

WARBIRD FLYER



★★★EAA Warbirds Squadron 2 Newsletter★★★



CO's Cockpit

By Ron Morrell

It's cold and rainy and my airplane misses me...Welcome to spring in the Pacific Northwest! Before you know it, the clouds will part and the sun will shine: too bad that isn't until sometime in July. While we wait for the season that we all love, there are plenty of warbird activities we can still take advantage of. Since we've already had our last regularly scheduled meeting at the Museum of Flight for this winter season, we will need to look outside our squadron to satisfy our warbird addictions. It is a fact that our squadron speakers and presenters over the past six months were hard to beat. Our winter presentations ranged from World War II to Vietnam and from a B-24 tail gunner to "special transport flying" and an F-4 Phantom Mig killer. We all need to thank them all for sharing their adventures and exploits. I personally want to thank our members who found these presenters and asked them to spend their time with our squadron.

Between now and the busy, sunny part of the Pacific Northwest flying season, we can still visit many other venues in the local area and explore our flying heritage. One, not so local, venue that I have always enjoyed is Sun-n-Fun. If you have the need for a spring get-a-way and can make it to central Florida, there is no better way to spend some time in April than spending time in Lakeland amongst one of the biggest crowds of aviation enthusiasts in the country. I have visited at least 6 times (only once with my airplane) and find it one of the best gatherings of airplanes, and especially warbirds (sorry, I consider Oshkosh number two). Even if you can't get physically to Florida, Sun-n-Fun does a great job of keeping their website updated on a daily basis with activities, pictures and even videos. We also have a great many venues that make good short road trips to keep us busy and involved in warbird activities before we get to actually spend our time outside listening the "sound of freedom". I still haven't visited,

and probably don't even know about, all of the museums and historic aircraft collections between Oregon and Washington. Go forth and explore and when you get back, be sure to send me a summary of your adventures so I can share them and your suggestions with the rest of our membership.

One of the challenges we have here in our neck of the woods is the tendency to sit tight during those not-so-good weather days and weeks (or months), and then jumping in with both feet as soon as the stars align and a good flying day shows itself. We then tend to try too hard to get all we can get out of the experience. It can be a tough decision to NOT go throttles

to the firewall and hope our skills are just as polished as they were the last time we were able to defy gravity and get airborne. It takes wisdom and the proper deference for the force of gravity to realize that we all need to warm up and start slower when we haven't practiced the fine art of aviating for some time. I would encourage everyone who flies airplanes in our squadron to practice a well-planned, safe, proficiency flight occasionally, especially after a lay-off. How often do we practice a couple of patterns, reacquaint ourselves with the feel of a clean or configured stall, or practice

a power-off emergency landing pattern to an off-field site (just don't turn it into a real emergency by pushing it too far). Do you know how far your airplane will glide from 4000 feet above the ground? Remember, it will be shorter when the propeller is actually stopped instead of spinning at idle! This isn't meant to be a safety briefing but as spring turns into summer, we need to renew our own safety attitude.

We all, pilots, owners and enthusiasts alike should try to remember that we are privileged to be surrounded by more aviation history than probably any place else in the country. I hope we all do our best to appreciate and preserve that history for all that follow us to enjoy. "Keep 'em Flying" ✪



Col. John Madden at our March meeting briefing members on flying and fighting the F-4 Phantom. (Tony Caruso Photo)

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★★★ Cascade Warbirds ★★★
EAA Squadron 2 Newsletter

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Ops Tempo

By Dave Desmon

Welcome to the "Calm before the Storm"! Our Flying Season will be on us with a roar before we know it, so now is a great time to get ready. Time to get your Annual done, get all those little "Fix-it" items done, re-read your manuals and dust off your Flying Skills!

Our Marshallers have already started with their annual meeting, although I know they are always looking for more volunteers to learn this most important task.

Pilots – do you have your "Airshow Book" current? If you have a binder with your most recent License, Medical, Annual sign-off, BFR date, Airworthiness Cert and Registration in it, as well as Insurance info, and Formation and Parachute info, if applicable, the Feds will be highly impressed, and you'll breeze through the pre-flight ramp checks.

Speaking of Registration, you HAVE checked to see that yours is current, haven't you?? Registrations now expire every few years, and must be renewed. Go to www.FAA.gov and search on your N Number to check your date.

Our 1st flying event of the season is currently being planned for May 5th. It will be a chance for us all to get out and shake off the rust, do a little flying, a little socializing, burn some burgers and get our non-owner members up for some air time. Details are still being worked out, but it will probably be at Paine Field – Everett. May 19th is Paine Field Aviation Day, with flybys, static displays, and a gathering of B-25s at Historic Flight Foundation. This year, admission to PAE Aviation Day will include admission to HFF and Flying Heritage Collection!

May 21, "OUR" B-17, "Aluminum Overcast" will arrive at the Museum of Flight at Boeing Field, Seattle. Doug Owens is our tour coordinator, and we still need volunteers for everything.... Marshalling, selling things in the merchandise trailer, helping with the tours, helping our WWII Vets – you name it! MOST of all, we need help getting the word out about the B-17 rides, and getting lots of

seats sold. EAA is counting heavily on us to produce a superb tour stop, and help keep the B-17 Flying. The B-17 will be doing rides May 24-28, and a few of our hard-working volunteers will get the opportunity to ride the Bomber from here to Spokane on the 28th. Details are available at: www.B17.org. Volunteers can contact Doug at: DNOWens1@clear.net.

That Saturday, May 26th, will also be "Cascade Warbird Day" at the Museum of Flight, where we will join "Our" B-17, and fill the Museum's ramp with our Warbirds for a celebration of turning Dead Dinosaur Juice into MUSIC!

Father's Day Weekend, June 15-17, will be the Only ALL Warbird show in the NW, the annual Olympic Airshow at the Olympia Airport. This will also be the West Coast "Warbird Wings" qualifying event.

Following Olympia, other flying events in the works include; the Richland Cool Desert Nights Car Show and Fly-in June 23, and Fourth of July at Tacoma Narrows. We are also planning to get more involved with many of the local Fly-ins like Orcas Island, Friday Harbor, Port Townsend, Chehalis, and Bremerton. So if you know of some cool local events we should be working with, let me know!!

We also still have a few beds available in the Squadron House at Oshkosh. This is a great house, just a few miles from the field and ½ a block from the Lake. \$300 for the week buys you a comfy bed, air conditioning, real bathrooms and showers, and kitchen privileges. OSH is July 23-29, 2012, and will feature the Steve Miller Band on opening day (free!) and the 1st ever appearance of the "Tora-Tora-Tora" group at Oshkosh. Let me know ASAP if you want to join the fun and want a bed in the House!

Lastly – we are planning to make a lot more use of the Squadron's Facebook page and its event scheduling capability. Look for details on these and other coming events on FB and on the Squadron Webpage, www.CascadeWarbirds.org.

See you in the Pattern! ✪

Watch This...

By Dan Barry

We've all seen the above phrase, which often appears in accident reports shortly before the individual who utters it ends up in a smoking hole. I recently read an account of an Air Force Instructor who took a student up on his last flight before graduating from pilot training at Laughlin AFB at Del Rio Texas in 1970. The event in this story occurred when the IP thought it would be a good time to attempt an idle power loop in the T-38, a feat often talked about at the bar but a maneuver he had never tried. Without getting too deep into this story, the IP flying from the rear seat, dives for max speed before reducing the power to idle and pulling up into the loop. He pulls to the usual 5G's but at idle power the airspeed rapidly decays and before reaching the top of the loop they are out of airspeed and ideas, as the airspeed decays to zero there are compressor stalls, fire warning lights, and finally a double engine flameout. The pilot finally gets the pointed end down, but the engines aren't spooling up and they go through minimum ejection altitude so he yells to the student to eject.

After several calls to eject and nothing happens the IP ejects; however, once he is in his chute he spots the T-38 in a nose up attitude with one burner lit, obviously being flown by the student, who flies the plane back home. The story ends with the student going on to the B-52 assignment he'd already received and the IP who wasn't totally forthcoming with details about the loop, ends up with a bad performance report and leaves the Air Force.

This story caught my eye because I graduated from pilot training at Del Rio in 1957 and just like this student, I had completed the training program, to include the final check ride and still had an hour to fly. It was a couple of days before I got my wings and I was scheduled to go up with an IP to fly off that final hour. I was in the front seat of a T-33 and flew us out to one of nearby training areas, as soon as we got there the instructor shook the stick and said "I've got it". Instead of saying watch this, he asked me if I'd ever seen zero on the airspeed? I answered with my best,

"No Sir" and I'm sure I had a bit of an uneasy feeling. He nosed over and picked up speed and entered what felt like a loop but when we reached the vertical he stopped it there and pulled the power back to something like 75%, of course the airspeed rapidly unwound, the plane started to shudder and shake, as the G force reached zero we started getting oil smoke through the pressurization vents, stuff started floating in the cockpit and the airspeed reached something like 50 knots before we fell off into a nose low position and started flying again. "I can do better than that" he said and entered into another attempt, an attempt I was luke-warm on. Same scene, same results, maybe a little more oil



The T-38 Talon, twin-engine, high-altitude, supersonic jet trainer. (U.S. Air Force photo by Staff Sgt. Steve Thurow)

smoke and we got down to about 40 knots (which was the minimum speed displayed on the old Model A indicator) before he got the plane flying again but there was one significant difference, when he pushed the throttle forward it moved but the RPM didn't change from the approximate 75%! He asked me to try the throttle and I got the same results, the throttle moved but the power didn't change. Of course while this was going on he'd turned toward the Base and picked up a speed with minimum

descent because the power didn't allow us to maintain altitude. He kept flying from the back seat, and we began to figure out if we could make it back, as it turned out we were able to make it over the runway at about 5,000'. The IP had called in with an emergency and my primary role was going to the check list to see how long the engine would run after we shut off the fuel. It seems like it was only 4 or 5 seconds so I shut the fuel off on downwind and it worked like advertised, the IP greased it on about 2,000' down the runway and we coasted off on a taxiway.

It turned out the throttle linkage had become disconnected from the engine fuel control due to a missing cotter pin which allowed the linkage to disconnect during the zero G conditions. Had the IP pulled the throttle to idle for his - - Watch This - - maneuver, I would have probably had an ejection experience as it was I just got my first flame out landing experience. ✪

Squadron News

OUR THANKS

To the many of you who have already renewed your membership for 2012, we thank you for your continued interest in our people and our mission. For those of you who want a good reason to renew, just talk with your fellow members; this is the best \$20 you'll ever want to spend. To determine your membership status, have a look at the date after your name on the mailing label of this newsletter - 12/11 means it's time to renew. Send your money to CWB, 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277.

RENO AIR RACES

The races are a "GO" for 2012! Word just out is that the prices will be the same as last year and the forms will be in the mail to us within days. The Squadron still has two boxes (sorry, the front box is already full!), so if you're interested in attending



FACEBOOK

The Squadron has a members-only page on Facebook and we pass a lot of our traffic via that medium. If you're not yet signed on, log into

your Facebook page, then search for Cascade Warbirds. You'll end up requesting access to the group and one of our administrators will approve your request. People say this Facebook thing is the wave of the future - who knew?!



OSHKOSH DIGS

Each year the Squadron rents a house at Oshkosh for the week of the fly-in. It is, as celebrants like to say, within lip-crawling distance of a favorite pub. If you're attending Air Venture and need a place to stay, contact Dave Desmon at davedesmon@yahoo.com. Only \$300 for the entire week and he'll want just half down.

SCHOLARSHIP REPORT

Our scholarship program attained another highlight this season with a total of nine applicants for the Air Venture portion. Students from throughout the Puget Sound region are vying to be selected to attend this summer's event. Of note is one young lady who aspires to be the first woman selected as a Blue Angels pilot. Winners will have been selected by the time you read this and we'll hear reports from these folks at one of our Fall meetings.

The other half of our program awards applicants with tuition and books for Private Pilot Ground School. Area partners in this endeavor are Avian Flight Center in Bremerton and Galvin Flying Services in Seattle. This award includes, for students who successfully navigate (how 'bout that one?) the book portion, two dual instructional flights. The deadline for this portion is 30 April, so if you know youngsters age 16 through 21, encourage them to apply. We'll make as many as five awards for this phase.

And if you feel the desire to contribute to the CWB Memorial Scholarship Program, send your contribution to the squadron's business office. Last year members contributed over \$2,500 just for this program and that's exactly half what we spend each year. Of course, contributions are fully tax-deductible.

NEW MEMBERS

It's always a pleasure to introduce new members to our group and this past quarter sees some more new faces. Please welcome

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Cody Barnett | Tacoma, WA |
| Greg Babcock | Wapato, WA |
| Kurtis Howard | Spanaway, WA |
| Geoffrey Latter | Langley, BC |
| John Madden | Mill Creek, WA |



Jackal 33B

by Bill Wilson

“You did what!?” my aircraft commander, Captain Bob Sponeybarger asked. I replied, “I asked the Ops Officer for a target downtown (Hanoi)”. Bob wasn’t too happy as anyone in his mind right would be. I was just a First Lt, full of ---, well you know and no forehead. I was the Pilot/WSO of a two crew F-111A deployed to Takhali, Thailand. The date was 21 December 1972. Bob and I had flown the first night of Linebacker II with one of the first TOTs (Time on Target). Our target that night was an airfield that needed to have the runway cut before the B-52’s arrived which we did. We did not fly for the next two days because we already had more Pac 6 missions than most of the crews in the squadron. I was anxious to fly again.

On the third day of Linebacker II, we received our target assignment for the next night. It was the river docks in the middle of Hanoi. Now, my idea of downtown was to strike a target within the 10-mile radius of Hanoi. I didn’t mean the middle of Bull’s Eye, the center of Hanoi. There was no backing out now. This was to be my 35th mission since arriving in Thailand. Our call sign for the mission was Jackal 33. Bob was Alpha and I was Bravo.

We planned our route to take us down the backside of Thud Ridge before breaking out in to the Red River Valley delta and making the final run into the target. (For those who don’t know about the F-111 mission, our tactics were to run in single ship using Terrain Following Radar, fly under the SAM radars and strike our target using our attack radar.) Our planned run-in was at 300 feet AGL at 480 knots ground speed, which allowed about one minute for me to locate the target and correct any errors before bomb release. We were to be carrying 12 Mk-82 Snakeye (500 lb high drag) bombs. Again, we were to have one of the early TOTs that night to ensure that we woke everyone up before the Buffs arrived.

On the evening of the 22nd of December, Bob and I did our final pre-mission brief. In the unlikely event that we had to eject, Bob would give the command, and I would pull the handle. The F-111 was the only operational aircraft to eject the entire cockpit and the crew would, according to theory, float down with no wind-blast effects. In three months of combat, we had lost 5 crews with no survivors so I didn’t expect to survive if we got hit. But being a young Lt., I knew that nothing would happen, even when I added up the number of SAM rings and the AAA we would be facing. After all, they had shot at us before and missed. As a result, I had two one-pint water flasks, no food, two spare SAR radio batteries and two SAR radios plus the other standard issue survival items and, of course, my trusty .38 cal pistol.

The first part of the mission was routine. We broke into the

delta as planned. I easily picked up my aim point, and we ran into the target. As expected, we picked up 23mm and 37mm fire plus, as Bob reported later, other sparkles from the ground. At about 2140 local time, we released our bombs, jinked left to get away from the heart of the city as planned.

At that moment, a utility hydraulic light illuminated. Since we had two hydraulic systems, that wasn’t that big of a deal. Neither Bob nor I felt any impact. However, shortly thereafter, the right engine fire light came on, so we went through the Bold Face procedures. Bob fired both fire bottles through the engine. No luck. We couldn’t climb unless we wanted to give the NVN another “great victory” so we stayed low until we approached the foothills west of Hanoi. As we went through some low scud, I could see the reflection of the fire in the clouds. About that time, Bob muttered something and stirred the stick, there was no response. We were heading for the first mountain, and still weren’t clear of it. He ordered “eject, eject”! I looked at him and he wasn’t kidding so I pulled the handle. We ejected at 1000 feet AGL and at 300 knots; 17 miles from Hanoi.

On the way down, we picked up some 50 cal fire, which I thought wasn’t very sporting. There was a big fireball as the airplane hit with 16000 lbs of fuel on board. We hit the ground on the side of the mountain over which, seconds earlier we planned to climb over. The capsule rolled to my side so I had to follow Bob out his side. We split-up, as we were trained to do for E&E (escape and evasion) and, hopefully, rescue.

The day after the ejection, we each were able to establish radio contact with a plane overhead. Shortly after that, I heard gunfire and that was the last I heard from Bob until I saw him in the Hanoi Hilton.

On the 24th, I was again contacted by a flight in the area. They verified who I was. But there were low clouds in the area so I didn’t think much more would happen. I was wrong. A SAR (Search and Rescue) operation was launched. However, things soon went wrong. Jolly 02 experienced a primary hydraulic failure. If that wasn’t enough, a fire started in the helicopter’s left forward electronics bay. Jolly 02 aborted and was escorted home by a OV-10 Nail FAC. The remainder of the SAR force pressed on. The weather was bad in my location and the SAR was aborted. All returned safely.

Christmas day came and went with neither friendly nor enemy activity. I didn’t really expect any friendly activity. But apparently Dodge Flight did attempt to contact me. I didn’t hear any aircraft that day so I didn’t turn on my radio. My water was now gone and so were any hunger pains.

On the 26th, things began to look promising. I got in contact with a couple of A-7 Sandys who were able to



Jackal 33B (Continued)

generally fix my location. I had found a good hiding spot in the tall grass that covered the mountain though I wasn't about to stand up and wave at them. One of my radios quit working, and I used one battery up in the other radio while the Sandys were in the area.

Meanwhile, the Jolly Greens had launched from NKP along with the Sandys. However, events occurred that neither they nor I had hopped. After the A-7s located where I was, they departed to refuel. Shortly thereafter, low clouds came in and the area went zero-zero again. When the Sandys came back, there was simply no way they could even see me let alone conduct a SAR. The weather may have been great for F-111's but it was lousy for a SAR.

On the 27th, things were looking better. A new rescue package was put together consisting of four HH-53s, three HC-130s and nine SAR A-7 Sandys plus three A-7s configured to lay down smoke. The primary rescue helio was to be Jolly 01. On board were Capt. Rick Shapiro, pilot, flying one of his first SAR missions, co-pilot Capt. Miguel Pereira, Flight engineer Sgt Chuck Rouhier, two Pararescue specialists, TSgt John Carlson and A1C Robert Jones, and a combat photographer, Sgt Jim Cockerill. Jolly 01 suspected that they might be flying into a trap but as long as I was on the ground and free, they were willing to give it a go. The plan was to make the attempt at the same time as a Linebacker mission over Hanoi.

The launch of the SAR went smoothly enough, except Jolly 01, after passing into Laos, discovered that the window mini-gun would not work. Sgt Rouhier discovered that there was a loose wire in the Cannon plug that supplied electrical power to the mini-gun. Sgt Rouhier proceeded to fix the gun by replacing the Cannon plug from the gun on the hoist side of the aircraft. By the time that Jolly 01 reached the NVN border, the gun was fixed and tested. Unfortunately the Linebacker strike was late and the entire SAR was held up for two hours forcing several refuelings.

On the ground, the weather was sunny and I watched what looked like A-7s heading home after the strike mission. They were high and in a perfect V formation. I thought that was strange given that they weren't out of SAM country yet.

Sometime after the strike, Sandy 01 and 02 came in to locate me while Sandy 03 and 04 went higher. After multiple passes, they seemed to find my general location. On the ground, I heard no firing of any sort and only the noise of the A-7s as they flew very low overhead. The A-7s then left to refuel.

Sandy 04 had been sent back to lead Jolly 01 to where I was. As Jolly 01 approached the Black River, two of the "Smoke" A-7s laid a 300-foot wide corridor of smoke. Jolly 01 flew between the smoke columns picking up only a single clip of 57mm fire. They then proceeded towards my location. Sandys 01 and 02 were now back, had verified my identity, and again checked the area. Things were looking up from my viewpoint.

Jolly 01 was coming in very fast and completely overshoot my position. They began to pick up some 51 cal fire. Jolly 01 was apparently hit at that time as one of the Sandys reported fuel streaming from the right side of the helio. I neither saw nor heard the chopper. Sandy 01 then directed Jolly 01 to execute a right turn to return to my location. During the turn back, Jolly 01 flew into the Red River Valley where the crew could see Hanoi in the distance. Jolly 01 flew down the far side of a ridgeline and then came over the top of the mountain towards my location. Jolly 01 again came under the 51 cal fire. A1C Jones on the aft ramp returned fire into the gun position, silencing it.

Sandy 01 directed me to pop my red smoke. However, I was facing the wrong way and my first sight of Jolly 01 was again flying past me heading for the Red River Valley. To me, he was moving very fast and very low. He quickly turned around and began to go into the hover about 100 yards uphill from me. I was directed to vector him to my position. I did, but to this day, I believe that I did not do a very good job and wasted precious time. Instead of telling him to turn right or left and the distance as I was trained, I told him to slide down the hill (his right), to watch out for some trees I was afraid he was going to hit, and then to proceed straight forward. I could see the ramp gunner firing at something and I thought that was strange since things had seemed quiet until then. I could see Sgt Rouhier standing in the doorway like it was another SAR exercise stateside. Sgt Rouhier later reported he was anything but calm, because he was "more like scared and frantic" because he couldn't immediately locate me and they were taking fire. (I had not yet broken my cover and I was pretty dirty by this time.) I couldn't hear any ground gunfire because of the noise from the Jolly.

Inside the Jolly, Capt. Shapiro couldn't hear my vectors because of static from my set and the firing of the helio's weapons. Sgt Rouhier did locate me and was giving vectors to the pilot via the interphone. The Jolly went into a 30 foot hover and was apparently responding to my vectors, or so I thought. The window mini-gun that Sgt Rouhier had fixed, failed when Jolly 01 went into the hover. TSgt Carlson who was manning the gun, grabbed his AR-15 began firing out the left window at the NVN running toward the helio, as was the ramp gunner. Inside the cockpit, AK-47 rounds were flying into the cockpit. The copilot, Capt. Pereira, was hit in the right elbow and multiple other rounds were coming through the plexi-glass leaving little trails behind them as they flew past the pilot's head. But still, Capt. Shapiro continued the hover. The combat photographer went back to get his camera and not finding the camera began to fire his AR-15.

I could see the penetrator start to come down. Even though the penetrator wasn't directly over me as we were taught in survival school, I broke cover and headed for the penetrator, still holding my radio. I was reaching up to grab the penetrator when something hit me from the front in both shoulders, which

was either from static electricity or the helio's downwash. I did a back flip down the steep slope, and when I got up the helio was leaving. Later, Capt. Shapiro estimated that they were in the hover for 60 to 90 seconds. In any case, from both perspectives, the hover seemed to go on forever.

At the time I did my back flip, the co-pilot reported that he had been hit and it appeared that the situation was hopeless. Capt. Shapiro decided enough was enough and that it was time to get out of Dodge. The co-pilot had now been hit twice and need to get medical help. They were still taking fire from all sides except from the side where I was. Bullets were flying through the cockpit leaving plexi-glass trails. Capt. Shapiro was also covered with blood from his wounded co-pilot. As Capt. Shapiro pulled on the collective, the helio went into a nearly uncontrollable oscillation that required him to use full right rudder. He accelerated the aircraft to 150 – 170 knots. He was experiencing frequent rudder kicks as he headed out of the area.

Meanwhile, I had picked myself up and still not understanding how "hot" the area was, I transmitted that I was ready for the other helio to come. About that time, someone transmitted, "Why didn't you get on that penetrator?" I replied that I got knocked down the hill. Sandy 01 then told me that Jolly 01 had been hit and that it was standard procedure for 02 to stay with 01 (a very wise decision). Things got very quiet around my location and I was certain that I would soon be captured. I asked for vectors to any streams in the area. The Sandys couldn't see any.

As Jolly 01 was egressing, they began to take assessment of the damage to the aircraft and personnel. Besides the frequent rudder kicks, both engines were surging, and fuel could not be transferred from the aux tanks, which were full. There was about 2000 lbs useable fuel on board instead of 4000 lbs. A PJ applied a field dressing to the co-pilot who had a wound the size of a fist in his elbow.

Fuel was now critical to Jolly 01. Capt. Shapiro radioed that he was low on fuel. One of the KC-130's, King 21, began an immediate intercept to provide fuel to Jolly 01. However, when Sgt Rouhier attempted to extend the refueling probe, it would not extend. It was suggested that Jolly 01 attempt a refueling with the probe not extended. Despite numerous rudder kicks, Capt. Shapiro was able to fly the aircraft extremely close to the KC-130 and plug-in. The wounded

aircraft refused to accept fuel because several holes had been shot in the refueling probe and fuel began to spew into the cockpit.

In the mean time, Jolly 02 was scouting ahead for a relatively safe landing spot in Laos. It was obvious that Jolly 01 was not going to have enough fuel to make it to either of the two Lima sites, both of which were nearly 40 miles away with the closer one having questionable security. Jolly 02 found what appeared to be a suitable landing area. There was a village about a half-mile away, but it was the only choice. Capt. Shapiro landed the helio and the engines immediately shutdown probably due to lack of fuel. A quick count of the bullet holes in Jolly 01 revealed about 30 including 6 through the cockpit.

Jolly 02 landed about 100 yards away to pick up the crew of Jolly 01. At this time, villagers were running up the hill firing at the helios. The Jolly 01 crew beat feet to Jolly 02. After Jolly 02 departed, the decision was made for the A-7s to flatten the wounded helio. Jolly 02 refueled with King 21 and headed for NKP to get medical help for the co-pilot.

In my opinion, Capt. Shapiro showed incredible courage and piloting skill to even attempt my rescue, let alone to safely fly the heavily damaged aircraft to a point where it could be landed and thus save the entire crew. I will always remember Sgt

Rouhier standing there in the doorway of Jolly 01 calmly looking down and vectoring the pilot to a spot where I could be picked up despite heavy ground fire. A tremendous amount of courage was shown by the entire crew of Jolly 01 despite their not being able to rescue me. I thank God daily for each one of them.

As for me, I waited until dark then left the area. The next day I was nearly caught when a NVN search party passed close enough to me to move the grass over my head. On my last day of freedom, the 29th, the Sandy A-7s came in and dropped a package with water and radios near me. Despite hearing AK-47 fire directed toward the A-7s, I went for the package. I hit a trip wire and was soon captured. The first thing the NVN took was my Seiko watch, not my pistol.

Some 25 years later, I was able to get in contact with Rick Shapiro and Chuck Rouhier at Wright Patterson AFB and buy them both a beer and thank them. We have been in contact ever since. ☺



Shot from a Jolly, valley southwest of Hanoi, North Vietnam during the attempted rescue of Jackel 33. It was not far from here that Capt. Shapiro and his crew were picked up. (Photo via <http://uscgaviationhistory.aoptero.org/history06.html>)

Consequences

By Ed Rombauer

As a very young lad I was taught that life is full of consequences in response to my actions. For example: running out into the street would get me a not so gentle reminder on my backside or the possibility of being flattened by a two ton automobile, and not eating my broccoli meant no dessert that day. Later in my teen years there was a keen awareness that life is a constant flow of these consequences of action. While learning to service TVs and radios, in those days I could expect that switch “A” would produce a direct action from device “B”. Even in my early days of learning to fly, I found that in the older simple aircraft of yesteryear, each action taken produced a directly attributed result. If I flew with the generator switch off, the battery would go flat, turning the fuel selector off caused the engine to quit, and

landing in a skid produced the consequence of a very bad landing. As I was young and the aircraft of the time were not complicated, there was only a dim awareness of what is called “unintended consequences.” Training, experience and more complex aircraft (not to

mention life’s lessons) would change that. As I moved into a more complex environment (both in and out of the cockpit) it was obvious that the old action “A” gives result “B” was not always working, sometimes action “A” leads to result “C” “D” or “E”. “B” becomes just another possibility.

If you’ve managed to stay with me so far, it’s story time. The big DC10-30 (a rental, built by Douglas at five o’clock on a Friday) with a full load of passengers and freight was eastbound across the Pacific. Cruising easily at mach .83 and 35,000 feet it was chewing up the miles between Hong Kong and its destination Seattle. The flight was planned to be uneventful since we would be landing at our familiar home airport with no weather

problems and, as the wind was helping us, the fuel reserves would be adequate for the long flight. The sun was just breaking the eastern horizon which was the signal for the flight attendants to wake the passengers and start the breakfast service. It was also my signal to wake up from my rest break and go forward to the flight deck where I would have my meal and settle in for the last few hours of the flight.

As I walked forward, I could feel in the floor the faint vibration of the three big General Electric jet engines pushing us closer to home; all’s well I thought as I opened the cockpit door to see three bored pilots and the blinding rising sun. Changing places with the relief pilot, he reported that all was going as planned and that we were slightly ahead on fuel with clear weather in

Seattle.

While putting my headset on and trying to find a comfortable spot on the well used seat cushion, I glanced at the engine gauges and noticed that there was an anomaly in the center engine readings, the N1 - N2 RPM were slightly

different than the

other two engines. Maybe, I thought, the power settings were misaligned when the auto throttles were engaged. This would be an easy adjustment, just disconnect the auto throttle, reset the power then turn it back on. I was a little surprised when, upon advancing the center power lever slightly, nothing happened; a little more forward and still no change in the engine readings. The engine now had my full attention as I poked the lever even more. And then in an instant, the turbine temperature of the engine decreased toward full cold and like a one night affair—the fire was out.

There’s nothing like an engine failure to wake you up in the morning. Trying the relight procedure produced no results—it was time for a total shutdown of the



DC10-30 flight deck. (Photo via Wikipedia)

engine. The two pilots were now working together to accomplish all the well rehearsed steps in configuring the aircraft for engine out flight. I increased power on the other two engines and, as we could not maintain our assigned altitude, called ocean control for an immediate clearance to an undetermined lower altitude. In the background, I could hear the items on the shut down checklist being read. “How about starting the APU?” the second officer asked, “that would help with the electrical load and be ready if we need it.” “Give it a try, although it probably won’t start at this altitude,” was the reply. As we had just passed the point of no return to our last divert airfield, it was time to turn our attention towards seeing that we had enough fuel remaining to insure that we would arrive, as the Navy says, “feet dry.”

The aircraft slowly descended until it found an altitude that it could maintain. With a loss of one third of its power, it had turned from a graceful airliner into a lumbering boxcar. The next hour was spent in talking

to not only ocean control as they cleared the airspace in front of us, but company dispatch as they monitored our remaining fuel and, because our fuel was now marginal due to the lower altitude, coordinating with the Coast Guard for an intercept and escort.

I’ve always found it much easier to trouble shoot a problem on the ground than in the air with no way to see or get to the affected part. Since all a jet engine needs to run is fuel and ignition, and there were plenty of both, there was no reason for this one to fail. I kept looking at the engine instruments hoping to find the problem, but the engine continued to spin smoothly in the airstream with no indication of major trouble. Our fuel consumption did seem a little high, but that was

probably due to the much lower altitude and a lighter tail wind. Landing a three engine airplane with the center engine not running is a non-event, however what bothered us was the uncertainty of not knowing what had happened. If another engine quit, landing on one engine could put a little hate in the game.

At a much lower altitude the second officer asked if we wanted the APU started. This small turbine engine, located in the tail of the aircraft below the center engine, is used to power the aircraft systems on the ground and is useful in the air to provide back-up power when there has been the loss of an engine. Hesitating for a moment before answering, I knew that it was standard procedure to start the unit before landing, however

without knowing what was going on at the rear of the airplane it was decided not to start it.

The hardest part of the flight was making a good landing in full view of three news helicopters video-taping our landing for the five o’clock news. (The reporters thought that “losing” an engine meant that it had fallen off the airplane.) After parking at the gate,

a group of excited mechanics ran up to the flight deck. “DON’T START THE APU—you’ve got a lot of fuel pouring out of the back end of the airplane! It looks like it’s coming down from the center engine.” Later we would find that a bad weld on the flange that connects the two inch main fuel line to the engine had broken, causing the engine to fail. Had we started the APU the airplane would have become a sky flare.

The consequences of a worker’s bad weld led to what would have been the consequences of our actions had we started the APU. Not turning on the APU start switch broke that chain. Flying airplanes is like that, sometimes the results of an action are not obvious until it’s too late. ✪



DC10-30 on final approach. (Photo via Wikipedia)

Sometimes It Works Out: Part II

By Michael Rutledge

With two young sons under my wing, I became infatuated with trying to reconnect with some of my own childhood history, and in between combat deployments started researching what became of N9914H. I knew Jim Leahy had passed away in 1995, but I had never found out who purchased the Stearman. After requesting the FAA records, I learned that 404 resided in the Chicago area and was owned by Jim Burnham and John Olson. I sent a letter to Jim Burnham rather than John simply because his name was listed first on the registry. I briefly introduced myself, and my connection to their airplane. A few weeks later I received a reply from Jim. As if scripted for a book, Jim had started his career as an enlisted Marine Corps infantryman who later went to flight school and retired as an A-4 Skyhawk pilot followed by a distinguished airline career. Furthermore, his partner John spent a career as an Army helicopter crew chief and owned the small airport where 404 was hangared. The closing line of Jim's letter to me was simply, "I'll talk to John, but as far as I'm concerned you have first right of refusal to buy the Stearman if we should ever decide to sell it." Although a heartwarming gesture, Dena and I still had to juggle the budget if the car needed new tires, much less think about buying an airplane of any sort. Yet Jim's words would change our lives almost a decade later.

In 2006 we were transferred to Fort Lewis in Tacoma, WA, which again made annual trips back to Galesburg and the fly-in impractical. During that time we were blessed beyond description by a very gracious and understanding father-in law who agreed to loan us the money to buy our very first airplane; a J-3 Cub. Although never having met Jim Burnham in person, we corresponded like old friends several times a year. Many of our letters had nothing to do with the Stearman, but a common bond of men who have shared the experience of combat. In one particular letter, Jim let me know that he had changed the registration number on the Stearman from N9914H to N1942. The next day I reserved the number from the FAA and within a month had it assigned to my J-3. I still had no hopes of ever owning a Stearman, and specifically 404, but at least my sons would be able to fly in the same tail number. During the years that followed, I continued to correspond with Tom Lowe who thoughtfully sent many archived pictures of the Stearman and offered recollections as I pieced together my childhood.

"The Meeting"

Fast forward to 2011, Joshua is now 11, and Matthew 8. Dena and both boys have logged many hours in the Cub along with several unique aircraft I fly for a museum,

and we are decidedly a flying family. I have also entered my 22nd year of active duty and completed nine combat deployments as a helicopter pilot. Having never given up on the dream of owning a Stearman, our house, or at least the "designated airplane room" would do any Stearman museum justice. Over the years, I've acquired every book and manual ever written on the airplane, Stearman paintings fill the walls, and dozens more Stearman prints rolled up in tubes awaiting an appropriate venue to be displayed. I was even given a restored antique Clark tug by a very loving father figure in hopes that some day it might have something worthy to tow. The nest was built without any reasonable expectation that it would ever get filled.

I hadn't been able to attend a fly-in for several years, and the years I was able to attend seemed anti climactic since walking amongst the Stearmans and the airport as a spectator did little to satisfy my dream of participating in the fly-in with a Stearman. On a rare summer I wasn't deployed I made the decision early to attend the 40th Fly-in. In addition, I would fly in to Chicago and meet Jim Burnham in person for the first time before driving to Galesburg. When I stepped out of the car, Jim walked toward me and even at 70 years old exuded Marine. Tall, confident and postured, he extended a strong hand and recommended we go to dinner. After a few beers, and 2 hours of swapping flying and Marine Corps stories, Jim changed the topic and very directly said; "John is in ill health and can't fly anymore, I'm seventy years old, I've never wrecked an airplane and I'm not going to start now. I'm done flying and we're selling the Stearman." Over the years, Jim and I had the running joke that I would be the next owner of the Stearman, but I had no idea the opportunity would happen so soon. Furthermore, we were still not in a position to buy another airplane. With the wheels furiously spinning, but no idea how I could make it happen, I continued on to Galesburg. Unbeknownst to me, Phillip Wolford had arranged for 404 to be ferried to the fly-in to participate in the 40th anniversary celebration. When I walked in the Jet Air hangar and saw 404 my hands got sweaty with anticipation. The last time I had seen the airplane was in 1983 when we had spread my dad's ashes with it. I spent over an hour slowly walking around it, running my fingers over every surface, taking in the smells of the oil, metal and sweat stained cockpit. Nobody was around; I could've sat in the rear cockpit but chose to sit in the front just as I had left it when I was 12. The plane had not been restored since 1975, so in a good way, everything was exactly as I had remembered

it. The fabric was old and worn, seat belts were the same, the interior tubes needed to be stripped and repainted, but I had come back to her. I slowly placed my now 40 year old hands on the same side tubes I grabbed in a desperate death grip when I was 5 and smiled as I tried to remember what I had been so afraid of. Pedals I could never hope to reach before now had to be adjusted forward to comfortably fit. It's difficult to describe the emotions that came over me during that hour, but not only did it reconnect me with my early life, it made me realize that this particular Stearman was much more than just an airplane, it was the one positive symbol I used to escape some very difficult childhood memories. As I grew into an adult it continued to be the place I mentally ran to when things got tough, which might explain why no other airplane or Stearman could fill that void. Throughout the week I would periodically escape back to the hangar to look at 404. Much like the child I thought I had left behind, I became noticeably jealous and possessive when I saw other people carefully looking over "my Stearman", as it had recently been announced that it was for sale.

The trip back to Washington was consumed by my scribbling during the entire five hour flight trying to work scenarios where the numbers would make sense. No matter how I arranged them, my calculations were not going to justify a Stearman purchase to my practical accountant wife. Nor could I adequately articulate to her that this was a once in a life time chance to own this Stearman, and worthy of yet more sacrifices. After several discussions, and not truly understanding my infatuation with the plane, Dena offered her blind trust as she has for every other crazy dream I have pursued over the course of our 21 year relationship. "I'm just riding in the caboose of the train you're driving", she told me. We agreed on a price we could offer Jim for the Stearman, and he and John Olson's wife Jean accepted. Almost a month had passed since the fly-in and Jim held true to his word and allowed me a gracious period to come up with the agreed upon amount. Once I found out my offer had been accepted, the next call was to Tom Lowe, who had been so encouraging and patient with all my questions from a kid who very well may have turned out to be nothing more than another Stearman enthusiast. When the check was finally sent and the bill of sale signed, I didn't immediately believe that almost 30 years after I announced that I would "own this Stearman", I was now the proud owner of 404. After word got out that the sale was complete, the calls and email of congratulations ranged from Jim Burnham himself, to several Stearman pilots I've met over the years, and

even my 4th grade teacher and fellow Stearman fanatic Jean Ruebner and her husband Dale who had become like family. Being what my wife calls an "aviation soul surfer", I had to agree that 404 couldn't have found a more historically significant or fitting home.

The entire transaction had taken place without much consideration for the logistics involved. The most significant being that the Stearman was out of annual, and in Galesburg 2,400 miles from my home in Washington, where there wasn't a hangar available yet anyway. To further complicate the situation, I was deploying to Afghanistan again in three weeks with no hope of ferrying it home before either I deployed, or the winter weather closed in. Several Stearman friends selflessly came to my rescue. Most notably was Phillip Wolford, who inadvertently became the broker for the sale, and over the course of the next month patiently answered several dozen texts and emails, in addition to making all the arrangements for the subsequent ferry permit. With two weeks left before I deployed, panic set in as I still hadn't found a suitable hangar to store the Stearman until the next summer when I could come back and fly it home. Jane Olson came to my rescue and offered to keep 404 in the same hangar in which it had spent the past 16 years. Phillip took another day out of his schedule to ferry the plane back up to Chicago. Finally, the plane was safe and I could deploy with all my immediate concerns soothed.

So here I sit preparing to spend Christmas in Afghanistan, but this trip is different. When I come home in the spring I'll start the process of preparing for 404's arrival. The entire experience is still surreal and I don't expect it to fully hit me until I take off with each of my own son's little blond heads sticking up from the front cockpit. Then, when their hands cautiously grab the side tubes during the take off roll, they might finally understand Dad's obsession with this Stearman all these years.

We won't make it to the 2012 fly-in as I'll be preparing for yet another deployment, but we're already planning on 2013. We'll be easy to recognize, our Stearman will most likely be a front runner for the "Most in Need of Restoration" award, there will be an angelic woman reading her book in a hammock rigged between the landing gear, and two little boys will be busy wiping the plane down in between rides. During my life I have been called nothing if not persistent, with circumstances that could only have been arranged by God, wounds have been healed, and sometimes dreams do come true. Thanks to all who took part in the journey. 🌟



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**Have Your Dues Expired?
Check The Expiration Date Below.**

**Cascade Warbirds
Quick Look Calendar**

April

- 1 Sun'n Fun Fly-In
- 21 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI

May

- 5 CWB Fly-In @ MoF
Restoration Ctr - PAE
- 19 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI
- 19* Paine Field GA Day
- 24-28 EAA B-17 at Museum
of Flight
- 26* Cascade Warbird Day
at Museum of Flight

June

- 2* Heritage Flt Museum
Warbird Weekend
- 4-5 Southern Oregon Air
Festival at Medford
- 8-10 Golden West Fly-In
- 16-17* Olympic Airshow
Olympia, WA
- 16 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI
- 22-23 Richland

July

- 1 Wings and Wheels
- 4 Tacoma Freedom Fair
and Airshow
- 11-15 Arlington Fly-In
- 14 American Heroes @
MOF
- 21 Princeton, BC
- 21 Friday Harbor Fly-In
- 21 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI
- 21-22 McChord Air Expo
- 27-28 Concrete
- 27-29 Tri-City Water Follies
- 23-29 Oshkosh 2012

* Denotes Max Effort Event
See Website for Detailed List

Check Six



A painting of John Madden and Chuck DeBellevue's MiG-19 kill in September 1972. Painting by Lou Drendel.