

Flight Line

The Official Publication of the CAF
Southern California Wing
455 Aviation Drive, Camarillo, CA 93010
(805) 482-0064

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© Photo by Dave Flood
Zero #N553TT on way to Alaska – see p.13

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© Photo by Dave Flood

Wallace James "Wally" Brown
October 22, 1924 - April 30, 2012

This photo shows Wally as he performed as the Grand Marshal
of the Camarillo Christmas Parade of December, 2003.

See page 3 for our memorial to Wally.

**Wing Staff Meeting, Saturday, June 16, 2012 at 9:30 a.m. at the
CAF Museum Hangar, 455 Aviation Drive, Camarillo Airport**

Our CAF Mission: To Honor American Military Aviation Through Flight, Exhibition and Remembrance.

JUNE 2012

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Museum Open 10am to 4pm Every Day Except Monday and major holidays					1	2 Work Day
3	4 Museum Closed	5 Work Day	6	7 Work Day	8	9 Work Day
10	11 Museum Closed	12 Work Day	13	14 Work Day Flag Day	15 Docent Meeting 3:30	16 Work Day Wing Staff Meeting 9:30
17 Father's Day	18 Museum Closed	19 Work Day	20	21 Work Day	22	23 Work Day
24	25 Museum Closed	26 Work Day	27	28 Work Day	29	30 Work Day

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Maintenance Officer	* Ken Gottschall	(818) 439-5885	kgts@netzero.com	2003 Camarillo Christmas Parade	5
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In Memoriam: Wallace J. “Wally” Brown 1924 – 2012

Wally was born on October 22, 1924, in Schuylkill Haven, PA., to James and Rebecca Brown. He died at home, peacefully, with his family at his side, on Monday, April 30, 2012.

Wally graduated from high school in 1942, and received his AA Degree from Ventura Community College in 1970, He had been a resident of Camarillo since 1964,

Wally enlisted in the Army Air Corps as a teenager in 1942, and served during WWII as a radio operator aboard C-46 Commando aircraft, flying 106 round-trip missions “Over The Hump.” This route was flown out of bases in India and Burma over the Himalayan Mountains into China – to supply China’s General Chiang Kai-shek with much-needed war materials in his fight against the Japanese.

Wally later served in the U.S. Air Force and retired from active duty as a Senior Master Sergeant in 1964, after 22 years in uniform. His last duty station was Oxnard Air Force Base – now Camarillo Airport. He later worked at 3M Corporation in Camarillo, and then in civil service for the Navy at Port Hueneme – where he retired in 1984,

His hobbies included ham radio (originally WB6KKN, then AE6EQ), and from 1958 to 1990 he was an enthusiastic member of the Oxnard Chapter of SPEBSQSA, and sang bass in their barbershop chorus. Wally was also an avid bowler. He enrolled in art classes at Ventura College, and became a proficient sketch artist and a potter.

In 2000, Wally became a member of the Southern California Wing of the Commemorative Air Force (CAF), serving as a Docent at their Aviation Museum at Camarillo Airport. His favorite plane at the Aviation Museum was the Curtiss C-46 Commando “China Doll,” a representative of his old WWII airplane.

He is survived by his beloved wife of 46 years, Billie; their children: Buddy Carter (Laurie), Patricia Bryant, Peggy Sveiven (Scott), Jeannie Carter-Johnson (Erik), Jonathan Brown (Danielle); his grandchildren: Michele Bryant, Major Jayme Carter, USAF (Talia), Adam Bryant, Jeffrey Sveiven (Jacinta), Johnny Sveiven, Sean Carter, Peggy Sue Johnson, Sarah Irani, Sarah Brown, Mason Brown; his great-grandchildren: Autumn Schlick, Ryhan Feliciano; his brother, David Brown (Jeanie) of Pennsylvania; and his sisters: Lois Dresen of Iowa and Kathryn Burton of Ohio.

A memorial of Wally’s life was held at 11:00 a.m. on Saturday, May 5, 2012 at the CAF’s Aviation Museum, 455 Aviation Drive, Camarillo, CA, with a fly-by by CAF planes in his honor.

The family graciously asked that, in lieu of flowers, people contribute to the CAF’s Southern California Wing.

All of us at the Commemorative Air Force – Southern California Wing extend our sincere condolences to Billie and her family. We have lost another of our beloved World War II Warriors, and we will miss him very much.

Clear skies and gentle winds, old friend !

Al and I met Wally Brown in the late 1970’s or early 1980’s when our son, John, was a member of the Boy Scout troop at Trinity Presbyterian Church. Wally was the assistant scout master. Wally’s son Jonathan was in the same troop.

We never knew of Wally’s World War II experiences until we joined the Commemorative Air Force in 2002.

It was appropriate that that the color guard members were scout cadets.

Wally was member of what Tom Brokaw calls the “Greatest Generation”.

Lois Watts

I had volunteered here on weekends. I got to 'hang out' with Wally.

Usually there was old music playing - 1940s music. I would catch myself humming some of those tunes. Wally would hear me and then he would burst into song, sing every verse and tell me the origin of the song. There was always an extra pastry for me. He will be truly missed. He was such an unassuming man. He was so loved, I had no idea, He married a woman with four kids- wow!

He flew the hump 106 times. I didn't know how much of a hero he was for so many. I was blessed to know him for the little time spent with him at the CAF.

Stef Tagliaferri

I had 30 years with the CAF- So. Cal.Wing; and knew of Wally when he came into the fold.

Although I did not work with him, I knew of his great abilities as a docent.

Another WWII veteran is gone - and there aren't many left in the CAF. The family can be very proud of Wally.

Russ Drosendahl

When I began as a docent several years ago I found that I scheduled myself in for Sundays. The reason - Wally always brought in the most delicious pastries from a wonderful Mexican bakery

From that moment Wally was always my HERO! Smiling face, great sense of humor - and generous with his pastries for the rest of us docents.

John Woolley

Wally Brown's Memorial Service

© Photos by Dave Flood



Wally's family and friends gathered to pay tribute to him at our Aviation Museum Hangar. In the center is Wally's wife, Billie.



Col. John Woolley, Master of Ceremonies, with Maj. Jayme Carter, USAF – Wally's grandson – who lead the Pledge of Allegiance. Maj. Carter is stationed at Tinker AFB, and flies Boeing AWACS planes for the Air Force.



Col. Russ Drosendahl sharing his memories of Wally. Several other members spoke of their association with Wally, and how much all of them will miss him.



Johathan Brown, Wally's son, and his daughter, Sarah, Wally's granddaughter. Sarah is reciting a prayer in honor of her grandfather.



The honor guard processing out on the ramp in front of the attendees, reading to fire the salute, and to sound taps. It is fitting that Wally's old plane, the C-46 Commando, is in the background.



Wally's medals, ribbons and other memorabilia from his time serving in the China, Burma, India Theater (CBI) during WWII were displayed on two tables.

Flying “The Hump”

by Wally Brown

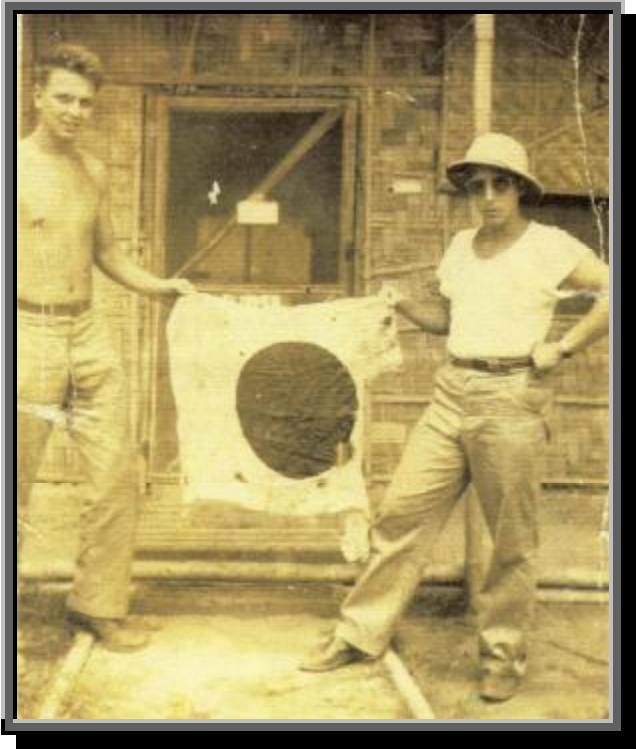


Photo Courtesy of Wally Brown

Wally Brown (left) and Paul Behm, in front of their eight-man basha (living quarters) at Mohanbari, India.

I had been flying The Hump steadily for over two months when the Japanese decided to mount an invasion into India. As the Japanese approached the India-Burma border, many units of the British 14th Army were by-passed and isolated in the area of the Kaladan River in Western Burma. Five Mohanbari aircraft (C-46s) were detached from Hump flying to join a few other aircraft from sister bases to provide aerial supply to these units. I flew five air drop missions in this manner between 27 and 29, February, 1944, until an engine fire and emergency landing put our aircraft out of action.

I returned to Mahanbari and resumed flying The Hump until 19 March, 1944. By this time, the Japanese advance had crossed the Indian border and the cities of Imphal and Kohima were being threatened. Between 20 March and 31 March I flew eighteen missions, sometimes three a day, into Imphal and satellite airstrips carrying ammunition and supplies in and bringing wounded out.

On one of these trips, Paul got the flag shown pictured in the above photo, by horse-trading with one of the evacuated combatants. We did not get too close to the combat except having a few landings waved off because the airstrip was under artillery or mortar fire.

On 16 April, 1944 I continued flying The Hump, making the last of 106 missions on 17 September, 1944.

Note: This article was published in “Flight Line” in June, 2004.

Wing Participation in Camarillo Christmas Parade

by Dave Flood

Our Wing was well represented in the annual Camarillo Christmas Parade held last December 13, 2003.

Wally Brown, one of our regular Docents, was one of the Grand Marshals of the parade, having been chosen because of his WWII war record and the medals he earned during that conflict.

The theme of the parade was “A Red, White and Blue Christmas,” and featured veterans of several wars, including WWII, Korean War, Vietnam, Gulf War, and Iraq. The veterans were feted at a champagne reception at the Camarillo House on Thursday night before the parade, and at breakfast just before the parade.

Wally and his wife Billie have been residents of Camarillo for forty years. He served in the Army Air Corps and the U.S. Air Force for twenty-two years, retiring as a Senior Master Sergeant. During WWII, as a Corporal, he received two Distinguished Flying Crosses and two Air Medals. He completed 106 flying missions with the USAAF in Indo China from December, 1943 to October, 1944. He was assigned as a radio operator on C-46 Curtiss Commandos delivering strategic materials over the Himalayan Mountains (“The Hump”) to the embattled Chinese nation. The flights supported the China, Burma and India theater of war (CBI).

His medals were for completing hazardous duty assignments under extremely dangerous conditions, including threat of enemy action.

Since his discharge from the Air Force, Wally was employed by the U.S. Navy at CBC as a Civilian Electronics Technician for twenty years, and is now retired. He is a volunteer for the Sheriff’s Department, Emergency Services as a HAM Radio Operator, and is also a volunteer Docent in our Wing’s WWII Aviation Museum.

All of his immediate family lives in California. One daughter and one son live in Camarillo; one daughter lives in Fillmore; one daughter lives in Wildomar; and his youngest son lives in Paso Robles. He has a son-in-law who is a retired Navy Commander and a grandson who is a Captain in the USAF, a graduate of the Air Force Academy, and who has just returned from duty in Iraq.

Note: This article appeared in the Feb., 2004 “Flight Line”



Your flag may not be as large as this one in Lompoc, but fly it anyway - on Flag Day, June 14!

“AND THEN THERE WAS ONE...”

by Clifford Brown

Attending a recent memorial for a Wing member, I was reminded of a children's nursery rhyme, "Ten Little Indians." "And then there was one" was the end of the next to last stanza.

When the Southern California Wing formed in 1981, we were a Squadron at first. Unexpectedly - many of the more active members' wives got involved. This cadre of wives shared the love of aviation that brought us all together and they were a major behind-the-scenes source of manpower – or, in this case, womanpower for the Wing.

The CAF had just ended its policy of requiring members to be recommended and approved by a membership committee. The CAF was now open to everyone. Well, not quite. For women, there was only a women's auxiliary organization called the "Culpepper's Angels". And it was only open to wives of CAF Colonels. One of the women in the group was not married to a CAF Colonel - she was his girl friend of more than 20 years, but not his wife. Rather than leave someone out, a more inclusive So. Cal. Wing auxiliary called the "Halos" was formed. This group stepped up to the plate and became involved, produced their own newsletter, and helped on the unit newsletter, selling t-shirts and various other fund raising activities. Can you believe a kissing booth at the Van Nuys Airshow?

But, the women quickly realized that it was still an uneven partnership – so, in early summer of 1982, before the Squadron became a Wing, they all sent in their applications and dues for membership as CAF Colonels. Jerri or Pat could be guys' names. So CAF HQ at Harlingen allowed them to become some of the first women CAF Colonels. Women wanted to join the exclusive men's club, who would have thought it? Why? They wanted a have a say and a vote.

Among this core group was Linda Daniels, wife of Colonel Stan Daniels, MD, who dropped out after Stan was killed in an aircraft crash at Van Nuys airport that also took the life of "Hollywood" Harvey Victor - our first Public Information Officer. Linda was the brave soul that organized and manned the kissing booth.

Another lady that drifted away was Janet Main, wife of Colonel Bill Main, who brought to the Wing her museum expertise from the "Stage Coach Inn Museum" in Thousand Oaks. The framed graphic displays in the C-46 Janet and I designed and put together on the Main's living room floor. She has since passed on.

Jerri Fleishmann, wife of Colonel Ron Fleishman, who was an emergency room nurse, became the Wing den mother and medical advisor. It was her job to fix all of those boo-boos and make them stop hurting. Later a cerebral hemorrhage confined her to a wheel chair, then blindness took most of her sight, but she continued to be an active

member of the Wing until complications from diabetes took her life in June of 2007.

June Hubbard, the one that no one wanted to leave out - who was the girl friend of CAF Colonel Bud Crosby and a very professional switch board operator and receptionist, took over the operations of the Water Wagon crew at AirSho while the CAF was still at Harlingen, Texas. Keeping flight crews and other air show volunteers hydrated in the hot Texas summer sun was no small feat, and she kept at it until almost the very end of her life. One of June's hobbies was driving a little red Ford Mustang convertible - right out of the movie "American Graffiti" - and raising Golden Retrievers. Bud passed on some years ago, and June died a victim of Alzheimer's on November 15, 2011.

"And then there was one..." Pat Brown, wife of CAF Colonel Clifford Brown, is the last surviving member of that group of pioneering ladies. She was and still is the Wing's "Betsy Ross" - repairing the American Flags, tailoring uniforms, sewing up canvas seats and making vinyl and canvas engine plugs. This was a long way from her modeling and fashion design background. Pat was the Wing's first newsletter editor back in 1981-1992, and manned the PX booth under the wing of the C-46 for every air show for the first twenty some years of the Wing's existence. Today, Pat continues on as the Wing PIO (Public Information Officer) responsible for all the advertising, promotion, press releases, newsletters and web sites and communications between the Wing and the public. She is the last survivor of the original Southern California Wing Women Colonels. "And then there was one..."

Today women are still a minority in the CAF. But, that is not because the door is closed to them. Our younger female members might note that there was a day when women were not as equal as they are today.

Editor Note: Clifford Brown is a Charter Member of the So. Cal. Wing.



Cols. Cliff and Pat Brown, who have devoted a huge part of their lives to our CAF-SoCAWing!

70th Reunion of Doolittle's Raiders

For the seventieth consecutive year since the gutsy Doolittle Raiders' attack on the Japanese mainland in B-25 Mitchell bombers – off the aircraft carrier USS Hornet in April, 1942 –just four months after Pearl Harbor - the surviving veterans of that memorable chapter in military aviation history came together in a reunion (perhaps the last?) at Dayton, Ohio –at the U.S.A.F. Museum field.

Four of the five remaining crew members who flew that Historic mission made the reunion: Thomas C. Griffin, David J. Thatcher, Richard E. Cole, and Edward J. Saylor.

THE PLAN: Commanded by Lt. Col. James H. "Jimmy" Doolittle, 16 land-based B-25 bombers with crews of five men each would launch from an aircraft carrier. Modified to maximize fuel capacity, the planes would drop their payloads on a variety of strategic targets on Japan's mainland, then head to friendly air bases in China.

THE REALITY: But they were spotted by a Japanese trawler and launched earlier and farther out than planned; all but one crash-landed or was ditched off China's coast.

THE TOLL: Eight Raiders were captured. Three were executed, a fourth died in captivity. Three were killed trying to reach China, and 10 more were killed in later war action.

THE IMPACT: Historians say the raid, while doing relatively little military damage in comparison to the assault on U.S. forces at Pearl Harbor, boosted American morale while stunning the Japanese and stemming their tide. A major U.S. victory two months later at the Battle of Midway signaled the war was beginning to shift.



The B-25 Mitchell bombers attending the Doolittle Raiders' 70th Reunion are lined up at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio. The plane in the forefront is the CAF's "Devil Dog," of the "Devil Dog Squadron," based in Georgetown, Texas. There were twenty of the flyable B-25s from all points in the U.S. that came together for this historic event. Our neighbor, "Executive Sweet," was a participant.



Four of the five surviving Doolittle's Raiders are, from left: Maj. Thomas Griffin (Nav., #9); Staff Sgt. David Thatcher (Eng/Gunner, #7); Lt. Col. Richard Cole (Co-Pilot, #1); Lt. Col. Edward Saylor (Eng/Gunner, #15). Lt. Col. Robert Hite, the other living survivor, was too ill to attend the 70th Reunion.



Another view of the flight line, with twenty vintage North American B-25 Mitchell bombers honoring the Doolittle Raiders on their 70th Reunion.



USS Hornet launches what may be Doolittle Raid B-25 #9 on April 18, 1942 – bound for Japanese targets.

Mark Hubbard's Retirement Ceremony

Col. Mark "Mutha" Hubbard, a member of our Wing, retired from the U.S. Navy on April 25, 2012 at NAS Lemoore – with full honors.

Mark's rank at retirement is Captain. Mark has been the Commander, Strike Fighter Wing, U.S. Pacific Fleet - head of all FA-18 fighter plane squadrons on the West Coast and in the Pacific theater.

Several members of our Wing attended Mark's ceremony, including: Bill O'Neill, Ron Fleishman, John Woolley, David Spence, Shari Heitkotter, and Vern Olson.

Mark will continue to be an active member of our Wing. He currently is a pilot in the F6F-5 Hellcat and the F8F-2 Bearcat.

Mark owns and flies a Navy Stearman biplane trainer and an SNJ Texan trainer.

The Watch

*For over twenty seven years
This Sailor has stood the watch.
While some of us were in our bunks at night,
This Sailor stood the watch.
While some of us were in school learning our trade,
This shipmate stood the watch.
Yes... even before some of us were born into this world,
This shipmate stood the watch.
In those years when the storm clouds of war
Were seen brewing on the horizons of history,
This shipmate stood the watch.
Many times he would cast an eye ashore
And see his family standing there
Needing his guidance and help
Needing that hand to hold during those hard times
But he still stood the watch.
He stood the watch, for over twenty seven years
He stood the watch so that we,
Our families and our fellow countrymen
Could sleep soundly, in safety, each and every night
Knowing that a Sailor stood the watch.
Today, we are here to say,
"Shipmate... the watch stands relieved.
Relieved by those you have trained, guided, and led.
Shipmate you stand relieved... we now have the watch..."
"Boatswain, standby to pipe the side... Shipmate going ashore"*



Mark Hubbard's Retirement Photos

© All photos by Ron Fleishman



CAF-SoCAWing members posing with Mark in front of an FA-18 Hornet with Mark's name as the pilot under the cockpit canopy. From left: Bill O'Neill, Ron Fleishman, Joey Kriksey, Mark, John Woolley, and David Spence.



A framed gift drawing of Mark flying his Stearman.



Mark receiving an award from Vice Admiral Allen G. Myers, Commander, Naval Air Forces. Also speaking at Mark's retirement ceremony was Rear Admiral Douglas L. McClain, U.S. Navy (Retired).



Mark and his wife, Robyn, leaving the stage after his retirement ceremony had concluded.



Mark giving his parting remarks & changing orders.

British Farmer's Quest To Find Lost Spitfires in Burma

A Lincolnshire farmer has told how he spent 15 years trying to find a lost squadron of Spitfires that was buried in Burma at the end of the Second World War

By [Adam Lusher](#)
15 Apr 2012

The extraordinary plans to dig up the lost squadron were revealed by David Cundall, 62, of Sandtoft, near Scunthorpe, who has spoken about his quest to recover the Spitfires and get them airborne.

Mr Cundall has spent £130,000 of his own money, visited Burma 12 times, persuaded the country's notoriously secretive regime to trust him, and all the time sought testimony from a dwindling band of Far East veterans in order to locate the Spitfires.

Yet his treasure hunt was sparked by little more than a throwaway remark from a group of US veterans, made 15 years ago to his friend and fellow aviation archaeologist Jim Pearce. Mr Cundall said: "The veterans had served in a construction battalion. They told Jim: 'We've done some pretty silly things in our time, but the silliest was burying Spitfires.' And when Jim got back from the US, he told me."

Mr Cundall realized that the Spitfires would have been buried in their transport crates. Before burial, the airplanes would have been waxed, wrapped in greased paper and their joints tarred, to protect them against decay. There seemed to be a chance that somewhere in Burma, there lay Spitfires that could be restored to flying condition. He was determined to find them. The first step was to place advertisements in magazines, trying to find soldiers who buried Spitfires. "The trouble was that many of them were dying of old age."

He visited Burma over and over again, slowly building friendly relations with the military junta that have for decades held power in the capital, Rangoon. "In the end the minders trusted me so much they would let me hold their AK-47s while they ate the lunch I had bought them."

And finally, he found the Spitfires, at a location that is being kept a closely guarded secret. Mr. Cundall said: "We sent a borehole down and used a camera to look at the crates. They seemed to be in good condition."

Mr Cundall explained that in August 1945 the Mark XIV airplanes, which used Rolls-Royce Griffon engines instead of the Merlins of earlier models, were put in crates and transported from the factory in Castle Bromwich, in the West Midlands, to Burma.

Once they arrived at the RAF base, however, the Spitfires were deemed surplus to requirements. The war was in its

final months, and fighting was by now increasingly focused on 'island-hopping' to clear the Japanese of their remaining strongholds in the Pacific. Land-based Spitfires, as opposed to carrier-based Seafires, did not have the required range.

The order was given to bury 12 Spitfires while they were still in their transport crates. Then, two weeks later, the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. The Japanese surrendered on September 2 1945.

It is possible that a further eight Spitfires were then buried in December 1945, bringing the potential total of lost Spitfires to 20.

Mr Cundall said that about 21,000 Spitfires were built, but at the end of the war very few were wanted. "In 1945, Spitfires were ten a penny. Jets were coming into service. Spitfires were struck off charge, unwanted. Lots of Spitfires were just pushed off the back of aircraft carriers into the sea.

"On land, you couldn't leave them for the locals – they might have ended up being used against you. It was a typical British solution: 'Let's bury them lads.' They might have planned to come back and dig them up again. They never did."

To meet the £500,000 cost of the excavation, Mr Cundall enlisted the help of Steve Boulton Brooks, 51, a commercial property investor who also runs the Boulton Flight Academy, in Chichester, West Sussex, which teaches people to fly on the two-seater Spitfire that Mr Brooks bought for £1.78 million in 2009.

Ground radar images showed that inside the crates were Spitfires with their wings packed alongside the fuselages. The Britons now want to work to restore as many of the 20 Spitfires as possible and get them flying. If the project works, it will nearly double the number of airworthy Spitfires. There are currently only about 35 flying in the world.

Mr Cundall said: "We want to dig as many Spitfires up as we find. "Spitfires are beautiful airplanes and should not be rotting away in a foreign land. They saved our neck in the Battle of Britain and they should be preserved."

The final obstacle to recovering the Spitfires, however, is that political: international sanctions forbid the movement of military materials in and out of Burma, and it was also feared the Burmese government would not allow any foreign excavations on their territory.

Because of the new, reforming stance of the Burmese government, it is likely some sanctions will be lifted after an EU review begins on April 23. With the help of David Cameron and his visit to Burma, a deal is currently being negotiated and hopes are high that it will conclude with President Thein Sein of Burma granting permission for the dig.

Mr Brooks, who returned to his Oxford home on Saturday, after helping open negotiations with the Burmese authorities, said: "Our hope is that we can be digging them out in the next three or four weeks. Then the plan is to get as many of them flying as possible.

"They have been in the ground for more than 65 years, so it is not a case of taking them out of the crates, putting them together and flying them. There is a lot of work to do. We may have to use parts of many planes to make perhaps a couple airworthy.

"But if the crates didn't get waterlogged, the Spitfires might be in pretty amazing condition. It's also encouraging that they put teak beams over the crates so they wouldn't be crushed by the earth when they were buried."

Mr Cundall also raised the tantalising prospect that there may be more buried Spitfires out there. "It's possible there are other Spitfires buried around different sites in Burma. I have heard about 36 in one burial; 18 in another; 6 in another. And when they were buried, they would have been brand new, never taken out of the box."

Mr Brooks, however, cautioned: "People have spent decades scouring the earth for Spitfires. If other airplanes are there, they may be very difficult to find."



Photo showing Spitfire being prepared for crating and burial – somewhere in Burma.



British farmer David Cundall holds a famous painting of a Spitfire. He is planning to dig up many in Burma.

PBJ Mitchell "Semper Fi" Update

by Dan Newcomb

We had a huge crew yesterday - and with rigging, painting, cleaning and prepping parts, along with some housekeeping, the place looked like a beehive.

After a lot of hard work, the boys have both ailerons in place and they look great. Our guys finished getting the landing gear doors and fuel bay doors cleaned and ready for paint, and Mike Hohls then applied the green paint to the inside of the assemblies. After they dry, Mike will flip everything over and paint the outside insignia white.

Jeff Birdt and Scott Drosos and I continued work on the aileron trim system. All of the cable runs were verified and tensioned and the system functions beautifully! Everything is nice and smooth - which is amazing, considering the length of the cable runs and all of the pulleys the system consists of. Beautiful - except for the fact that the left side works backwards!

We knew the cable runs were right - so after thinking things over, Scott suggested that maybe the left and right side drums were different parts and not identical as we had assumed. After consulting the parts book - Scott's theory was confirmed. We will fix things next week.

At the end of the day as we sat under the wing talking things over and starting to relax, Marc Russell, our Crew Chief looked around and said, "Danny, don't we have a great crew?"

I answered, "We do, Marc - we certainly do!"



© Photo by Dan Newcomb

Col. Mike Hohls applying a coat of green paint to one of the landing gear doors of the PBJ.

If you would like to become an Honorary Member of the PBJ Restoration Team, please send a contribution to:

Col. Marc Russell, Crew Chief
PBJ Restoration Team
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Safety First, Second, and Third

by Robert Blair

Hi, this is Sid, the Safety Sentinel, with some words of advice...

If you read the March, 2012 issue of *The Dispatch*, page 14, there is a relevant message to **All CAF Members** from The Home Office, in Midland Texas, concerning **Safety**.

The So Cal Wing's Staff and I are committed to the well – being and safety of every CAF member and each of our guests. Our Wing has an excellent reputation of and for Safety. Congratulations, keep up the Good Work.

I hear you, two months in a row, about SAFETY? Remember, as our membership grows - new recruits, more volunteers, green anxious Cadets, and guests - are on site more and more. Life is good... until some one gets hurt. It could happen, to ANY One, at ANY Time, any where across our Site and Disciplines...e.g.. Maintenance, Tours, Aircraft, Events.

Speaking of anyone, a friend of mine, an Instructor for one of the most recognized Airframe & Power Plant School in California, whose name shall remain anonymous -- however, his initials are: Mr. David Bowerman. David is an excellent A&P instructor, has a good reputation in aviation circles, and is liked by everyone.

With over ten years experience teaching, David also has a consulting position with Aero Engines, They rebuild Round Engines, which in itself is reason enough to like him. In his spare time, David Is an FAA Maintenance DAR, Manufacturing DAR, Mechanical DME, Certificated Mechanic A&P with I/A; holds a Pilots Certificate with instrument rating; and runs his own mobile aircraft repair business. Last, but not least, he Is building an RV7 for himself. The man is encyclopedic, smart and very savvy.

And then. . . BANG!

“THE DIRTY DOZEN” Grabs Him!

What do you mean - “What’s the Dirty Dozen?” No, it is not that Pop Culture Army Movie, cast with Lee Marvin, Earnest Borgnine, & Charles Bronson .

Right out of nowhere, one of the dirty dozen grabbed Mr. Bowerman and had him face down - getting acquainted with the cement slab floor - bleeding from the back of his head and...BOY, DID HE NEED MORE THAN JUST AN ASPIRIN!

According to the FAA, 80% of maintenance mistakes involve the human factors, So much so that, in the mid-90’s a man by the name of Charles Taylor developed a list, and later individual posters, for each of the most common avenues to mistakes and pre-conditions for unsafe acts.

They became the **Dirty Dozen**.

Notice that in the list of the Dirty Dozen, every other complication starts with the words “LACK OF,” - six times out of twelve, 50%. Number one is Lack of Communication - a good place to start.

Get to know the Dirty Dozen and its way of seducing you into complacency by having you take a small wrong step, then added to that one or two more wrong or forgetful steps – and... BAM!!

This is a prevalent reoccurring formula for failure, danger and possible loss of life, which is even more acute in the field of aviation!

1. **1. Lack of Communication**
2. **2. Complacency**
3. **3. Lack Of Knowledge**
4. **4. Distraction**
5. **5. Lack of Team Work**
6. **6. Fatigue**
7. **7. Lack of resources**
8. **8. Pressure**
9. **9. Lack of assertiveness**
10. **10. Stress**
11. **11. Lack of Awareness**
12. **12. Norms**

There is a better way to go about avoiding The “DD” - boys & girls.

Counter attack... It’s called **SAFETY!** If you notice the first letter of the six Safety words in the list below, spell out the word SAFETY. These six words are Clear, Exacting & Powerful! When working in any shop on any project with these six letters, you are Your Best Option.

SENSABILITY
AWARENESS
FOCUS
EXPERIENCE
TRAINING
YOU- Your Best Option.

As for Mr. Bowerman, the final “D D” that took him out – “#4 - Distractions,” was the last step in a chain of events that broke the instructors head. Mr. Bowerman was busy with an aircraft annual inspection for a client who just happened by while Mr. Bowerman was in the middle of a cylinder pressure check. That’s when it became Ugly. We don’t know if Mr. Bowerman needed help or received unwanted help or if pressure or stress raised it’s ugly head? What we do know is that he is the luckiest man I know, sporting a new part in his hair, and 17 shiny Industrial-size staples in his scalp.

This is Sid, and If Sid Says So – **SAFETY IS THE ANSWER !**

‘Nuff Said!

Where’s that DVD? I want to see Jim Brown run through the gauntlet, again, with a hand full of grenades!..

Wing Photo Page II



© Photo by John Woolley
Jason Somes ready & anxious to get going on his flight in Zero #N553TT to the Alaska Aviation Heritage Museum, Anchorage. First stop: Van Nuys.



© Photos by Al Watts
Jason taxiing out from the ramp to the run-up position. He expected to make Anchorage in 3 days.



Mission completed! Here's the Zero in Alaska!



© Photo by Sarah de Bree, proud grandmother
Casey with his newest grandson, Louis Soldo. Louis was born on May 16. He weighed in at 10 lbs., and he was 22 inches long. He looks very comfortable in Grandpa's capable hands. Welcome aboard, Louis!



© Photo by Frank Mormillo
Our Spitfire Mk XIV "strutting her stuff" at the Planes of Fame Chino Air Show. Don't those elliptical wings look elegant?



The MC-130J multi-purpose transport has a new name, Commando II, in honor of the legacy of the first Commando, the Curtiss C-46. Like the C-46, the MC-130J will conduct infiltration, exfiltration and low-level resupply missions at tough-to-reach airfields.

P-2 “Truculent Turtle’s” Long Journey, Part I



Taxiing tests demonstrated that the Lockheed P2V-1's landing gear might fold while bearing the Turtle's extreme weight before carrying it airborne. And during taxi turns its landing gear struts could fail carrying such a load. For that reason, the Turtle was only partially filled with fuel before it was positioned at the head of Perth, Australia's Pearce Aerodrome runway 27 in at 7 A.M. on September 29th, 1946.

Lined up for take-off, all fueling was completed by 4:00 p.m. At the same time JATO packs were carefully attached to its fuselage for the jet-assistance required to shove the Truculent Turtle fast enough to take-off before going off the end of the runway

The Turtle would attempt its take-off with CDR Thomas D. Davies, as pilot in command, in the left seat and CDR Eugene P. (Gene) Rankin, the copilot, in the right seat.

In CDR Rankin's own words :

" Late afternoon on the 29th, the weather in southwestern Australia was beautiful. And at 1800, the two 2,300 hp Wright R-3350 engines were warming up.

We were about to takeoff from 6,000 feet of runway with a gross weight of 85,561 pounds [the standard P2V was gross weight limited at . . 65,000 pounds.]

Sitting in the copilot's seat, I remember thinking about my wife, Virginia, and my three daughters and asking myself, 'What am I doing here in this situation ?' I took a deep breath and wished for the best."

At 6:11 p.m., CDR Tom Davies stood hard on the brakes as both throttles were pushed forward to max power. At the far end of the mile-long runway, he could make out the throng of news reporters and photographers.

Scattered across the air base were hundreds of picnickers who came to witness the spectacle of a JATO takeoff. They all stood up when they heard the sound of the engines being advanced to full military power. Davies and Rankin scanned the engine instruments. Normal. Davies raised his feet from the brakes.

On this day, September 29, 1946, the reciprocating engine Turtle was a veritable winged gas tank . . MORE THAN

TEN TONS BEYOND the two-engine Lockheed's Max Gross Weight Limitations.

The Truculent Turtle rumbled and bounced on tires that had been over-inflated to handle the heavy load. Slowly it began to pick up speed. As each 1,000-foot sign went by, Rankin called out the speed and compared it to predicted figures on a clipboard in his lap. With the second 1,000-foot sign astern, the Turtle was committed.

Davies could no longer stop on the remaining runway. It was now . . fly or burn.

When the quivering airspeed needle touched 87 knots, Davies punched a button wired to his yoke, and the four JATO bottles fired from attachment points on the aft fuselage.

The crew's ears filled with JATO bottles' ROAR . . bodies FEELING the JATO's thrust. For a critical twelve seconds, the JATO provided the thrust of a third engine.

At about 4,500 feet down the runway, 115 knots was reached on the airspeed indicator, and Davies pulled the nose wheel off. There were some long seconds while the main landing gear continued to rumble over the last of the runway. Then the rumbling stopped as the main landing gear staggered off the runway and the full load of the aircraft shifted to the wings.

As soon as they were certain that they were airborne, but still only an estimated five feet above the ground, Davies called 'gear up.' Rankin moved the wheel-shaped actuator on the pedestal between the pilots to the up position, and the wheels came up. Davies likely tapped the brakes to stop the wheels from spinning, and the wheel-well doors closed just as the JATO bottles burned out. Behind the pilots in the aft fuselage, CDR Walt Reid kept his hand on the dump valve that could quickly lighten their load in an emergency. Roy Tabeling, at the radio position, kept all his switches off for now to prevent the slightest spark.

The Turtle had an estimated 20 feet of altitude and 130 knots of airspeed when the JATO bottles burned out. The JATO bottles were not just to give the Turtle additional speed on take-off, but were intended to improve the rate of climb immediately after lift-off. The Turtle barely cleared the trees a quarter of a mile from the end of the runway.

The field elevation of Pearce Aerodrome was about 500 feet, and the terrain to the west sloped gradually down to the Indian Ocean about six miles from the field. So, even without climbing, the Turtle was able to gain height above the trees in the critical minutes after take-off.

Fortunately, the emergency procedures for a failed engine had been well thought out, but were never needed. At their take-off weight, they estimated that they would be able to climb at a maximum of 400 feet per minute. If an engine failed and they put maximum power on the remaining engine, they estimated that they would be forced to descend at 200 feet per minute.

P-2's Long Journey, Part I cont'd...

Their planning indicated that if they could achieve 1,000 feet before an engine failure they would have about four minutes in which to dump fuel to lighten the load and still be 200 feet in the air to attempt a landing. With their built-in fuel dump system, they were confident that they were in good shape at any altitude above 1,000 feet because they could dump fuel fast enough to get down to a comfortable single-engine operating weight before losing too much altitude.

Departing the Aerodrome boundary, the Turtle was over the waters of the Indian Ocean. With agonizing slowness, the altimeter and airspeed readings crept upward. Walt Reid jettisoned the empty JATO bottles. The Turtle was thought to have a 125 KT stall speed with the flaps up at that weight. When they established a sluggish climb rate, Gene Rankin started bringing the flaps up in careful small increments. At 165 KT, with the flaps fully retracted, Tom Davies made his first power reduction to the maximum continuous setting.

The sun was setting and the lights of the city were blinking on as the Turtle circled back over Perth at 3,500 feet and headed out across the 1,800 miles of the central desert of Australia. On this record-breaking night, one record had already been broken. Never before had two engines carried so much weight into the air . . . after the JATOS quit.

Their plan was to keep a fairly low 3,500 feet for the first few hundred miles, burning off some fuel, giving them a faster climb to cruise altitude . . . and [hopefully] costing them less fuel for the total trip.

But the southwest wind, burbling and eddying across the hills northeast of Perth, brought turbulence that shook and rattled the overloaded Turtle, threatening the integrity of the wings themselves. Tom Davies applied full power and took her up to 6,500 feet where the air was smoother, reluctantly accepting the sacrifice of enough fuel to fly an extra couple of hundred miles if lost, bad WX or other unexpected problems at flight's end.

Alice Springs at Australia's center, slid under the Turtle's long wings at midnight. And Cooktown on the northeast coast at dawn. Then it was out over the Coral Sea where, only a few years before, the LEXINGTON and YORKTOWN had sunk the Japanese ship SHOHO to win the first carrier battle in history, and prevented Australia and New Zealand from being cutoff and then isolated.

At noon on the second day, the Turtle skirted the 10,000 foot peaks of southern New Guinea, and in mid-afternoon detoured around a mass of boiling thunderheads over Bougainville in the Solomons.

As the sun set for the second time since takeoff, the Turtle's crew headed out across the vast and empty Pacific Ocean and began to establish a flight routine.

They stood two-man four-hour watches, washing, shaving, and changing to clean clothes each morning. And eating regular meals cooked on a hot plate. Every two hours, a

fresh pilot would enter the cockpit to relieve whoever had been sitting watch the longest.

The two Wright 3350 engines ran smoothly; all the gauges and needles showed normal. And every hour another 200 or so miles of the Pacific passed astern. The crew's only worry was Joey the kangaroo, who hunched unhappily in her crate, refusing to eat or drink.

Dawn of the second morning found the Turtle over Maro Reef, halfway between Midway Island and Oahu in the long chain of Hawaiian Islands. The Turtle only had one low-frequency radio, because most of the modern radio equipment had been removed to reduce weight. Radio calls to Midway and Hawaii for weather updates were unsuccessful due to the long distance.

Celestial navigation was showing that the Turtle was drifting southward from their intended great circle route due to increased northerly winds that were adding a headwind factor to their track. Instead of correcting their course by turning more northward, thereby increasing the aircraft's relative wind, CDR Davies stayed on their current heading accepting the fact that they would reach the west coast of the U.S. [somewhere] in northern California rather than near Seattle as they had originally planned.

When Turtle's wing tip gas tanks were empty, they were jettisoned over the ocean. Then the Turtle eased up to 10,000 feet ; later to 12,000 feet.

At noon, CDR Reid came up to the cockpit smiling. "Well," he reported, "the damned kangaroo has started to eat and drink again. I guess she thinks we're going to make it."

The purpose of our mission [except in Joey's brain] was not some foolish stunt, despite her unusual presence aboard.

In the fall of 1946, the increasingly hostile Soviet Union was pushing construction of a submarine force nearly ten times larger than Hitler's. Anti-alternative-submarine warfare was the Navy's responsibility, regardless of the U.S. Army Air Force's alternative views.

The Turtle was among the first of the P2V Neptune patrol planes designed to counter the sub threat. Tom Davies' orders derived straight from the offices of Secretary of the Navy, James V. Forrestal, and the Chief of Naval Operations, Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz.

A dramatic demonstration was needed to prove beyond question that the new P2V patrol plane, its production at Lockheed representing a sizeable chunk of the Navy's skimpy peacetime budget, could do the job. With its efficient design that gave it 4-engine capability on just two engines, the mission would show the Neptune's ability to cover the transoceanic distances necessary to perform its ASW mission and sea-surveillance functions. At a time when new roles and missions were being developed to deliver nuclear weapons, it would not hurt a bit to show that the Navy, too, had those same significant capabilities.

To be continued...

CAF-SoCAWing Museum Report

by John Woolley

The Museum Committee and Docent meeting was called to order at 3:05 p.m. on Friday, May 18, 2012 in the CAF SoCal Wing "O" Club by John Woolley, Museum Director. Attendees - Charlie Carr, Ron Fleishman, Tom Harlan, Paul Kleinbaum, John Knopp, Greg Mead, Walt Metcalf, Sheryl O'Neil, Tom Roe, Pat Brown, Lois Watts, Al Watts, Avery Willis, Ken Wright, Jim Hinkelman, Janet Rizzoli, Jean and Jim Tierney.

Museum Renovation Project:

The Museum Director reported on the meeting with the architect held on May 8 with himself, Dick Troy, Randy Mytar and Al Fiori in attendance. The architect was very impressed with the facility renovation concept and the renderings developed by Randy and Al. The architect will develop the necessary drawings that will go forward to the City of Camarillo Planning Commission for review and approval. JW reviewed the planning process and general allocation of spaces for the proposed renovated museum and thanked the museum committee and docents for their input and patient support. A strategy for museum current and future storage needs for artifacts and library contents must be developed, especially in preparation for and during the renovation.

JW related that the Wing Leader is very committed to the project and is planning for a major fund raising program that will raise sufficient initial funding to begin the renovation.

Camarillo Airshow:

John Woolley distributed the critique of last years "Wings Over Camarillo Airshow" for purposes of beginning the planning for this years event to be held August 18 & 19. The Museum Director will have follow-up meetings with the following members to assist in the coordination and planning for various activities: Walt Metcalf - China Doll; Janet Rizzoli - PX; Paul Kleinbaum - Entrance; Sheryl O'Neil - Photo Ops. It was recommended that a Wing security plan be developed to encompass the Wing activities during the air show to include the WW II Radio Review event.

Unit Reports:

- **PX:** Janet Rizzoli - Inventory is dwindling. Would like to purchase/replace depleted inventory. Sales have surpassed last years sales.
- **Library:** Jim Hinkelman - Cataloging continues. Will begin ordering ten (10) bookshelves beginning with \$689 remaining in City of Camarillo Grant obtained by Dave Flood.
- **Display/artifacts:** Charlie Carr - Standardizing display signage. Described new display improvements. "Women at War" mannequins returned to display cases. Requests made for white or brown period nursing

shoes. Cliff Brown - developing and maintaining the accessions process.

Docents: JW - Recognized the docents for the great job they are doing with the general public and special tours. Reviewed docent schedule and mentioned the need for docents on Saturday. Announced that a notarized "Held Harmless" form must be present at time of a ride for minors (12-17 yrs) wishing to take part in the Rides Program.

Special Events: JW - Waiting for confirmation from Ken Gottschall that the Hellcat will be available for Saturday, June 23 - for possible Warbird Appreciation Day. The Hellcat made its first flight on June 26, 1942. This year being the 70th anniversary.

Announced that Steve Brown, CAF President, will be visiting the Wing and meeting with Wing Staff Officers on Friday, June 22.

The meeting was adjourned at 4:40 p.m.

Next meeting is scheduled for Friday, June 22 at 3:00 p.m.- in the "O" Club.



Cut-Away Model of a Kinner B-5 radial engine which was renovated, painted and set on a pedestal, with attached descriptive sheets. It is now on display in our Aviation Museum, thanks to the Radial Engine Class.



New items in our Museum Gift Shop include tank tops, and tee shirts for women and boxer shorts for men.

Wing Photo Page III: CMA Air Show '95

All photos by Walt Metcalf



Curtiss C-46 Commando "China Doll" and North American B-25 Mitchell "Big Ole Brew" in front of our nose hangar – CMA Air Show, 1995.



Rocky Mountain Wing's TBM Avenger. Perhaps Bob Thompson, a former Wing Leader of our CAF-SoCAWing, flew it down from Grand Junction, CO.



The CAF's Boeing B-29 SuperFortress "FIFI" flew in from Midland for its only appearance at Camarillo.



A Republic P-47D Thunderbolt, with a Hawker Hurricane on our ramp. Two of the most illustrious fighter planes of WWII – particularly in the ETO.



The Arizona Wing's Heinkel He-111 bomber, which later crashed in 2003 on landing at Cheyenne, WY, on the way to Missoula, MT, with the loss of two lives.



Here's Col. Walt Metcalf, pointing the way to the CAF's Aviation Museum during the 1995 Camarillo Air Show. Thanks to Walt for these photos from our past!



Camarillo Airport

August 18 & 19, 2012

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