



Short Wing Piper Club
"Buckeye Chapter"



December 26, 2017

*The next fly-in is Saturday January 13, 2018 at Sporty's (I69),
Details are on page 2.*

I didn't make it to Schulze's final chili fly-in in November and didn't receive any reports about it, so, even though it's a little late, here is a brief report of our fly-in to Middletown Regional Airport in October.

It was a fabulous day for flying and our hosts Tom & Denise Anderson set a grand buffet. And it sure is nice to see these pictures given it is 8 deg F with 2" of snow outside as I write this.



About 18 people enjoyed Anderson's hospitality.



Pierre Ours chats with Carolyn Awalt as Denise Anderson and Jan Widman listen in.



Ralph Gutowski presented a poster personally autographed by Sean D. Tucker to Ralph Widman who did aerobatic training at Tucker's school in California.



The Kirby's discuss fabric covering with Widman.



Ginger Smith and grandkids enjoy the food while Greg took 2 more kids flying in their Tri-Pacer.



Yes, even the "Red Baron" stopped by for some of Denise's metts & brats cooked on the smoker-grill.



NEXT MEETING

JANUARY FLY-IN

Saturday, January 13, 2018

Sporty's at Clermont Co. Airport (I69)

We will kick off 2018 with our traditional New Year fly-in to Sporty's Pilot Shop. Because we are meeting on a Saturday, we will enjoy Sporty's famous weekly hot dog grill between noon and 2pm. "It will be a carry-in lunch with Jan Widman providing a hot something-or-other for main dish - either soup or sandwich. Please bring side dishes; you ladies know what to bring 😊. Bring your own table service and beverage (or purchase one from the vending machines). We'll have the area on the mezzanine until 3:00 pm. Guys - bring aviation stuff to share and questions. Ladies - what are you working on currently? See ya then! Thanks, Jan." **WE WILL BE SETTING THE MONTHLY MEETING/FLY-IN SCHEDULE FOR THE REST OF 2018.**

**Seen over Ohio at sunrise
on Christmas morning**



The following was sent over the holidays by my friend, Martha Lunken – Ebby was her husband...

The Midnight Clear

The weather reports say it was snowing that Christmas Eve, with the cold wave sending a White Christmas down to the very fringes of the South. The newspapers say so, too.

And the passengers who boarded at Chicago say it was snowing, that the only lights they saw for many miles that night were stars above the clouds or occasional lights of a distant plane.

But two men who were aboard will solemnly assure you that the night was sharp and clear, no matter what the records, papers or other passengers say and that you could look down and see Yule trees shining in village squares below.

The airliner was flying south above scudding clouds, and the miles between Chicago and Miami dropping behind four to the minute. In the cabin of the big DC-4, most of the passengers were noisily gay, for it was holiday time and they would soon be celebrating Christmas.

As they droned past Cincinnati and on over Kentucky, the stewardess went forward to speak to the captain. One of the passengers wanted to speak to him, she said, when he had time. "Nothing wrong," she added, "he just wants to talk to you. He's the old gentleman in Seat 34. It's his first flight, by the way."

The captain nodded his was back through the cabin. Yes, they were on time. Altitude? Exactly 10,000 feet. Weather?

Miami was perfect; the overcast should end about Atlanta. He finally paused by Seat 34. "Everything all right, sir?" he asked.

A head lifted from the pillow; white hair topped a face lined by many years. "What? Oh, you must be the skipper. Sure, son, everything's all right. It's just that my eyes – well, they're not what they used to be. I thought maybe you could tell me about a place in Tennessee. "

He mentioned a tiny hamlet, settled many years ago when men first pushed through the mountains and named places in terms of simple pioneering folk. He asked if they would pass over it.

The pilot hesitated, then leaned toward the window. "We're almost there now," he said softly. I can see..." and he went on to describe the twinkling lights below in little towns of the Great Smokies, the rising hills and then the mountains jutting into the sky. They talked about peaks known as Parson Bald and Hickory Top and Hannah Mountain, as the old man explained he had been born down there and hunted their ridges as a boy. Then the pilot said he could see the exact village, he knew it well, and though there weren't many lights they were shining bright and clear tonight with tints of red and green.

Nodding, smiling with quiet happiness, the old timer listened. Then he thanked the captain and said he guessed he would doze a

while so he would be fresh when he met his daughter and son-in-law in Miami.

In a steady routine, they picked up checkpoints – Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville – and swept along Florida’s 300-mile strip of coast where white fringes broke against the darkened beach, and they came down out of the night into the soft warmth of Miami.

The passengers vanished in a flurry of greetings, and the two pilots hurried to finish their flight reports and head toward home. “Tell me one thing,” the co-pilot said as they walked out to their cars in the parking lot. “What was all that travelogue you were giving the old man? The stewardess said you had three or four passengers straining their eyes to spot some lights in Tennessee, but you know we couldn’t see the ground until beyond Atlanta.”

*Delta Air Lines
Atlanta, Georgia*

This story appeared on Delta flights at Christmas time, probably in the early ‘50’s when the airline operated DC-4’s. Ebby Lunken had a copy and he read it aloud every Christmas Eve. He never made it to the end without choking up...me, too.

I love it because of its frank sentimentality and, of course, the memories it brings. But also because it’s a reminder of the time when a captain could walk through the cabin of his airliner going “four miles to a minute,” at “exactly 10,000 feet,” and chat with his passengers.

I still read it aloud, alone or not, every Christmas Eve. So I...oh well, Merry Christmas to you.

Martha Lunken

Thank you, Martha --- Merry Christmas and best wishes for a Happy New Year to us all.

The old flyer glanced at his watch. “In just one minute,” he replied, “it will be Christmas. So maybe you can stand a sixty-second sermon. You know every man has some one place he calls home. And even of he can’t go back, he likes to think of Christmas as still perfect there.”

He paused, as far off a midnight bell began to ring and over the usually raucous public address system came the unexpected strains of a carol. Stepping into his car, he rolled down the window and leaned out to continue:

”Actually, the spot he was looking for disappeared ten years ago when a big dam backed up a lake over it. But it isn’t likely he’ll ever know that. You see, he was stone blind. So I...oh, well, Merry Christmas to you.”



OHIO BUCKEYE CHAPTER
SHORT WING PIPER CLUB

2018
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION



FILL IN THE GREY BOXES,
PRINT FORM, THEN MAIL IT WITH
A CHECK FOR \$10

NAME _____ SPOUSE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE _____ E-MAIL _____

AIRCRAFT TYPE _____ YEAR ____ N-NUMBER _____

IS AIRCRAFT FLYING? Yes No Based at:

GOOD PLACE AND DATE TO HOLD A CHAPTER EVENT IS:

I WOULD LIKE TO HOST A CHAPTER EVENT

PLEASE SEND ME THE CHAPTER NEWSLETTER BY E-MAIL

ANNUAL DUES ARE \$10.00 FOR THE YEAR AND ARE
DUE BY 1 FEB 2018

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: **SWPC-OHIO CHAPTER**
MAIL CHECK TO: JAN WIDMAN
BOX 573
LYNCHBURG, OH 45142



