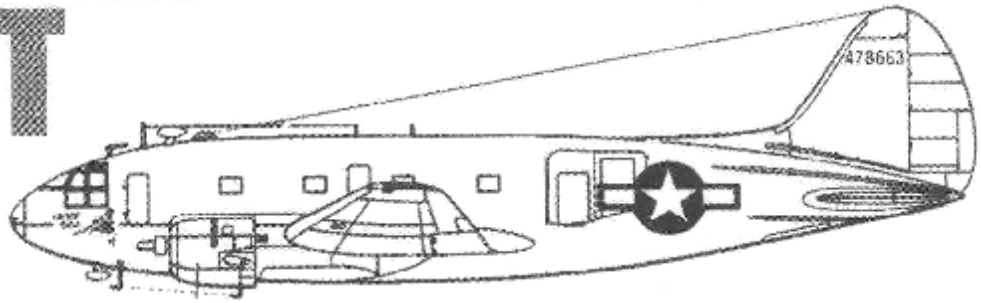


FLIGHT LINE



THE OFFICAL PUBLICATION OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WING OF THE CAF

Vol. XXVI No. 2

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February 2006

"THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING"



FLYING THE RUSSIAN "Ishak"

"Congratulations, you are the 3rd American to fly the I-16." It was Friday morning, Midland Texas, Dave Morss, my check pilot and fellow FM2 pilot, offers these words following my first flight in the CAF Polikarpov I-16.

by Col. Carter Teeters, Photo by Gordon Twa
It was just a year ago I watched Dave Morss strap into this little Russian fighter plane with the BIG ENGINE (the same engine that is in the world's largest single-engine biplane that I fly – the AN2 Colt).
Continued on page 4

**WING STAFF MEETING, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 2006 AT 9:30 AM AT
THE CAF HANGAR, 455 AVIATION DRIVE, CAMARILLO AIRPORT**

THE CAF IS A PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMBAT AIRCRAFT – 1939-1945

February 2006

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2 Work Day	3	4 Work Day Staff Mtg 9:30AM
5	6	7 Work Day	8	9 Work Day	10	11 Work Day
12	13	14 Work Day Valentine's Day	15	16 Work Day	17	18 Work Day AT-6/SNJ Ground School
19	20	21 Work Day	22	23 Work Day	24	25 Work Day
26	27	28 Work Day				

STAFF AND APPOINTED POSITIONS				IN THIS ISSUE
Wing Leader	* Casey de Bree	(805) 389-9185	scdebree@aol.com	Wing Calendar 2
Executive Officer	* Dave Long	(805) 497-8306	toropoo@adelphia.net	Staff and Appointed Positions. 2
Adjutant	* Bob Albee	(805) 583-4872	loll@earthlink.net	Wing Leader's Report 3
Finance Officer	* Jason Vosburgh	(805) 766-3880	jason.vosburgh@att.net	Flying the Russian I-16 4
Operations Officer	* Gary Barber	(805) 659-4319	bearcat69@pacbell.net	Valentine's Day Raffle 5
Safety Officer	* Bob Goubitz	(805) 388-8341	rgoubitz.cafsocal@zoemail.net	Fellow Member Wants Contact 6
Facility Officer	Bob Albee	(805) 583-4872	loll@earthlink.net	AT-6/SNJ Ground School 6
Training Officer	Bob Goubitz	(805) 388-8341	rgoubitz.cafsocal@zoemail.net	Please Welcome 6
Public Info Officer	Pat Brown	(805) 479-2221		Soldiers 7
Personnel Officer	Sharon Wilson	(818) 991-8705	tmandskw@prodigy.net	B-17 (42-39957) 7
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Collections Manager	Jim Tierney	(805) 522-7067	jimerniet@aol.com	Photos 9/10
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HANGAR PHONE (805) 482-0064 HANGAR FAX (805) 482-0348 WEBSITE www.orgsites.com/ca/caf-socal				Submittal Deadline - 15th of the month Commemorative Air Force Southern California Wing 455 Aviation Drive Camarillo, CA 93010-9501
* Denotes Staff Position				

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Wing Leader's Report

by Casey de Bree



Winning tickets for the Valentine's Day raffle were drawn on January 14. Three lucky couples won a romantic flight on the Convair C-131 on February 11 followed by a stay in a luxury room at the Pierpont Inn in Ventura, complete with a sumptuous dinner.

We had arranged for Michael Dorn, who played the part of Worf on one of the Star Trek television series, to draw the names, but he was regrettably unable to make the drawing at the last minute. Undaunted, three Southern California Wing members were chosen at random to make the drawing, each drawing one name.

Congratulations to the lucky winners; Dr. and Mrs. Paul Gilbert, Tony Rollins, and Russell Jurco.

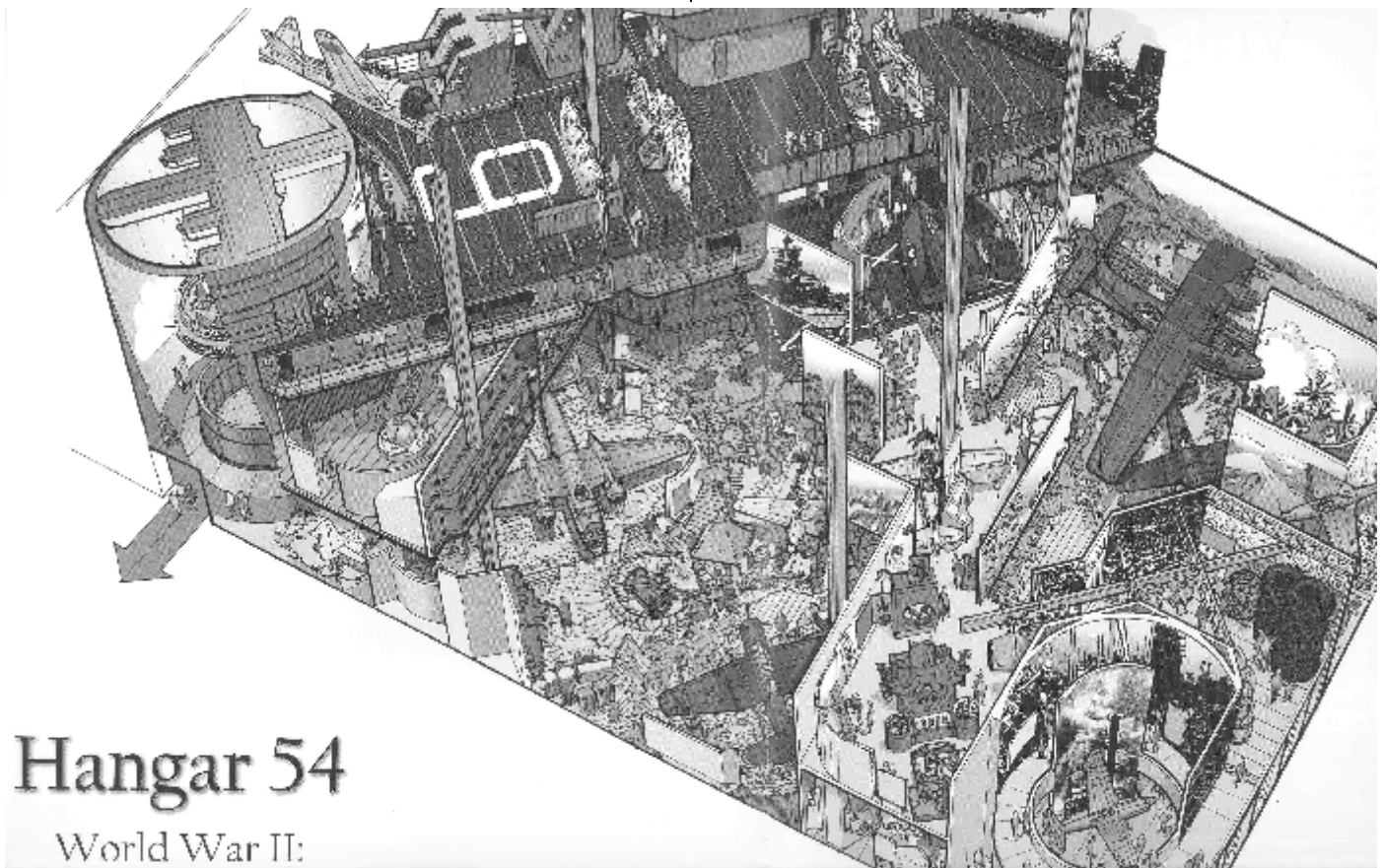
Most of you know that the gray A6M2 Zero on display in our museum hangar has been for sale. The aircraft was grounded in 1997 after an inspection revealed that considerable restoration was necessary to keep it airworthy. Over the intervening years, some work was done to start restoration of the aircraft's aft fuselage and tail, but the funds were not available to do the major work. When David Price's green A6M3 Zero, which was fully

airworthy, became available to the CAF several years ago, the opportunity arose to sell the gray A6M2 Zero and use the proceeds to help purchase the A6M3.

We are delighted that our A6M2 Zero will go to another museum. The Pacific Aviation Museum in Hawaii has purchased our A6M2 and will put it on static display in their new museum on the southeast end of Ford Island after completing a major restoration. We could not have asked for a better home for the aircraft.

The Pacific Aviation Museum is a private, non-profit organization that is developing a portion of Honolulu's historic Ford Island into a world-class aviation museum that will honor the patriotism, valor, and sacrifice in the defense of freedom in the Pacific. The museum complex will consist of the historic hangar 54 which will contain the WW II exhibits (see artist rendition below), the historic hangar 79 which will contain Korea-Vietnam-cold war exhibits, the Ford Island control tower, and hangar 37 containing flight simulators, food services, an education center, and other exhibits. The Pacific Aviation Museum is located close to the *USS Arizona* memorial, the submarine *USS Bowfin*, and the battleship *USS Missouri*, on whose decks the surrender of Japan was signed in 1945. The museum is scheduled to open in December 2006 and should be a "must see" when in Hawaii.

Until next month. . .



Hangar 54

World War II:

Artist rendition of Hangar 54 at the Pacific Aviation Museum on Ford Island, Honolulu, Hawaii. A Zero aircraft can be seen flying above the carrier deck in the upper right.

I have to confess, the thought crossed my mind, “*What would it be like to fly that?*”

Dave’s flights were always short followed by lots of people shooting pictures and asking questions. I quickly learned why the flights were short. 60 gallons total fuel burned at 50 gallons per hour. Start, warm-up, and run up in the chocks at the ramp due to the poor brakes leaves about one hour of fuel. Regulations require you to be back with 30 minutes of reserve fuel. This leaves you with only a 30-minute flight.

I got busy flying the Wildcat and left Dave with his “new toy”. Several months later the I-16 would be brought back to my attention. Ray Mulqueen and the Alpine Fighter Museum had made arrangements with Col. Bob Reiss to ship the FM2 to New Zealand for the Warbirds Over Wanaka airshow during the Easter weekend. My wife (Bev) and I made plans to travel to Wanaka to see the airshow (Dave would do his aerobatic routine) and hopefully I would be able to fly the Wildcat on foreign soil. Dave was generous and let me do all the media photo flights! Enter, once again, the I-16.

Russian Polikarpov I-16 Specifications

Engine: One 1,000 hp M-62 radial piston engine;
Weight: Empty – 3,252 lbs.; Max. Take-off – 4,542 lbs.;
Wing Span: 29 ft., 1.5 in.;
Length: 19 ft., 9.75 in.;
Height: 7 ft., 10.75 in.;
Performance:
Max. Speed (10,000 ft.): 304 mph;
Ceiling: 31,070 ft.;
Range: 373 miles;
Armament: Four 7.62 mm ShKAS mach. Guns;
Up to 441 lbs. of bombs or
Six RS-82 rockets;
Number built: 7,000 plus;
Number still airworthy: +/- 6
Names: Russian -“Yastrebok” (Hawk);
“Ishak” (Little Donkey).
Spanish -“Rata” (Rat); “Mosca” (Little Fly).
Japanese- “Abu” (Gadfly).

The days preceding the airshow, as I watched the museum pilots fly the I-16 and practice their routine, the thought returned, “*What would it be like to fly that?*” This time there was more time to ponder that thought. I was able to talk with Steve Taylor, Keith Skilling, and Ray Mulqueen about the I-16 and its handling characteristics. When I returned to California I re-read Dave’s article regarding his adventure with the I-16. A few months after returning from New Zealand, I emailed Col. Bob Reiss to inform him that I was willing (and eager) to be a back up for Dave. Bob was agreeable to having me as a second pilot for the I-16.

I made plans to fly the FM2 to Midland for AIRSHO 2002 early so that I could help Dave prepare the I-16. The Rata (another name the Russians called the I-16 meaning “Rat”) had not been flown since October 2001. Helping Dave would give me a better understanding of the aircraft (I hoped) and would be part of my checkout. When I arrived in Midland on Tuesday morning, the CAF staff had already been hard at work and Dave had the I-16 on the ramp. This appeared to be great news. It was only Tuesday morning and she looked “ready to fly”. There was lots of time between now and the AIRSHO for training flights. If you remember the start of the article, my FIRST FLIGHT was on Friday. No, Dave did not “hog all the stick time”. Without getting into lengthy mechanical details, suffice to say I learned a lot about brakes, struts, hydraulic locks, too much heat, and too much wind. During the down time I read, and re-read the manual in addition to watching Ray’s video and making notes.



Photo by Col. Carter Teeters

Polikarpov I-16 “Ishak” Russian Fighter Plane

Thursday afternoon, watching Dave taxi in to the CAF ramp (following his first flight after last year) with the right strut completely collapsed, the “eager” part of my request was beginning to fade. Was that what they meant when the Russians called it “Ishak” (little donkey)? Maybe she is being stubborn and not cooperating because she has not flown for a whole year? Or, is she trying to scare the “new guy”? Maybe she only wants to have Dave fly her. Maybe that is the way it should be. I will just fly the Wildcat and forget about this new challenge. After several hours of strut work, the struts appear to be working properly. “Take her out, taxi around and if she feels ok, go fly,” says Dave. I said, “YOU take her out, YOU taxi around, YOU take her flying and when you come back with the struts looking like they do now, then I will go!” My confidence was not at the level it was on Tuesday morning. Dave takes the challenge and does return with both struts looking just like they did when he left. Gas and oil, then it is my turn, RIGHT? WRONG!! Once Dave has silenced the noisy thing, he informs me that the cross wind is at his limit. Believe me, if it is at HIS limit it is way above

mine. Gas and Oil – wipe down the plane (there is a lot of time spent wiping off the plane) and wait for the wind to die down. That was a waste of good drinking time, waiting for wind to die down on a West Texas afternoon! What a joke! Thursday night, Col. Bob Reiss has a C195 party planned on the other side of the field. I get to go thru the preflight, start with GPU, and taxi to the party hangar. The Wildcat on one side of the hangar apron, the Polikarpov I-16 on the other, dinner tables in-between – a beautiful evening – what a great sight – what a great party!

Friday morning, conditions are right, and the Rata seems ready and willing to let the “new guy” take her flying. Battery start this time, (no GPU on this side of the field) warm up and run up in the chocks followed by a short taxi to runway 34L.

“No, I do not have a transponder. No, I do not want to talk to departure.” All I want is a BIG, WIDE, HIGH pattern so I can feel this new plane out without getting TOO FAR from the airport.

-The mouth is starting to get dry.-

In position and hold – cleared for takeoff - add a little power – let her roll – more power – more speed – this is going to be FUN! Throttle up to 900mb (same as the AN2, but no comparison) tail up (THERE’S the runway) 135kph (landing configuration stall speed) 160kph - - let’s go flying!

Accelerate and climb, book/video calls for 1000 meters of altitude before the distraction of gear retraction. For a Wildcat pilot, this gear retraction is a non-event. Fly with the left hand, crank with the right. But, you do have to stop and think because it is different. Unlock the brake, move the “up/down” lever, and start cranking the OPPOSITE direction from the Cat. Not nearly the resistance as the FM2, but, 45 turns, and you must count them. Turning right crosswind, climbing, cranking, and counting – this is almost as busy as hovering, maybe more. Big long, wide, high downwind – tower wants to know how high – I lie, don’t want to have to talk to departure. Dutch rolls, slow flight, approach to stall (clean with a little power) “ Polikarpov 30425 would like the option on Runway 34L” Push the power back up – right base – turn final and lower the nose – God Is This Fun – the wind, the noise, this new helmet sure works well, 325kph (200+mph pass).

Mid-field – gentle pull and up we go! Left traffic this time – power back – slow – lets try putting the gear down – stop/think (it is the Other Direction) move the locking lever, crank and count. Slow flight, approach to stall (in the landing configuration) “Polikarpov 30425 cleared to land Runway 34L” NOW the mouth really gets dry! The good news is, it is a long, wide runway. Cross the fence a 200 kph (125mph) – on the wheels, power to idle – slow – time for the tail to come down –

we are on all three and still going straight down the runway! Can’t wait to get back to the CAF hangar so Dave can see this SMILE!!

A FOOTNOTE TO THIS STORY

Vern Olson related this story to me shortly after he delivered the I-16 to our hangar.

He said: “While driving through Arizona we had to stop for gas in a small town. The service station attendant was surprised to see an airplane on a flat bed trailer, especially an I-16. The attendant said he was born and in raised Russia and as a child had known of the “Little Donkey” and always wanted to see one but never had. Now as an old man he finally sees one, on a flat bed trailer in the middle of the desert in Arizona.”

The editor

Q

VALENTINE’S DAY RAFFLE

By Col. Bill O'Neill

First I would like to thank all of the people in our wing who helped make this successful. Especially, Walt Metcalf, Dick Troy and his better half Gloria for all of their hard work and a special thanks to Terry and Ann Cedar for doing yeoman’s work selling tickets and creating the single season (hopefully we can do this again) sales record for a family of 106 tickets sold to friends and neighbors.

And what can I say about the Ventura County Star. They ran our ads 2 to 3 times a week ranging from ¼ of a page to Full page for about 6 weeks. They did it as one of our sponsors.

The Raffle is over and the winners have been picked. We sold a grand total of 602 tickets. This isn’t bad for our first go round. Our expenses, (131 flight, Hotel, Dinner and Limo) also including a thank you flight for the people of the Ventura County Star and donations to the philanthropic organizations that helped us will be approximately \$7500. Our income was \$15,000, which nets us about \$7500.



*Photo by. Casey de Bree
Walt Metcalf picks a winning ticket as Bill O'Neill looks on.*

The winners were drawn on Saturday the 14th of January. Prior to the drawing, the Camarillo Kiwanis Club, a club that helped us sell tickets, had a BBQ in the rain. A canopy was erected with the BBQ and other items placed under it. Walt Metcalf said it turned out well. Thanks to all of you who helped support the Kiwanis Club's BBQ.

Unfortunately, Michael Dorn advised us on Friday night that he couldn't be the guest MC and ticket picker. So yours truly was thrown into the breach along with Ken Wright, Walt Metcalf and Chuck Kelly. I did the talking they did the picking. Three tickets were drawn and the winners have advised us of their acceptance of the prize.

The winners are:

Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert of Pasadena, CA
Tony Rollins of Woodland Hills, CA
Russell Jurco of Libertyville, IL

The event will take place on the 11th and 12th of February.

Q

T-6/SNJ GROUND SCHOOL

By Col. Bob Goubitz

Saturday February 18 is the date for our T-6/SNJ ground school, to be held at the Camarillo airport administration building.

This promises to be an informative event presented by Rich Ferdon, with the cooperation of knowledgeable engine people as well as a tentative showing by Bill Modes from Prescott, AZ.

This could be a great opportunity for our pilots to get pointers from (and fly with) a high time T-6 Airshow pilot.

We already have had lots of interest from outside the wing for this event. Please keep your schedule open for this overdue class, especially if you work on or fly the airplane.

Contact Rich Ferdon (805)279-4213 or Bob Goubitz (805)302-2601. Let's make it worthwhile! Everyone is welcome.

Q

Fellow Member Wants Contact

By Col. Russ Drosendahl

In Wing member K.D. Johnson's Christmas letter, he mentions that, with help from his daughters, he was able to attend the 75th anniversary celebration of Santa Paula Airport and the August QB meeting. He also got to take in the Salinas Air Show, and met some old pilot friends there.

K.D. was one of the founding members of our Wing, and has the lowest member number (2597) of any

member in our Wing. He sold Pitts aerobatic airplanes at Santa Paula Airport, and his wife was a well-known aerobatic pilot.

During WWII, K.D. flew C-46 Commandos over the "Hump" from India to China. In an almost tragic accident, he crash-landed his C-46 after engine failure on takeoff.

He also was a pilot in the Air Transport Ferry Command, based at Long Beach and Palm Springs airports.

He was a pilot on both our Wing's C-46 "China Doll" and SNJ-5. Along with Bill Main and several others, he was a part-owner of the SNJ.

In a "P.S." to his note, his daughters Barbara and Carole included this request to our members:

"Dad is finding it nearly impossible to talk on the 'phone because of the Parkinson's, but he would love to hear from you. Please leave a message on his voice mail at (831) 641-0191. We have turned off the ringer so he won't be answering at all. However, we will help him retrieve the messages and we can return your calls, if you request a return call. Dad would love to hear the sound of your voice, any news you'd like to share about your life's events (even the daily humdrum events), and any words of encouragement you'd like to share with him. Hearing from friends is his greatest joy!"

Q

Welcome Kayleigh Rose Van Gilder !

by Col. Eric Van Gilder



Photo by Eric Van Gilder

At 8:37 a.m. on December 22, 2005, we welcomed Kayleigh Rose Van Gilder into our family.

She came into the world at 19 inches long and weighed in at 6 pounds, 15.7 ounces. For simplicity, the record shows 7 pounds even.

The baby is healthy and beautiful. Above is a picture of our new little bundle of love. It seems our holiday gift came a little early!

Dad Eric, Mom Laura, and brother Jacob have decided that Kayleigh Rose is definitely a "keeper."

Note: All of us at the Southern California Wing welcome Kayleigh Rose, and congratulate Eric and Laura on the birth of their daughter! It is very seldom that one of our members gets to brag about a new baby in the!

Subject: Soldiers Somewhere in Afghanistan

THIS SHOULD WARM EVERY JET JOCKEY'S HEART

So we are up in the mountains at about 0100 hrs looking for a bad guy that we thought was in the area. Here are ten of us, pitch black, crystal clear night, about 25 degrees. We know there are bad guys in the area; a few shots have been fired but no big deal. We decide that we need air cover and the only thing in the area is a solo B-1 bomber. He flies around at about 20,000 feet and tells us there is nothing in the area. He then asks if we would like a low level show of force, Stupid question. Of course we tell him, "yes."

The controller who is attached to the team then is heard talking to the pilot. Pilot asks if we want it subsonic or supersonic, Very stupid question. Pilot advises he is twenty miles out and stand by. The controller gets us all sitting down in a line and points out the proper location. You have to picture this. Pitch black, ten soldiers sitting down, dead quiet and overlooking this about 30-mile-long valley. All of a sudden, way out (below our level) you see a set of four 200' white flames coming at us. The controller says, "Ah-- guys-- you might want to plug your ears."

Faster than you can think, a B-1, supersonic, 1000' over our heads, blasts the sound barrier and it feels like God just hit you in the head with a hammer. He then stands it straight up with 4 white trails of flame coming out and disappears

Cost of gas for that: Probably \$50,000. Hearing damage: For certain. Bunch of Taliban thinking twice about shooting at us. Priceless!

Have a nice day!

Q

Account of Maneuvers: B-17 (42-39957) Halberstadt, Germany on 11 JANUARY, 1944

by 1st Lt. JOHN W. RAEDEKE US Army Air Corps

Took off at 0745 o'clock with a load of 2300 gallons of gasoline, 6000 pounds of bombs, full load of ammunition, and the usual weight of men and equipment. Everything on plane was in perfect

working order. Joined the group formation at 1010 and flew into target without incident but was forced to use 2400 R.P.M. and 40" HG at times. Dropped our bombs at 11:52 o'clock, everything still in good shape.

At 1200 o'clock we were hit by fighters which stayed with us for one hour and fifty minutes. They attacked us from 5-7 o'clock position at first and gradually as more enemy fighters joined they attacked us from 3-9 o'clock positions. We were flying "Tail End Charlie", #7 position. The fighters created much excitement among the squadron, resulting in more power being applied to the engines. We were forced to use 2500 R.P.M. and 40"-46" almost continuously.

About 1245 o'clock more enemy fighters joined the attack and finally we were being attacked from all positions on the clock, high and low. The plane was vibrating and pitching unbelievably as a result of all guns firing, fighting prop-wash, and evading collision with our own as well as enemy planes. Enemy fighters would come through our formation from 1200 o'clock position, level in groups of 20-40 at one time all shooting. The sky in front of us was a solid mass of exploding 20 M.M. shells, flak, rockets, burning aircraft, and more enemy fighters. B-17's were going down in flames every 15 minutes and enemy fighters seemed to explode or go down in smoke like flies dropping out of the sky.

The "Luftwaffe" attacked us in ME 109's, ME 210's, FW 190's, JU 88's, and some we couldn't identify. The enemy fighters made suicidal attacks at us continuously, coming into about fifty feet before turning away. It seemed that the greater part of the attack was aimed at our ship, perhaps for the following reason. Our ship was the only one in the group that was not firing tracer bullets and they apparently thought we had no guns or were out of ammunition.

The heaviest assault and the one that damaged us happened as follows. At approximately 1330 o'clock we were attacked by another group of enemy fighters numbering about forty which came at us again from 1200 o'clock position, level in formation pattern. Again, we saw that solid wall of exploding shells and fighters. This time we were flying #3 position in the second element of the lead squadron. As they came in the top turret gunner of our ship nailed a FW 190 which burst into flames, nosed up and to its left, thus colliding with the B-17 flying #2 position of the second element on our right. Immediately upon colliding this B-17 burst into flames, started into a loop but fell off on its left wing and across our tail. We were really hit and we had "Had It". At the time we were thus stricken we were using a full power setting of 2500 R.P.M. and 40"-46" Hg. Our I.A.S.

was approximately 165 M.P.H. and our altitude was 19,000 feet.

Immediately upon being hit by the falling B-17, we were nosed up and went into a loop. Confusion, no less, and embarrassment. Pilot called crew at once and ordered them to prepare to bail out. Response was instantaneous and miraculously proficient. Not one crew member grew frantic or lost his head, so to speak. All stood ready at their stations to abandon the ship. The action of the pilot regarding the handling of the ship was as follows. As quickly as we were hit we engaged the A.F.C.E., which was set up for level flying. Full power was applied with throttle and both pilot and co-pilot began the struggle with the manual controls.

It was noted at once that the rudder control was out because the rudder pedals could not be moved. In only a fraction of a second the ship had completed a beautiful loop and was now merrily spinning toward the ground, with five enemy fighters following on the tail. Although the spin seemed flat and rather slow, it was vicious and we were losing altitude fast.

As soon as we had completed the loop and had fallen into a spin the pilot, having full confidence in a prayer, recalled the crew members and ordered them to stand by for a little while longer.

"Guts" discipline, and confidence in their pilot was certainly displayed by the crew by the fact that they stayed with the ship.

To return to the spin and its final recovery. When the ship fell into a spin the pilot, after determining its direction, applied full inside throttle, retarded the other two, used only aileron A.F.C.E. control, and applied it in full opposite position, rolled elevator trim-tab fully forward, and, in addition, both pilots applied full forward position on control column, plus full opposite aileron. After making at least two or three complete 360-degree turns, the ship finally swept into a clean dive at an angle of approximately 45 degrees from level.

The I.A.S. at this time was approximately 280 M.P.H. The altitude was approximately 12,000 feet. Power setting was reduced to about 2/3. At this point it was noted that one enemy fighter was still following on our tail, therefore seeing a solid undercast below we nosed the ship down and applied additional power. We were heading for cloud cover at an angle of approximately 75 degrees to 80 degrees from the level at a speed of about 400 M.P.H. indicated. All this while the aileron was clutched into A.F.C.E. and was holding wings level. The elevators were controlled entirely by the trim tab.

At 6,000 feet we began easing back the elevator trim tab and slowly started to level out. Finally leveled off in the clouds at 4000 feet, trimmed the ship, and engaged elevator clutch of A.F.C.E.

Disengaged this every few seconds to re-trim ship, kept it perfectly level and flying smoothly.

The I.A.S., after leveling off in the clouds, was still around 340 M.P.H. but was dropping off quite rapidly until it reached 200 M.P.H. Maintained an I.A.S. of 190-200 M.P.H. from then on with a power setting of 2100 R.P.M. and 31" Hg.

Checked all engine instruments immediately after leveling off and found everything functioning normally, except the pilot's directional gyro, which apparently had tumbled. Flew in the cloud cover for about ten (10) minutes, then came out above to check for more enemy fighters. Saw one fighter after several minutes at five (5) o'clock position high - so we ducked back into the clouds for about ten minutes longer. Came out again and found everything clear.

Rode the top of the clouds all the way back across the North Sea. The point where we first entered the cloud cover was about thirty (30) minutes flying time (at our speed) from the enemy sea coast. An interesting point which occurred was that we came out of our spin and dive on a heading of 270 degrees, which fortunately was our heading home.

Immediately after we had leveled off in the clouds, each crew member reported into the co-pilot that he was back at his station and manning his guns. No particular excitement or scare was apparent, for the crew members started a merry chatter over the interphone.

During the violent maneuvers of the loop the left waist gunner, S/Sgt. Warren Carson, was thrown about in the waist of the ship resulting in a fractured leg. However, he did remain at his guns until the chances of more enemy attacks was nil. After we were well out over the North Sea the injured waist gunner was moved to the radio room where he was treated and made comfortable by the Bombardier who went back to assist.

At this time also, the co-pilot went to the rear of the ship to examine the control cables and make a general survey of the damage to the tail section. He reported that about 1/3 of the left horizontal stabilizer and elevator were off and that almost the entire vertical stabilizer and rudder had been sheared off, but that all control cables were o.k. However, the ship was functioning quite normally except for the fact that we had to make turns with aileron only. It also seemed to fly quite smoothly in spite of the missing vertical stabilizer and rudder. It was therefore decided by the pilot that a normal landing could be attempted.

Reaching the English coast, we headed for our home field, but the weather had closed in and the ceiling was getting lower as we neared our field. Finally, we were forced to fly at tree-top height in order to stay out of the clouds, thus getting lost. All

radio equipment was out and we were not sure where the field was. Finally it began to rain, besides our other trouble, so we decided to land at the first field we found.

Pilot ordered all crew members to radio room to prepare for crash landing. However, the navigator volunteered to remain in the nose of the ship to direct the pilot and co-pilot in their approach to the field and a final landing. The landing was accomplished in the normal manner, taking advantage of a slightly longer approach. Picked the longest runway which suited the wind direction but still had to contend with a cross wind. With the aid of the navigator's directions, we made a low approach to the runway, correcting for draft by holding the windward wing low and holding it straight by jockeying the throttles. "No, your wrong", we greased it on.

Made a perfect landing. After setting it on the ground it was noted that the right tire was flat. However, this did not trouble us because the ship was stalled out at low speed and slowed down immediately by use of brakes. It was noted that the ship was almost dry of fuel. Positively no stress was placed on the ship in landing. It was a landing as any normal landing would be.

We now know from experience that a B-17 will loop, spin, pull out of a dive when indicating 400 M.P.H., fly without a rudder and very little horizontal stabilizer, and will land normally without a rudder and a flat tire added.

The "guts", courage, and confidence displayed by the crew of this mission is highly commendable. .

PILOT : 1st Lt. JOHN W. RAEDEKE

CO-PILOT : 2nd Lt. JOHN E. URBAN

Note: Thanks to Gary Barber for providing this interesting article about part of the "Great Generation."

Q

DEDICATED TO ALL THOSE WHO FLEW BEHIND ROUND ENGINES

We gotta get rid of those turbines, they're ruining aviation and our hearing

A turbine is too simple minded, it has no mystery. The air travels through it in a straight line and doesn't pick up any of the pungent fragrance of engine oil or pilot sweat.

Anybody can start a turbine. You just need to move a switch from "OFF" to "START" and then remember to move it back to "ON" after a while. My PC is harder to start.

Cranking a round engine requires skill, finesse and style. You have to seduce it into starting. It's like waking up a horny mistress.

On some planes, the pilots aren't even allowed to do it...

Turbines start by whining for a while, then give a lady-like poof and start whining a little louder.

Round engines give a satisfying rattle-rattle, click-click, BANG, more rattles, another BANG, a big macho FART or two, more clicks, a lot more smoke and finally a serious low pitched roar. We like that.

It's a GUY thing.

When you start a round engine, your mind is engaged and you can concentrate on the flight ahead.

Starting a turbine is like flicking on a ceiling fan: Useful, but, hardly exciting

When you have started his round engine successfully your crew chief looks up at you like he'd let you kiss his girl too!

Turbines don't break or catch fire often enough, leading to aircrew boredom, complacency and inattention. A round engine at speed looks and sounds like it's going to blow any minute. This helps concentrate the mind!

Turbines don't have enough control levers or gauges to keep a pilot's attention. There's nothing to fiddle with during long flights.

Turbines smell like a Boy Scout camp full of Coleman Lamps.

Round engines smell like God intended machines to smell.

Pass this on to an old WWII pilot (or his son, or anyone who flew them in Korea or Vietnam) in remembrance of that "Greatest Generation

PHOTOS

Landing gear retract tests on the C46 were done on
December 29, 2005



Photo by Casey de Bree

"Don't ask me, they were here when I left last night!"



Photo by Casey de Bree

Going up, or coming down?

The "Little Donkey" Comes to the So. Cal. Wing



Photo by Casey de Bree

"It's a long way from New Zealand to Camarillo via Midland, Texas.



Photo by Casey de Bree

How many Cols. does it take to change a wing?

Around the Hangar



Photo by Casey de Bree

Joe Peppito and his round engine.



Photo by Col. Gordon Twa

Bill Gordon getting the Zero's carburetor ready for overhaul.



Photo by Col Dan Newcome

Mark Russell checking the PBJ's progress..



Photo by Col Dan Newcome

Marc Russell cleans metal shavings from inside of the PBJ.