry Breeyear | Gil Lerma |
| Judy Breeyear | Dan New |
| Elizabeth Bryan | Roy Root |
| Ted Bryan | Howard Smith |
| Bud Coon | Marjorie Smith |
| Lorene Coon | Ed Willard |
| Ed Haynes | Dagmar Willard |

We are updating our membership list and need your National EAA number and Expiration Date. Please bring this information with you to the January meeting and give it to Elizabeth Bryan or contact her by phone 859-4519 or by e-mail lizjess@tds.net with this information. She will be available to answer any questions concerning your membership status for 2007.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

January 13, 2007

EAA Chapter Lunch at noon
Soup, Sandwich & Dessert

Cost: Donation

Meeting at 1:00

IHA Great Room

Speaker: Skip Schipper

January 16, 2007

Flyout to

Chemehuevi Valley, CA (49X)

Arrive at 11:30 am

February 10, 2007

EAA Chapter Lunch at Noon
Beef Stew, Biscuits & Dessert

Cost: \$4.00

Meeting at 1:00

IHA Great Room

February 20, 2007

Flyout to

Twentynine Palms, CA (TNP)

Arrive at 11:30 am

Pack a lunch

March 10, 2007

EAA Chapter Lunch at Noon

Chefs Choice: \$4.00

Meeting at 1:00

IHA Great Room

March 20, 2007

Flyout to Needles, CA (EED)

Arrive at 11:30 am

Pack a lunch

April 14, 2007

** No Lunch at Noon **

EAA Chapter Meeting at 1:00

IHA Great Room

Ice Cream Social following
the meeting. Cost: \$3.00

April 17, 2007

Flyout to Marana, AZ (MZJ)

Arrive at 9:30 am

Breakfast at the cafe

Me and My Piper L-4

by Donald Witt

My father forbade me to fly back in 1945 at age fifteen so I had to slip out to the airport without his knowledge. My summer time job provided enough money to enjoy one 30 minute flying lesson per week. My steed for this adventure was a very tired Piper J-3 left over from the Civil Pilot Training Program. The onslaught of G.I. students with their countless takeoffs and rough landings had taken their toll on this old bird.

I continued my flight training during the summer of 1946. At that time the government was selling surplus Army L-4's. I continued my training in an L-4 and started a relationship with this airplane that lasted a long time. I soloed on September 3, 1946 after eight hours of dual instruction at Harlem Airport, Oak Lawn, Illinois.

There is a unique aroma - a kind of mystique that surrounded this great little airplane. It was a heady mixture of the sharp, penetrating smell of dope covering many fabric patches, the result of many hours of hard flying, blended with the pervasive, aromatic smell of 80 octane gasoline. This was particularly noticeable in the cockpit as there was a chronic fuel seepage problem at the fuel shutoff valve located below the 12 gallon fuel tank behind the instrument panel.

One day we were making a go-around from an emergency landing and, as I applied full power, an exhaust stack blew loose from the engine. It sounded like we were following a noisy motor cycle. My flight instructor thought this was a big joke. He said that I turned white and looked like I was ready to leap out of the airplane. I was beginning to wonder if this flying was really such a great thing. Time would prove it was. Instructor and student alike had to have a compelling desire to fly to put up with all of these encounters.

In time I acquired the necessary hours of flight and ground school and was licensed as a Commercial Pilot and Flight Instructor. I was now, I thought, all-wise and God's gift to the aviation world. This attitude was soon dashed to the ground.

One day I let a primary flight student go too far and we made a very firm landing! Well, it may have been a little harder than that. After we shut down the engine and climbed out, it appeared that the fuselage had acquired a new shape - a strange sag in the middle. We had struck

the ground so hard that the fuselage center section had been bent. I felt my aviation career may have come to an inglorious end. However, I got a new lease on life when later the shop reported that the bending was caused by a weakened tubular structure due to internal corrosion.

I piled up a lot of hours earning pilot licenses leading to an airline career while also flying an L-4 for the Civil Air Patrol.



This is an example of the Piper L-4 that Don flew

During the 1950's the C.A.P. flew training flights for the Ground Observer Corps. We would fly a prescribed course around the industrial Midwest at given altitudes and specific times to be over certain geographic points. The ground observers were supposed to track us and call in our position to the control center in Chicago. Officials were checking to see that these observation posts were on the job. This was at a time when missile sites were located around large cities and industrial centers in the United States. It was part of our nation's newly organized Air Defense Command.

My turn came to fly an observer mission on a brisk cool day. I wore a WWII fur lined flying suit and boots with a big parka but was still cold. The assigned altitude was about seven or eight thousand feet. The L-4 cabin heater only put out cold air.

I was just about over downtown Chicago when I began to lose power. It was later determined that ice in the fuel line had partially blocked fuel flow allowing the engine to operate only at a fast idle. I noticed a couple of city parks below as possible emergency landing sites but there were people ice skating - eliminating that idea.

I followed the Illinois Central Railroad south from the city at my best lift over drag speed hoarding all possible altitude. I reasoned

that if all else failed, I could land on the rail bed - rough but better than going into the side of a building. Jagged ice piles along the beach prevented a landing on the Lake Michigan shore line. Someone was watching over me as I made it to a city dump and, thanks to the slow stall speed of the L-4, I was able to land among the piles of garbage.

An airfield mechanic came to the dump, drained the fuel, refilled the plane from five gallon cans.

After a thorough runup with no problems, I flew the plane back to home base. It was above freezing on the ground so the ice must have melted and was drained out along with the fuel.

After flying many G.O.C. missions, I was convinced that no one was looking for our CAP airplanes and we were just wasting our time tracking around the sky. On a brisk spring morning I went up, planning to do some air work in preparation for a yearly flight check. The L-4 seemed to leap into the air so I thought I would see what the old girl could do. I left the throttle wide open and soon cleared a scattered cloud deck. I had the entire clear blue sky to myself. I tracked back and forth over the city as I slowly climbed up to the service ceiling of about 11,000 feet.

Here I was cruising for a couple of hours over Chicago enjoying the scenery and the sight of large four engine transports flying into and out of Midway Airport below. Suddenly out of nowhere I heard an ear-shattering roar and looked up to see an Air Force F-84 jet fighter pulling away from me. It seems the Ground Observer Corps had been tracking me going back and forth over the city and had notified the Air Defense Command. I was now convinced that there were really people looking for airplanes. It made me feel better in knowing that all of our flying for them had not been in vain.

I had enough flying for the day so slowly descended back to the airport.

I was surprised to see our CAP Group Commander standing on the ramp waiting for me to shut down. I thought that he probably wanted to fly the aircraft after it was refueled. Was I wrong! He led me to his office and read me the riot act. He chewed me out so thoroughly that my back side was smoking when I staggered out of his office. The Air Force had called the CAP Wing Commander and he in turn called my Group Commander wanting to know what some stupid Second Lieutenant had in mind when he blundered into sensitive air space and activated a scramble of military fighters. I maintained a low profile after that and did only and exactly what I was requested to do. My Squadron Commander also gave me a very stern talk but I believe I saw a smile behind his frown.

Years later the shoe was on the other foot when I, as a Group Staff officer, had to chew out a young Second Lieutenant who enjoyed flying under bridges.

I guess that pilots come from a special mold always wondering what lies beyond the next hill and is there a better way to get there?

During later years as I flew Boeing 727's into and out of Chicago O'Hare Airport I often glanced down at the old Midway Airport and reflected on the day the United States Air Force scrambled flights to intercept me and my Piper L-4. What a way to go!

Don has written a background history of the organization:

Ground Observers Corps – Operation Sky Watch

By Donald Witt

During the early 1950's the Russians were talking peace at the United Nations while men and women of the Continental Air Defense Command (CONAD) were standing guard over the U.S. to prevent another Pearl Harbor. If the Russians wanted to bomb the

U.S., they could have. They had the pilots, planes, bombs and bases in the Siberian Arctic.

The Air Force ran a series of tests and proved that low flying aircraft could not be detected by radar. This blind spot in our defenses could only be covered by visual sightings and the volunteer Ground Observer Corps was born.

Operation Skywatch was the combined effort of radar stations, observation posts, filter centers, fighter interceptors, and anti-aircraft units; military and civilians working as one unified organization. Observation posts called in aircraft sightings to the filter centers who in turn analyzed the information and plotted it on a huge transparent plexiglass map. An aircraft flight path would be marked for analyzing by a specialist who in turn notified the nearest Air Defense Direction Center (military) which could call a scramble if necessary. Within minutes intercepting jets could be launched.

From 14 July, 1952 until January 31, 1959, over 350,000 civilian volunteers manned more than 13,000 observation posts and 50 filter centers from coast-to-coast and border-to-border to fill in the gaps of our early radar installations. Observers were asked to give four hours of service per week at their posts but many gave much more time.

After additional radar coverage was operational in Canada and Alaska and picket planes and ships extended the radar line west to the Hawaiian Islands and east to the Azores, the U.S. and Canadian Air Defense Commands decided the observers were no longer necessary.

The Corps filled a gap in the line for over six years and then were relieved with a "well done." On 1 June 1959 the House of Representatives approved a resolution honoring them "for their devotion, sacrifice and spirit."

