

She's a Beech!



Tom Smith, Lieutenant Commander, USN (Retired)

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**To all those pilots, old and bold,
who shared the wonderful experience
of flying an aircraft simply referred
to as the BEECH.**

INTRODUCTION

Over the years since my retirement from the Navy, I have, on a number of occasions, reminisced with old squadron-mates and flying buddies. After a hearty handshake, and usually a few drinks, the conversation always turns to flying — the good old days: flying this, flying that. As we relate our adventures and misadventures...hairy...humorous...happy...sad, it becomes apparent that each of us, at some time or another in our careers, flew the trusty old C-45 (SNB, JRB)...usually in a flight proficiency billet while we studied at one military school or another, or slaved over a desk at some air station or on some staff. The intent, of course, was to maintain our flying proficiency while in a non-flying billet, but the real reason was to guarantee our flight pay each month so we could make the next payment on our Triumph or MG Roadster or whatever other toy we were enjoying at the time.

It seemed that each person I talked to about the *Bug Smasher* had at least one humorous story to tell. I thought it may be interesting to collect some of these stories and present them in book-form. Using the Tailhook Association's, *The Hook*, *The Retired Officer Association Magazine* and the *Naval Aviation Museum Foundation Newsletter*, I solicited humorous stories about the Beech and received a landslide of responses. Some responses were as short as a 3 ½ inch by 5 ½ inch postcard, while others were ten to twelve pages in length. I also received several stories on audio cassette tape.

One story, which relates to an unauthorized flight into Mexico and a subsequent crash, I thought better to leave out, though some readers, I am sure, already know the story. (I wonder if the Mexican farmer still uses the fuselage as a chicken coop!)

A letter request to Beech Aircraft Corporation in Wichita, Kansas, provided me with a wealth of information on the history of the Beechcraft Model 18.

I have attempted in each case to relate the story as I received it, though in some instances, I have added or deleted a few words or terms to make it more readable. Also included is a short biography of each individual submitting a story. Each contributor gave implied permission to put their story in this publication.

So whether you call her a C-45, SNB, JRB, AT-7, B-18, Expediter, Navigator, Twin Harvard, Bug Smasher or Wichita Wobbler, you know SHE'S A BEECH!

Tom Smith
February 1995

SECOND PRINTING

More than two years have gone by since *She's a Beech!* was printed in modest quantity and distributed to each contributor. Additional copies were purchased, mostly by friends of the contributors who had seen the book and wanted their own copy. In the interim, I had two aviation novels published by Wind Sock Press: *The Lieutenant Who Never Was* and *Air Arizona*. Suddenly, in addition to orders for the two novels, orders were received for *She's a Beech!* Only several were in stock.

Wind Sock Press decided to reprint *She's a Beech!* in a more readable font and format, and print a limited number of copies. In the time between the first and second printing, Beech Aircraft Corporation has become Raytheon Aircraft Company.

Tom Smith
January, 1998

HERE'S TO THE BEECH

Here's to the Beech,
My how she flies,
She leaps in the air
And tears up the skies.

Just pour on the power,
You'll know she's alive.
She'll hit two-fifty...
In a vertical dive.

On takeoff she's sluggish,
Like climbing a hill.
Lose an engine on takeoff,
You're in for a thrill!

The engines are noisy,
As long as they run.
Forget to switch tanks,
For the passengers, it's fun!

She'll glide like a gooney,
She'll slip and she'll slide.
Land in a crosswind,
You're in for a ride.

Land with the nose down,
Put her on hard.
Count all of your bounces,
Log them all on your card.

Just when you know her,
She's gentle and sweet;
She'll sneak up and bite you
Right smack on your seat.

You know you're proficient
When you've flown for four.
That's enough for your flight pay,
Do you want to fly more?

Tom Smith
1995

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The story on page 44, WHO'S ON FIRST?,
was erroneously attributed to LCDR Walt
Bodger, USN (Retired) in this printing.
This story was submitted anonymously.

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HISTORY

It was 1932, not a good year for America. People were broke. Companies were broke. America was broke. It was the *great depression*. Bread lines and soup kitchens fed the unemployed; jobless war veterans slept in tents in Washington, D. C. The aviation industry was also at rock bottom. During this year only 549 commercial aircraft were produced.

Except for a few visionaries, the people with money held on to it tightly. One such visionary was Walter H. Beech. He had a dream—build the finest aircraft in the world—and the depression could not stop him.

Taking money he had earned on selling his holdings in Travel Air, he moved from New York City to Wichita, Kansas. He took with him his financial advisor, who was also his right hand *man*—Olive Ann Beech—whom he had met and married at Travel Air. Together they formed the Beech Aircraft Company, forerunner of the present day operation. Walter was the president of the new company and Olive Ann was secretary-treasurer and director.

His associates were the people who had made up the management team at Travel Air. They went to work in a rented depression-closed factory building in Wichita. Beech's dream—a five-place biplane with a top speed exceeding 200 mph, landing speed not to exceed 60 mph and a range of nearly 1,000 miles—became a reality. The B17R, the famous *stagger wing Beech*, first flew on November 5, 1932. First test results revealed a top speed of 201 mph, a landing speed of 60 mph, a takeoff time of 12 seconds, a rate of climb of 1,600 feet per minute and a ceiling of 21,500 feet. The near-impossible had been accomplished.

The prototype Beech 17 captured the Texaco Trophy at the Miami Air Races in 1933. Though Walter H. Beech was gratified, he was not completely satisfied. He and his crew began a full year of designing and redesigning, building, testing and rebuilding. Finally, in early 1934, Beech became a full-fledged aircraft manufacturer with eighteen B17 aircraft being built and sold before the year's end.

The *stagger wing Beech* remained in production until 1948. During these years, the aircraft won numerous prestigious awards and trophies, including the Bendix Trophy, Harmon Trophy and the New York to Miami MacFadden Air Race. The B17 was Walter H. Beech's dream, and a wonderful dream it was, but he realized that his fledging firm could not endure on a single aircraft design. With his chief engineer, T. A. Wells, Beech surveyed prospective customers to see what type of aircraft they desired. The requirements set forth by Beech would combine low operating costs, cabin comfort and safety comparable to airliners, ability to operate from small unimproved fields and ease of maintenance.

The company was only three years old and had produced a total of sixty-one Beech 17's. Now it faced the dilemma of a new design. The aircraft would be powered by two engines. Design philosophy of

the early 1930's required that twin-engine airplanes have a rudder behind each engine for optimum control.

Work began on the new Beechcraft 18 approximately fourteen months before its first flight. Beech Aircraft had no previous experience in production of the size and type of construction decided upon for an all-metal, twin-engine monoplane.

Backbone of the Beechcraft Model 18 design was a truss-type center section built up by welding together high-strength chrome steel tubing into a one-piece structure, which was then heat-treated to a strength of 180,000 pounds per square inch. Advantages of the truss-type center section included maximum strength combined with light weight. Precise hand crafting was necessary for this kind of structure. This type of fine craftsmanship became the hallmark of Beech Aircraft Corporation.

Wright R-760-E2 engines (320 horsepower) were selected to power the first Twin-Beech. A *washout*, or twisting the wing chord from root to tip, was utilized as a new concept to warn pilots of an impending stall. The wing root would stall first causing the aircraft to buffet before the lower angle-of-attack outer wing would stall. Other features included an electrically retractable landing gear and wing flaps.

Because the Model 18 was much larger than the Model 17 and it had two engines, it was decided that someone more familiar with this type of aircraft should make the first test flight. On a Friday afternoon, January 15, 1937, James N. Payton, a pilot for Trans World Airlines, and Beech test pilot, H. C. Rankin, took the new Twin-Beech aloft after exploratory taxi tests. Robert Johnson of Wright Aeronautical Corporation, manufacturer of the aircraft's engines, rode as an observer.

This uneventful first flight was followed by an intensive test program that resulted in government type certification on March 4, 1937.

The new Twin-Beech offered a cruising speed of 196 mph at a gross weight of 6,700 pounds, range in excess of 1,000 miles, and had a list price of approximately \$30,000.

Although the aircraft met all design criteria, there was little market among airlines in the United States. They required larger equipment. However, in Canada, feeder lines regularly serviced territories and small communities located off the main continental rail and air routes.

Prairie Airways of Edmonton, Alberta, purchased the first fleet of Beechcraft Model 18's in 1938. Starratt Airways and Transportation, Ltd., Hudson, Ontario, had previously purchased one Model 18 equipped for interchangeable operation from skis or float landing gear. Another early Twin-Beech was purchased by Aerovias de Puerto Rico and operated with floats providing inter-island passenger service.

Early private and corporate purchases included an Oregon insurance executive with interests in Alaska and the Pacific Northwest, a Puerto Rican sugar grower, and a Canadian department store magnate.

Improvement in design continued through the late 1930's with newer engines from Wright, Jacobs and Pratt & Whitney installed. These newer series aircraft operated with gross weights to 7,200 pounds and cruise speeds of 225 mph.

In July of 1938, it was reported that Lieutenant Colonel Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Chief of Staff of the American Military Mission to the Philippine Commonwealth, visited the Beech factory in Wichita. He inspected a new Twin-Beech purchased by the Philippine Army and specially equipped for aerial photography.

A cream and red commercial Model 18S added another page to aviation history when it won the 1940 MacFadden Trophy. With Rankin at the controls and Beech serving as co-pilot, the Twin-Beech flew 1,084 miles non-stop from St. Louis to Miami, at an average speed in excess of 234 mph. Rankin's log noted a power setting of 52.5 percent for the twin Wasp Junior engines with a fuel consumption of 208 gallons.

With war clouds on the horizon, the race victory was well timed to spur interest by government aircraft purchasers.

Beechcraft Model 18 sales reached a total of thirty-nine units by the formal start of World War II. The Chinese government registered a \$750,000 purchase for Model 18's to be used as advanced pilot trainers and light tactical bombers.

Work began in Wichita to outfit five aircraft with gun turrets and bomb racks. The modified aircraft were designated M18R's.

H. H. "Hop" Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Corps, visited the Beech factory in 1941. The visit resulted in a purchase of 150 AT-11 type aircraft.

Next came a flood of allied military orders (5,257 modified Model 18's) for training pilots, gunners, navigators, bombardiers and transports for priority military cargo.

The stream of Twin-Beech monoplanes flowing from the Wichita factory had such designations as C-45, AT-7, AT-11 and F-2 for the Army Air Corps; SNB and JRB for the Navy; and Expeditor for the Royal Canadian Air Force. It has been estimated that over ninety percent of American bombardiers and navigators who saw service in World War II trained in military versions of the Beechcraft Model 18.

Many other military aviators continued to fly the Twin-Beech following the war. Navy figures show the SNB/JRB aircraft made over 333,000 flights in fiscal 1954. In 1956, the Navy estimated that nearly nineteen percent of all flight hours were logged in SNB and JRB aircraft.

The Twin-Beech became known as the *60-dash-2* aircraft in the U. S. Air Force in early 1960's. That was the number of the Air Force regulation concerning flying proficiency for which the C-45 was widely used.

The C-45's were phased out of service by the Air Force in 1963, and the Navy retired its last SNB-5 in July of 1972. The Army continued to operate five Beechcraft Model 18's as utility and liaison personnel transports until after 1976.

Beech Aircraft lost no time in returning to civilian production after the Japanese surrender. Just two months after the surrender, the first post-war commercial Beechcraft was ready for flight tests. It was an eight-place deluxe executive version of the military Twin-Beech.

This new model, designated D18S, had a twenty percent increase in gross weight and an increased range and payload. Flush riveting was employed on wing leading edges and in other areas to decrease aerodynamic drag. Engine nacelles took on smoother, longer lines for the same reason. Priced at approximately \$63,000, this first post-war commercial aircraft was type-certified on April, 26, 1946.

Parallel development of the post-war version for feeder airlines resulted in the Beechcraft D18C with twin 525 horsepower Continental R-9A engines. This aircraft had a 9,000 pound gross weight, carried ten people with a 231 mph cruise speed.

A redesigned Beechcraft Super 18 (Model E18S) was introduced in early 1954. It featured a larger cabin area with an increase in fuselage height. Cabin windows and door were enlarged and the flight compartment was remodeled. Added wing area and wing span were provided by new wing tips. A 550-pound increase in gross weight made possible the addition of an eighty gallon nose fuel tank. New propellers increased climb rate, single-engine ceiling and cruising speed (215 mph.)

Continued use of an almost unlimited number of war surplus Twin-Beech aircraft accounted for a total of 207 improvement modifications normally through kits offered by Beech Aircraft. In 1959, modification kits were offered to update all C-45G, C-45H, TC-45G, TC-45H, D18S and E19S to the newer Super 18 configuration.

Addition of a tricycle landing gear through installation of the Volpar modification kit and an extended nose section was offered by Beech Aircraft as a factory-installed option beginning early in the Beechcraft Super H18 series of 1962.

Final version of the Twin-Beech, the Super H18, was powered by Pratt & Whitney R-985 AN-14B engines, rated at 450 horsepower, with three-bladed, full-feathering props. Top speed was 235 mph, high cruise speed 220 mph and a range of more than 1,500 miles. It seated from six to ten people and was offered at a standard-equipped price of \$179,500.

The longest continuous U. S. piston multi-engine aircraft production record came to an end on November 26, 1969, when the last three Beechcraft Super H18's were delivered to Japan Airlines, making a total of thirteen Super H18's for that company. They had selected the Beechcraft Super H18 as its basic multi-engine trainer following a thorough evaluation of the aircraft and several competitive products of more recent design.

The Beechcraft Model 18 became a standard of business aviation that defied revolutionary advances in aircraft to remain in production for over twenty-three years. First flown in 1937, the Twin-Beech has been produced in a total of thirty-two variations from the original design.

(Author's note: The history of the Beechcraft Model 18 is a paraphrase of information provided by the Public Relation Department of the Beech Aircraft Corporation.)

MY INTRODUCTION TO NAVAL AVIATION

Major Hardy Z. Bogue, U. S. Army (Retired)

During the Spring of 1963, I was a freshman midshipman in the NROTC unit at the University of North Carolina. Before college, I had earned my private pilot license and was eager to fly one day with the best airmen in the world – naval aviators.

During Spring break, I decided to travel space available to Dyess Air Force Base near Abilene, Texas, to visit my parents. I called nearby Pope Air Force Base flight operations. I was told to report in uniform for an afternoon C-130 flight to NAS Memphis, their only westbound flight for the day.

In those days the four-engine turbo-prop Hercules was the queen of propeller powered transports. I was thrilled for the opportunity to fly in one. After two and a half hours of smooth uneventful flying, we arrived in Memphis, Tennessee. The Air Force crew was truly professional, but I was sure that naval aviators could have done it better.

After thanking the Air Force crew for the hop, I proceeded to the Air Operations desk and asked a Navy chief petty officer if there were any flights going to Dyess Air Force Base.

"Nothing going to Abilene, sir," was his reply.

"Anything at all going to Texas today?"

"Well, the only mission we're showing is a reserve crew flying an SNB to Corpus Christi later this evening."

"I'll take it." Then I asked, "What is an SNB?"

The chief answered, "It's a small twin-engine trainer left over from World War II. It's old and decrepit, but it'll get you to Corpus."

I tried to maintain my composure. "Thanks, chief. I'll be standing by."

After a two hour wait in the passenger lounge I observed a small twin-engine bird waddling down the taxiway. Its motors coughed and sputtered as it snaked onto the transient parking ramp. The small ship approached the Ops building and stopped with a jerk. The engines were shut down simultaneously. The props stopped turning in concert. The old bird looked sad. All worn out. She badly needed a new coat of paint.

I said to myself, "In one day I have gone from the Air Force space age to the Navy's Sky King." This certainly wasn't the naval aviation I had imagined.

The operation's chief called to me, "Sir, get your bag and get aboard the Beechcraft. She's waiting for you."

I ran out of the building and toward the aircraft. The co-pilot, an over-aged, overweight Navy lieutenant who hardly fit into his khaki flight suit, held the door open for me. He was inside the cabin doorway bending over with his arm extended toward me. The balding officer shook my hand. "Welcome aboard, midshipman. Make yourself comfortable while we try to get this old crate in the air."

I entered the small craft and made my way forward through the cramped aisle to the forward left passenger seat. I wanted to be as close as possible to the pilots so I could watch the instruments and observe the best pilots in the world — naval aviators — in action.

It was dusk. I watched the co-pilot buckle himself in after a brief struggle to get the belt around his wide girth. The crew was ready. The co-pilot slowly read the checklist to the pilot who acknowledged each item with, "check." Next came the engine start. The pilot and co-pilot worked as a team adjusting throttles, mixtures, starters, magnetos. The vintage radial engines coughed, belched and stuttered into operation, one at a time. White oil smoke poured from the exhaust stacks. The aircraft shook like a vibrating motel bed.

The lanky pilot, another aged lieutenant with graying hair, turned in his seat to observe me. Seeing that my seatbelt was in place, he shouted over the drone of the engines, "We're gonna get this old dump movin' toward Corpus. Hang on!"

I could not help but notice that the two reservists needed a military haircut. Together they amusingly resembled Laurel and Hardy.

Down the taxiway we crept, the brakes squeaking and groaning. In the run-up area, the pilot applied high power and went through his engines and instruments checks. I was afraid the old bird would disintegrate. Finally, we moved on to the runway and with clearance from the control tower, the pilot applied full throttles. The piston engines responded with a roar. The aircraft shimmied and skipped down the runway. The tail rose first and, with urging from the pilot, the old bird climbed into the cool night air.

"Gear up," the pilot cried out.

The heavy-set co-pilot moved the landing gear lever and signaled with a thumbs up.

"It's too late now," I said to myself.

My apprehension soon vanished. The SNB was a thrill. The ride was far more exciting than the powerful C-130 flight. The old Beechcraft was more like an amusement park ride. It bounced and swerved. This was fun. This was adventure. This was naval aviation.

We flew through the darkness. The engines rendered a steady hum. The cockpit was lit with a bright red glow and the city lights of Memphis disappeared beneath us. What a life these naval aviators have. Just the kind of life I wanted for myself.

I focused on the cockpit. How many panel instruments could I identify? I quickly located the airspeed indicator, artificial horizon, altimeter, turn and bank indicator. On the engine panel I identified the manifold pressure gauge, RPM indicators, fuel gauge. I found the fuel gauge most interesting. It indicated fuel remaining in tenths of tank capacity for whichever tank the selector was on. I observed that the fuel selector was set on auxiliary tank, as was the fuel gauge. Obviously the two main tanks were still full since they had not been used.

The SNB leveled at eight thousand feet and the throttles and mixtures were set for cruise. The old bird was much smoother and quieter now. The pilots were constantly talking to each other and to Air Traffic Control by radio. They handed neatly folded blue and white IFR enroute charts back and forth along with a flashlight. There seemed to be some differences, or at least discussions, about where we were. Their discussion continued as we bore through the night sky.

My attention was diverted to the fuel quantity gauge which now read two-tenths. I was only a novice pilot, but I knew enough about flying to be very conscious of fuel management.

I wasn't worried. Any minute now the discussion over navigation would end and the pilots would make a fuel tank change. They were professionals — naval aviators — and they were not about to sit there and let a fuel tank run dry. Not naval aviators!

The gauge now read one-tenth. No sweat. Soon they would notice and make the required change. Should I say something? A midshipman tell two Navy pros they were about to run out of fuel.

Zero! The gauge now read zero. Still the chart and flashlight went back and forth. My heart rose to my throat. Surely now one of the professional naval aviators would observe the fuel gauge. My mouth opened but no words came out. In the Navy you don't tell a captain how to run his ship.

By now, the two intrepid naval aviators had the chart fully spread out over the windshield and instrument panels. Laurel and Hardy were still trying to find out where we were. I would not let panic set in. Logically, these were two very experienced naval aviators with many many flight hours and they knew what they were doing.

Logic abruptly ended when both engines sputtered and quit simultaneously. No backfires, No engine rev up and down. Just sudden silence.

Laurel and Hardy looked at each other.

"Shit!" cried Laurel.

"Damn!" shouted Hardy.

Hands flew all over the cockpit. The chart fell down to completely cover the instrument panels and throttle quadrant. The flashlight fell to the floor, blinked twice and went out. With the instruments covered, the cockpit was dark.

The pilot pushed the yoke forward and the SNB went into a steep dive. With both engines out, the Beechcraft plummeted through the night sky toward Texas real estate.

I was shocked. I was being taken to my death by an aerial vaudeville team!

The co-pilot yanked the chart away. The pilot shoved both mixture control levers forward. He reduced the throttles to idle. The co-pilot's fat fingers found the fuel selector handle and turned it to the right main tank position. His left hand found the wobble pump which he worked frantically trying to manually force fuel into dry lines.

"Come on, baby. Come on for me," cried the co-pilot as he continued to work the wobble pump. Perspiration dripped from his jowls.

"We've got pressure. We've got pressure," shouted Hardy.

"Yes," yelled Laurel. "Come on you sonofabitch, come on!"

The engines came back to life. The pilot applied throttle and leveled out the descent. With full power restored, the aircraft was put into a gentle climb back to cruise altitude. The two naval aviators went back to their chart discussion.

My heart slowly left my throat and descended back to its cavity. The tremble in my hands moderated. To hell with naval aviation...give me a C-130.

Remarkably, the remainder of the flight went smoothly. Laurel and Hardy both nodded their heads affirmative and they put away the chart. Soon we were descending and the blackness below gave way to city lights. The gear clunked down and the flaps rattled to an extended position. We glided in for smooth touchdown and landing.

The door was opened from the outside and I stepped down on the tarmac greeted by a young enlisted man and a cool ocean breeze. I only realized then how much I had perspired. My midshipman uniform was soaking wet.

Laurel and Hardy exited the aircraft and stood beside me.

"Quite a flight," I said.

"Yeah. I just love flying," said Laurel.

Hardy chimed in with, "You should think about naval aviation when you get your commission. It's great."

I couldn't resist. "Do you often lose both engines like that?"

Laurel and Hardy looked at each other with a sheepish grin.

"Hell, we just do that to keep the passengers from getting bored," said Laurel. The ramp lighting reflected from the golden wings on each pilot's chest.

"See you later, kid." Hardy placed his pudgy palm on my shoulder. "Naval aviation is the only way to go."

The two pilots turned and swaggered away. As they passed the port wingtip, Laurel gave the old Beech a few loving pats.

My opinion of the two pilots changed as they disappeared in the darkness beyond the ramp lighting. These weren't two aerial vaudeville comedians. These were the cocksure naval aviators that our NROTC instructors described. Cool. Nerves of steel. Sharp as tacks. Head and shoulders above other military pilots. They were indeed the brave magnificent men I had imagined – naval aviators.

Later in my life I would become an Army officer and pilot!!!

MAJOR HARDY Z. BOGUE, U. S. ARMY (RETIRED)

Hardy Z. Bogue is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. He enlisted in the U. S. Army during the early years of the Vietnam War. He graduated from Warrant Officer Flight and Infantry Officer Candidate schools before serving twenty-four months in northern South Vietnam. There he flew a low altitude reconnaissance aircraft, the O-1 Bird Dog, in support of the Americal, 2nd AVRN and 3rd Marine Divisions. His military awards include the Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star, Air Medal for Valor with 46 Oak Leaf Clusters and the Purple Heart. He retired in 1983 and is today a self-employed business man.

His special interest is historical research into the American Civil and Vietnam Wars. He has three recent articles published in the *Confederate Veteran* and two in the *America's Civil War*. He has published a booklet, *The 27th North Carolina at Sharpsburg*. He is currently working on a Vietnam War manuscript, *The Fall of Kham Duc*. A condensed chapter of this work, *The Fall of Ngok Tavak* (Kham Duc's forward operating base) appeared in the August 1992 issue of *Vietnam*.

ALL QUIET APPROACHING CHICAGO
Captain Kenneth Ruiz, USN (Retired)

I was assigned as a test pilot at McDonald Douglas Aircraft. One of our contractors was Beechcraft in Wichita, Kansas. They were overhauling JRBs, the bomber version of the Beechcraft, and converting them into the transport/utility version, the SNB-5. They were converting two aircraft a day and since there were no qualified test pilots assigned to Beechcraft, one of the test pilots from McDonald Douglas would have to fly over to Wichita and flight test the conversions. There would normally be ten or twelve aircraft awaiting tests.

We got very proficient at flying the SNB. We would make a short flight of about thirty minutes, enough time to check out all components of the aircraft. We would shut down and restart each engine, cycle the landing gear, check out all emergency equipment, and, in general, make sure the aircraft met the requirements of the conversion contract. If the aircraft tested satisfactory, we would sign the paperwork and essentially the Navy bought the aircraft. They could then send for ferry pilots to fly it to its destination.

There were two test pilots assigned to McDonald that did most of the SNB testing, so we were very current and proficient in the aircraft.

One weekend when I was at the Naval Air Station where I lived in the BOQ, I received a call from Operations. They had four enlisted men that needed to get to the Glenview Naval Air Station, near Chicago. They asked if I would take their station Beechcraft and fly these four men to Glenview. I said I would.

The weather in the Chicago area was borderline for visual flight and I knew I might have to file an instrument flight plan enroute. Although it was permissible to fly without a rated co-pilot in the Beech in visual conditions, regulations required a rated pilot in the right seat for instrument flight.

I asked Operations to line me up a co-pilot and they told me they didn't have anyone qualified in the SNB. That was why they had called me. I said any rated pilot would do. He didn't have to be Beechcraft qualified. All he had to do was sit in the right seat and I would tell him what to do.

They assigned me a young lieutenant fighter pilot, a weekend warrior, to ride in the right seat. I told him there wasn't much to do. Primarily I wanted him to monitor the fuel gauge located on the co-pilot's side of the instrument panel. I explained that there were four fuel tanks in the aircraft and that we would takeoff on the main tank and switch to the smaller auxiliary tank once we were airborne. I told him to let me know when there was ten percent fuel remaining in the aux tank and I would watch it after that until I switched to another tank.

Other than keeping a lookout, this was all he had to do on the flight.

We picked up our passengers and headed for Glenview. The closer we got to the Chicago area the more the weather deteriorated, just as forecast. I turned the aircraft over to the co-pilot for a few

SHE'S A BEECH!

minutes while I prepared to file an in-flight IFR flight plan if needed, and took out the approach plates for Glenview.

In his attention to flying a strange aircraft, he forgot to monitor the fuel gauge. Sure enough, we were greeted by a sudden silence. Both engines ceased operation. When this happens in a Beechcraft there are a lot of hands flying around the cockpit. There are a lot of things to do – pull the throttles back to idle, mixtures to rich, switch tanks, work the wobble pump, and, if the props aren't turning fast enough, put the aircraft in a dive to increase airspeed. This will normally bring both engines back on the line, with the loss of a thousand feet or so.

In the Beech you are required to wear a parachute harness, but the parachutes themselves are strapped behind the seats. If you need to bail out, you pull your chute from the bungee cords holding them to the back of the seats and attach it to your harness with snap-hooks. Then you proceed to the entrance door on the starboard side aft and dive out.

In fighter aircraft when the engine quits, you normally jump, and the co-pilot being a fighter pilot was in the process of doing just that. He released his seat belt and grabbed his parachute from behind his seat. He was standing just where I needed to reach the wobble pump. I had to wait until he moved aft before I could get a positive flow of fuel back to the engines.

With the props turning and the fuel selector on a good tank, the engines re-started. The co-pilot was standing in the rear of the aircraft with his hand on the handle ready to open the door and jump. I looked back to see a large sheepish grin on his face as he started to make his way back to the cockpit. The most startling thing was the expression on the faces of our four passengers. I have never seen such large eyes in my life. They looked like fried eggs. They were absolutely terrified.

I couldn't blame them. The engines quit. The props stood absolutely still. The co-pilot grabbed his parachute and headed for the door. What do you do?

The co-pilot returned to his seat and assured me that he would watch the fuel gauges very closely in the future.

The remainder of our flight into Glenview was uneventful, at least compared to what had happened approaching Chicago.

A SANDY BEECH

Captain Kenneth Ruiz, USN (Retired)

Electronics Research, Incorporated, a Navy contractor located in Evansville, Indiana, was developing a movable turret for installation in some Navy multi-engine aircraft. They had an SNB on contract from the Navy for use in this project. The SNB had a turret mounted in the nose and was being tested to see if it was feasible for installation in other multi-engine aircraft.

World War II was over by this time but the contract was still in effect. It was cheaper for the Navy to let the contract run out than it was to terminate it. After collecting the necessary data on the turret, Electronics Research was to restore the Beechcraft to its original condition and return it to the Navy.

The turret was removed and the aircraft restored to its SNB configuration. When it was ready to be returned to the Navy, ERI called McDonald at St. Louis and requested a test pilot be sent over to test fly the aircraft.

I was always going over to ERI because there was a great ribs restaurant right down the street from the plant. I volunteered to test the SNB. I flew over to Evansville in another Beech and took Radioman Lett with me. Lett often flew with me in the Beech to provide a lookout in the right seat, and being a radioman, he could also operate the radios. He was more help in the Beechcraft than some of the Naval Reserve pilots that sometimes flew with me.

After a great lunch at the rib's place, Lett and I went over to check out the restored SNB. The bird looked okay except for one thing. There were several hundred pounds of sand bags in the rear of the aircraft, back behind the passenger seats as far aft as you could go. Obviously these had been used to counteract the weight of the turret, which had now been removed.

I asked that the bags be removed, otherwise the SNB would be very tail heavy. The ERI officials told me they couldn't. It was part of the contract that the airplane be flown with the sand bags in place. I tried to explain that the sand bags were installed to counteract the weight of the turret that had been located in the nose. I also told them I was not part of the contract and I wouldn't fly the aircraft until the bags were removed.

We continued to hassle over the sand bags with ERI refusing to remove them. They said the only way the aircraft could be flown under terms of the contract was with the bags in place. I soon realized that the only way the Navy would get its SNB back was for me to fly the damn thing with the sand bags aboard.

I got Lett aside and told him that if we takeoff with the extra weight of the sand in the rear of the aircraft we would be extremely tail heavy, and the aircraft may not even be flyable. I told him that while I was taxiing out he should go aft and bring two of the bags forward and put them behind the pilot's seats. The bags weighed about fifty pounds apiece. I said that if I was right, we should still be tail heavy, and if I was wrong, we would be nose heavy, but in either case I would probably still be able to fly the plane and we could readjust the weight in the air.

As I taxied out to the run-up area, Lett went aft and brought two of the bags forward. I made the run-up and we taxied on to the duty runway for takeoff. I was ready for anything. I put in about twice as much nose down trim as was called for. I told Lett to be prepared to go aft, if necessary once we got airborne, to bring more bags forward.

Little did I know just how bad the situation was. I applied power to the engines and we started our takeoff roll. Usually at about eighty knots, you push the yoke forward to lift the tail and then you let the aircraft fly itself off. Approaching eighty knots, I pushed the yoke forward, but the tail wouldn't come up. I told Lett we had problems. The end of the runway was coming fast and it was too late to abort. I had to fly it. It was the first time I had flown a Beech off in a three-point attitude. As soon as we lifted, the nose pitched up. It took both hands with as much pressure as I could exert to keep it from stalling. When I had gained a little altitude, I reached down with my right hand to put in some more elevator trim tab. The aircraft started to stall. As soon as I could get it back under control with both hands, I would add some more nose-down trim. Using this procedure, I was able to finally get full nose-down trim which removed some of the pressure I had to hold against the yoke.

I couldn't raise the landing gear because this would shift the moment of gravity aft and make the tail even heavier.

I told Lett that he would have to go aft to bring more bags forward. The first trip aft would be the worse one and I told him to move as fast as he could. By this time we had made it up to about a thousand feet above the ground.

"We will probably stall," I told Lett. "Be ready for it. Don't let it knock you down. But get one of those sand bags and get up here fast."

Lett did exactly as he was told, and sure enough, as he went back to the tail, the nose pitched up and we stalled completely. I was holding full forward pressure on the yoke and the aircraft dropped off into a falling leaf.

Lett managed to get a sand bag and brought it forward. I was able then to get the SNB back in control. I had Lett remain forward until I could get some altitude back. I knew it would stall again as soon as he went back for another bag.

At a thousand feet again, I had Lett go back for another bag, and we stalled again. We went through this same procedure until Lett had brought four or five bags forward. The aircraft became more flyable with each trip, and finally I was able to fly the SNB in a somewhat normal manner.

We landed at ESI and I gave them a real tongue-lashing. They had almost killed us by insisting that we fly with the sand bags in place. I guess I was at fault for agreeing to fly it in that condition, but I wanted to get the job done.

I was flying high performance jet fighters each day at McDonald, but that was as close as I had ever come to buying the farm.

SHORT STOP

Captain Kenneth Ruiz, USN (Retired)

As one of two Navy test pilots assigned to McDonald at St. Louis, I often flew a *Bugsmasher* (SNB) to the Beechcraft factory located at Wichita, Kansas, to flight check SNB conversions being made for the Navy. To save time, I would usually land at the small grass landing strip located at the factory. To accommodate the short field, I would fly a modified carrier approach putting the Beech down near the approach end on the backside of the wheels and drive it into the ground to keep it from bouncing. I found if I was careful I could land on the backside and not bounce, and this technique used a lot less runway.

One of the McDonald aircraft undergoing flight test at Pax River required some parts which were not in stock at St. Louis. I was asked to fly the station Beech up to a sub-contractor located near the Great Lakes and pick up the needed parts.

I took Radioman Lett with me to ride in the right seat and serve as an observer. We landed at the sub-contractor factory and in a short time we had the part and was ready to depart for St. Louis. A representative of the sub-contractor told me that another sub-contractor located about twenty miles away was in dire need for a sub-assembly part and asked me if I would land at the factory to deliver this part. He told me there was a grass field at the factory and that they regularly sent aircraft there which landed at the grass field. A car would meet me when we landed and that it should only take a few minutes.

I took a look at the airfield in the directory and found that it was just over two thousand feet in length, a little short for the SNB. Also, there was no tower located at the field. He assured me that other Beechcraft landed there. I agreed to take the part to the other sub-contractor.

We flew down to the factory and since there was no tower, I dragged the field very carefully and looked it over. There was no traffic, but I was concerned with the wind since it was nearly ninety degrees to the longest strip and was blowing about twenty knots, gusting to twenty-five, or so. The Beech is not the best aircraft in the world to land in a crosswind and this crosswind appeared to exceed the limitations of the SNB.

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There were two cross-runways but from the air they looked really short. The one that was into the wind was the longer of the two. With a strong wind, I figured I could make it using the short field technique I employed at Wichita.

I dragged the field one more time and everything looked okay. I completed the checklist with wheels and flaps down, and began a carrier-type approach. I figured I could land on the backside of the wheels and, if I didn't bounce, stop short of the trees at the other end of the runway.

What I hadn't noticed when I dragged the field was high tension lines at the edge of the field, and just when I got my approach right where I wanted to be I saw the power lines ahead. I had to add power to pass over the lines and then chop it to land as close as I could to the approach end of the grass strip. Even so, I was able to land about where I had planned. I got it down on the backside of the wheels and it didn't bounce.

As soon as I touched down I looked ahead and the end of the runway was right there. The runway couldn't be much over a thousand feet in length. I pulled the yoke back into my belly as far as I could and cut both engines to off. I stood on the brakes and locked up both wheels. We were sliding every which way on the grass. I didn't know whether we were going to stop or not.

Finally, we slid to a stop just short of the trees at the end of the strip. We were so close to the trees that I didn't have room to turn around without hitting a wingtip on the trees.

Help arrived and assisted us in pushing the SNB back by hand to a point where I could restart the engines and taxi to the hangar. The manager of the airport was there to meet us. He walked up to me and wanted to shake my hand. I didn't quite understand why, until he told me he had been manager for twelve years and he had never seen a twin-engine aircraft land on that runway. Only very light aircraft had ever landed on that short strip before. He said that he didn't believe it was possible for a heavy twin-engine aircraft to land there.

I thought about that for a few minutes, and when I got my composure back, I answered, "A piece of cake for navy carrier pilots." After that bravado I thanked my lucky stars that I hadn't piled us up in the trees at the end of the short grass landing strip. I was also thankful for the short-field landing practice I had at Wichita.

We were able to depart on the longer strip and the flight home was uneventful. I made a solemn promise to myself never to land at an unknown short field until I had checked it out completely.

CAPTAIN C. KENNETH RUIZ, USN (RETIRED)

C. Kenneth Ruiz graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1942 as a member of the class of 1943, the first three year class during WW II. His first orders were to the heavy cruiser *Vincennes* which was sunk at Guadalcanal during the battle of Savo Island on August 9, 1942. He was at his battle station on the ship's bridge at the time of the sinking and spent nine hours in the water before being rescued by a destroyer. After the sinking, he volunteered for submarine duty and was ordered directly to submarines where he served most of World War II. He made nine war patrols in the submarine *Pollack*, and then served first as executive officer, and then commanding officer of the submarine S-14. Towards the end of the war he was ordered to flight training where he qualified in single engine and multi-engine land and seaplanes.

At the end of flight training, he flew F4U Corsairs then joined Fighter Squadron 12 flying the F8F Bearcat. He completed a world cruise flying Bearcats from the USS *Tarawa* and then was ordered to the Office of Aeronautics Representative, St. Louis, located at the McDonald Aircraft Corporation. In this assignment, he served as a test pilot for the F2H Banshee aircraft being built there and the SNB aircraft being converted at the Beech Aircraft factory in Wichita.

In March of 1951, he was ordered as operations officer of the USS *Corregidor* and in 1952 as executive officer of Fighter Squadron 102 flying F9F Panthers. The squadron flew from the USS *Tarawa* while she completed a second world cruise to participate in the Korean War. After the Korean War, Ruiz completed the Command and Staff Course at the Naval War College and was then ordered as executive assistant to the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics. On completion of this assignment he was ordered to Attack Squadron 72, the first A4 jet attack squadron, to serve as commanding officer. The squadron conducted the Fleet Introduction Program for the Skyhawk, then deployed in the aircraft carrier, USS *Randolf*.

After a tour on Commander Second Fleet Staff, he was ordered as the first executive officer of the USS *Constellation*. Next he served as Commander Striking Fleet Atlantic Representative in Europe based at the SHAPE headquarters in Paris. His next assignment was commanding officer of the ammunition ship, *Diamond Head*.

After completing the National War College and the Advanced Management Course at the Harvard Business School, he took command of the aircraft carrier, *Bon Homme Richard*. During the Vietnam War he made two deployments to Vietnam as her commanding officer. The ship and the air wing set a record for the most strikes against North Vietnam and also destroyed more MIG fighters than all other carriers combined during this period.

Captain Ruiz served in combat in three wars and participated in four *police actions*. In his thirty-three years of active duty, he served on the sea, under the sea, over the sea, and in the sea (after the *Vincennes* sinking.)

While on active duty, Captain Ruiz earned two Masters Degrees, one in International Affairs from George Washington University and one in Economics from Oklahoma University. He ended his naval career as the senior military professor at the Naval War College where he held the Admiral William Halsey Chair of Air Strike Warfare.

Following retirement from the Navy, Captain Ruiz made a second successful career in the field of finance. He owned a seat on the Pacific Stock Exchange and traded there, and on the Chicago Board of Options Exchange and Chicago Board of Trade for over ten years. During this period, he founded his own company, R and R Financial, and managed the company until his retirement in 1991. He is now involved in eleemosynary and political affairs. His hobby is fishing and he owns a cabin at Campbell River on Vancouver Island where he spends much of his summers.

KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING WHEN YOU VOLUNTEER
Colonel Ben Shiffrin, USAF (Retired)

In early January of 1943, I was the Officer-of-the-Day for the 103rd Observation Squadron based at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. A teletype message came across my desk requesting a volunteer pilot with multi-engine and ski-plane experience for an urgent rescue mission. Nothing was mentioned about what and where the rescue mission would be, or what type of aircraft was involved. Being completely bored with squadron inactivity in wartime following a frustrating year of ineffective antisubmarine patrol in obsolete aircraft, I volunteered immediately. I had never been on skis, on my feet or airplane, and my multi-engine experience totaled 1.5 hours.

In a matter of hours I was accepted for the mission. Two days later I received secret orders. I learned that the mission was to rescue crew members of a B-17 that had crashed on the Greenland ice cap. The B-17 went down while searching for another lost aircraft.

Greenland? Up to now I had always thought of Greenland as a little green island somewhere in the ocean. After pouring over numerous charts and maps, I found the location of Greenland...and went into immediate shock! My orders required me to pick up a new AT-7 (C-45) at the factory in Wichita, Kansas. There I was to undergo a quick checkout in the Beech, and then proceed to the Norduyn Aircraft factory in Montreal, Canada, to pick up pontoon-type skis. From Montreal, I was to fly to Presque Isle, Maine; Goose Bay, Labrador; and then to Greenland. At Presque Isle I was to pick up an ex-airline pilot who knew the route to Greenland.

With orders to proceed with dispatch, we arrived at BW1, (Narsarsuak) Greenland, on 24 January. My co-pilot/navigator escaped at once back to the United States. He probably thought he would be assigned to go on the rescue mission if he didn't get the hell out of there fast.

I sought out Colonel Bob Wimsatt, Commander of the Greenland Base Command, and the only person who had ever been to the rescue base on the east coast of Greenland, BE-2 (Iquteg), and returned. All others who had tried were either lost enroute or were still there.

It took two days to recruit a crew chief, S/Sgt McDonald, and to collect the necessary survival gear. I checked with every pilot I could find that had flown in Arctic conditions. With their help, I plotted the flight and waited for good weather conditions. On the third day, weather forecasters assured me that the weather enroute would be clear. It was probably the last time in my life that I ever completely believed a weather guesser.

After crossing the ice cap at 10,000 feet, we flew over the water along the shore to our destination, an airfield more than four hundred miles north, and sixty miles up a narrow fjord. The further north we flew, the lower the ceiling became. We crossed over the Eskimo village of Angmagssalik, at the mouth of the fjord, with a ceiling of about 1,000 feet.

There was an American operated radio beacon at Angmagssalik, but not at our destination airfield. We had already passed the point of no return, so our only option was to fly up the narrow fjord with lowering ceilings. We were truly flying into a tunnel with towering mountains on both sides, water below and the ever lowering ceiling above. To make matters worse, it began to snow, restricting our visibility.

We had calculated the flying time from the beacon at Angmagssalik, and knew we would be in deep trouble if time ran out and we didn't have the airfield in sight.

As the time elapsed, we were flying with 500 feet of ceiling and about a half mile of visibility. At that moment I observed the silhouettes of two B-17 bombers on the snowy bank of the fjord. The area turned out to be our destination airfield. But no semblance of a runway was visible from the air.

I executed a hard landing with several bounces on the very rough runway. We had to get the aircraft skis out of the cabin before we could exit the aircraft. As we left the aircraft, we were met by Colonel Bernt Balchen, commander of the rescue task force. He threatened to court martial me on the spot for endangering the vital ski-equipped AT-7. Hell, I was just glad to be alive!

The six man crew of the crashed B-17 had been awaiting rescue since November 9. They had been spotted on the ice cap by Colonel Balchen on November 24, and had been the subject of an intense rescue effort for more than two months.

We went to work immediately to install the pontoon-type skis on the At-7. We worked without a hangar, in sub-zero temperatures with little daylight. We succeeded in mounting the skis on the next day and made some taxi tests on the rough and icy runway. We learned to our dismay that a hard landing or bounce on takeoff would result in the props cutting the skis.

To correct this, Colonel Balchen had the blacksmith shop of the civilian airfield construction crew cut the landing struts and insert metal pipes to lengthen them. The work was completed overnight and taxi tests the next day proved the aircraft to be uncontrollable on the ground – one ski was pigeon-toed and the other, people-toed.

Again the blacksmith shop removed the struts in an attempt to realign them parallel. All their work was in vain. That evening, after all their creative labor, the blacksmith shop burned down, skis and all!

The rescue, code-name PN9E, eventually succeeded when Colonel Balchen and a U.S. Navy crew flying a PBV Catalina amphibious plane, landed on the ice cap on its belly. This had never been attempted before, and demonstrated great courage on the part of Colonel Balchen and the Navy flight crew. The rescue required two such belly landings. On the second flight an engine failed due to overheating and required the PBV and crew to remain on the ice cap overnight. Repairs made during the night allowed the PBV to takeoff on two engines, but the ailing engine had to be shut down again after takeoff. All members of the B-17 crew survived.

Colonel Balchen, the renowned Arctic and Antarctic pilot, who had also flown Admiral Byrd across the Atlantic in 1927, wore two hats at this particular time. In addition to being the Rescue Task Force Commander at BE-2, he was also the Commander of the 1st Arctic Search and Rescue Squadron. After leaving these command positions, he led a successful bombing expedition from Iceland to northern Greenland where German weather stations had been discovered by Danish patrols. These stations were providing valuable weather information to German submarines and Luftwaffe operations.

The complete story of the PN9E rescue effort is told in *Hitch Your Wagon – The Story of Bernt Balchen*, by Clayton Knight and Robert C. Durham, Bell Publishing Company, 1950.

"OKAY?"

Colonel Ben Shiffrin, USAF (Retired)

With the departure of Colonel Bernt Balchen from BE-2, along with the remainder of the rescue task force, I was the only remaining assigned pilot, and as such, became the Base Commander. At the time I was a very junior captain.

With the ski capability of the AT-7 (C-45) eliminated by the fire, I learned to operate the aircraft on snowy and icy runways on its wheels. As long as there was ice underneath, I found that takeoffs and landings on six inches of snow was no problem, except for an occasional ground loop while taxiing.

To complicate our flight operations in and out of BE-2, the single runway was always under construction with heavy equipment all over the place. At the airfield it was always possible to cover the runway with in a jeep before takeoff to determine its condition. However, when landing on frozen harbors in the area, it was necessary to take other people's word for the condition, or worse, guess at the conditions.

Not long after taking command of BE-2, I set up regular flights to the village of Angmagssalik, where it was necessary to land on the frozen harbor covered with snow. It was the responsibility of BE-2 to provide supply and medical evacuation flights to the Americans stationed at Angmagssalik, and also to the natives requiring medical assistance. On one particular flight to Angmagssalik, I was assured the snow covering the ice would be no problem. It was a gloomy day with a marginal weather forecast. The weather was expected to worsen over the next few days. Since the distance to the village was only sixty miles, and I was now very familiar with the route, I decided to fly in the needed supplies.

On the landing approach the snow appeared to be deeper than the six inches I considered marginal. On touch down it took full back yoke and near full power to keep the AT-7 from flipping over. We were stuck in twelve to eighteen inches of snow.

Quickly mobilizing the entire Eskimo village, we staked out a runway fifty feet in width and twelve hundred feet in length. Everyone went to work shoveling and sweeping the snow from the staked-out runway. I figured if we got down to ice, I could takeoff with no problem.

Soon the novelty wore off. As we worked our way down the makeshift runway, fewer and fewer Eskimos participated. Finally, I was one of the only few still working. I demonstrated to the group what I needed them to do. I would pitch a few shovels full of snow to the side, then say, "Okay?"

This brought giggles and amusement to the gathered Eskimos. I could see nothing funny at all about shoveling snow. I shoveled more, then turned again and said, "Okay?"

More giggles.

More snow started to fall. We still hadn't cleared the full twelve hundred feet I wanted, but I knew I had to get out of there. With many of the Eskimos still giggling, I climbed aboard the aircraft and prepared to start. With snow falling heavier and heavier, I finally coaxed the second engine into operation. With minimal warm up, I taxied to the downwind end of the makeshift runway. The snow flew behind us as I applied full power and said a silent prayer to the god of lift.

As we approached the end of the runway where we had quit shoveling, we barely had flying speed. I pulled back on the yoke and raised the wheels missing the piled up snow by only inches. Flying just above a stall, we gained altitude slowly, a foot at a time.

We made it back to BE-2 just ahead of a vicious storm that hit the area. I learned the next morning that the storm broke up the harbor ice at Angmagssalik, causing it to float out to sea. Had we not been able to fly out, we would have lost the AT-7.

Later I had the occasion to talk to an officer stationed at Angmangssalik, who had witnessed our snow removal and *hairy* departure. I asked him why all the natives laughed and giggled when I demonstrated what I needed them to do. He told me that each time I picked up a shovel of snow and tossed it aside, I would turn to the Eskimos and say, "Okay?" The proper way for a G. I. to proposition an Eskimo girl for a *social* arrangement was to ask the girl, "Okay?"

In effect, I was propositioning the entire female population of Angmagssalik. No wonder they were giggling. The moral of this story is: Don't make a non-emergency flight to an Eskimo village in marginal weather conditions and plan to land on snow covered ice that you have not personally reconnoitered. But if you do, and you need to clear a runway with Eskimo female labor, don't say "OKAY?"

COLONEL BENJAMIN H. SHIFFRIN, USAF (RETIRED)

Ben Shiffrin graduated from Army Air Corps pilot training on August 15, 1941. His first assignment was the 103rd Observation Squadron based at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Following Pearl Harbor, the squadron first moved to Providence, Rhode Island, then Hyannis, Massachusetts. The Primary mission of the 103rd was submarine patrol with C-47, C-46 and D-52 aircraft.

In January of 1943, 1st Lieutenant Shiffrin served as the Commander, 1st Arctic Search and Rescue Squadron, Greenland. Leaving this command as a captain he served at various troop carrier bases in Indiana, Nebraska and Illinois as a mission pilot and base operations officer.

In April of 1945, he activated and commanded the 44th TC Squadron (C-46's.) The squadron deployed first to Hawaii, then Okinawa with the mission of providing air drops on Japan.

Following VJ-Day, 1946 through July, 1947, he operated a flying school, fixed base operation, and an aircraft sales and service business in Bethany, Connecticut. He was recalled to active duty in July, 1947, as a major with a regular commission and was assigned to Headquarters, 1st Air Force, Fort Slocum, New York. (He volunteered for overseas duty to escape!)

Overseas duty took him to Clark Field in the Philippines and to Okinawa as an A-1 pilot in the 51st Fighter Wing at Naha. He returned stateside to Barksdale, Louisiana, for a brief time, then to Lubbock, Texas, to reopen Reese AFB where he served as Squadron Commander and Replacement Depot Commander. A brief stay as a student at AC&AS, Maxwell AFB, was followed by a tour at Headquarters, Air Transport Command, Scott AFB.

Major Shiffrin next served at USAF Headquarters in the Pentagon as a Staff Officer and Division Chief, Mutual Defense Assistance Program. Leaving the Pentagon in 1954, he was a student at the Air Force Staff School.

Promoted to lieutenant colonel in 1951 and full colonel in 1953, he served in numerous billets – Base Commander, Griffiss AFB; Chief, Air Force Section, MAAG-UK, London, England; Staff Officer, AF Depot, Brookley AFB; Deputy Director of Plans and Programs, Wright Patterson AFB, Ohio; and Base Commander, Kelly AFB.

SHE'S A BEECH!

Colonel Ben Shiffrin retired from active duty on November 1, 1968. Since then he has been a corporate official with the Revere Copper and Brass Company and Chairman, Chamber of Commerce Housing Committee in Rome, New York.

Retiring to San Antonio, Texas, in 1972, he has been active in real estate sales, church committee work, civic activities and has a major involvement with the Order of Daedalians. He also finds time to golf five days a week.

"NO SWEAT!"

Lieutenant Commander Thomas G. Smith, USN (Retired)

As a student at the Naval Postgraduate School, Monterey, California, in 1963, I was assigned to fly the SNB to maintain flight proficiency. I had several thousand hours in multi-engine aircraft and had qualified as Aircraft Commander in the trusty old *Bugsmasher*.

I reported in to NAF Monterey at about 1230 for a scheduled 1300-1600 flight to find that the co-pilot assigned with me had canceled due to medical reasons. It so happened that a jet jockey-type that had been scheduled for a T2J flight had no bird to fly.

Schedules asked me if it would be okay for the jet jock to ride right seat in the SNB to pick up some needed flight time.

"No sweat," was my reply.

The weather briefing was grim and although the present weather was only scattered clouds, it was forecast for a fast moving cold front to move through the area at about 1600. We were advised to maintain frequent radio contact with Monterey tower in the event of a general recall.

We blasted off and headed for NAS Lemoore to shoot some practice GCA approaches. The co-pilot joked about the old Beech on our way to Lemoore and said he was glad he was with someone who could fly the damn thing.

During GCA practice, I asked Lemoore tower if they had any recall information from Monterey. The reply was negative. Two other birds from Monterey, another SNB and a T-28, were also in the pattern.

I shot four GCAs with touch and go landings, then the co-pilot flew four approaches. His first two touchdowns left much to be desired, a series of uncontrolled bounces, but his third and fourth were pretty decent for a pilot who had never flown the SNB.

We decided to head back to the Salinas area to finish out our time just in case the weather moved in. Approaching the Spreckles Sugar factory we heard the recall. It advised all aircraft in the local area to return immediately. Low clouds have moved in with strong gusty winds reported on the surface.

I immediately headed west along highway 68 for a visual backdoor approach to Monterey. The tower was now advising pending IFR conditions and advised aircraft not already on an approach to divert to a suitable alternate.

We crossed over the Catamatores Restaurant, called the tower for landing and turned to the proper heading to line up with runway 28. We were skimming through the bottom of dark angry clouds and the old Beech was dancing.

We were advised that the field was IFR and that they were switching to runway 10 for instrument approaches only. I called field in sight and asked to continue. Permission was given. The old multi-engine pro would get this one in, no sweat.

SHE'S A BEECH!

I lowered the gear and some flaps and asked for the landing checklist. My co-pilot was looking for an ejection seat handle to pull. I completed the checklist from memory and started lining up for a landing.

My first clue that this wasn't going to be a normal landing was a tumbleweed that shot across the runway at a ninety degree angle at about twenty to thirty knots. As we drifted across the runway centerline, I threw in a hefty crosswind correction, and being the old multi-engine pro, I knew I could use differential engine power to keep it straight down the runway.

A curious call came from the tower. "Beechcraft on final, are you okay?"

My reply was a hearty, "No sweat, tower. We've got it made."

First contact with the runway came about five hundred feet from the approach end. I'm not sure where the second, third and fourth contacts occurred. The left wingtip was inches from the ground, the right rudder was floored. I was applying near maximum differential power to keep the nose straight. We were still swerving and bouncing all over the place. The only comment from the co-pilot was, "Shit!"

The only thought in my mind was an article that would surely appear in Naval Aviation News in Grandpa Pettibone's column: AN EXPERIENCED MULTI-ENGINE PILOT ATTEMPTING A LANDING IN AN SNB AT A WEST COAST AIR STATION IN MARGINAL WEATHER CONDITIONS...!"

We were fast approaching the intersection of runway 6-24 and the end of the runway we were skipping down. I had tried to get the tailwheel in contact with the runway but we became airborne again. Another desperate try at the runway intersection was successful and severe braking brought us to a skidding halt.

A calm female voice on tower frequency queried: "Beechcraft on the runway, do you require assistance?"

I made some wise-ass reply like: "Hell no, lady. I always land this way!"

The calm voice answered. "Roger, understand a normal landing. You sure had us fooled."

I had many occasions in the months to follow to see the co-pilot on campus. We never spoke. He normally turned his head as if not to see me. I want him to know, if he should by chance read this, that I went on to fly many more hours in the old *Bugsmasher* and survived. I even had a chance to fly a few jets before I retired from the Navy. Jets? They were a piece of cake compared to the SNB.

ANOTHER MONTEREY STORY

Lieutenant Commander Thomas G. Smith, USN (Retired)

In April of 1984, I was still attending the Naval Post Graduate School at Monterey, California. I was scheduled on April 22, for an RON (remain overnight) flight to NAS North Island with a return flight the next day.

The other pilot scheduled with me was a close friend and we had flown together a number of times. We were both qualified Aircraft Commanders in the Beech and it was decided he would fly the leg to San Diego and I would fly it back the next day. The aircraft assigned was TC45-J 76757.

We waited until just after sunset to takeoff to ensure a maximum of night time, which we both needed. We headed south along V-27 just off the coastline and climbed to 8,000 feet, our assigned altitude. After level-off, we set up for cruise and switched to the small nose fuel tank. To ensure we

burned all the fuel in the nose tank, we decided to wait until we observed a fuel pressure fluctuation before shifting to another tank. This occurred as we approached Moro Bay, about two miles to seaward.

I reached down with my left hand to switch the fuel selector to another tank and the damned thing came right off in my hand. We both sat there for a few moments staring at each other and the fuel selector in my hand.

The pilot made a sharp left toward land. "There's an airport down there somewhere."

"It's at San Luis Obispo, just east of the VOR station.," I answered as I tried to put the fuel handle selector back on the shaft. By now the fuel pressure gauge was bouncing all over the place. Both engines began to cough and sputter.

By pushing the handle hard against the shaft, I managed to shift to the main fuel tank. I was working the hell out of the wobble pump, and even though both engines returned to smooth power output, I continued to operate the hand pump for a full five minutes.

A call to Air Traffic Control got us a clearance back to Monterey where we made a safe landing and called it a night. The old Beech damned near bit me again!

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER THOMAS G. SMITH, USN (RETIRED)

Born in Phoenix, Arizona, in 1930, Tom Smith attended schools in Arizona, California, Missouri, Michigan and Kentucky. He graduated from the United States Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, New York, in 1954, and attended naval flight training as an Ensign, USNR.

During his twenty-year naval career he served in seven aircraft squadrons: VS-23 (S2F), NAS North Island; VU-7 (F9F-5, J0-1, SNB-5), NAF Brown Field; VS-775 (S2F), NAS Los Alamitos; VR-21 (C-118), NAS Barbers Point; VT-27 (TS2A), NAAS New Iberia; VR-7 (C-130), NAS Moffett Field; and VR-30 (C-131, T-39), NAS Alameda. During his tour in VR-21, he was selected for a Regular Navy commission. He served in USS *Hornet* as Special Weapons Officer (C-1A). He also had tours of duty at NAAS Fallon, Nevada (US-2, HH1K) and NAS Moffett Field. He attended General Line School and the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey, California (SNB-5, T-28).

LCOR Smith retired from the Navy in 1974 and taught high school NJROTC, Math and Science for sixteen years.

Now fully retired, he devotes his time to writing and traveling. His published works include two novels, two short stories and a volume of poetry.

"NO THANKS! I'LL TAKE THE TRAIN"

Lieutenant Colonel Donald T. McCullough, USAF (Retired)

I was a second lieutenant stationed at Moore Field, Mission, Texas, in 1943. At the time I was an advanced flight instructor flying AT-6's and P-40's. My wife of one month, was returning home to Chattanooga, Tennessee, for a visit.

My friend, Bob Reed, and I decided we would fly to Houston to meet the train for a quick hello to my new bride. We put in for a week-end cross-country in an AT-6 but when we arrived at Operations on Saturday morning there was no AT-6 available for cross-countries. The dispatcher said there was a C-45 available. Of course we said we would take it - it was the only plane available. Neither of us had flown the C-45 but we figured it was just like an AT-6 with two engines. The dispatcher didn't ask if we were qualified in the aircraft.

We went out to the aircraft, gave it a quick look-over, flipped a coin to see who would fly it and climbed aboard. I won (or lost...I can't remember) and would fly the first leg to Kelly Field where we would refuel. As we started through the checklist, a non-aviator major came aboard and asked us if he could hitch a ride to Houston. "Sure, strap yourself into one of the passenger seats," I said.

We couldn't figure out how to start the engines, so we called for the help of a crew chief who came out and got the engines started for us. "You guys ever fly one of these," he asked.

I had to reply, "No...but we're both flight instructors and we can handle it okay."

Surprisingly, we made a smooth takeoff and had an uneventful flight to Kelly Field. Receiving landing instructions, I set myself up on a wide base leg and carried plenty of airspeed. I proceeded to make three of the wildest and unsightly approaches and landing attempts ever seen before finally getting the bird on the ground.

We taxied to the ramp and told the Major we would be leaving just as soon as we could get the fuel tanks filled.

"No thanks," he replied. "I just remembered I have some important matters to take care of here in San Antonio. I'll take a train to Houston later!"

By the time we got the C-45 back to Moore Field, we were both fairly well checked out in it. At least we could complete an landing in just one attempt!

LIEUTENANT COLONEL DONALD T. MCCULLOUGH, USAF (RETIRED)

Don McCullough was born in Chatanooga, Tennessee, on August 8, 1922. He graduated from the Baylor Military Academy (Chatanooga) in 1940 and entered the University of Tennessee. While at the university, Don started flying J-3 Cubs and Waco UPF-7's. He earned his commercial pilot license and entered the Army Air Corps flight program in 1942. Out of four hundred students in pre-flight, all with aviation experience, he was one of about two hundred fifty selected for "Hap Arnolds's Guinea Pigs." It was designated Class 42-X (Experimental.) They graduated in four months instead of the normal twelve months.

His previous flight experience hindered Don in doing what he so badly wanted to do - be a fighter pilot. He was destined to be an instructor during most of his flying career. Nearing the end of World War II, Don was checked out in B-24's and B-29's, and had orders in hand to go to Saipan when the war ended. His frustration of not getting to fly fighters drove him out of the service.

After five years in business, he still longed for the aircraft cockpit and made every effort to go back on active duty, even soliciting the help of Senator Estes Kefauver, but to no avail. He tried desperately to locate his flight records, finally learning they were at Dobbins AFB, just a hundred miles from home. He drove to Dobbins and a nice young lady, a clerk at Dobbins, helped him locate his records and he discussed with her the possibilities of returning to active duty. An invitation by Don to take her to lunch did the trick. Three days later she called him in Chattanooga saying that if he waived the thirty days notice, she had a single-engine assignment in Texas. He was on his way.

He went through jet upgrading and, once again, was assigned as a flight instructor. This time at the All Weather Jet School at Moody AFB. Twenty-eight months later he finally got an F-86 fighter squadron assignment in Korea. When the transport aircraft landed in Japan enroute to Korea, Don and two other pilots were taken off the plane by an NCO who told them their orders had been changed. They were going to be instructors for the post-war Japanese Air Force.

As it turned out, this was a great experience for Don. He instructed in the T-33 and F-86 at Tsuiki Air Base, Kokura, Japan. One night he was scheduled to fly with General Minoru Genda, a former lieutenant commander in the Japanese Navy who helped plan the attack on Pearl Harbor. The flight was canceled due to weather. Don and the general headed for the club and over a few drinks, General Genda told him the whole story of how he was called in and asked if he could plan a successful attack on Pearl Harbor. Even though he said he could, he was astounded to think such an attack could be successful in the long run.

During this assignment to Tsuiki Air Base, Don was accepted into the Regular Air Force. He was ordered to Williams Field, near Phoenix as a...what else? Flight instructor. While at Willy, he put in for Army Language School at Monterey, California, and was accepted. He studied Japanese for one year. Don says it was the hardest assignment he ever had in the military.

Following graduation in 1959 from the language school, as number one in his class, all other duties until his retirement were in the Intelligence Service specializing in Human Source Intelligence. Don says he was not sorry about this change in his career. Advancing years and a chronic sinus problem made flying not as exciting as it had once been.

SHE'S A BEECH!

He had three more tours in Japan, one in Vietnam, and one in Bangkok – three of these as Commander of Air Force Intelligence Collection in each country. He finished his career as Deputy Chief of Staff for Intelligence, Headquarters, U.S. Forces, Japan.

His civilian life after retirement has taken him to Tokyo, Guam, Hong Kong, Korea, Taiwan, Bangkok, Singapore, China (where he climbed the Great Wall), San Francisco, Las Vegas, Reno, Houston and Richmond, Virginia, where he now lives.

BEWARE OF YELLOW ICE

Commander Joe Davis, USN (Retired)

I was stationed at NAAS New Iberia, Louisiana, from 1960 to 1963. As a station pilot, I flew SNBs for over three years.

In March of 1960, a tornado hit the air station damaging several buildings and SNB BUNO 23788. This aircraft was repaired locally over a period of weeks. The other two station Beechcraft were transferred and replaced with SNB BUNO 51160. These two SNBs remained in the inventory throughout the remainder of my tour.

On 16 March 1962, we departed NAAS New Iberia mid-afternoon in 23788 with a load of passengers for NAS Norfolk. I flew as co-pilot and Lieutenant George Crow, an ex-enlisted pilot (AP) with tons of flight time, flew as aircraft commander.

Winds were unfavorable and the total flight time turned out to be nine hours. Shortly after takeoff, the cabin heater failed, and after sundown it became very cold in the old Beech. I remember that it was pitch black and snowflakes were floating around in the cockpit – that cold!

We were somewhere over North Carolina when Lieutenant Crow had to go aft and use the relief tube. He returned in less than a minute and I commented, "That was quick!"

His reply: "The damn relief tube is frozen up."

I looked aft to see one of the passengers, Lieutenant Jack Bell, as I recall, wiping up the deck with paper towels.

I asked George why he hadn't stopped and used a barf bag to complete his *mission*.

"It was running all over my hands," he replied. "It's the first time in over four hours they've been warm...so I just continued."

Later, we both tried the relief tubes under the pilot seats with the same results. About an hour or so after, we landed at NAS Norfolk with a soiled SNB and several soiled crew members.

COMMANDER JOE DAVIS, USN (RETIRED)

Joe Davis joined the Navy as a Naval Aviation Cadet in 1955. His first squadron was VP-44. This was followed by tours in FASRON 102, NAAS New Iberia, Naval Station Bermuda, NAS Atlanta, Naval Post Graduate School, NAS Jacksonville and NAS New Orleans.

Commander Davis retired from the Navy in 1977 and was a corporate pilot flying the MU-2 and Citation 1 until 1983 when he fully retired.

TETHERED WIND TEE

Norman R. Tengstrom

During World War II, following carrier qualification in a TBF aboard USS *Wolverine* on June 28, 1943, I was assigned to Special Task Air Group One in Clinton, Oklahoma. The first flights I made at my new duty station were indoctrination and check hops in an SNB-1 (BUNO 39760). This was my introduction to twin-engine flying and radio-controlled flight.

The STAG-1 story was featured in the Fall issue of *The Hook* in an article titled, "Navy Drones as Combat Weapons." Not mentioned in the article was the extensive use we made of the SNB as the control plane for training in radio-controlled operations.

In November of 1943, STAG-1 relocated to NAS Monterey, California. We flew our aircraft cross country in a series of short hops. I flew as co-pilot with Lieutenant Neil Pennington leading a flight of five other SNBs.

Coming in to a refueling stop at a Marine Air Base near the Mexican border in Arizona, Neil asked if I wanted to make the landing. We entered the pattern at five hundred feet, received a green light from the tower, and flew down one leg of a triangle of runways. The five other SNBs followed.

I determined the active runway by observing the large wind tee which pointed directly down the shorter of the three runways. I made the prescribed left hand turn and set myself up on a downwind leg. Approaching the ninety degree position, I throttled back and entered the approach turn. On final approach, we both remarked what a large crab I had to hold to maintain the runway direction and what a short runway we were landing on.

The six SNBs all somehow managed to safely land on what we were told later was not a runway, but a taxiway joining the two air base runways. We were also told the wind tee had been tied down to facilitate repairs and the brisk wind was actual blowing about ninety degrees across the taxiway.

Neil thought the whole incident was pretty humorous and complimented me on my short field and crosswind landing technique.

SUPER CHIEF

Norman R. Tengstrom

After returning from the Pacific theater where STAG-1 had carried out the first five ordnance assault drone operations against Japanese targets in Bougainville and Rabaul, I was assigned to the Drone Utility Unit at the Naval Ordnance Test Station (NOTS), Inyokern, California.

At NOTS we used many of the remaining inventory of TDR Assault Drones as targets for the testing of various air-to-air rockets and proximity fuses.

Etched in my memory is the day in October of 1945, while piloting a JRB full of people needing flight time, both engines quit. It was a beautiful day and we were listening to a most important baseball game. We were flying at ten thousand feet over the eastern edge of the mountains south of Mt. Whitney. The peaks were less than a thousand feet below. The silence that ensued was unbelievable. The noise from the twin radials is never noticed until it isn't there.

I realized immediately what had happened, nosed over to maintain airspeed and dropped my right hand down to switch fuel tanks. My hand however landed not on the fuel selector switch, but on top of a chief petty officer's hand already in the process of switching tanks. He had been sitting, with seat belt on, in the last passenger seat on the starboard side of the aircraft. Talk about reaction time!

NORMAN R. TENGSTROM

Norman R. Tengstrom enlisted in the Navy V-5 program in February, 1942, and was called to active duty as an aviation cadet in June, 1942. He attended the Navy Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. In September of 1942 he began flight training at USNRAB Norman, Oklahoma, where he soloed on September 30th in a N2S-3 (The Navy's fabled *Yellow Peril*.) In December, he went to NAS Corpus Christi for intermediate training in SNVs and OS2Us. After passing instrument and radio checks, he was off to Waldron Field for advanced training in SNJs.

Norman received his wings in April, 1943, and was assigned to NAS Fort Lauderdale, Florida, for torpedo and bomb training in the TBF. This was followed by TBF carrier qualification at NAS Glenview, Illinois, onboard the USS *Wolverine*. In July, 1943, he reported for duty with Training Task Force at NAS Clinton, Oklahoma, and then was reassigned to Special Task Air Group One (STAG-1.)

STAG-1 was involved in what became a top secret project – the utilization of TDR-1 Assault Drones controlled by TBF *mother* planes. It was the first guided missile employed in combat. STAG-1 was based at Monterey, California. While deployed to the South Pacific, Tengstrom participated in numerous drone assaults against Japanese merchant vessels, anti-aircraft installations, bridges and various other targets. (The Fall issue of *The Hook* featured a story about STAG-1 titled, "Navy Drones as Combat Weapons.") Not mentioned in the article was the extensive use of SNB-5s as control planes for training in radio-controlled operations.

Following the break up of STAG-1 in November, 1944, Tengstrom was one of a small group assigned to DRONE UTILITY UNIT, Naval Ordnance Test Station, Inyokern, California. He continued to *mother* drones, but now the drones were not attack weapons, but targets for testing air-to-air rockets and proximity fuses.

Mr. Tengstrom's last military flight as a pilot was in a Beechcraft #44666 on December 5, 1945.

Following the war, Norman returned to studies at Hofstra College graduating in 1948. He later served as a member of the Board of Trustees for what is now Hofstra University and in 1988, was elected Trustee Emeritus.

He was employed by Burroughs Corporation as a sales representative until 1955 when he embarked on a banking career. He retired in 1979 as Senior Vice President of the National Bank of Long Island.

Mr. Tengstrom is active in the Long Island Early Flyers Club and often attends annual reunions of STAG-1 personnel.

SHE'S A BEECH!

BENT EGO

Colonel Al Kaufman, USAF (Retired)

While stationed at Panama City, Florida, and flying the C-45 for proficiency, I had the opportunity to fly to Tri Cities Airport, Endicott, New York.

The Tri Cities Airport is located on a bluff with a landing approach over a river. I was making the approach when we got caught in a downdraft over the river which dropped us below the level of the runway. I added full power – *balls to the wall!* – but the aircraft barely climbed. We touched down on a pile of rubble short of the approach end of the runway. Our touchdown was accompanied by a large bang – an explosion! The loudest noise I had ever heard in my life.

The old Beech bounced about a hundred feet in the air and staggered back into flight. The cockpit was filled with the smell of aviation gas. A call to the tower confirmed that our gear appeared down and intact, and we were cleared for an emergency landing.

Our next landing was much more normal but the roll was extremely short. Both tires were flat – the bang we had heard – and the impact had been so great that both fuel drain valves had sprung open.

The landing gear was bent out of shape, but not nearly as bad as my ego.

We parked the C-45, removed our parachutes and personal gear, and flew back to Panama City on a civilian airliner. We reported the incident to the Operations Officer and told him where we had left the aircraft.

That was the last I heard of the incident – no questions – no accident report – no investigation. Those were certainly the *good old days*.

"WHAT'S A GAL GONNA DO?"

Colonel Al Kaufman, USAF (Retired)

I was flying a group of civilian librarians assigned to the Air University at Maxwell Air Force Base to Washington, DC, to attend a conference. No one had informed the ladies about limited facilities onboard the C-45, so none of them took the usual urological precautions before boarding the aircraft.

About half-way to DC, one very pretty young lady came forward and informed us of her need to use the lavatory facilities. We shrugged our shoulders and told her what we had was located in the rear of the aircraft. We didn't mention that the only *lavatory facilities* we had was a relief tube.

Whether she found the relief tube, I don't know. If she did, she probably wouldn't have known what it was, and if she did, she wasn't anatomically configured to use it. She did what any female in dire

circumstances would probably do – she squatted over the pile of coiled tie-down ropes and properly wet them!

What the crew chief said when the aircraft was on the ground and he discovered the unusual and unsavory condition of the tie-downs was not recorded for posterity. And that is just as well left unanswered.

I later courted and married the improvising young librarian who did what a gal had to do.

MAXWELL OR BUST

Colonel Al Kaufman, USAF (Retired)

I was assigned to the Inspector General of the Air Force, stationed at Norton Air Force Base, California. We normally flew our inspection teams in C-45s. Naturally, people at the bases we inspected were more than just cordial. They would often break the ice by inquiring what kind of airplane we flew in. Our response was, "A C-90."

We were normally met with puzzled looks and shrugged shoulders, until we explained that the C-90 was two C-45s.

While stationed at Norton, we were encouraged to fly proficiency flights on weekends to maintain our sharpness in the various aircraft. Almost every weekend would find me in an aircraft, most often a C-45, headed to Maxwell Air Force Base to court the young librarian I had met there. On other flights I always managed a fuel stop at Maxwell, no matter what the destination. On one occasion I had to dead-stick a T-33 into Maxwell. Maybe I stretched my fuel load a little too far to make Maxwell. On several occasions, flying the C-45, I was caught over Texas in massive night thunderstorms. Lightning flashed. Hail pounded the aircraft. Ice from the props peppered the fuselage. I was caught in one updraft that took us to about 25,000 feet. Without oxygen we had to dive back down to a safer altitude.

I finally asked myself why in the hell I was doing this. I was like a salmon swimming upstream, and the outcome would probably be as deadly if I continued. If I was going to survive, the only logical solution was to marry the librarian and knock off these weekend flights.

We did...and we have lived happily ever after.

COLONEL AL KAUFMAN, USAF (RETIRED)

Al Kaufman received his commission in the Coast Artillery Corps through the ROTC program at the University of California. His first assignment was in northern Peru training units of the Peruvian Navy on coastal defense artillery. A U.S. Air Base was opened there to fly anti-submarine patrols, and Kaufman became interested in flying airplanes. He transferred to the Army Air Corps in the grade of captain and received flight training in various locations in Texas.

Captain Kaufman was assigned to the Troop Carrier squadron in the 1st Air Commando Group in India and flew C-47's. He flew the *hump* a number of times and dropped supplies, paratroopers and towed

gliders. He often came under fire when landing behind enemy lines. Kaufman became the Commanding Officer of the squadron.

Also a civil engineer, he had assignments in New York, California and Saudi Arabia. Much of his duty involved construction of intercontinental ballistic missile silos. His career later took him to Utah State Agricultural College and to UCLA as Associate Professor of Air Science. Additionally, he served with the Inspector General of the Air Force and was stationed at Norton Air Force Base, California. During these various assignments, he became proficient in C-45s, B-25s, B-26s, T-6s and T-33s.

One year was spent with the Royal Air Force on exchange duty where he flew four engine transports on Empire routes.

Kaufman spent some time in Korea during the Pueblo incident and was also stationed at HQ, Pacific Air Forces at Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii, where he made frequent trips to Vietnam incident to construction and operations of air bases.

Al Kaufman retired from the USAF in 1968 as a colonel and pursued a second career as Director of Public Works for the city of Modesto, California. Retiring from that position in 1968, he now does consulting engineering.

PASS DOWN THE LINE

Captain Robert M. Deffenbaugh, USN (Retired)

Toward the end of World War II, the Navy discovered that they had too many prospective aviators in the pipeline. Rather than increasing the washout rate, the Navy decided to lengthen the pipeline. As cadets finished one phase of the training cycle they were assigned to a *pool* at Mainside, Pensacola, to await openings in the next cycle.

Although my class was in the carrier pipeline, we were assigned to an abbreviated multi-engine training period at NAAS Corry Field to lengthen the training syllabus. At Corry we flew two versions of the SNB – the SNB-1 with a blunt Plexiglas nose, and the SNB-2 and 2C with the conventional flared nose. Our training at Corry Field totaled approximately thirty hours with one night flight of about 1.5 hours.

We soon learned that the best technique to land the old solid main wheel SNB was to touch down with the tail slightly low and, with the wheels making contact a little aft of the wheel strut centerline, ease the yoke forward to *stick it on*. If runway contact was made too far forward of the main strut centerline, the aircraft would bounce back in the air requiring addition of power to re-land. A second bounce was normally higher than the first, and a third bounce was even higher and was a signal to go around again.

The one night instructional flight was generally a brief flight around the area to acquaint the student with the aircraft in darkness and a return to Corry Field where the instructor would demonstrate several night landings from the left seat, then allow the student pilot in the right seat to make two landings.

On my night flight, I was blessed to be assigned an SNB-1. The instructor pilot demonstrated night landing techniques. The first was a double bounce and a go around. The second was a one bounce semi-stall tooth rattling landing. His only comment was, "Okay, cadet. Your turn."

My two landings were smooth roll-on landings with no bounce. Needless to say, the post flight debriefing was short.

What the instructor didn't know at the time was what I had learned from a *pass down the line* hint from more senior cadets. The *secret* in night landing the SNB-1 from the right seat was the Plexiglas nose. Entry to the nose compartment was through a large curtained hatch directly in front of the co-pilot's seat. With the curtain pushed aside and the landing lights on, the right seat pilot could easily judge his proximity to the runway. From the left seat, the pilot had to peer over the nose and judge his altitude from the runway ahead.

SHE'S A BEECH!

HOT ROCK

Captain Robert M. Deffenbaugh, USN (Retired)

The early SNB landing gear control was a three position electrical toggle switch – UP, OFF and DOWN. It was located on the center instrument panel at about eye level and slightly right of the pilot. After the gear was up and locked, or down and locked, the switch was normally placed to the OFF position. As a safety measure, a spring-loaded cover guard prevented the pilot from moving the switch to the OFF position inadvertently. In addition to the landing gear switch cover safety feature, a micro-switch on one of the main landing gear oleo shocks prevented the landing gear electrical circuit from being completed while the aircraft was on the ground with the oleo compressed, even if the landing gear switch was placed in the UP position.

At Corry Field, Florida, we had a number of fleet pilots assigned as instructors, recently ashore and in a holding pattern awaiting release from active duty. They were an adventurous lot!

Most pilots waited until well airborne before lifting the landing gear switch safety cover and selecting UP. Consequently, *gear up* was accomplished at some distance after passing the end of the runway. One *hot rock* fleet instructor would start his takeoff roll, rotate onto the main mounts, hold forward pressure on the yoke to keep the landing gear oleos compressed, and select UP on the landing gear switch. When he attained sufficient airspeed, he would haul the SNB into the air, the oleos would extend and the wheels would automatically retract just as they left the runway. The wheels were *in the wells* before passing over the end of the runway.

The instructor was performing one of his *hot rock* takeoffs on an infrequently used runway at Corry Field that had a pronounced *roller coaster* rise near the halfway point. As they aircraft reached the rise and started on the down slope, it had enough lift to extend the oleos, but insufficient airspeed to become airborne. The gear retracted and the props cut two deep furrows in the asphalt runway. *Hot rock* was *stone cold* after that little fiasco!

STRTNOSNB

Captain Robert M. Deffenbaugh, USN (Retired)

The SNB/JRB/C-45 aircraft was the nemesis of many *proficiency pilots* throughout the navy. Sometime in the 1950's, a *Society to Rid the Navy of SNBs* was formed. The organization had no political agenda to pressure the Navy to retire the SNBs nor to promote an increased accident rate. For a nominal membership fee, one was provided a membership card with the Bureau Numbers of all remaining SNB/JRBs printed on the back. Members notified the *Society* when an SNB/JRB was stricken from service. Periodically, a notice listing newly stricken SNB/JRBs was sent to members so they could cross out the appropriate Bureau Numbers on the back of their membership card. The entire effort was aimed at a big celebration when all SNB/JRBs were *retired*.

However, unbeknownst to the STRTNOSNB organization, the Navy was shipping bits and pieces of demolished SNB/JRBs to the Beechcraft Company in Wichita, for rebuilding. I watched a dilapidated SNB fuselage, sans wings, engines and tail loaded on a railroad flatcar at NAS Alameda, destined for Wichita. Apparently, the aircraft were rebuilt to SNB-5/JRB-6 standards but retained the Bureau Number of the largest component of the salvaged aircraft, generally the fuselage. I suppose there was a bureaucratic

reason for calling the resulting aircraft overhauled, instead of new, probably for budget purposes. This, of course, thwarted the goal of the STRTNDOSNB organization.

Most SNB/JRB aircraft in service in the late 1950's and early 1960's were SNB-5s and JRB-6s, with five digit Bureau Numbers starting with the number 5, 6 or 8. However, one of the SNB-5s at NAS Quonset Point, used by students at the Naval War College, carried a four digit number - 4718. This was surely one of the *rebuilt* aircraft.

CAPTAIN ROBERT M. DEFFENBAUGH, USN (RETIRED)

Robert Deffenbaugh was born in Newman, California, and entered naval service as an Aviation Cadet during World War II. Following commissioning and designation as a naval aviator in July, 1946, he was assigned to Fighter Squadron 21 and to Fighter Squadron 112 in the Pacific Fleet.

He served in USS *Valley Forge* as a member of Air Group 11 during the 1947-48 world cruise of Task Force 38. He participated in the Korean conflict as a jet fighter pilot with VF-93 embarked in USS *Philippine Sea*. Following the truce in Korea, he was assigned as an instructor with Fleet Air Gunnery Unit, Pacific, and then served in the Atlantic Fleet as CIC and CCA Officer in USS *Wasp* during operations with ASW Task Group Bravo and with the Sixth Fleet during the 1958 operations in Lebanon.

Deffenbaugh's next squadron assignment was with VP-26 operating in the North Atlantic and Iceland areas. In 1964 through 1966, he served in VP-1B as Executive Officer and then Commanding Officer operating out of Puerto Rico. During this period he participated in the Dominican Republic crisis and the Cuban surveillance operations. He served as Operations Officer in USS *Okinawa* in 1966-67 during the ship's shift of home port from Norfolk to San Diego, and a subsequent nine-month Vietnam deployment as flagship of Amphibious Ready Group Alpha, and Special Landing Force Alpha. Tours ashore include assignment to Flight Test Division, D&R, NAS Alameda, and recruiting and training duty with Naval Reserve Training Command, NAS South Weymouth. Captain Deffenbaugh was assigned as Officer-in-Charge and Technical Director, Naval Anti-Submarine Warfare Data Center in February, 1968, with additional duty to OPNAV.

He is a graduate of the Navy's General Line School, Naval War College Command and Staff School and the Naval Post Graduate School where he completed postgraduate work in Operational Analysis.

His military awards are numerous, including Meritorious Service medal, Bronze Star with Combat V for operations in Vietnam, Air medal (7) and the Navy Commendation Medal with Combat V for operations in Korea.

Captain Deffenbaugh retired from the Navy in 1973 having 5,000 flight hours in twenty-seven different aircraft. Following retirement from the Navy, he was employed as a research analyst for five years with Magnavox Corporation and eleven years with Vitro Corporation. He fully retired in 1989 and lives in Florida.

ALL WEATHER FLIGHT

Lieutenant Commander John E. Jenista, USN (Retired)

I first flew the SNB aircraft as a student in the Navy All Weather Flight School in May and June of 1952, at NAS Corpus Christi, Texas. There were two types of students undergoing training at the school. There were fleet aviators, such as I, who received an eight-week course culminated with the issuance of a green Special Instrument Card. Also, at this time, all newly designated naval aviators came through the school before being sent to a fleet assignment.

In January of 1953, I returned to the All Weather Flight School as an instructor. The unit was very large with 215 officer flight instructors and 205 aircraft. There were some JRBs, but most of the aircraft were SNB-5s. The SNB-5s were the all weather version with an autopilot, deicer boots and a nicer arrangement of instruments. Some even had full-feathering props, but most did not.

The SNB-5s also had shock absorbing drag struts on the main gear which took up some of the fore-and-aft shock when the gear touched down. The struts would allow the aircraft to *walk* when you ran the engines up on the ground. If you added power to the starboard engine with the brakes locked, the aircraft would yaw left as the starboard strut compressed. The same thing would happen in the other direction when the port engine was run up. The tail wheels were bolted in the down position even though the retract mechanism was still installed. I believe this was the result of some reliability problems with the mechanism.

We were told to never make a full-stall landing in the SNB because the tail section was not stressed for this type of landing.

We flew seven days a week on a regular schedule. Each instructor had two students assigned and was expected to give each student two hops a day. I consistently flew 110 to 120 hours a month. One student who was put on report for not having a proper haircut was able to prove that he was in the air or in ground school every single minute that the barber shop was open for a six-week period.

We finally got a new admiral (Chief of Naval Air Advanced Training) who objected to the Sunday schedule. Sunday instructional flights were removed from the schedule, but the instructors were expected to complete their students in the same period of time.

Our *skipper* was Captain James R. Reedy - an excellent leader. One morning when the weather was WOXOF (ceiling and visibility zero, sky obscured due to fog). The 0700 launch didn't go. The instructors and students were sitting in the ready room when Captain Reedy arrived at 0800. Observing the situation, he jumped up on a table in the ready room and yelled in a booming voice: "The name of this unit is ALL WEATHER FLIGHT. It is not FAIR WEATHER FLIGHT or SOME WEATHER FLIGHT. Now get your butts in your airplanes and do your jobs!"

I still remember having my head out of the cockpit window looking straight down trying to find the runway centerline to line up for takeoff. From the center of the runway you couldn't see either side of the runway, or anything straight ahead.

All flights launched – there wasn't a single cancellation for any reason. I don't think anyone wanted to explain to Captain Reedy why he didn't go. By the time the hops were completed, the fog had risen high enough that we could make instrument landings.

The students certainly got their *money's* worth of all weather flight instruction that day.

A TRIM LANDING

Lieutenant Commander John E. Jenista, USN (Retired)

Only one truly humorous story about the SNB comes to mind. While assigned to the Navy All Weather Flight School as an instructor, I had the opportunity to land, or at least attempt to land, using only the elevator trim tab for pitch control.

The bolt holding the elevator control horn had fallen out of an SNB. This is an item on the pre-flight checklist. You raise the elevator with your hand, then peer into an inspection hole that allows you to see that the bolt is secure. A report of this incident to the Naval Aviation Safety Center prompted a notice to all operators of SNB/JRB aircraft to have their pilots practice landings using only the elevator trim tab for pitch – the situation you would have if the bolt failed or was lost.

Lieutenant *Skin* Otis and I were the first in the unit to give it a try. *Skin* was a jolly sort of fellow and as we porpoised through the sky using only the elevator trim tab to control our descent, we both got to laughing so hard we could hardly communicate with the tower. Our radio transmissions were giggles and guffaws.

I'm sure the people in the tower thought they had two drunk or high-on-something naval aviators trying desperately to get their bouncing Beechcraft on the runway. We were having a good time trying to do what the Safety Center had ordered.

To my knowledge, no one else ever had the bolt fall out or ever had to use the procedures we practiced.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JOHN E. JENISTA, USN (RETIRED)

John Jenista entered the Navy in August, 1947, as an Apprentice Seaman in the V-5 Naval Aviation College Program. He entered flight training in February, 1948, flying the SNJ through carrier qualification on the USS *Cabot*. During this period, he and his brother owned at BT-13 which they kept at the Pensacola Municipal Airport and flew on weekends. He went to advanced training in seaplanes flying the PBM. After receiving his wings, he served in VP-47 and VP-46 until 1952, when he was assigned to the All weather Flight School as a student. (His squadron had just returned from a ten month deployment and everyone wanted to go on leave...but there was a quota to fill at AWFS.)

Jenista then went to Kwajalein Island for a nuclear weapons test. Following the test, he was reassigned to All Weather Flight School as an instructor. His next duty was Assistant Air Operations Officer and Special Weapons Officer in USS *Yorktown*.

Jenista then flew AD Skyraiders in VA-195 where he also served as Maintenance Officer. Four years of study at the Naval Post Graduate School followed – two years to finish undergraduate work and two years in Aeronautical Engineering. He then served on CINCPACFLT Staff in Hawaii, as Special Weapons Officer, then four years in Naval Air Systems Command as a propulsion engineer. Jenista was Assistant Program Manager for propulsion on the A-7 program.

After retiring from the Navy as a Lieutenant Commander, he worked for Beech Aircraft in Wichita, Kansas, where he was instrumental in the development of the T-34C and T-44A trainers. Always skeptical of the way flight instructors simulated in-flight emergencies (reducing throttles, pulling circuit breakers, etc.) he designed the switch-box in the right armrest of the instructor's seat of the T-44A which can cause twelve *failures* to occur on the student's instrument panel. Students call this the *God Box*.

Jenista also assisted in getting the C-12 approved for a utility aircraft in the Navy's inventory.

He left Beech Aircraft in 1980 to work on the A-12 contract at General Dynamics in Fort Worth, Texas. When the program was canceled, he promptly retired.

John Jenista's family is particularly interesting. His older and younger brothers were both naval aviators, and a third brother was a naval officer in the Underwater Demolition Team (Frogmen) program. John is married to an ex-Navy nurse and has a daughter who is now a Navy nurse. His son is an F-14 Radar Intercept Officer and another daughter is a captain in the U. S. Air Force.

He owns and flies a 1959 Beechcraft Bonanza and does a little aeronautical consulting on the side.

IT GOT AWAY FROM ME!

Lieutenant Colonel Donald P. Taylor, USAF (Retired)

In May of 1946 I was stationed at Neuburg, Germany, near Munich. I was the Assistant Operations Officer of what was primarily a P-51 base, but with a number of other types of aircraft, including C-45s.

By virtue of having ten hours in C-45s, I was the only pilot on base considered to be *qualified* in the Beech. It fell upon my shoulders to check out other pilots, mostly P-51 jocks, in the trusty old twin-engine Beechcraft. You can imagine the scenario of a fighter pilot-type with only ten hours in multi-engine trying to check out other fighter pilots with zero multi-engine time.

I recall my first so-called check out flight. I was in the right seat with no brakes and no hands on the throttles. A P-51 jock in the left seat applies full power and puts both hands on the yoke trying to drive it like a car.

Needless to say, the aircraft departed the runway in a non-flying configuration. The wheels were still on the ground, or at least one was...the other was folded up neatly under the engine nacelle.

The left seat pilot said: "No brakes!"

Maintenance said: "Brakes okay."

I said: "IT GOT AWAY FROM ME!"

I remember the C-45 fondly. It was a dog on the ground, but great in the air. In 1957 and 1958, while serving as Base Operations Officer at Moody Field, Valdosta, Georgia, I had the opportunity to fly the C-45 often. We had four assigned and, as I remember, I flew the last one to storage at Davis Monthan AFB in Tucson, Arizona. During this period. At this time the C-45 had one of the worst accident rates in the Air Force.

A good friend of mine, John Thorp, modified the Beech with a nose wheel. I understand that this was a great airplane.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL DONALD P. TAYLOR, USAF (Retired)

Don Taylor was born in Tucson, Arizona, in 1918. Moving to California in 1922, he attended and graduated from Hollywood High School in 1936.

Following high school, he spent two years as a bellboy on ocean liners to Australia, the Far East and around the world.

In 1939, he graduated from Santa Monica Junior College and attended the University of Southern California from 1939 through 1941.

Taylor served in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve program in 1940 and '41, but resigned to enlist as an Air Cadet in December, 1941. He graduated from Luke Air Force Base, Phoenix, Arizona, as a single-engine fighter pilot and was assigned to Panama in 1942. His next assignment was to the India-Burma theater of operations where he flew P-40s. He flew seventy-nine missions and was awarded the Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross. Following the end of World War II, he was transferred to Germany.

In 1949, Taylor graduated from the U. S. Air Force Meteorological School, and in 1953 graduated from the University of Utah with a BS Degree in Military Science. He was then assigned a two year tour in Alaska, with the Weather Service.

Next came an assignment to the All Weather Flying School for ten months where he was designated a USAF Command Pilot. He then served two years in England as the Commander of a Thor Missile Unit.

He retired from the USAF as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1962. Following retirement, he built a Thorpe T-18 airplane. The T-18 is in the World Record Class C-1.b (500 to 1,000 kilograms) and holds approximately 30 world records.

Taylor first attempted to fly around-the-world in 1973, but was delayed by politics and weather. He arrived in Japan in October, but was forced to wait for suitable weather. It was too late in the year to continue, so the T-18 was boxed up and shipped home.

In the T-18, Taylor set records from London to Paris and from Rome to Athens. He was also the first to fly a home-built aircraft across the Atlantic.

Taylor attempted another around-the-world flight in 1976, and was successful. He planned for forty-two days but the weather and red tape extended the flight to sixty days.

In 1980, he flew a world record flight from Riverside, California, to the Bahamas non-stop. In the same year, he flew a world record flight to Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand and return. This year also saw Taylor fly another world record flight – Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to Melbourne, Australia.

In 1953, he flew a world record flight to both the Magnetic and True North Poles, and then donated the T-18, Victoria, to the Experimental Aircraft Association Museum and Air Foundation at Oshkosh.

Don Taylor lives near Hemet, California, and has his own airstrip which he built soon after retiring from the Air Force. He is the recipient of the Federal Aviation Administration, Department of Transportation, Distinguished Service Medal, the Jimmy Doolittle Fellow of the Aerospace Education Foundation, and the Harmon International Trophy – awarded by Vice President Quayle.

He has been an FAA certified flight instructor since 1952 and holds a California Life Teaching Certificate for all aviation subjects. He has taught aviation courses at both high school and college level. Having first soloed in 1940, he has more than 14,000 flight hours.

SHALL WE GO AROUND AGAIN

Commander Ragnwald Muller, USN (Retired)

During my first of two tours in Washington, DC, I was maintaining flight proficiency in SNB aircraft based at NAS Anacostia.

On one particular gusty day I was scheduled to fly with a very experienced SNB pilot. He suggested that I take the left seat to get more experience. As we took the duty runway for takeoff, I noted a strong crosswind, which didn't seem to bother my companion. With all his SNB experience, he had probably made many takeoffs in similar wind conditions.

I applied full power and we started down the runway. I held aileron into the wind to counteract the crosswind. I eased the yoke forward to lift the tail wheel and immediately ground looped off the runway. With brake and throttle, I regained control and we taxied back to the head of the runway for another attempt.

The old pro looked at me in disgust, shook his head, and suggested that we change seats. This suggestion suited me fine. It would give me the opportunity to see a real SNB professional execute a brisk crosswind takeoff.

We exchanged seats and lined up for another takeoff. The pilot applied power smoothly using aileron and differential power to maintain runway heading. He eased the yoke forward to lift the tail wheel and we went ground looping off the runway again, in the exact position that I had departed the runway.

It was my turn to stare in disgust. In fact, as I stared, we both broke out in uncontrolled laughter. Together we decided that this runway, this wind, and these pilots were not compatible with SNB operations on this day. We took her back to the barn and secured our flight operations for the day.

GEAR DOWN...AND LOCKED?

Commander Ragnwald Muller, USN (Retired)

I was assigned duty with the Aircraft Reactors Branch of the Atomic Energy Commission's Division of Reactor Development in Washington, DC. I worked very closely with an Air Force major on a joint project to develop nuclear powered aircraft. I was maintaining flight proficiency by flying SNBs out of NAS Anacostia, and the major maintained his flight proficiency flying C-45s out of Bolling Air Force Base. Between us, we were normally able to acquire an aircraft for weekend cross-countries.

We had some critical experiments being conducted at the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine located at San Antonio, Texas, and since Major Allen was raised in San Antonio, he was never adverse to an overnigher in the Alamo City.

SHE'S A BEECH!

One February day in 1947, we set out for Randolph Air Force Base. I had obtained an SNB from Anacostia for the flight. We got a late start due to weather in the DC area, and enroute we diverted considerably northwest of a direct route to avoid severe thunderstorms in the southwestern United States. Most of the flight to Tulsa, where we landed for refueling, was under IFR conditions.

It was after 0100 in the early morning when we arrived over San Antonio. Fortunately, the weather here was VFR. We were both dog-tired and wanted to get on the ground. As I lowered the landing gear and turned on to final, we saw a red light on the landing gear indicator. The light was a warning that the gear was not down and locked properly.

I yelled at Ralph in the right seat to check the landing gear circuit breaker. In the SNB it was located on the co-pilot's side near the windshield. The next thing I knew, he had his head under my seat fumbling with a pocket-pen flashlight. I couldn't figure out what the hell he was doing, so I yelled again. "Ralph, check the landing gear circuit breaker!"

He mumbled something in return and continued digging around under my seat. I raised the gear, executed a wave-off, and called for another landing. We were told by the tower that the field was ours. There were no other aircraft in the air. I suspected that if it had not been for our scheduled late hour arrival, the field would have been closed by this time.

I entered another downwind and lowered the gear. I could feel them drop into place, but once again, the red warning light remained on, and once again, Ralph went digging under my seat. I loosened my straps, leaned over and checked the circuit breaker. It was in. I advised the tower and they suggested we fly by the tower and they would check the gear with a spotlight.

The tower reported that the gear looked down and in place. I considered flying back to NAS Dallas, the nearest naval air station, where we would have SNB maintenance personnel available. We had the fuel, but I recalled that NAS Dallas was expecting IFR conditions in fog later in the morning.

I set up for another landing approach, having left the gear down after the tower flyby. With the red warning light glowing, I landed the SNB at Randolph Field with no problems. We later learned that the warning light was the result of a loose wire which we corrected ourselves.

I asked Ralph why he went digging under my seat with a pen-light every time I asked him to check the circuit breaker. It was only then I learned the circuit breaker in the Air Force C-45 was under the pilot's seat, and not on the co-pilot's side as it was in the SNB.

OLD SMOKEY

Commander Ragnwald Muller, USN (Retired)

My last flight on active duty before retiring from the Navy was a round-robin from NAF Andrews to State College, Pennsylvania, and return. The date was September 3, 1964. I was scheduled to fly with a Naval Academy classmate, Harold J. Grimes.

We filed an IFR flight plan and manned the aircraft. During the magneto check, we detected the faint smell of smoke coming from the rear of the aircraft. We took turns going aft and checking the odor. We agreed that the further we went aft, the stronger the smell was. We decided to take the SNB back to the line and get another one. Of course, this meant filing another IFR flight plan delaying our flight even more.

We signed for another SNB, filed a flight plan and taxied out for another takeoff attempt. Once again we detected the faint smell of burning rubber or electrical wiring. Agreeing that the smell of smoke was still lingering in our noses from the previous aircraft, we blasted off for my last flight in the Navy.

The round-robin went smoothly without incident and I was pleased that my final SNB landing was near-perfect. We returned to the NAF Andrews flight line to discover that a faulty auxiliary power unit (APU) used to start our aircraft was putting out twice the required voltage. At least a dozen SNB aircraft, including the two we had operated, required extensive electrical rewiring to replace burned-out wiring caused by the excessive voltage.

I recall the SNB fondly, having put in over a thousand pilot hours in the aircraft. I got my introduction to the Beech at NAS Banana River, in 1945, undergoing radar-bombing training, and flew it throughout my naval career, including my final active duty flight in 1964.

COMMANDER RAGNWALD MULLER, USN (RETIRED)

Ragnwald Muller entered flight training as a lieutenant junior grade after serving aboard the battleship, USS *Texas*, in the Atlantic and the battles off Normandy and Southern France. He started primary flight training in Ottuma, Iowa, in December of 1944, flying the N2S. From there he went to Sauffley Field in Pensacola, for training in SNVs. He received his wings from advanced training in PBV seaplanes one month after the end of World War II.

He got his introduction to the SNB while undergoing radar-bombing training at NAS Banana River. After additional training in PB4Y-2 at Hutchison, Kansas, and Whiting Field, Florida, he served a tour in Atlantic Fleet Heavy Patrol Squadron 11.

In June, 1948, Muller attended Naval Post Graduate School at the Naval Academy where he flew JRFs off the Severn River and continued his education for two more years at the University of California. While at Berkeley, he logged most of his proficiency flight time in SNBs at NAS Alameda.

Graduating from UC in June, 1951, Muller was assigned to the Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory, San Francisco. Much of his flight time here was logged in SNBs flying lab test equipment from NAS Alameda to the Mercury, Nevada, test site where he landed on the dry lake beds.

After a tour in Fleet Airborne Electronic Training Unit and Special Weapons Unit at NAS North Island, flying R4Ds and SNBs, he was designated a AEOD and was assigned as Atomic Energy Coordinator at the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, Washington, DC. Here he flew SNBs out of NAS Anacostia. From August, 1957, to February, 1958, Muller attended the Oak Ridge School of Reactor Technology in Tennessee, where he logged proficiency flight time in C-45s out of McGee-Tyson AFB in Knoxville.

After a three year stint in Germany flying C-47s out of Wiesbaden AFB with the Air Force, he was assigned to the Office of Naval Research in Washington, DC. Again he flew SNBs, but out of Andrews Air Force Base. During this tour, Muller was assigned for ten months TAO as Staff Radiological Safety Officer on the Staff of Navy Task Group of Joint Task Force Eight conducting nuclear weapons tests at Christmas and Johnson Islands in the Pacific. His proficiency flying was conducted in SNBs at NAS Barbers Point, Hawaii.

Commander Muller flew his final flight as a naval aviator in an SNB on September 18, 1964. He retired from active duty on the last day of that month.

Since retiring, Commander Muller served two years as a technical assistant to the Atomic Energy Commissioner, nine years in engineering for General Electric, and almost six years as Senior Staff Engineer on the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards.

I FINALLY CHECK OUT IN THE SNB
Lieutenant Commander Walt Bodger, USN (Retired)

It was October 1943, and I am air hitch-hiking out to the West Coast from NAS Norman, Oklahoma, where I am a primary flight instructor. It was my first tour of duty after being commissioned an ensign and designated a naval aviator in October, 1942. I start from Tinker Army Air Base in Oklahoma City, in a B-17, and get as far as Midland-Odessa, Texas.

Midland-Odessa is a fueling stop for cross-country ferry flights, so I am confident of getting a flight out. I ask at the counter in operations if any flights are going west.

A Navy lieutenant standing next to me is making out a flight plan. Noticing the wings on my uniform, he says, "You're my co-pilot. We're going to San Diego."

This poor guy is flying an SNB solo from coast to coast and is dead tired. As soon as we are airborne and on course, he asks, "You familiar with the radio compass?"

I have to admit that my instrument experience is confined to needle, ball and airspeed, and the low frequency radio range. The radio compass was just coming into vogue when I finished flight training.

The lieutenant says, "Well, just keep the needle straight up and wake me when it spins around." He then dozes off to sleep.

When we pass a station, I wake him up and he tunes in the next station, and goes back to sleep. So it goes until we reach Tucson, Arizona. He takes over and lands the plane.

After refueling and a bite to eat, we get back into the SNB to continue our flight. As we line up on the runway for takeoff, he asks, "You want to make the takeoff?"

"Sure," I answered, eager to fly this twin-engine craft, a far cry from the *Yellow Perils* I am flying at Norman. I release the brakes, push the throttles to full power and grab the yoke with both hands. Wow! We go swerving down the runway bearing hard left.

The lieutenant takes over, narrowly averting one of the hangars, and casually comments, "I guess you're not used to two engines."

After we settle down on course, he gives me a little instruction in twin-engine takeoffs. "You have to lead with left throttle until you get the tail up and have rudder control.

Our next landing was at San Diego, our destination, so I didn't have a chance to practice leading with the left throttle.

After completing my tour in Norman in September, 1945, and going through operational training in F4F's, I report to AIRLANT in Norfolk for further fleet assignment. I am sent to CASU-25 in Oceana, Virginia, where I relieve the Operations Officer who is being discharged. I am a lieutenant now and the third senior officer in the squadron.

Among the aircraft in CASU-25 is a beautiful (to me!) JRB. Only two pilots, a chief petty officer AP and an AP1, are checked out in the Beech. After two weeks on board, I can't get the plane, the weather or either one of the pilots together at the same time to check out in the JRB.

One beautiful Saturday morning I look out of my office window and see the JRB sitting there on the flight line. The plane is available, the weather is good...but no qualified pilot. "Well," I say to myself, "there's no time like the present. Let's go!"

I call Lieutenant JG Dave Knave, a fighter pilot, into my office. "Hey, Dave, how'd you like to check out in the JRB?"

"Great, Mr. Bodger. When?"

"Right now. Get the handbook and read up on it. When you're ready, let me know."

Forty-five minutes later we go down to the flight line. After the pre-flight inspection, I put Knave in the left seat and we crank her up. I tell him to use the throttles as well as the brakes on taxiing. We get out to the runway and line up for takeoff. I explain to him about leading with the left throttle until he gets his tail up and has rudder control. The takeoff is uneventful.

Knave flies around for awhile, does some wingovers and practice stalls, shoots three or four touch-and-go landings and makes a final landing. As he starts back to the flight line, I direct him back to the end of the runway.

"So," I say to him, "do you feel like you're a qualified JRB pilot now?"

"Yes, sir...I guess so," he replies. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you're now the only checked-out, qualified JRB pilot in the squadron today. Get over here in the right seat and give me a check-out flight!"

That's how I finally got checked out in the JRB.

"WHO'S ON FIRST?"

Lieutenant Commander Walt Bodger

Shortly after World War II, a cartoon appeared in one or another service publication depicting two military pilots standing ruefully beside a smashed-up airplane with the caption: "I thought *you* were the instructor!" As is true of most humor, the reason this brought a chuckle at the time is because it was close to the mark. In the turmoil and confusion immediately following the cessation of hostilities, there was more than one occasion when air crew assignments were snafu'd. It happened to me in a C-45.

Demobilization in 1945 and '46 left a lot of pilots on active duty without flying assignments. They were *banked* in ground jobs behind the line, but were still required to fly four hours a month minimum for flight pay, and every air base had a fleet of miscellaneous support aircraft to accommodate them - T-6s, C-45s, B-25s, C-47s and other leftovers from the war. When a pilot was assigned to a new base one of his first stops was base Operations to turn in his Form-5 flight log and asked to be scheduled for an early proficiency flight. More often than not, his PCS (Permanent Change of Station orders) had put him behind on flight time for pay purposes which, at a \$150 a month, was a considerable part of his budget in those days.

Someone in charge of such matters would check the new man's qualifications and currency, and schedule him for a flight. If he wasn't qualified and current in an available aircraft, he would be scheduled with an instructor, if available, or as a co-pilot just to get time in until he could be properly checked out.

SHE'S A BEECH'

At the time of the incident I refer to, I was a qualified T-6 driver, with one hour of C-45 co-pilot time some months past to finish out four hours for flight pay. I was transferred to a base that had no T-6s, but plenty of Twin-Beeches (C-45s.)

A few days after checking in, I received a phone call from Base Ops asking if I was available to take a hop to a nearby base and back. I was, and in a few minutes was at Base Ops meeting the other pilot on the flight. He had already filed the flight plan to speed us on our way as there was a passenger at the other end waiting to be picked up.

After a quick walk-around, the other pilot entered the aircraft first and settled into the right seat. I figured he must be a pretty good Joe to give me a takeoff and landing, as well as confident in his ability to fly the aircraft from either side. I plunked myself down in the left seat and, with a little fumbling and help, got both engines started. We taxied to the runway for takeoff.

It was a thirty minute flight to the other base in clear VFR weather, so there wasn't time to get into much trouble before we were in the pattern for landing. When the guy in the right seat didn't say anything one way or the other, I figured I must be doing all right. I flew a wide base and a power-on final, like you do when you don't know the airplane well. Everything was fine until I flared for a three-point landing. After three or four bounces and some corrective throttle work, I got all three wheels on the ground and slowed to taxi speed. All this time there wasn't a word out of the co-pilot...good or bad. A real cool cat!

Our passenger was waiting for us in front of Base Ops. I cut the engines and climbed out of the seat to go back and open the door for the passenger. I fully expected the other pilot to swap seats while I was up and was grateful I wouldn't be making the landing back at home base with a passenger on board. When I climbed back up front the other pilot was still in the right seat.

"You're leg," I said, waving to the empty left seat.

He smiled and shook his head. "Thanks, but I'm not checked out. This is my first flight in the C-45."

There are times when being rendered speechless is as good a response as any...and this was one of them. Being the more *experienced* C-45 pilot on board, I climbed back into the left seat and flew the bird home. Somewhere enroute I remembered seeing C-45s make wheel landings, like the *gooney bird*. I tried it at home base and it worked out well.

That was my *official* check-out in the C-45. I said nothing to no one and no one said anything to me. I quickly got the dash-1 and filled out the obligatory questionnaire for the file. I later discovered that the pilot I had flown the C-45 with had, for pay time some months before coming to my new station, logged *instructor pilot time*, so the Form-5 clerk assumed it had been a check flight.

I got so I enjoyed the Twin-Beech – had a lot of pleasant flights in it – but I never forgot my first one in the left seat.

TRY THAT APPROACH AGAIN

Lieutenant Commander Walt Bodger, USN (Retired)

One of the first things I learned about flying in desert sandstorms is how to use the limited visibility most effectively. I could see only a few feet horizontally – two hundred feet at the most, but usually only a hundred feet – but looking straight down, I could see much further, three to five hundred feet.

As Assistant Naval Attaché in the U.S. Embassy in Baghdad, Iraq, in the early 1950's, I flew an SNB throughout most of the Middle-East, and having to return to Baghdad and land during a sandstorm was not unusual. The only instrument landing facility at that time was a navigational radio station at the airport. My co-pilot, a Chief Petty Officer Aviation Pilot, and I devised an ROF approach for instrument landings.

Taking advantage of the ability to see objects when looking straight down, we memorized all the landmarks in the vicinity of the airport, so we could fly over the station, drop down to two or three hundred feet and orient ourselves relative to the runway by the landmarks. Depending on which direction we were landing, we used one of two approaches.

On the side of the airport where the Operations building was located, there was a marshaling yard for the railroad, with a large roundhouse and several barns. At the end of the runway, across a road and a large drainage ditch, was the cavalry headquarters. The stables were immediately along side the ditch with several other buildings located throughout the area. The antenna for the station was located on the corner of the airport next to the road.

When using Runway 26, our ROF approach consisted of flying over the station at one thousand feet, making a 45° turn to the right and flying for two minutes, and then making a descending timed turn of 225° to the left, dropping down to two hundred feet. By then we were over the cavalry headquarters and could make out the various buildings and the stables. We could make a minor adjustment, if necessary, to line up with the runway. After passing over the road we dropped down another hundred feet, where we could make out the end of the runway, and land.

This procedure worked out quite well and we made several successful landings until one particularly eventful occasion. Returning from Beirut, we encountered one of the frequent sandstorms in the area. We called for landing instructions and were informed that Runway 26 was in use and we were cleared for the approach.

Coming in over the station at one thousand feet, we turned right and informed the tower we were beginning the approach. As we completed our 225° turn and leveled at two hundred feet, we saw nothing under us but railroad tracks! Aware of the roundhouse and barns ahead of us, I pulled up sharply, missing them by a few feet. The co-pilot reported a missed approach and requested another try.

The control tower advised us: "Roger your missed approach. Cleared for another approach." Then, as an afterthought added, "Oh, we forgot to tell you our main antenna is down and we're using the alternate antenna on the roof of the Operations building."

Well, that explained the *missed approach*. After settling down from our close call at the roundhouse, we made some minor adjustments to our standard approach, and we came down over the cavalry headquarters this time for a safe landing.

After that, when we called for an instrument approach, we always asked where the antennae was located.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WALTER C. BODGER, USN (RETIRED)

Walt Bodger was born in Moneta, California, November 13, 1918. He completed an AA degree in Journalism at Los Angeles City College in 1941 to enter the Naval Aviation Cadet program.

SHE'S A BEECH!

He was commissioned Ensign, USNR, in 1942, at NAS Corpus Christi, where he flew OS2Us in advanced training. His first duty station was NAS Norman, Oklahoma, where Walt served as a primary flight instructor. His next duty station was NAS Sanford, Florida, where he flew F4Fs, first as a student, then as an instructor. In August of 1945, Walt reported to Fleet Air Norfolk and was assigned to CASU-25 (later FASRON-5) as a place to *hang his hat* while awaiting the result of his application for a Regular Navy commission.

Upon receiving his regular commission, he was permanently assigned to CASU-25 where he fleeted up to executive officer. In August of 1947, Walt was ordered to Fighting Squadron Three at NAS Quonset Point, where he flew the F8F Bearcat. He made a Mediterranean cruise with the squadron in 1948.

Following the Med cruise, he was ordered to the Naval Intelligence School and then to the Navy Language School (Arabic). His next assignment was as Assistant Naval Attaché, Baghdad, Iraq. Following Navy Line School at Monterey, California, in 1953, Walt was assigned to the Pentagon as ONI analyst for Mid-East air intelligence. In July of 1955, he reported to the USS *Point Cruz* as Air Operations Officer and Assistant operations Officer. The ship was decommissioned in 1956 and Walt was ordered to VAW-11. He completed one WESTPAC cruise as Officer-in-Charge of a detachment of AD5Ws on USS *Hornet*. A severe back injury in a motorcycle accident prevented Walt from making a second WESTPAC deployment. In September, 1958, he was ordered to NAS Corpus Christi, where he served as flight instructor in VT-25 flying S2Fs and as squadron Administrative Officer. Before retiring from active duty in 1963, Walt was assigned to the Chief of Naval Air Advanced Training Command staff as Career information Officer.

Retiring in Corpus Christi, Walt has been a life insurance salesman and Naval Science Instructor at the NJROTC unit at Carroll High School, where he initiated the program. His last employment before full retirement was as property Manager for 404 townhouse units on fifty-five acres in North Dallas, Texas.

Walt again lives in Corpus Christi, where he enjoys free-lance writing, reading and community activities.

During his twenty plus years as a naval aviator, he has flown the SBO, SNC, F4F, N3N, N2S, N2T, SNJ, SO3C, GH, GB2, TBF/TBM, F6F, F4U, F8F, SB2C, AD5W, S2F, SNB/JRB, OY1 and R5D.

CANTALOUPE CANNONBALLS
Captain Al Rappuhn, USNR (Retired)

In July of 1954, I was assigned to the staff of Admiral Ed Ewen, Commander Fleet Air Alameda. I was a fighter pilot and my first experience with a multi-engine aircraft was a brief check-out in the SNB.

It was summertime and a reception/dinner was planned at the admiral's quarters. I received a very unusual request from the admiral's aide. The admiral wanted cantaloupe for his guests. Since I needed my monthly proficiency flight time and the best cantaloupe in the country grew wild in the grassy areas alongside the runways at NAAS Fallon, Nevada, I was scheduled with Lieutenant Benjamin, another fighter pilot with zip hours in multi-engine, to fly to Fallon and pick up some melons.

The flight to Fallon in the *bug smasher* was uneventful. We landed and proceeded to load the cantaloupes on the floor in the aisle between the seats. Neither of us had thought to bring some bags or boxes. The admiral needed about twenty-five, and we loaded another hundred or so for a party planned at the BOQ pool.

As fighter pilots, we knew little and cared less about weight and balance. After takeoff, the tail became extremely heavy. It took both of us pushing forward on the yoke to bring the nose down. Then we became suddenly nose-heavy. Back we pulled on the yokes. This back and forth motion continued all the way back to Alameda – with cantaloupes rolling around in the aisle like cannonballs. Landing was accomplished with some difficulty, but without mishap...although some bruised *cannonballs* were noted.

Needless to say, two lieutenants returned to flying single engine fighters.

CAPTAIN AL RAPPUHN, USNR (RETIRED)

Al Rappuhn entered the Navy through the Naval Aviation Cadet program and received his wings in 1945. He was assigned to Night Fighter training at NAS Miami, flying F6F Hellcats.

Squadron duty followed with tours in VFB-153 (F6F), VF-16A (F6F and F8F), and VF-153 (F8F) onboard the aircraft carriers *Boxer*, *Antietam*, and *Valley Forge*.

In 1950, Al entered the five term Holloway Program at Tulane University. In 1951, he attended CIC School at NAS Glenview and then served in USS *Boxer* as CIC Officer. His next assignment was on COMFAIRALAMEDA Staff. In 1955, he attended the Navy General Line School at Monterey, California.

In 1955, as a lieutenant, Al resigned his Regular Navy commission and accepted a commission in the Naval Reserve. He filled various command billets at West Palm Beach, Tampa, Pensacola and San Antonio. He retired as a captain in 1985 and presently serves as the Director of Special Events, Naval Aviation Museum Foundation, NAS Pensacola.

NAVAL FLIGHT OFFICER TRAINING FUN
Lieutenant Commander Jerry M. Parks, USN (Retired)

I was in NFO training at Sherman Field, Pensacola, Florida, in 1963 and '64. During the summer of 1964, I flew in the SNB (Secret Navy Bomber!) for basic navigation training. It was very hot in the aircraft having set on the concrete ramp for several hours, and the hot shot pilots we flew with like nothing more than utilizing the heat in the cockpit and rocking the aircraft to make NFO students air sick.

I did get sick on one of my early flights and the pilot, realizing I was ill, made every effort to increase my nausea by rocking and pitching the SNB anyway he could. He kept saying that the air was turbulent but he was doing the best he could to maintain level flight. This particular SNB had a stronger odor of oil, grease and gasoline than most.

When the pilot saw I had just about enough and was turning my final shade of green, he said, "Open the window and get some fresh air on your face."

I did...and every chart, map, navigation form and other scraps of paper I held in my lap went flying out the open window. He knew this would happen and he broke out laughing as he bounced the Beech even harder.

I immediately grabbed my navigation bag and deposited my morning meal into it. One final laugh from the pilot, and a steep diving turn put us on a heading for Sherman Field.

Arriving at home base I was ready to DOR (drop on request) from the program before I died. The pilot gave me an *up* for the flight and told me I had guts for not giving up and was still able to navigate with a sick green face. "I'll fly with you anywhere," he said. "Don't worry about your air sickness, it'll go away in a few more hops. Go brush your teeth and I'll buy you a beer at the club. I didn't know whether to punch him out or have a beer. I settled for the beer and completed the program without further air sickness.

MANILA LIBERTY RUN
Lieutenant Commander Jerry M. Parks, USN (Retired)

In the early 1970's, I was flying NFO in VQ-1 and was assigned to a detachment at NAS Cubi Point in the Philippines. This was during a period of political unrest in Olongapo, a city just outside the gate at Cubi Point. During elections, the commanding officer of the air station closed the gate for a week. Some of the flight crews were trying to figure out how to get to Manila for liberty without going through Olongapo. Flying our operational aircraft into Manila, especially for liberty, was forbidden. The air station

had two SNBs they used for proficiency flying, but all station pilots were grounded except for operational flights.

One of our intrepid whale (A-3) pilots asked the air station duty officer if he could take an SNB and make a few liberty runs to Manila. He assured the duty officer that he was current in the Beech. The duty officer gave his permission.

Since most of our pilots wanted to stay in Manila for a few days of liberty, I was assigned as co-pilot for the liberty runs. Remember, I'm not a pilot but an NFO. I had flown in the SNB during NFO training six or seven years ago and had some small piston engine pilot experience as a private pilot and a member of our local flying club.

The hot shot pilot said he had plenty of recent time in the SNB and it had to be a lot easier than flying the large twin-engine A-3 jet. Wrong on both counts! He had not flown the SNB in more than twelve years, and it is not easier than flying an A-3...especially if you're not current.

We filed our flight plan and headed for the aircraft. The hot shot pilot said to me, with a nervous laugh, "This should be a real fun flight and all you have to do is help me get it started." He told me to pre-flight the exterior of the SNB and that he would get the inside *stuff*.

The plane captain assisting us looked more like a Sea Cadet than a sailor. He couldn't have been much more eighteen or nineteen years old. After pre-flight, I climbed into the co-pilot seat and we started through the checklist. When we got to the engine start procedures the plane captain stood by the port engine with fire bottle ready. The pilot looked at me and said, "Well, where's the start button?" It was then that I knew this was not going to be just another flight.

The plane captain, with a quizzical look, grew tired of holding the heavy fire bottle, and put it to the ground. "Anything wrong?" he yelled out.

The pilot answered, "No, we're just talking things over." We both were totally lost in the cockpit.

The plane captain's look changed from quizzical to doubtful. He knew we had no idea what we were doing.

The pilot said, "Let's get this thing started."

I searched the cockpit and found a switch which looked familiar. Engaging the switch caused a starter-like noise and the port engine started turning. This brought a smile from the young plane captain. With a little finagling of the throttle and a turn of the magneto switch, the port engine started. We started the starboard engine and the plane captain climbed aboard.

We snake-taxed to Operations and took on five passengers. Since there were about fourteen or fifteen waiting to go to Manila, we planned to make three shuttles to Manila and back.

We then taxied to the warm-up area and performed some kind of run-up. By this time most of the passengers had fallen asleep, all assuming we knew what we were doing. We received takeoff clearance from the tower and taxied on to the duty runway. The pilot applied full power to both engines and released the brakes. The Beech swerved one way, then the other. Once the tail wheel was off the ground, he had more directional control. We leaped into the air and the pilot raised the landing gear and reduced power - too much power! We started settling toward the ground. With additional power we finally got a decent climb going.

The flight to Manila was no problem, but when we entered the landing pattern for the Manila airport I began to question myself. "Self! What the hell are you doing here?"

We touched down fast and that's when we started bouncing. I counted the first dozen or so and quit counting. The passengers in the back probably counted two dozen or so. It was wild!

Finally, getting all three wheels on the runway at the same time, we coasted to a slow taxi. Not one of the passengers slept through the landing! When they off-loaded at the terminal they told us not to

SHE'S A BEECH!

bother picking them up in two days...they would find another way back. I believe they would have rather swam the polluted Dlongapo River than fly back to Cubi with us.

We managed somehow to get the SNB back to Cubi Point. On landing I only counted eleven bounces! The word got around fast. The tower said there were no more passengers at the terminal awaiting a flight to Manila, and they directed us to return to the flight line. When we finally shut down the aircraft on the line, I noticed the young plane captain looked a whole lot older than he did before we started.

I can look back on this experience with a smile now...but there were no smiling faces that day. What price liberty?

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JERRY M. PARKS, USN (RETIRED)

Jerry Parks was born in Galax, Virginia, in 1941. He graduated from the University of Maryland receiving a B. A. in History.

Jerry joined the Navy in 1963 and reported to Pensacola, Florida, for Naval Flight Officer training. He was commissioned as Ensign on 12 December 1964. His advanced NFO training was at NAS Glynco, Georgia, flying in the T-39 and EC-121M aircraft.

His first squadron was VAW-33 at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, where he flew in the EA-1 (Spad!) In 1967, he reported to VQ-1 based at NAS Atsugi, Japan, and flew missions in the EC-121, EP-3A and EP-3B aircraft. He returned to the states in 1970 to instruct pilots and NFOs in electronic warfare and nuclear weapons delivery at the Fleet Training Unit Detachment at Jacksonville, Florida.

In 1972, Jerry returned to VQ-1, now based at Agana, Guam, and served two years. Next came a three year tour instructing Navigation, Seamanship and Tactics at the U. S. Naval Academy. Ordered next to sea duty, he spent two years in USS *Coral Sea* as Assistant CIC Officer and Electronic Warfare Officer.

His next assignment was as Assistant Operations Officer for Logistics and Naval Air Logistics Officer for Commander Fleet Air Western Pacific stationed at NAS Atsugi. Jerry's final duty assignment was in USS *Constellation* as Maintenance Manager and Logistics Support Center Officer. He retired from active duty in February of 1985.

Jerry now lives in San Diego where he is employed as a systems analyst for a company that has a Navy contract to supply support for Commander, U. S. Pacific Fleet.

OLD 45-51107

Major H. Edward Ziegler, U. S. Army (Retired)

This is more a story about one certain aircraft, TC-45J, Bureau Number 45-51107, than it is a story about a humorous event.

It was manufactured by Beech Aircraft and placed in service 21 April 1944 at Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Florida. In more than twenty years of utilization, 45-51107 saw service at NAS Jacksonville; NAS Vero Beach, Florida; NAS Corpus Christi, Texas; NAS Banana River, Florida; NAS Pensacola, Florida; NAS Norfolk, Virginia; Port Lyautey, French Morocco; NAS San Diego, California; NAF Naples, Italy; MCAS Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii; NAS Yokosuka, Japan; and Butts Army Air Field, Fort Carson, Colorado.

The aircraft was in service from April 1944 to August 1959, flying 5772 hours. It was in storage from August 1959 to May 1963. In May, 1963, the aircraft was reactivated and flown until April 1967, accumulating another 2885 hours, when it was again returned to storage. It was brought out of storage again in June of 1967, when it was remodeled and flown another 1162 hours before its final trip to the *bone yard* at Davis-Monthan AFB, Tucson, Arizona.

During its time in service, it flew 9884 hours. At 145 knots, that equals 1,427,380 nautical miles.

My involvement with this aircraft came in 1967 when it was delivered to Butts Army Air Field, Fort Carson, Colorado. I had retired from the Army as a Master Army Aviator and was filling a GS-12 billet entitled Air Field Operations Officer.

The post was authorized a Twin Bonanza, but none were available in the system. The Army authorized the post to accept from the *bone yard* in Arizona, any substitute aircraft that was available. Keeping in mind that the Air Force had cleverly limited the Army to a gross weight aircraft of 12,000 pounds. This limited the choices of aircraft available. The aircraft decided upon was an originally designated Navy SNB-5, which was now the C-45J.

When the aircraft left Davis-Monthan AFB, it was flown by a Fort Carson crew to Denver to have the wing spars x-rayed for cracks, and then to Fort Carson where it was disassembled to incorporate ten modifications to become a D-18.

About 200 pounds of day-glow paint was stripped off the aircraft and all radios removed. In general, the aircraft was reduced to spare parts on the hangar floor. New engines and three bladed propellers were ordered.

When reassembled, flush riveting was used which added to the airspeed. Some of the modifications included wrap-around wind screens, three bladed props (full feathering), air stair door, extended wing tips (to a span of 57 feet), electric cowl flaps (on top of the engine), extended nose cone (all radios forward), 322 gallons of fuel in six tanks, and dual UHF and VHF radios. The gross weight was increased to 9,900

pounds and the true airspeed to 165 knots. The aircraft was not repainted, but corn starch, aluminum pads and elbow grease kept its metallic luster gleaming.

I got a four-hour check out in a C-45 from a friend at Fort Riley, Kansas, and returned to Fort Carson where I was designated an Instructor Pilot in C-45 type aircraft.

While assigned to Fort Carson, 45-51107 logged 1162 flight hours. I personally flew about 500 of them. It landed in twenty-eight of the fifty states. Once, coming into San Diego, I was asked by the air controller to say again the type of aircraft I was flying. I assured him it was a C-45. "Fastest darn C-45 I've ever seen," was his reply. Another time, when I returned my son to NAS Miramar, half the pilots and aviation mechs on the base gathered around the bird not believing it was a C-45. I had a hard time getting out of there with all the questions and requests to look inside.

I really fell in love with the old girl and I hated to turn her back into Davis-Monthan when the time came to place it back in storage. The following article from the Friday, November 15, 1968 edition of the Red Diamond and Mountaineer newspaper details the love everyone at Fort Carson had for the old bird:

"The day that the silver bird lifted its wings and flew was a proud day at Butts Field," commented one observer. "It was hard not to get a little misty-eyed."

The *bird* is a 1945 vintage, two-engine, fixed wing airplane usually referred to as the C-45. The C-45 was procured as a lateral transfer from the Navy. It is the property of Post Aviation and is usually thought of as the Commanding General's plane. At heart, it *belongs* to the men of the Installation Maintenance Aircraft Branch. In reality, this versatile aircraft accomplishes many missions from VIP hauls to repair parts pick up.

When the C-45 arrived at Butts Field, she wasn't much to talk about. Since then she has blossomed under the tender, loving care supplied by Installation Maintenance.

Her original gross weight of 7,800 pounds has grown to 9,900 pounds. Early in her Carson life she shed between 175 and 200 pounds of Navy-blue paint. Under the layers of paint was gleaming aluminum, too handsome to cover with color.

Work began on the C-45 almost a year to the day of the first test flight. SSgt Doy Hardwick signed the original work order and bird-dogged every modification that went into the Cinderella-like transformation.

Saturdays, Sundays and every free moment he had from his maintenance duties were spent on her. Hardwick wasn't alone in his dedication to the silver bird. She became the pet of men like Narcisso *Chico* Aguilar and SP6 Esequil Salazar. Aguilar installed all aircraft wiring and plumbing. Plumbing for the uninitiated, means the de-icing system, fuel and oil lines.

More ingenuity was generated when the bucket seats which had been garnered from a dismantled *junkyard* plane were too wide. To make room for a walkway to the cockpit, Aguilar devised hinges for the arm rests. Folded down, the hinged arm rests give five inches of additional aisle space.

Shop Foreman, Glenn T. Stambaugh, credits the sheet metal section with much of the work which made the necessary modifications possible. Robert Hoepfner, Julian McDonald, SP4 Joseph Kustra, Richard Siewing and Henry Strickland tailor-made sheet metal pieces to accommodate space for the new equipment.

Their *nose job* extended the nose cone almost two feet, and in this space, radio systems previously housed in the rear of the plane were placed. The skills of Earl George and SP4 Edward Sheridan went into the avionics transplant.

The original engines were replaced with new Pratt & Whitney R985 radial reciprocating engines. Three bladed, full-feathering propellers replaced the old two-bladed props. SP6 Jack Cloward and SP6 Larry Smith mounted the engines and installed the props.

In the cockpit, new dials to depict flight conditions completely changed the instrument panel. Even the windshield and side windows were enlarged to permit wrap-around vision.

As improvements progressed and additional weight was added, the all-important center of gravity changed.

Hoepfner re-weighed the aircraft and computed a new center of gravity.

Bit by bit, she became air-worthy. Wall-to-wall carpet was put down in the cabin. Crowning glory came when the insignia star of an Army aircraft was emblazoned on her fuselage and wings.

The five to seven-passenger plane now has a cruising speed of 185 knots. With the addition of two 60-gallon auxiliary tanks installed in the wings, outboard of each engine, she has a full range of seven hours.

In September, C45-51107 was given a clean bill of health by technical inspectors SSGT Joseph Kozloski and Frank Macon. She taxied onto the runway and, with Ed Ziegler at the stick, she soared into the skies.

Hardwick had seen his Installation Maintenance *baby* become a full-fledged Army aircraft. When he left for Korea a few days later his project was complete.

The C-45 has logged 29 hours since then. Some of the men still hover over her, listening for the slightest change in sound as her motors take hold and blast into takeoff power. A few still dream of the niceties they can make do to dress her up.

From nose to tail, the C-45 is the product of Installation Maintenance pride and ingenuity. Almost completely, the man-hours that went into her renovation were *as work load permits*. Getting parts was sometimes difficult, as Eunice Stumpf who works in the supply room will testify. All had to come from Beech Aircraft in Wichita, Kansas. Or be fabricated by the men themselves.

The money saved through ingenuity and talent of the men in Installation Maintenance is worthy of note.

According to Stambaugh, the usual route is to contract such modifications to a civilian firm.

What the C-45 means to her creators is equally worthy of note, but hard to measure. How can pride be measured?

It's best measured by the tangible accomplishment of the job hailed as *well done*.

Probably one of the only incidents I consider humorous (now, that is!) was one day I was flying to a municipal airport with an ex-Air Force pilot who had been recalled after he joined the Army National Guard. He had no previous experience in the C-45 and I was instructing him. He was in the left seat as we approached the airport for landing and he had been doing well on his takeoffs and landings, so I settled

back and let him fly it. The airport had nice wide runways with diagonal high speed turn-offs. We landed a little hot but with lots of runway. No sweat. The tower advised, "Turn off at first available."

Down comes the tail and he unlocks the swivel tail wheel...and we were just under flying speed. He boots in rudder to turn off the runway and we do a one-eighty and go sailing down the active runway backwards. The tower made some wisacrack like, "When you get squared away you are still cleared to the ramp. What do you intend to do for us next?"

MAJOR H. EDWARD ZIEGLER, U. S. ARMY (RETIRED)

Ed Ziegler was drafted into the Army in March, 1942, and attended Basic Training at Fort Bragg. Following Basic, he was selected to attend Officer Candidate School where he graduated and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in December, 1942.

His first assignment was to the 15th Field Artillery Brigade at Fort Bragg. During this time he participated in maneuvers in Tennessee and in the California desert – Mojave, Needles, Indio, Desert Center, Salton Sea, Imperial and El Centro. He was then assigned to the 707th Amphibious Tank Battalion, Fort Ord, California.

In 1944, Ed was reassigned to Artillery at Camp Phillips, Kansas. Here he prepared to go overseas to the South Pacific. He shipped to Finchhaven, New Guinea, via the Panama Canal and Guadalcanal.

In February, 1945, he was part of the invasion force that returned to the Philippines. He commanded an observation post on the roof of the Santo Tomas University. The gun positions were in a Chinese cemetery in North Manila. During this period, his duties also included Ammo Train Commander, Forward Observer and Assistant Executive Officer of a 155 mm Howitzer Battery.

When World War II ended in 1945, Ed was assigned to a Military Police Battalion as Executive Officer, Security Detachment, for the war crime trials of General Yamashita (atrocities in Manila) and General Homma (Bataan Death March.) He was the constant companion of General Yamashita until the end of the trial when he assisted the general into the back of a GI ambulance taking him to the New Bilibid Prison where he was to be hanged. The general gave Ed Ziegler a sugar bowl from his tea service and slipped a photograph of himself and Ed.

He was discharged from the Army in 1946 and returned to work at the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia. During this time he earned his commercial pilot license on the GI bill. He re-entered the Army in March, 1949, and was sent to Air Force Flight School at Waco, Texas. He graduated as a First Lieutenant on 21 December 1949, and was ordered to the Army Light Aviation Officers Course at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Ed's next duty was in the 11th Airborne Division, Fort Campbell, Kentucky, Army Aviator Division. He qualified as instructor pilot in the L-16, L-17 and L-5. He was then selected to go to Korea via helicopter training at the Air Force Flight School, San Marcos, Texas. He qualified in H-23 and H-13 helicopters.

He arrived in Japan on 12 August 1951, with, as Ed describes, "A large hang-over and with a thirty minute check out in the L-19, picked up a Bird Dog and flew, via Osaka, to Brady Air Force Base." At Brady AFB, Ed took on a *batch* of gas and headed over water to Pusan, an extremely long flight for a light single engine aircraft.

In Korea, he was assigned to the Second Infantry Division as the Commanding General's pilot. Ed says, "I was the only pilot dumb enough to let himself get checked out in helicopters!"

In January, 1952, Ed was ordered to the 8193rd Helicopter Detachment, 8076 M*A*S*H, Hwachon, Korea. Here he completed 430 hours combat flight time evacuating approximately 550 patients. For this he was awarded the Air Medal with clusters, a Meritorious Unit Citation and special recognition from Lieutenant General Yu Jae Hung, for support of the II ROK Corps and the 5th Capital ROK Division.

In September, 1952, Ed Ziegler was assigned to Fort Carson, Colorado. Of the twenty-six pilots assigned there, he was the only one qualified in helicopters (or at least the only one to admit it at an airfield this high in elevation!) He flew in and out of Camp Hale (elevation 9,200 feet) in the L-19 on skis and the L-20. He was never able to get the H-13 that high. He also participated in the high altitude tests of the H-19 helicopter reaching an altitude of 14,500 feet. During this period he attended instrument flight school at the Sparten School of Aeronautics, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and performed TDY duty at the Presidio, San Francisco, and in Alaska, supporting the Coast and Geodetic Survey in mapping the territory.

In early 1955, Ed attended twin-engine flight training school at Fort Rucker, Alabama, preparing for an assignment in Europe. This assignment was to the Seventh Army Flight Detachment in Stuttgart, Germany, where he flew the H-13, H-19, L-19, L-20 and L-23, and, on TDY, instructed Dutch Air Force pilots in the H-23. He was awarded (honorary) Dutch Air Force wings.

In 1958, he returned to the states serving at Fort Meade, Maryland, on the staff of the 2nd Region Headquarters, Army Air defense Command. Here he was responsible for all phases of aviation, and serving also as the Commanding General's personal pilot. The headquarters was reassigned to Tinker AFB in Oklahoma, and Ed made the move taking with him the L-23 he utilized to transport the C.G.

During this tour, he attended the Aircraft Accident Investigation Course at the University of Southern California.

When the Commanding general was reassigned to Colorado Springs, Ed and the L-23 went with him.

In September, 1965, Ed Ziegler retired from the U. S. Army and in June, 1966, accepted the Civil Service GS-12 position of Air Field Operations Officer at Butts AAF located at Fort Carson, Colorado.

Including his civilian position, he flew twenty-eight years for the Army in helicopters, and single and multi-engine aircraft logging more than 9,000 hours. He is proud of the fact that during this time he was the personal pilot for ten General Officers.

EAGLE FLIGHT

Commander Max V. Ricketts, USN (Retired)

This is not a particularly humorous story about the SNB, but looking now at the pictures of SNB Bureau Number 89470 I flew in the summer of 1949, I can at least smile...and thank my lucky stars I'm still here.

I was taking off from Webster Field (an auxiliary field to the Naval Air Station, Patuxent River, Maryland) when, at about fifty feet of altitude, a large eagle appeared right in front of me. I ducked, expecting the eagle to come flying through the windscreen wiping out the cockpit. It just missed the nose of the aircraft, but my sigh of relief was short lived - it impacted the starboard vertical stabilizer. The aircraft set up a severe vibration making it difficult to fly. As I leveled off and reduced power, the vibration eased, and I was able to continue a few miles to NAS Pax River where we landed safely.

When I exited the aircraft and inspected the damage, I could hardly believe that one eagle, large as he was, could cause so much destruction to one SNB.

I enjoyed many eventful flights in the SNB, in all kinds of weather...but none as eventful as the one in SNB 89470. The *Bug Smasher* was a great little airplane.

COMMANDER MAX V. RICKETTS, USN (RETIRED)

On May 5, 1914, Max Ricketts was born in Zearing, Iowa. He was designated a Naval Aviation Pilot (enlisted) on January 7, 1940, and flew as such until March 23, 1942, when he was commissioned and designated a Naval Aviator.

On the fateful day of December 7, 1941, Max was a member of VP-11 stationed at Naval Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii, and witnessed the surprise attack on the Hawaiian Islands. All VP-11 aircraft were destroyed.

He served in PBY aircraft in the South and West Pacific throughout World War II. He was Commanding Officer of VPB-23 when the war ended. From 1946 through '59, he was involved in the development and operations of airborne early warning aircraft. He served in VX-4, Operational development Force (Staff), Naval Air Development Unit and the Naval Research Laboratory in Command and Control Analysis. He flew the PB1W (B-17), WV-1 and, as Max says, "The trusty old SNB *Bug Smasher*."

Commander Ricketts retired from active duty in 1959 and spent twenty years in the Test and Development of Aircraft Systems, which he considers secondary to his Navy flying career. He now lives in Lexington Park, Maryland, with his family.

PARK IT RIGHT THERE

Captain Donald Langworthy, USMCR (Retired)

I was just finishing my flight training at Whiting Field, Florida. Two other cadets and myself were scheduled for a three-legged navigational training flight in an SNB. The flight would take us to Barksdale, Mobile and then back to Whiting.

I pulled the short straw which meant I would fly the first leg. Myself and the other two cadets proceeded to the aircraft and gave it a normal pre-flight – kick the tires, etc. We noticed that the starboard oleo strut was fully extended while the port was much less than normal extension. The whole plane was leaning to the left.

Lieutenant JG Peck, our instructor, reported to the aircraft a few minutes later. We pointed out the discrepancy in oleo extensions. He didn't seem concerned, so we boarded the aircraft and prepared for departure.

I climbed into the left pilot seat and Lieutenant JG Peck took the co-pilot seat. The other two cadets secured themselves into rear passenger seats. I started the engines and ran through the proper checks before taxiing to the run up area. In the run up area I went through the engine and instrument checks and in a few minutes, we were ready for takeoff.

With tower clearance, I applied full power to both engines and started our takeoff roll. Immediately I detected a drift to the left which I attempted to correct first with rudder and, when the drift continued more pronounced, with differential engine power. My corrections made no difference. We departed the left side of the runway and as I chopped the power to both engines, we hit a mound of dirt paralleling the runway. The aircraft bounced high into the air and came down on the left wingtip. We skidded to a complete stop.

Lieutenant JG Peck grabbed the microphone and reported to the tower that there were no injury to personnel or damage to the aircraft. From the right seat, he couldn't see the port wingtip which was rolled up in a definite non-aerodynamic position!

We were picked up by a vehicle which took us to the Operations Office where we were required to fill out reports regarding the incident. From there we were taken to sick bay where we were examined and determined fit for duty.

We were rescheduled and shortly after noon on the same day we were airborne to complete the navigation hop. Since I was in the left seat for the flight that had ran off the runway, I was scheduled a hearing before a board of five officers. Prior to the day of the hearing, I was able to complete the flight syllabus and all other aspects of my flight training.

On the day of the board meeting, I was there much earlier than the scheduled 0800. I sat there shaking as I had never shook before. I could see all my hard work and determination going down the drain.

SHE'S A BEECH!

I sat there before the board of five very serious looking officers who grilled me for at least an hour. They asked questions about aerodynamics, meteorology, navigation, physics and every other aspect of aviation. I was excused and told to wait outside in the hall until they summoned me.

I stood in the hallway at parade rest as tears streamed down my face dropping off my chin. A commander passing by stopped to console me. He assured me that everything would be okay.

Several minutes later I was called back into the room. I stood there with tears still erupting from my eyes. I was asked by the senior board member if I blamed my instructor for the accident.

My reply was, "No, sir. I don't blame my instructor...or myself...or anyone!"

It must have been the correct answer. I was told that my training could continue. I don't believe they knew I had completed the program and only needed to graduate.

The board delayed my commissioning ceremonies by one week. My parents and girlfriend had come to Pensacola for the commissioning ceremonies scheduled for June 13th. They were able to remain in Pensacola and observe my commissioning and receipt of my wings on June 30, 1944.

CAPTAIN DONALD LANGWORTHY, USMCR (RETIRED)

Donald Langworthy was born in Alma, Michigan, in 1923. He graduated from high school in Lansing, Michigan, in 1941 and entered the Naval Aviation Cadet Flight Program in 1942. From 1944 through 1946, he served as a Marine Corps multi-engine pilot.

In 1950, Don graduated from Arizona State University with a B. S. degree in Sociology. He would later pursue graduate studies at Western Michigan University, Michigan State University, Ohio State University, University of Iowa and the University of Minnesota.

From 1952 through 1954, he served as a Marine Corps pilot and Intelligence Officer attaining the rank of Captain, USMC.

He has worked as a Liquor Inspector/Investigator for the Michigan Liquor Control Commission and as a Probation Officer for the Michigan Department of Corrections. He retired in 1982.

He is a member of the Masonic Lodge, Disabled American Veterans, Retired Officers Association and a former member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Optimists Club and Kawanis International.

His hobbies include amateur radio, golf, canoeing, boating, reading and classical music.

LOOPED SNB

Lieutenant Commander Harold S. Durfee, USN (Retired)

On the bright moonlit night of 4 November 1943, I took my night checkout flight in an SNB-2 over southern Rhode Island. After the maneuvers and simulated emergencies, and before shooting touch-and-go landings, the check pilot asked me if I had ever looped the SNB. I thought he was kidding, but he said he had done it and urged me to do a loop around one of the little power-puff clouds in the scattered layer at 5,000 feet.

I nosed over down-moon, pulled up smoothly to avoid structure strain at 150 knots, and found the moon and clouds gave me a perfect reference. As we became inverted at the top of the loop, the plane stalled and I wished we had started higher, and had pulled up at 175 knots instead of 150. I eased back the throttles, maintained a little back pressure on the yoke, kept the rudders centered and the nose fell straight through. I quickly gained control recovering at about 4,000 feet. It was great!

The touch-and-goes were uneventful, and when we returned to the line and walked aft toward the cabin door, we found the cabin full of an opened chest-pack parachute. Only we knew what had happened – at the top of the loop with zero or slightly negative G's, the parachute had floated free with the D-ring snagging on something to pop it open.

We sent for the duty parachute rigger and wrote up a no-other-damage rough landing report.

I don't know if anyone else has looped the Beech, and I certainly don't recommend it – it's not on the list of allowed maneuvers...but it was a great experience.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER HAROLD S. DURFEE, USN (RETIRED)

Harold Durfee was awarded his commission as ensign and his wings of gold on 1 June 1943, at Corpus Christi, Texas. He then reported to advanced fighter training in F4U/FG-1 at Green Cove Springs near NAS Jacksonville. He was one of the last pilots to carrier qualify on the Great Lakes ex-ferry boat converted to the aircraft carrier *Wolverine*, or her sister-ship, *Sable*, in the F4U-1. An admiral's son stalled an F4U-1 and was fatally injured on base leg for a carrier landing the day following Durf's CARQUAL and all subsequent carrier operations on these ships were done in SNJs.

Harold's first duty orders were to Night Fighter Squadron Training Unit at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, where he was placed in charge of the training syllabus. Students here learned how to conduct night fighter intercepts, first in Link trainers and then in SNBs. SNBs and JRBs were also used to simulate Japanese targets. The intercepts were controlled from a ship's primitive search radar mounted

at Beavertail Point on Jamestown Island in Narragansett Bay. The controllers were training to also deploy with the night fighter squadrons.

The Training Unit sent twenty-six squadrons (F4U, F6F-3N and F6F-4N) mostly to the Pacific theater where they split into detachments for carrier and land-based deployment.

His next duty was VF(N)-90 in the aircraft carrier *Enterprise* where they were the primary night fleet protection for Task Forces 38 and 58 at Lingayen Gulf, Indo-China, Hong Kong, Formosa, Okinawa and for night strikes against Tokyo from Iwo Jima and off-shore islands near Kyusu where *Enterprise* was devastated by a kamikaze attack on 14 May 1945.

Following World War II, Durfee had tours in CASU-6, Quonset Point; Tufts University; VX-4 AEW Development, Pax River; Newport Line School; NAS Memphis; CIC School, Glenview; USS *Palau*; CDMCARDIV-14 Staff; O-in-C GCA Unit, Quonset Point; VW-11 flying the AEW barrier; and Director of Training at AEWTULANT, Pax River, where he retired on 1 July 1963.

Lieutenant Commander Durfee accumulated more than 2,000 pilot hours in SNBs and JRBs.

Following retirement from active duty, he worked for Grumman Aircraft in development of the Lunar Module, and in Administration.

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SHE'S A BEECH!

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