

# TAC ATTACK

MARCH 1974

A VISIT WITH THE  
EAGLE Pg....4

for efficient tactical air power

# TAC ATTACK

MARCH 1974

VOL. 14, NO. 3

**Tactical Air Command**

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TAC ATTACK



**COVER ART**  
by Stan Hardison

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TACRP 127-1

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MARCH 1974



## Angle of ATTACK

# LET US KNOW

Operating manuals, directives, TOs, and OIs do not come down to the aircrew through divine revelation. These how-to-do-it manuals were written by people like you and me. Experienced people study the problem, collect inputs from the field, and then send the information to the units for implementation. And like you and me, these people make mistakes. The alligators get them; they are always pushing suspense dates. Despite their efforts, time and changing tactics can make the procedures noncurrent, inaccurate, and at times, unsafe.

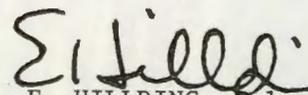
You must operate with these directives; therefore, you are in a position to judge their effectiveness. Among your many duties as an aircrewman, you must look at procedures — especially old procedures — to evaluate whether or not they get the job done safely. This ability to judge is what separates man from machine.

We often make the mistake of correlating professionalism with a dogged determination to press on — regardless. I think professionalism includes judgments not always in print. If, in your judgment, you must deviate from published procedures to be safe, then you should question those procedures.

If your mission OIs unnecessarily jeopardize man and/or machine, you should:

1. Talk it up with your buddies. Find out if they, too, are having problems. If they are, write some of the information down and then . . .
2. Talk to your boss about it. Don't worry about your reputation as a "hacker." Let him know that you and your buddies think the procedure is unsafe or unnecessary. Tell him why it is unsafe, and suggest how to make it safer.
3. Get action through channels to change the unsafe procedure. If it's a unit procedure, your job may be simple — a phone call or letter from your immediate supervisor could do the trick. If the problem is a result of a higher headquarters' directive, submit an 847, Air Force Suggestion, or Hazard Report. These forms are good ways to effect changes.

We are all responsible for preventing aircraft accidents. We must change procedures that unnecessarily place aircrews in a hazardous position — and only those in the cockpit can pinpoint these problems. Let us know.

  
E. HILLDING, Colonel, USAF  
Chief of Safety



# *A VISIT*

by Stan Hardison

HARDISON



# WITH THE EAGLE

*the maintenance  
man's dream*



This year, 1974, a high-performance, air superiority fighter takes its place at the head of the class. The class, of course, is the Tactical Air Command, and the fighter — the F-15 Eagle. With its rugged subsystems and lightweight, high-strength structure, the Eagle is designed for high reliability and a minimum amount of maintenance. I spent many hours watching and talking to the men who maintain the F-15. Without exception, they like working on the Eagle and believe that it is built with the mechanic in mind.

For the first time, AFSC, ATC, AFLC, and TAC are working together through the entire test period. The idea behind this joint test force is to pool their knowledge, not only to save time and money, but to identify as many problems as possible during the test period, thereby saving lives and equipment.

The F-15 is already known as the maintenance man's dream because the aircraft was designed with ease of maintenance as one of the prime factors. For example, all avionics have been placed in the forward section of

# A VISIT WITH THE EAGLE

the Eagle behind quick release, non-structural doors. The fuselage fuel cells are positioned in front of the power plants and between the intakes, not only providing easy access but the all-important element of safety. To prevent the problem of gun gas ingestion, the F-15's 20mm cannon is located in the right wing above and behind the intake. Accessories formerly mounted on the engines of earlier aircraft are attached to an aircraft mounted accessory drive of the F-15. The environmental control system is centrally located for easy access.

Little ground support equipment is needed for the F-15. It contains a jet fuel starter to power the accessory drive section for ground power and engine starts. There is no need for external electric or air carts to start an F-15; it is all on board. The only battery on the F-15 is a small one for the inertial navigational system.

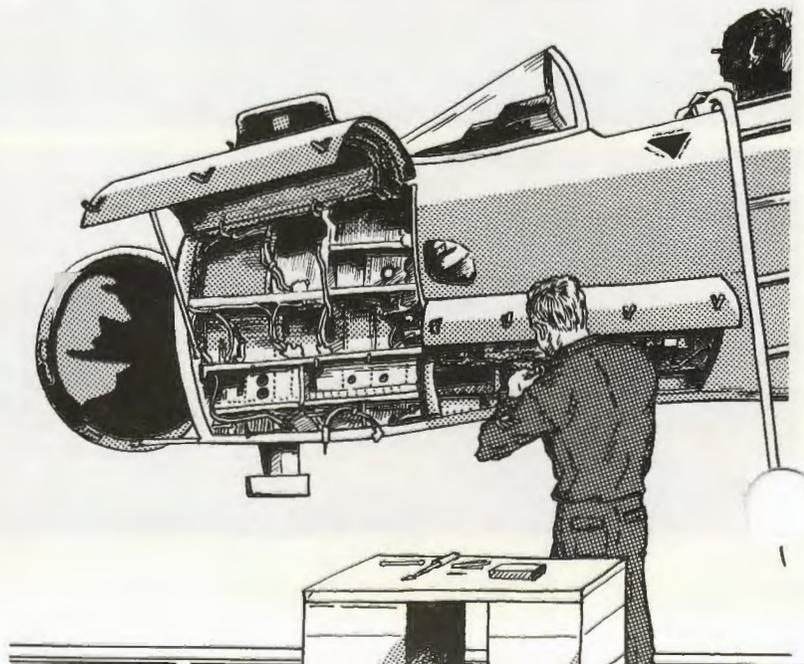
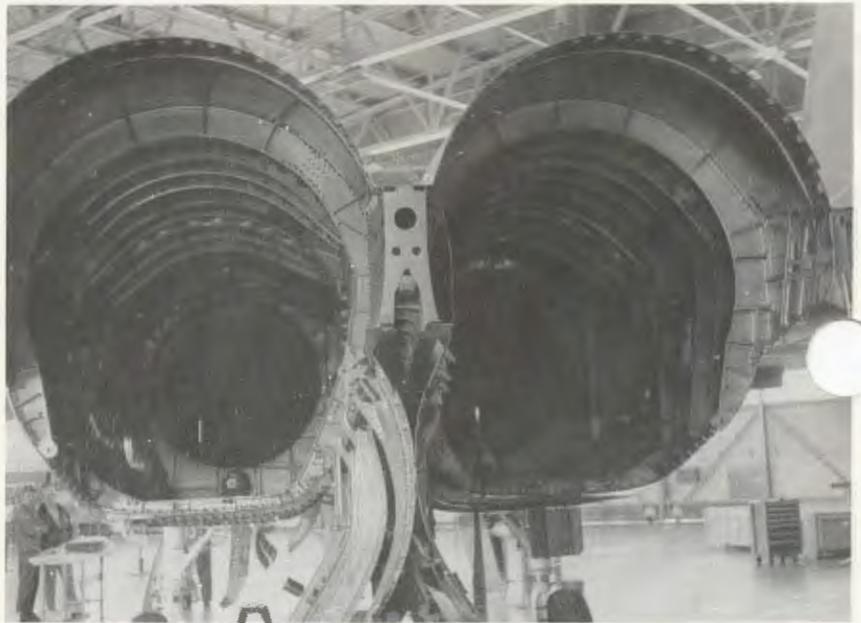
Every effort has been made to keep the engine bay as clear as possible of electrical and hydraulic lines. This not only expedites engine changes, but helps prevent line chafing and reduces the possibility of engine bay fires. The F-15 has been designed with a clear engine bay to allow a crew of four to change an engine in approximately 30 minutes.

The built-in-test (BIT) display gives the pilot and ground crewmen indications of the aircraft systems' status. The BIT control panel in the cockpit enables the pilot or ground crews to initiate a BIT and indicates the results of that test. The avionics status panel in the nose wheel well gives indication of a malfunction and tells the location of the problem. Each avionics component is responsible for its own BIT and operates independently of other systems. This

BIT capability reduces turnaround times and reduces the need for ground support equipment. Consequently, this is one of the favorite items of the maintenance man.

USAF maintenance personnel from the Tactical Air Command are working hand-in-hand with the F-15 specialists of McDonnell Douglas and Pratt and Whitney to gain valuable

on-the-job training. When the first aircraft are delivered to TAC, men will form the nucleus of maintenance. They are actively involved in the flight test program at Edwards AFB and assisting with the maintenance program before TAC gets the aircraft. This is the first time this approach has been taken with a new aircraft and it is working very well. Almost every specialist with whom I talked praised the ease of maintaining the F-15 and the accessibility to components — a maintenance man's dream. ➔



## A-7D WING LEADING EDGE DAMAGE

by Maj Bob Lawler

Several incidents have been reported on damage to the leading edge of A-7 wings. In all cases, the pilots caused the damage by not managing the flap handle properly. Subsequently a hazard report was submitted, recommending that a one-way spring clip, similar to the type installed on the fuel master handle, be installed on the flap handle quadrant. The purpose of the clip would be to prevent the flap handle from moving beyond the flap-up position when coming out of ISO utility. This hazard report is presently being staffed for possible solutions, but is this what the pilot wants? The aircraft can be designed to be foolproof to a point but somewhere along the way the pilot has to take control.

Actions taken to date include an engineering change (ECP 48-8) which reduces leading edge flap extension from 35 to 26 degrees. The decrease in flap extension will increase the flap limit speed from 220 KIAS to 260 knots. A TCTO to modify existing A-7s is pending but may not be implemented for some time due to funding and technical problems.

Meanwhile what can we do? As an interim solution to prevent poor management of the flap handle during flight, I recommend a technique already in use by many SLUF pilots that should prevent accidental movement of the flap handle to either the down or intermediate position.

When moving the handle, apply forward pressure as the flap handle is brought inboard. No forward movement indicates the handle was in the ISO utility position. When the handle reaches the inboard stop, maintain inboard pressure and move the handle aft. As the aft stop is reached, release the flap handle and it will remain in the "flaps-up" detent.

Hopefully, this technique will prevent further A-7 leading edge wing damage. Meanwhile, press on and keep jinking.

## THE HUN AND ITS TALE

by Maj Al Mosher

This splash is directed primarily at you "new" F-100 drivers who are now picking up some of the best flying experience you will ever know. The old bird you're pushing around the sky has a characteristic known as adverse yaw. This phenomenon has been the demise of many good, but unbelieving fighter pilots.

Without reiterating the aerodynamic causes of adverse

## SPO CORNER



yaw, let's discuss its prevention. Simply stated, keep the ailerons neutral and use the rudder to turn the aircraft at high angles of attack, low airspeed and high "G", high-speed maneuvers. Rudder turns seem a bit unnatural at first, but your instructor's adverse yaw demonstration, like a two-by-four upside the head, should get your attention.

The high angle-of-attack, low airspeed disasters usually occur during tight turns to final and during low-visibility instrument approaches when you pick up the runway "slightly" off to the side. For directional corrections, use the rudder — to play it safe, put the lid on your ego and call for a go-around. Under these conditions, by the time you realize you're in an adverse yaw condition, it's usually too late — so don't try to rescue a really bad approach.

The high "G", high airspeed condition, although not as dangerous, can still result in an out-of-control situation and should bear a health warning from the Surgeon General — especially at night. Use that rudder for high speed, high G turns!

Adverse yaw is still killing Hun pilots — don't let it get you.

## NEW SPO

Major Milton "Doc" Ply has assumed duties as Airlift/Helicopter SPO — replacing Lt Col Dick Pedersen who retired recently. He formerly served as the 317 TAW Chief of Safety. An ex-helicopter pilot, Maj Ply served six years in Special Operations units before entering the flight safety business in 1968. Except for an IG tour, he has been associated with C-130 airlift since — about four years. He has the pleasure of "SPOing" the B-66, B-57, T-29, C-7, C-54, C-47, KC-97, C-118, C-119, C-121, C-123, C-130, C-131, C-135, U-10, and all helicopters. If you have any safety-related problems with these aircraft, give Doc a call — Autovon 432-7031.

# FAREWELL TO LESSONS THAT LIVE

This issue contains the last of the 17 "Lessons that Live" series. These stories were originally published in 1942 at the direction of General "Hap" Arnold, the Command General of the Army Air Forces. They have since become classics and TAC ATTACK is proud to have run them once again.

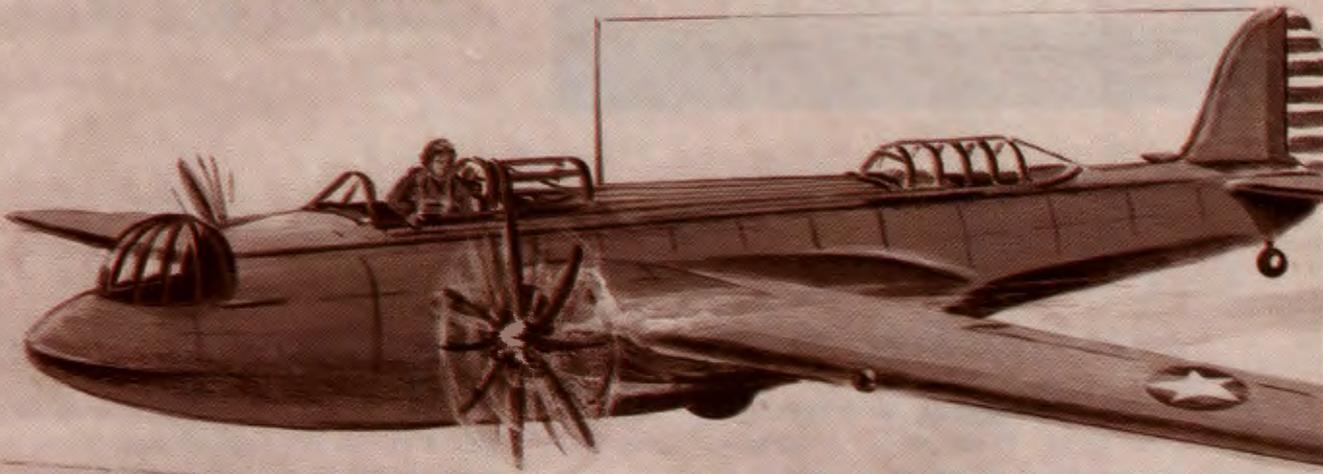
The old cliché that experience is the best teacher is still valid and we'd like to broaden that statement to include everybody's experience —

especially yours.

If you encounter a situation with a lesson to be learned, please pass it on to us. We'll make sure other people benefit from your experience. You guys in the field are the ones who fly and fight, so jot down your war stories and send them to us. If the nature of your tale dictates anonymity, we'll be glad to run it without a by-line. Either way, we appreciate your inputs

— Ed





From a collection of anonymous stories published in  
1942 by the Army Air Forces, TAC ATTACK presents:

# Lessons That Live

No. 17 of 17  
Courtesy of Lt Col H. M. Butler, 4500 ABW/SE

## ALL GAUGES INACCURATE

I could have kicked myself all around the field after it was over. You wouldn't believe any experienced pilot could be so stupid. Yet I daresay it happens often enough, to the tyro as well as to the veteran, so I'll tell my story in the hope that its simple moral will keep some other careless fool from going through the same experience.

We were ferrying B-12s from Barksdale Field, La., to Eglin Field, Fla. There were five ships in the flight and I was flying the lead ship.

About an hour out of Barksdale, I noticed that my oil temperature was rising rapidly and in another fifteen minutes it hit the top and the motor was beginning to run rough. I began looking over the terrain for a place to make a forced landing, if necessary, and found that I was over a thickly wooded section with no place in which to put the plane down.

I wasn't in the least surprised when the right engine stopped, for I had been expecting it to happen. Quickly I advanced my left throttle in the hope that I could get into Mobile on one engine, but there was no response and I began to lose altitude at a heart-sickening rate. I checked everything, including the gas gauge, which read "30 gallons;" so when my left engine also started to cut out I began to make preparations for bailing out.

I actually had the canopy open when the left motor stopped, and I was getting ready to jump when something told me to switch gas tanks. As I did so, both engines caught and began to hum smoothly. Only a prisoner condemned to the gallows and then granted a last minute reprieve can know the feeling of relief which swept through me at that moment.

At Eglin Field I checked my Form 1A again. I shouldn't say again, because this time I really checked it. There it was, big as life: "All gas gauges inaccurate."

I had taken a chance with my life and with one of Uncle Sam's finest pieces of fighting equipment through sheer carelessness and neglect before taking off from Barksdale Field.

# CHOCK TALK

chock talk... incidents and incidentals

... incidents and incidentals

## **C-130 ELECTRICAL GHOSTS**

A C-130B required an inflight engine shutdown. Condition? Fluctuating loadmeter. Correction? Replacement of AC generator control.

5 Days Later . . . .

No abort, but aircraft returned with following writeup:

**Number 3 generator frequency and voltage fluctuates, freq 380 to 407 (slow) voltage 115 to 125 (rapid). All TR loads follow and number 3 follows voltage fluctuation. Generator turned off and monitored.**

The regulator was removed and replaced.

Two Flights Later . . . .

After takeoff, number three generator frequency and voltage went to zero. Engine was shut down and an uneventful landing accomplished.

Finally . . . .

After extensive troubleshooting, it was determined that the firewall cannon plug receptacle containing the differential current transformer wires had several phenolic pin retaining rings missing. This allowed the pins freedom to vibrate or be pulled out of the mating receptacle. In addition, the inner race of the generator's drive end bearing was turning independently of the armature rotor shaft, allowing it to wobble. This aircraft has flown many trouble-free hours since these items were replaced.

Electrical "ghosts" can often take the form of plain old mechanical or materiel failures. Here's two more to file away under "Electrical - Flux and Failure."

## **DOUBLE JEOPARDY**

The F-4D was scheduled on a functional check flight after a number one engine change. During the automatic flight control system (AFCS) checks before taxiing, the stick was pulled rapidly aft to check AFCS engagement. The stick stopped at approximately half-travel and would not move further aft. AFCS and stab aug were turned off but the stick would not move aft; forward travel was normal. After about one minute, the stick broke loose and moved normally throughout full travel. The cause - the bellows centering spring was found disconnected.

TCTO 1F-4-978 (Installation of 16-Pound over balance), where the bellows spring is required to be disconnected and reconnected, had been completed one flight prior to this incident. The aircraft then went into Phase IV where the bellows spring was inspected and lubricated. At some time during the TCTO or phase, the bellows spring was left disconnected. This is another example of the importance of strict compliance to tech data.

## **F-111, CROSS PIN FRACTURE**

The left main landing gear shock strut lower cross pin (whew!) was found fractured on an F-111F. Maintenance personnel discovered this potentially catastrophic problem during the end-of-runway check. The actions of this alert EOR crew probably prevented an accident. They discovered the retaining nut and washers were missing from the cross bolt swivel pin. Further investigation revealed that the entire shock strut lower cross pin was fractured into three parts. Rust and corrosion on the fractured surfaces indicated that at least a portion of the damage had existed for some time - a very uncomfortable discovery.

TCTO 1043, Removal and NDI Inspection of all 10 hidden pins, is now being accomplished. Replacement of all pins (TCTO 1055) is scheduled to begin at Nellis AFB this May, Mountain Home in August, and Cannon in October.

# With a maintenance slant.

## FUEL CONTAMINATION

"Ten killed as HC-130 crashes shortly after takeoff. Investigators at scene determine accident was caused by fuel contamination."

Fortunately, the above accident was prevented and the headline did not have to be written, but only because of thorough and conscientious personnel (fueling crew, aircrew, or both).

In October 1972, an unknown person or persons emptied the contents of an aircraft wash truck into an empty 55-gallon barrel marked "Anti-Ice Inhibitor." The drum was not relabeled as to its potentially lethal contents. On 26 November 1973, more than a year later, the contents of the barrel, thought to be anti-ice fluid, were mixed with the contents of a fuel truck. An alert and knowledgeable crew became suspicious during aircraft refueling. An analysis of fuel from the No. 1 main tank confirmed their suspicion that the fuel was contaminated with an aircraft cleaning agent.

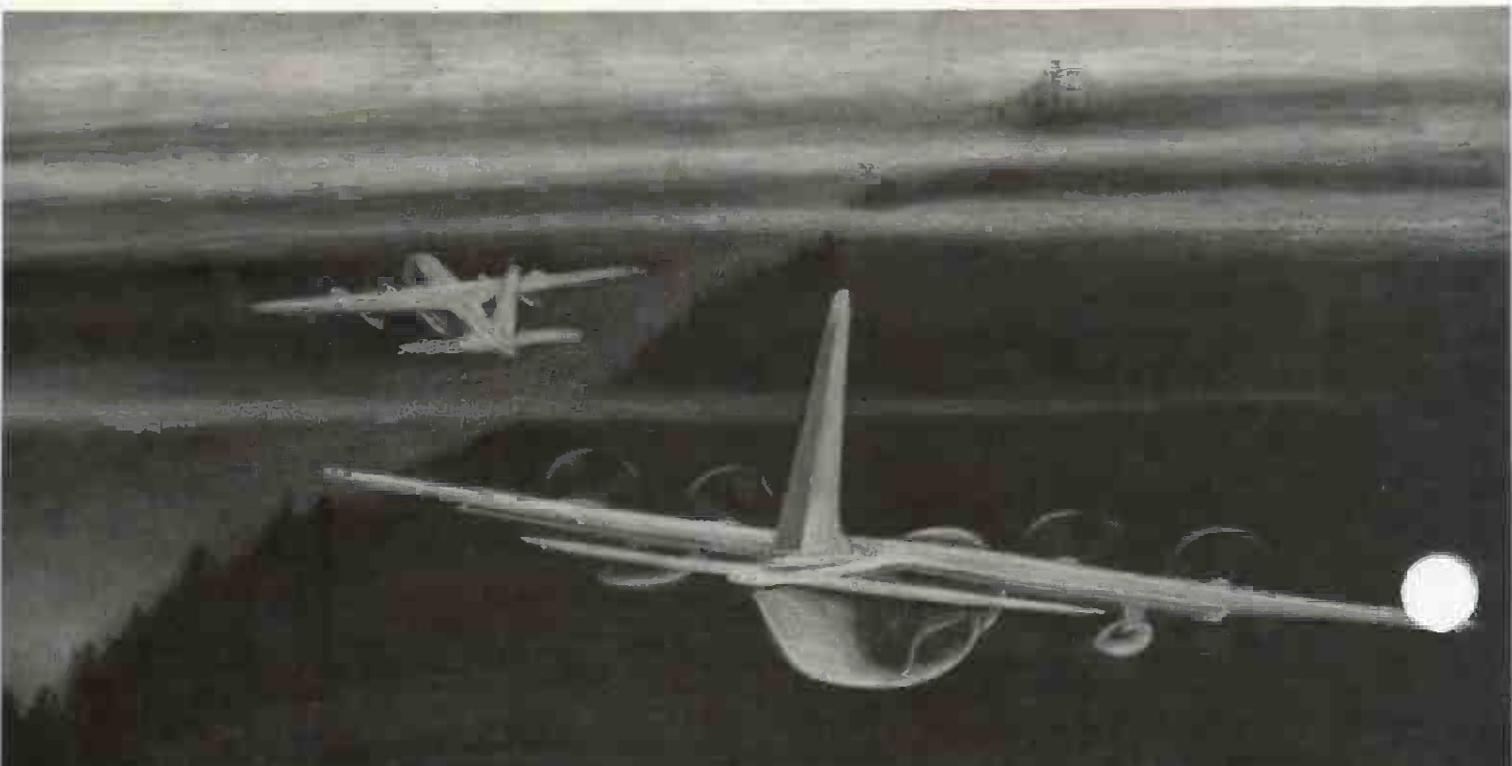
This mishap shows both the negative and the positive approaches to accident prevention. Because some

person/persons took the responsibility of following through in testing and analyzing the fuel, the chain of events was broken and a tragedy was prevented.

Of course, we can only speculate why the words "Anti-Ice Inhibitor" weren't obliterated at the time the cleaning agent was deposited in the barrel, and a proper label affixed. Common sense dictates this to be a sensible safety precaution. A drum or barrel with the original markings painted out would be a warning to question the type of fluid in the container. (The unit suffering this near accident has now established procedures to mark out all drum labels upon emptying.)

In checking with the supervisor of a local aviation fuel farm, he noted that it is standard procedure to sample and test all fuel defueled from aircraft or drums. For additional safety, this fuel is never added to fuel trucks, but is stored in separate containers for other uses such as fuel for engine runups in engine test cells. Even though mishaps such as this one are infrequent, any occurrence is one too many. How foolproof are your defueling/refueling procedures? Check your fueling procedures and be certain "it won't happen here."  
(U.S. Naval Safety Center)





## Just 200 ft More...

One dark, moonless night a C-130, number two in a two-ship formation, crashed into a 2500-foot peak at 2300 feet MSL. The aircraft impacted in a level attitude at 170 KIAS. Propeller chop marks on trees indicated rotation of all four engines at impact. The aircraft exploded and was destroyed by fire, killing all crewmembers.

### Pre-Takeoff

In the formation briefing, a student outlined the training mission: A two-ship night, low-level with training bundles simulating heavy equipment drops. The mission required a lead change at acceleration, with lead maintaining airspeed until number two accelerated past them on the right.

At Base Operations, the aircrews checked the weather and NOTAMS and filed their flight plan. After crew briefing at the aircraft, the crews cranked up and blocked on time . . . .

### Low-Level Route

The crew of the lead aircraft later reported a normal takeoff, combat entry and low-level route until the pre-IP. The instructor navigator (IN) determined that they were off track at the pre-IP. A correction was made but it was not enough to put them on course by the initial point. Although visibility was pretty good, there was light rain from a heavy overcast. Since it was the first time the crew flown this route, they could not get a positive fix and their turn at the IP on timing and Doppler.

### Drop Zone and Escape

Lead used roads on the run-in for DZ alignment, but numerous lights on the ground caused some confusion and the DZ could not be positively identified. Lead requested flares from the combat control team. The CCT fired two flares but nobody in either aircraft saw them. The IN then called a "no-drop." By the time the formation turned to the escape heading and began their climb, they were well past the DZ.

About this time, there was some discussion on intercom between the two IPs on whether or not to fly a racetrack pattern. Number two radioed that he was ready to assume lead.

The lead ship's IN then thought he saw the next checkpoint; they turned toward it and began a climb to 3500 feet. They immediately entered a thin layer of scud and called for inadvertent weather penetration procedures. Just as lead broke through the thin cloud layer, the crew saw a bright flash to their right rear. They attempted to contact number two but got no response. Reversing course, they passed over the crash site and

observed several fires on the mountain. They remained in the area several hours, assisting in directing emergency crews to the wreckage and relaying information to their command post.

TAC's air delivery procedures have been proven effective through the years. Inherently hazardous requirements such as low-level routes, large formations, and extraction procedures demand the most of aircrews, especially instructor aircrews. Add a few additional hazards such as a lack of familiarity with the route and crew coordination problems and the inherently hazardous missions can result in yet another group of accident statistics.

The story above does not lend itself to a clear-cut "pilot failure to cope" type of accident. The factors involved in the accident are insidious and, taken separately, aren't unusual. What C-130 crew has never been "temporarily disoriented" on a low-level route, especially at night? What pilot hasn't tried to coordinate a non-briefed procedure over the radio — at a time when radio discipline was critical? What navigator has not called a slow-down over the wrong point? What pilot has ever elected not to climb to emergency safe altitude just because the aircraft is off course? Finally, what C-130 crew has never inadvertently entered clouds on a VFR low-level route? If you have never been found guilty of any of these errors, then you are either a low time trash-hauler or damn lucky. One unfortunate thing about this accident is that so many small things went wrong. The odds caught up with number two — he didn't have a chance . . .

- If the crews had seen the route on a day mission before they were scheduled at night, they might have become more familiar with the landmarks.

- Perhaps a little more study of the charts by all crewmembers before takeoff would have revealed high obstacles just outside the "safe" zone on the escape leg of the low-level route. If the crews had updated their charts before takeoff, they might have avoided the misidentification of the IP.

- If the co-pilot had helped the navigator with all available nav-aids, an early fix might have prevented a late turn to escape heading.

## 200 ft MORE....

● If either crew had elected to climb to ESA when they first realized they were off course, their terrain clearance would have been assured. Sometimes aircrews flying wing position get a little complacent since they are just "following the leader." Don't let it happen to you! There are times when the wingman should take the initiative and break radio silence if things don't look right.

● If the student pilot of the lead aircraft had not called for inadvertent weather penetration procedures when aircraft were outside the established route . . . .

While I'm Monday morning quarterbacking, let me add one more "if."

● If you wanted to prevent such a tragic accident, how would you do it? What type of action would you take? What type of supervisory actions could have prevented it?

Think about it . . . .



# JUST SUPPOSE THEY DECIDED...

TO MAKE THE WINGS REFLECT THE JOB!

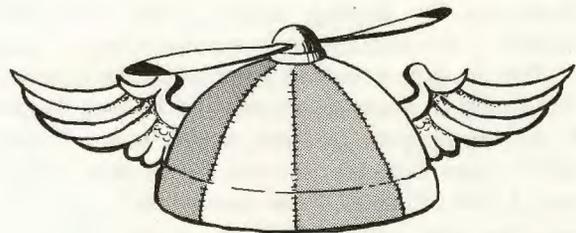
IDEA — Courtesy of Capt Mike Byers



CO-PILOT



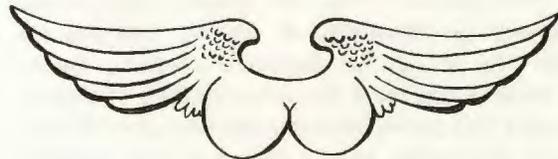
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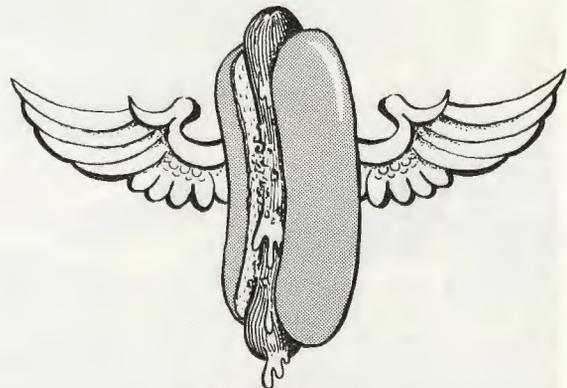
RATED SUPPLEMENT



STEWARDESS



FIGHTER PILOTS



HEADQUARTERS

# OHIO'S OTHER MUSEUM

by William G. Holder  
Aerospace Engineer,  
Wright Patterson Ohio

**M**ention an aircraft museum in the state of Ohio and any aviation buff will immediately think of the outstanding collection at the Air Force Museum, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. But there is another aircraft museum in Ohio, and although not as famous, just as interesting and in its own way, more amazing. The reason for the amazing aspect is that this complete museum is the creation of only one man – Walter Soplata.

This museum is located just outside the microscopic community of Newbury, just east of Cleveland. The locals in this tiny burg are no longer startled when an overhead aircraft does a double take and swings back over for a second look. They all know that another pilot has just seen the most famous landmark of the village – Mr. Soplata's personal aircraft collection.

Soplata keeps most of his planes in an open area between two groves of trees. The 18-acre collection has been viewed by thousands of visitors. Charging no admission fee to see his back-yard museum, Walter Soplata believes that his is the only collection of aircraft in the world that allows visitors to actually climb into the cockpits of the aircraft. What a thrill it must be to WW II

pilots to settle into the seat of an aircraft that they have not seen for 30 years. Signs adorn each of the display aircraft telling their military designations and characteristics.

Probably the proudest aircraft in the collection is the F4U Corsair that won the Bendix Trophy Race in 1947. The Corsair's giant 4360 engine generated some 3,500 horsepower and gulped some 440 gallons of petrol per hour. The pilot who won the race at a speed of almost 400 miles per hour has visited Walter on several occasions and told him that the aircraft was capable of reaching speeds up to 500 miles per hour. The proud, bent-wing bird still looks to be in pretty good shape. Soplata turns oil through the engine every so often to keep it from rusting. Soplata has been offered \$50,000





for the old bird but she is definitely not for sale. The interested parties had plans for using the aircraft for the Reno air races.

Amazingly enough, the Bendix Trophy winner is not the only Corsair on the lot. This second close-to-stock Corsair has come under the eyes of several museums that have started up recently. In fact, the Navy has asked him if he would consider donating the rare bird to a Navy museum. "No chance, I rescued her from the smelter and they're never going to get her back."

If you really want to turn on this walking encyclopedia of aviation facts, just ask him what he thinks of the policy of destroying old military aircraft after they have served their usefulness. "They cut them up or burn them in firefighting drills," Walter mournfully reports. He really loves those old warbirds and wants to preserve them for future generations. He told of an attempt to save three very rare AJ bombers which NASA was using for testing purposes. "Even after they broke everything inside and chopped them full of holes, they burned two of them and the third still sits on their back lot. But still no one is allowed to buy it."

Following World War II, the allied fighting machines were quickly disassembled. Aircraft by the thousands were either chopped up or burned. It was possible at the time to purchase an aircraft for the menial sum of \$250

but unfortunately at the time, Walter was just getting out of the service and didn't have that kind of money. But even then he saw a time in the future when museums would want aircraft of World War II vintage. He wrote to congressmen asking that a representative number of each type of aircraft be saved, but his pleas fell on deaf ears.

Besides his two Corsairs, Soplata's collection also includes two B-25 Mitchell bombers — one of which is almost in flying condition. There is also a Navy F7U twin-jet Cutlass, a Navy F-80 Shooting Star, two F-86s and a rare F-82 Twin Mustang which still bears NACA



# OHIO'S Other MUSEUM



markings. Sitting in the front yard is a wingless T-6 Texan trainer with an engine still in excellent running condition and every once in a while, just for fun, Walter fires up the engine. So far the neighbors haven't said anything.

The aircraft that Walter has on display are indeed impressive but there are also other angles of this most unique aircraft museum. At the last count, Soplata had some 90 aircraft engines of all sizes and vintages. And he can give the statistics on all of them. Some of the more interesting powerplants are two 24-cylinder engines of the types used on the old B-19 research bomber. He also has a Chrysler inverted V-16 from a P47J fighter.



The highly authentic movie, "Tora, Tora, Tora" needed a special Japanese aircraft landing gear and they came to Walter. Not surprisingly, he furnished the movie makers the gear assembly. He is proud of the letter of thanks they sent him.

Several old school buses on the property are completely stuffed with aircraft magazines, tech orders and parts. Just looking at all the large aircraft that are scattered about, one question immediately comes to mind. How in the world did he ever get all of this stuff here? Walter will look at you and smile, telling you that



he got it all here on his own devices. That statement makes it seem even more impossible. The Soplata work force consists of his wife, son, and four daughters — he has got to have the world's most understanding wife.

The moving operations are accomplished with some extremely crude equipment. For example, much of it is done with a 1957 Chevy six-cylinder and a home-made trailer. Also, an old 1945 school bus has participated in the moving of some of the larger objects. One of the most amazing moving operations consisted of the harrowing move of the Cutlass, the fuselage of which was shove

the opened-up rear end of the bus. The aircraft's nose was sticking into the driver's compartment of the bus. Needless to say, this rather weird-looking contraption caused the police to investigate to see what was going on. He was stopped seven times before he got the bird to the safety of his back-yard. He returned later to pick up the wings and then completely reassembled the aircraft when he got the pieces back home. A truly amazing feat!

The C-97 was a large aircraft for its time and even today you wouldn't call the double-decked aircraft small. Walter had a hankering for one of these aircraft, mainly to serve as a storage location for his many spare parts and magazines. Finally, he was able to buy one at an Air Force surplus sale. He was unable to acquire the wings of the bird but he was able to buy the giant fuselage. The price was an interesting one cent per pound. But an aircraft of this size isn't just something that you load onto the back of a flatbed truck and carry home. The size of the bird required that the fuselage be cut apart and hauled home in sections and that is exactly what the innovative Soplata accomplished. The pictures show the fuselage after it had been reassembled at the home site.

Once again, Walter had accomplished this monumental operation with only the crudest of equipment. This author personally believes that much of Walter's pride in his backyard aircraft fleet lies in the fact that he and his family transported the whole show to its present location.

Another recent and challenging aircraft recovery occurred at Wilmington, Ohio, at the now closed Clinton Air Force Base. Some time ago, a Navy P2V Neptune bomber cracked up there and broke her main spar. The aircraft was declared unfit to be repaired and was put up for sale. The Navy stripped her of engines and anything else that could be salvaged and put her up for sale. Of course, Walter was there to make the bid. Walter tells of some strange events that took place with this particular aircraft.

"We bought the aircraft on a government bid for 3½ cents a pound and had already hauled home one load when we got a letter from Wright-Patterson Air Force Base stating that the aircraft was classified as a bomber and had to be demilitarized before anymore of it could be removed." But Walter would not let a little problem like this stop him from getting his beloved aircraft to its final resting place. Working out in the open during the coldest days of last January and February, he drained 750 gallons of fuel from the tanks, cut all the rubber fuel cells out of the wings, and cut the wings off the fuselage. Also, the tail panels had to be unbolted and every bolt attachment cut out. It was extremely difficult work, not even considering the adverse weather conditions under which the work had to be accomplished. But he was not to be defeated and the aircraft now rests in the Soplata museum.

In its time, the B-36 was the largest aircraft ever to fly in the United States Air Force inventory. Now don't get excited, I'm not going to tell you that he has a B-36 on display. But for some time Walter had been concerned when he heard that the Air Force Museum was going to destroy its second B-36. The other B-36 has been completely restored and is presently on display in the main display hangar of the Air Force Museum. After the second B-36 was scrapped, the remains were sold for the paltry sum of \$760 to an individual who trucked them to his farm and sold the junk to — you guessed it — Walter Soplata. Walter just didn't have the heart to let the remains of the old B-36 go to the junk yard and is paying as he can afford it to buy the parts and truck them over to his back-yard. Even he admits that he probably won't be able to do much with the smashed parts, but you never can tell . . .



Walter now says that this is it — he's not going to buy any more aircraft. But don't you bet on it. Odds are the next time the Air Force has an auction of surplus aircraft, if you look carefully out in the audience, you just might be able to catch the faint smile and the waving arm of some guy named Soplata!

# SIX HOURS SOLO IS ENOUGH—

## I THINK

*We recently received this article from the 122 TFG, Fort Wayne, Indiana. A phone call to the unit didn't reveal the author — they said it had been "under plexiglass" for the last couple of years and bore no by-line. To the 122nd (and "anonymous", whoever you are) thanks. Ed*

It was a typical day in Oregon. Low ceilings, with drizzle and about enough visibility to see the radiator ornament as I drove toward the airport.

I had just soloed the day previously, and wasn't about to let the weather deter me from another exciting experience at the controls of an airplane. I admit that I was pretty proud of my accomplishment and had invited my next door neighbor to ride with me. I planned to fly to a neighboring town about 200 miles away where I knew there was a good restaurant.



On the way to the airport, my neighbor, John Williams, expressed some worry about the trip.

"Don't worry about a thing," I reassured him, "I understand their hamburgers are excellent."

When we arrived at the field, the drizzle had turned to a hard, steady rain. This concerned me a little, as I was wearing my brown and white shoes, and my mother had warned me about getting them muddy. We checked with the local operator and found that my regular airplane, a Cessna 120, was down for repairs. The operator was a good-hearted fellow though, and when he saw my disappointment, he assigned me another one, N3341P, which turned out to be a Piper Apache.

"It's practically the same as a 120," he told me when I discovered there was an extra engine. "Just remember you have to pull the gear up."

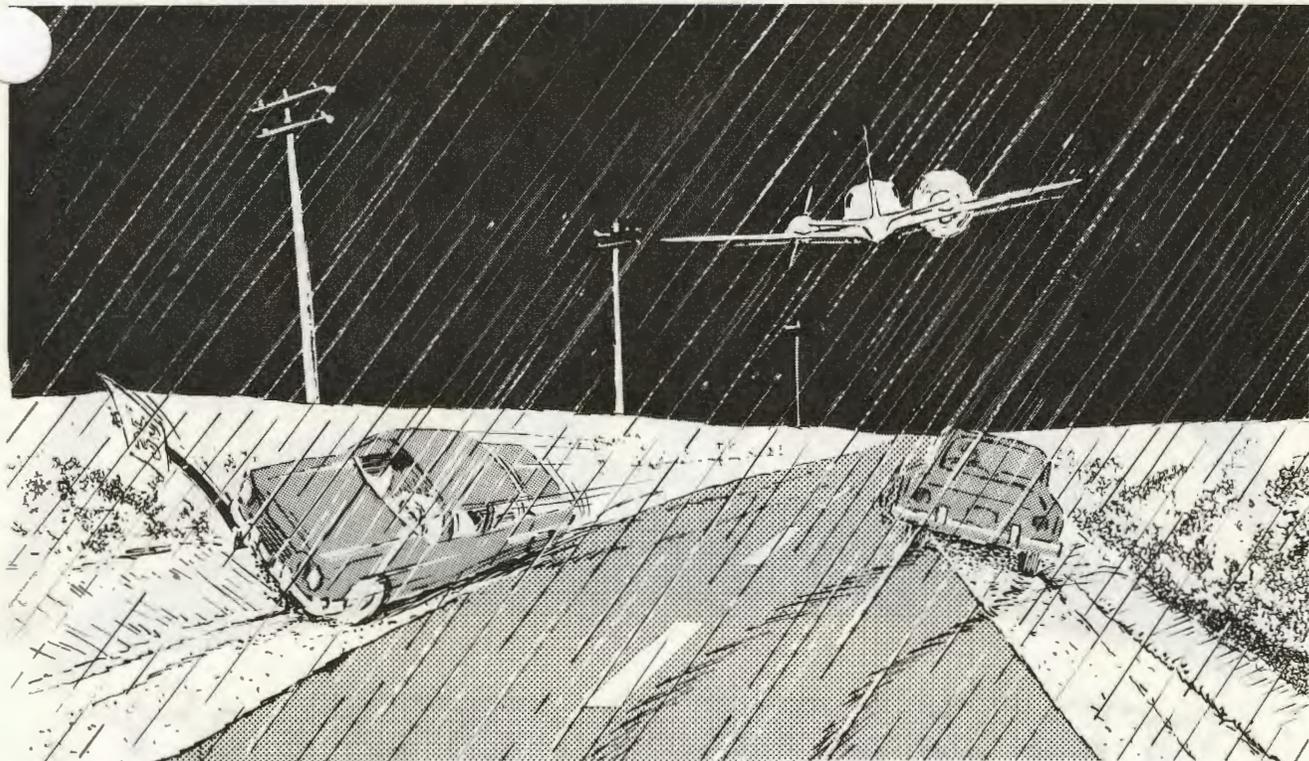
After a pre-flight check of the airplane (I noticed tail wheel was missing but didn't say anything to the operator for fear he would cancel the trip), we then climbed aboard and began looking for the starter.

Just then the operator came running out to tell me there were severe thunderstorms at my destination and warned me to be careful. I assured him I was not afraid of thunderstorms.

The takeoff was uneventful, but we did use what seemed to be a lot of runway for an airplane with two engines. (I learned later, we had taken off downwind with the parking brake on). We climbed into a solid overcast about 400 feet. This was a bad disappointment as I knew John would have been interested in the scenery. The air was pretty smooth, though, and except for the ice that kept forming over the windshield, there was little to see.

For a pilot with only six hours, I thought I handled the controls pretty smoothly, although for some strange reason, things occasionally flew out of my pockets up to the roof. John didn't seem to notice. In fact, he kept staring ahead with a sort of glassy expression. I guess he was afraid of the height, as some non-pilots are.

After about an hour I began to be concerned over the fact that I could not see anything. It was going to be difficult to spot other traffic around the airport at our destination, and I hoped the other pilots would use a little good sense and keep a sharp eye in such bad weather.



was obvious that I was going to have to get down lower if I wanted to see anything; it was too bad that the altimeter was so unreliable. It kept winding and unwinding rapidly and I guess it just hadn't been kept in good repair.

Anyway, following this plan, I began to come down. Just then the left engine quit. No warning — nothing. It just quit! John made a sort of gurgling noise then, and it was about the first thing he had said since we left. I explained that there was nothing to worry about, as we had another engine that we hadn't even used yet. So I started the right engine, and John felt better after that and he went to sleep.

Well, pretty soon we did get down far enough so that I could see the ground. It was pretty dark under the clouds, and if it wasn't for the lightning flashes, it would have been hard to find any good landmarks. Then I spotted a highway and remembered that there was a highway near the airport we were headed toward, so I followed it. It was difficult to read the road signs in all that rain, and I had to stay pretty low. Several cars ran off the road when we passed them; and I could see it was true about flying being a lot safer than driving.

After awhile, we did find the airport, but I had to fly around the tower a few times to make sure it was the right one. I didn't want to make a mistake and have everyone know I was just a student pilot. They were very hospitable — the airport and flashed all sorts of colored lights as a welcome. So I landed and slid up to the parking area. (The

operator should have mentioned that you had to put the gear down again). Everybody there was pretty excited. It was easy to see that they had never seen a Piper Apache before. John was still sleeping soundly, and I had to have help to carry him into the restaurant.

Well, I certainly learned about flying from that, and I want to pass on some good advice to other student pilots:

Don't believe everything you hear — the food was lousy!





# energy crisis flying

— Anonymous

Our first response for “Bar Talk” items from the field

**T**his story could have easily been written as an accident report. The reason it wasn't has nothing to do with professional skill, good training or sound judgment on the pilot's part. The only reason you're not reading about a major aircraft accident with three fatalities is blind, stupid luck — the kind of luck that sometimes will

e a pilot, even though he makes a series of errors.

To begin with, it was a typical (fuel crisis era) proficiency mission in a support aircraft. Three staff-type attached aircrew members were scheduled for a five-and-a-half hour out-and-back. Well, maybe only two were aircrew members. You see, one of them was looking for a ride to X AFB, and the mission just happened to be heading there. The catch was that the other two were not passenger-carrying pilots — No real problem, though, since the troop was qualified in the aircraft and had about the same amount of time in it as the other two. It was simple to schedule him as a crewmember (he could log AC time) and press on.

The pilot and co-pilot really didn't give it much thought when the third man didn't show up for the briefing; after all, he was really a "passenger" and they knew he wasn't going to be at the controls. He finally made it to the aircraft before engine start, loaded his gear, and got a short-and-sweet briefing from the pilot. Hell, he was qualified in the aircraft and had just as much time in it as the other two. Why insult the man by treating him like he'd never flown in the bird before?

Base Weather had briefed that the destination was right at the minimums for their weather category, so they'd picked an alternate that was reasonably close and had good enough weather to present no problems. They had agreed during the mission briefing to make one approach at the destination base and, if it was below their minimums, head immediately for the alternate. Fuel was no real problem, but they wanted to take no chances. They both were a little concerned with their admitted "fuel crisis proficiency" (especially in emergency situations) and wanted to be sure that they flew a good, safe mission.

Takeoff, climb, and cruise went as planned. Only one minor problem was noted: the main hydraulic pressure was riding right in the edge of the green — in fact, by the time they were about a hundred miles out from their destination, it was creeping into the "yellow." OK, so it was IN the "yellow," but they did have an aux system and it was working fine. In any case, the main system probably just needed servicing, and they couldn't do anything about it in the air, anyway.

By the time they had briefed the approach and started their descent, the weather was right at their minimums. They elected to fly the approach to their minimums and head for the alternate if the runway wasn't in sight.

Unfortunately, when the speed brake came down, so did the main hydraulic pressure — right to zero! The co-pilot whipped out the emergency procedures and he and the pilot accomplished all the required actions.

Nothing. Still zero. Now, they're in the weather, flying through rain and fog, working on their problem, and talking to approach control. They're busy, all right, but they're doing the right things and maintaining good aircraft control. Maybe they're just a little bit pleased with the proficiency and coordination they didn't think they had.

Just as they start to turn dogleg in the GCA pattern, they get a big surprise! The third "crewmember" is standing between them, Dash 1 in hand, giving all sorts of helpful advice about what to do after landing, how to fix the hydraulic problem and how to fly the GCA. He also wants to know if the runway is wet (it's raining like the proverbial cow, etc., etc., etc.,).

The pilot and co-pilot are somewhat distracted but press on, attempting to concentrate on the aircraft. The aux hydraulic system is good, so they put the gear down at about nine miles on final. The co-pilot checks the gear indicators and sees only two instead of the usual three green lights. Uh oh! Number ten! The co-pilot tells the pilot to go around, but the pilot has the runway in sight and the weather is about 200 feet above their minimums. A few seconds later, the co-pilot breaks through the non-stop instructions of the third crewmember and they go around, asking GCA for vectors and a climb to get above the weather and get the gear down on the emergency system. GCA does all the right things, the pilots do the right things, the third crewmember provides lots of instructions and they get three in the green. On the second approach, the weather is about 300 feet above their minimums and they get it down, stopping straight ahead on the runway.

The pilot and co-pilot start the shutdown procedure and all of a sudden WHOOSH! — they're depressurized! The third crewmember, standing on the steps of the crew-entrance door, says: "Hey! You forgot to turn the cabin pressure switch off." Well, they hadn't really forgotten. It seems that they just hadn't reached that item yet in the checklist . . .

Ed Note: OK — we all know what the regs say about aircraft commanders, etc. You can point fingers at people all day long, and maybe some fingers should be pointed. Maybe this should be a hazard report. Absolutely no good can come of this incident unless somebody can learn something from it. Make your own decisions about this story and draw your own conclusions from it. Know one thing though — when you strap an aircraft on, YOU'RE IN CHARGE! DON'T FORGET IT. ➤

# TACTIPS

...interest items,

What makes you think we have already seen the first team?

## USAFE BOUND ? LOW COST VASI

Pilots flying into Spangdahlem, Torrejon, Zaragoza, Aviano, Lakenheath, and Incirlik Air Bases will soon find Low Cost Visual Approach Slope Indicators (LCVASI) available to aid them in their approaches to SECONDARY runways.

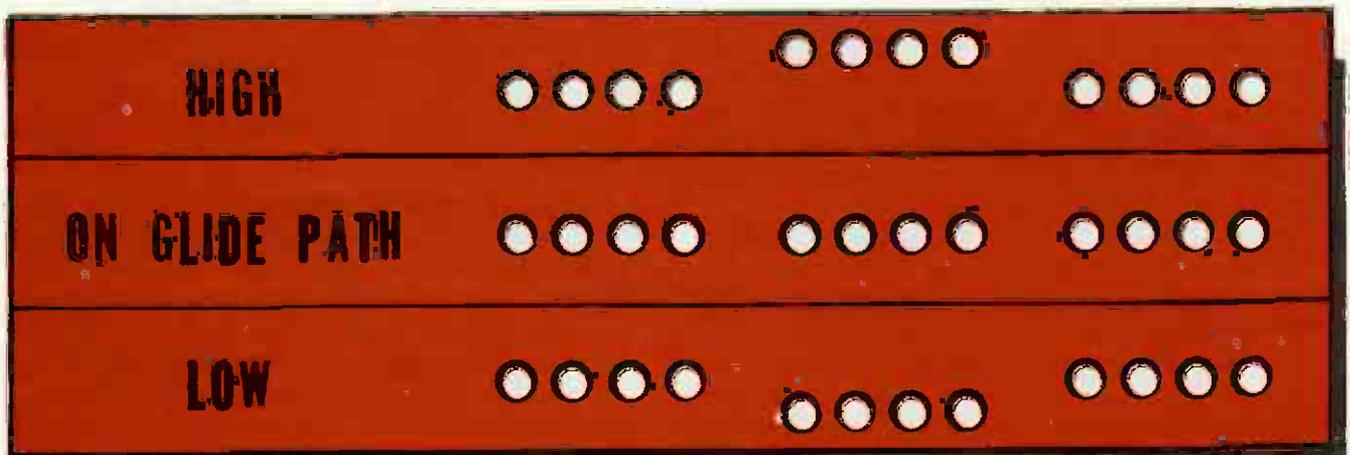
LCVASI consists of three sets of four white lights and is usually installed only on one side of the runway. The lights are placed in such a way that an "on-glidepath" indication will appear as a single row of twelve lights horizontal to the ground, stretching at a right angle to the beginning of the runway. If the center set of four lights appears low, the aircraft is low on the glide slope. If the center set of four lights appears high, the aircraft is above the glidepath.

Unlike a standard VASI system which indicates gradients in displacement from the desired glide slope through color coding, LCVASI depends entirely on the

pilot's judgment. Pilots who have used this and similar systems in the past have quickly learned to use it with both ease and accuracy. There are two basic limitations to the system. First, the usable range is only about two miles. Beyond that range the system doesn't offer much, but within it, LCVASI can provide glide slope information that is accurate to about one-half of a degree. The second limitation is that the system should not be used if you're more than approximately five degrees off the runway centerline. At greater angles off, the rear set of lights appears to move behind one of the front sets and indications can be misleading. As with any glide slope indicating device, the best pilot technique with LCVASI to make a small correction as soon as you see you moving off the glide slope — and never forget to bring all the other visual cues into your cross-check.

For bases where LCVASI is installed, the Enroute Supplement will list it with a comment referring to FLIP Planning, section II, for details.

(AIRSCOOP)



# mishaps with morals, for the TAC aircrewman

## **T-39 WHEEL CRACKS**

Recently, a T-39 crew reported a slight thumping while taxiing in after a mission. The thumping noise was similar to that made by a flat spot on a tire. The crew hadn't used any excessive braking or made any hard landings, so after they parked they climbed out and took a look. They found approximately 12 to 14 inches of the inside wheel rim missing on the left main landing gear. Fortunately, the tire didn't blow.

According to OOAMA, the fact that these wheels are cracking is a known problem and is attributed to fatigue. Inspection requirements have been levied on bases for the purpose of detecting these cracks so the wheels can be removed prior to complete failure. New beefed-up wheels are being procured; however, they'll only be installed on an attrition basis.

In the meantime, it behooves all of you T-39 types to take an extra second or two to check the wheel rims, on walk-around.

## **CANOPY CUTTER DEMONSTRATION**

### ***How effective is the Canopy Knife ?***

The 363 Tactical Reconnaissance Wing at Shaw AFB had an opportunity to test it recently when one of the RF-4C's rear canopies was condemned and had to be replaced. Lt Col Donald Peterson, 18 TRS Commander, suggested demonstrating the crewman's ability to chop his way out of the cockpit.

The wing gathered about 60 crewmembers to witness the experiment. A volunteer, Captain Leonard Vandevender, an 18 TRS IP, was selected and the stop watches were readied.

To the surprise of all the bystanders, Captain Vandevender knocked a large hole in the canopy with four strokes of the knife. He stood up through the hole and egressed the aircraft in less than 15 seconds after the demonstration began.

The real value of the show was to increase the aircrew's confidence in the cutter. It did.

The sequence shows how rapidly the egress took place.



Just prior to the first knife thrust . . . .



Large piece of plexiglass knocked loose by the second thrust.



Standing up in the hole approximately 15 seconds after the demonstration began.

**Maj Howard J. Hazlett, Jr  
Chief, Flight Safety, 363 TRW**

# HOT ROCK ROMAD

**TSGT F.H.FAGAN  
NCOIC GROUND SAFETY  
71st TASG  
BERGSTROM AFB TX**

**B**rrringgg... Either the roof just fell in or that's the blasted alarm clock. Jeez, 0430 — I'm going to have to get better just to die, but when you gotta go, you gotta go. I know I shouldn't have sat up sipping suds with the neighbors until midnight. I had best get cracking if I'm going to get to the base by 0545. Let's see, mobility gear, extra fatigues, the bootleg cash reserved for TDYs, and a few candy bars to nibble on during the trip. Looks like I have everything, best not forget to kiss the Dragon Lady goodbye. Man, she sure was mad last night but she should be cooled off by the time I get back next week.

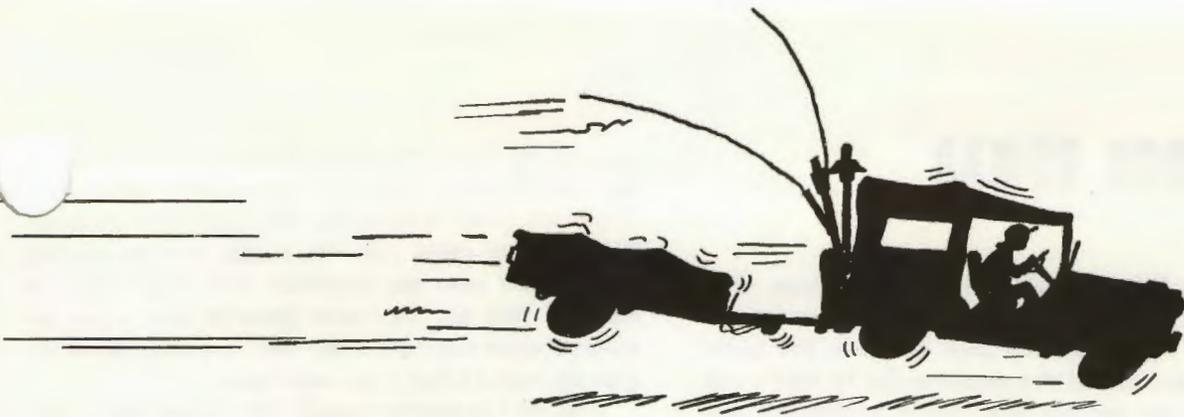
Best get on my way, I sure can't afford to get the man jawed at me this morning for being late. He's still ticked off at my getting nailed with a speeding ticket last week. Well there's the entrance to the base, just look at our friendly fuzz standing there shivering. Sure am glad I don't have that job. Maybe my job isn't too bad but these constant TDYs are a definite bummer. Look at all those cars in the squadron parking lot; bet I'm the last guy to get here and there's old grumpy, our super chief, standing by the door. Well, a big smile and cheery hello should get him on the bright side. Better stay downwind of him so he don't smell the brew on my breath when I talk. Well, I've managed to get by him without getting ripped so I just might make it. Looks like all the other guys have

checked their jeeps out already so I had better get to mine.

This M-151-A1 jeep is a squirrely beast, to say the least. 450 miles of road driving today and then setting up; ugh, sure hope my head holds up. Now, where's my checklist? No sweat, I don't really need one since I have this same pig everyday. Gas... full; oil... full; trailer attached and balanced out... roger; all four tires still round on the tops with two each on each side... roger. That's close enough for government work. That right front tire does look a little funny but that should be no sweat. Hark, do I hear the grumpy one bellow? Sure nuff, I guess it is time for some more epistles from the wayward apostle.

Looks like he has a couple of friends up there. I recognize the Colonel, but wonder who that Tech is, I've never seen him before. No doubt, we will all find out shortly. Well, there goes old grumpy with his convoy instructions, no biggy though since he uses the same words every time. It's hard to pay attention to a guy who has the vocal characteristics and vocabulary of a retarded parrot anyhow. Now for the Colonel's spiel, old "Chicken Man" himself. I could repeat everything verbatim, I've heard it so much... Go team go; hooray for the corps, etc., etc. Strictly party line stuff. I'll bet the old man still wears khaki underwear in remembrance of the old corps.

Now we get to hear the Tech. Oh, he's just some Safety Weenie from the group. Ho-hum, another boring lecture on how to drive the M-151-A1 jeep. Just what I need on top of this hangover. I wonder where they dig up these "instant experts"? Bet he never even got behind



wheel of a jeep. Sure throwing up a snow storm, hope he shuts up shortly. Maybe I can catch a few zzz's before we pull out.

Well, looks like old grumpy is cranking up his jeep. I might as well follow suit since the quicker we get out of here the sooner we will get there. Sure wish I had grumpy's jeep though; he's got the only one on base with extra thick padding on the seats. I sure can't see why he needs it since he carries around enough on his carcass.

Noon time already — at least I'm starting to feel human again. That first 200 miles really went fast, if we keep up this schedule we should be in Boondock Army base around 1730 tonight. That's one good thing, we at least get to set up our tents during daylight.

There goes the schedule; old grumpy says we have the honor of chowing down on rations for lunch rather than at some nice restaurant. Really looks sharp though, jeeps parked along the roadside. Beautiful scenery to eat in — sage brush and scorpions. Man, these rations are enough to gag a maggot with a strong stomach.

Tally-ho, we're off again. Join the Air Force and see the world! I know there has to be more to the world besides barren wastelands. Really moving now, 45 miles per hour . . . Look out Mario Andretti, cause here comes the kid. Now what? Looks like we are stopping again, and

there's old grumpy coming back to see me. Now what have I done? "Sgt Jones, I want y'all to stay behind and help Airman Klutz change the tire on his-rig and then y'all catch up with us." Just what I need, stuck in the middle of nowhere in 100 degree temperature helping some yo-yo change his tire. Wonder why he picked me for this job? Might be since I'm a first-class technician when it comes to doing dirty jobs. Hope that we can get this squared away and out of here shortly. I hate to set up tents in the dark. What a dummy — 45 minutes to change that tire and now he wants to rest a little. Come on Klutz, let's go; you've been resting for 30 minutes.

My eyes sure burn, wish I had brought my shades. Maybe I can step up my speed a tad; 50 seems like crawling. 60 MPH, not bad for a jeep. If I can keep this speed I should make it before dark. Old Klutzy seems to be falling behind a bit, must be afraid to drive his jeep like the kid. No guts, no glory. Wonder what Dragon Lady is doing? She sure has been cross lately. Seems like every time I move sideways she comes at me like a trained attack dog. Wonder what the night life is around Boondock? Some of the guys said you can hit the border easy, might just run across it if I get a chance. I can just picture sitting in the shade with a beer in one hand and a sloe-eyed dolly in the other. Wow, what a gas . . .

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT IN FRONT OF ME? SUN'S IN MY EYES! SWERVE TO THE LEFT, HOT DAMN, WHAT'S THAT NOISE? NO CONTROL, FLIPPING OVER AND HERE GOES SUPERMAN. SO THIS IS WHAT FLYING IS LIKE . . . BETTER PUT MY GEAR DOWN. OUCH! THAT ASPHALT SURE SMARTS. HELLO LEGS, WHATCHA DOING FLYING ACROSS MY HEAD? THIS MUST BE HOW EVEL KNEIVEL FEELS WHEN HE WIPES OUT.

This is something new — white, soft asphalt. Oh, it's not asphalt after all. Wonder if I'm in heaven? Nope, can't be, just spotted a face watching me that looks like warmed-over ugly. Oh, it's a corpsman — guess I'm in the hospital. Can't move my head to look around, wonder why. Must be the body cast. Where am I and how long have I been here? Two weeks — you gotta be kidding!

Visitors! Looks like old grumpy has brought Chicken



# HOT ROCK ROMAD

Man and the Safety Weenie with him. Hey Sarge, what happened to me? A deer ran in front of me and when I swerved the right front tire blew and then the trailer jack-knifed and caused the whole works to flip? I was ejected from the jeep and after leaving considerable skid marks with my acrobatic frame wrapped my tender bod around a tree stump? You say that Klutz saw it happen and helped get me to the doc? Guess I'm lucky! I'm alive. What's that Colonel? Didn't I hear the safety briefing? Sure I did, I was there, wasn't I? I'll have to admit that I didn't pay too much attention, my head hurt too much. You say that the safety man briefed us on the instability of the jeep and its capacity to roll over at speeds as low as 20 MPH? I did hear him mention that later in the day we would be driving into the sun and that we should wear shades and slow our speed down. I guess it just didn't register. Yeh, I noticed the right front tire was not in the best condition before we took off, but who wants to mess around changing a tire at six in the morning. Seat belts? I know

what the Air Force says about wearing them but we don't have roll bars in the jeeps and a guy will get crushed when it rolls over if he's strapped in — that's just common sense. Oh, the radio pallet took the impact and the steering wheel didn't even get scratched? Well, that's just one instance. Well no, I've never heard or seen a guy get creamed while wearing his seat belts in a jeep, but all the guys say you're a fool if you wear them.

How am I at briefing people? OK I guess. Why? I see, I'm going to have a chance to brief all of our troops on my mistakes. What mistakes? Consuming alcohol and not getting the proper amount of rest prior to driving? Being in a poor emotional state since the fight with Dragon Lady? Not following the check list prior to departure? Exceeding the safe speed in the M-151-A1 jeep? Failure to wear my seat belts? Not wearing proper eye protection when driving in the sun?

How much does a jeep cost? Gee Colonel, I don't really know, why do you ask? You've gotta be kidding; I might have to pay for it? Wait 'til the Dragon Lady hears that! You say she's waiting out in the hallway to see me? Uh, Colonel, you don't have to leave right now, do you...?



## TACTICAL AIR COMMAND



### Maintenance Man Safety Award

Staff Sergeant David M. Teske, a maintenance specialist in the 314 Organizational Maintenance Squadron, 314 Tactical Airlift Wing, Little Rock Air Force Base, Arkansas, has been selected to receive the Tactical Air Command Maintenance Man Safety Award for January 1974. SSgt Teske will receive a certificate and letter of appreciation from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



SSGT TESKE

## TACTICAL AIR COMMAND



### Crew Chief Safety Award

Sergeant John W. Troy, a C-130E crew chief for the 316 Organizational Maintenance Squadron, 316 Tactical Airlift Wing, Langley Air Force Base, Virginia, has been selected to receive the Tactical Air Command Crew Chief Safety Award for January 1974. Sergeant Troy will receive a certificate and letter of appreciation from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



SGT TROY

## TACTICAL AIR COMMAND



### Ground Safety Man of the Month

Senior Master Sergeant Melvin D. Noel, NCOIC of the Instrument Shop of the 317 Avionics Maintenance Squadron, 317 Tactical Airlift Wing, Pope Air Force Base, North Carolina, has been selected to receive the TAC Ground Safety Man of the Month Award for January 1974. SMSgt Noel will receive a certificate and letter of appreciation from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



SMS NOEL

# LETTERS

## TO THE EDITOR

### EDITOR

First, I want to thank you for the publication and distribution of the critique on the McIntire Rescue in the January edition of TAC ATTACK. This is exactly the coverage Scott McIntire hoped for when he decided to release the critique for publication.

The Portland Oregonian recently devoted its entire "Outdoors" supplement to a story on the incident and the survival aspects learned or illustrated by the incident.

I've managed to glean a couple of copies for Scott and Dr. Bangs, but I would like a few extra copies for the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry, which is basing survival lectures on the incident, the Clackamas County Sheriff's office, Clackamas Community College, the Oregon Army Guard Aviation Detachment, and the other volunteer groups which participated in the search and rescue.

About 12 copies would be enough. I'll take care of the distribution on this end if you can send them to me.

Again, on behalf of Scott, thanks very much for publishing the critique.

GEORGE SAMPLE  
Chief Reporter  
Eyewitness News, KATU TV

*We hope the coverage given to the tragic event will help prevent it happening again. Your 12 copies of the January issue are on the way.*

Ed

### REUNION

#### SPECTRES

The first 16SOS (SPECTRE) reunion will be held at the Las Vegas Hilton, Las Vegas, Nevada on 13-16 June 74. All former SPECTRES not on the mailing list and any former "STINGER" or "SHADOW" personnel wishing to attend the reunion can receive reservation information by contacting "The SPECTRE Reunion Committee", P. O. Box 698, Mary Ester, Florida 32569. Reservations must be made by 15 Apr 74. Be sure to include both your current and permanent mailing address.

P. S. If you plan on attending, don't forget to bring your party suit.

### REUNION

#### GUNFIGHTERS

The 366th TFW GUNFIGHTERS ASSOCIATION will hold its annual reunion on 10-12 May 1974 at the Tropicana Hotel, San Antonio, Tx. Contacts are Capt. Dave Poli, Box 4038, Mt. Home AFB, Id 83648, phone 208 832-7987 and Col. Bob Haley, ATC/DPZ, Randolph AFB, Tx. 78148. ALL PAST AND PRESENT MEMBERS OF THE 366 TFW ARE INVIT



# TAC TALLY

TOTAL ACFT. ACCIDENTS	▶
MAJOR ACFT. ACCIDENTS	▶
AIRCREW FATALITIES	▶
TOTAL EJECTIONS	▶
SUCCESSFUL EJECTIONS	▶

TAC		
JAN 74	Thru 1974	Jan 1973
2	2	4
2	2	3
2	2	4
0	0	4
0	0	1

ANG		
JAN 74	Thru 1974	Jan 1973
1	1	2
1	1	2
1	1	0
1	1	2
0	0	2

AFRes		
JAN 74	Thru 1974	Jan 1973
0	0	1
0	0	1
0	0	2
0	0	1
0	0	0

## TAC'S TOP "5"

FIGHTER/RECCE WINGS		
ACCIDENT-FREE MONTHS		
70	33 TFW	TAC
40	67 TRW	TAC
38	162 TFTG	ANG
37	4 TFW	TAC
29	122 TFW	ANG

AIRLIFT/REFUELING WINGS		
ACCIDENT-FREE MONTHS		
103	440 TAW	AFRES
102	136 ARW	ANG
66	316 TAW	TAC
55	126 ARW	ANG
54	463 TAW	TAC

SPECIAL UNITS		
ACCIDENT-FREE MONTHS		
113	2 ADGP	TAC
82	DET 1, D.C.	ANG
54	182 TASG	ANG
49	68 TASG	TAC
47	193 TEWG	ANG

## MAJOR ACCIDENT COMPARISON RATE 73-74

	73	74	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG	SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC
TAC	5.0	4.1	5.1	5.1	4.2	4.3	5.0	4.8	4.4	4.2	4.1	4.2	4.1	
ANG	8.5	5.0	8.6	6.8	5.0	4.7	5.1	4.3	4.2	4.6	4.2	3.9	3.7	
AFRes	14.9	0	6.7	4.1	3.2	1.8	1.5	1.3	1.1	1.0	.9	.9	.8	

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AUG SEP OCT NOV DEC

FLEAGLE

YES, IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN.

AIR CRAFT STRIKE



HARDISON

HERE IS AN OUTLINE OF OUR AVERAGE SIZE.

SIZE & WEIGHT

WE ALWAYS COME OUT SECOND BEST BECAUSE OF OUR SMALL SIZE...



OF COURSE THERE IS ALWAYS THAT ONE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

UH-HUH

**STOMP!**