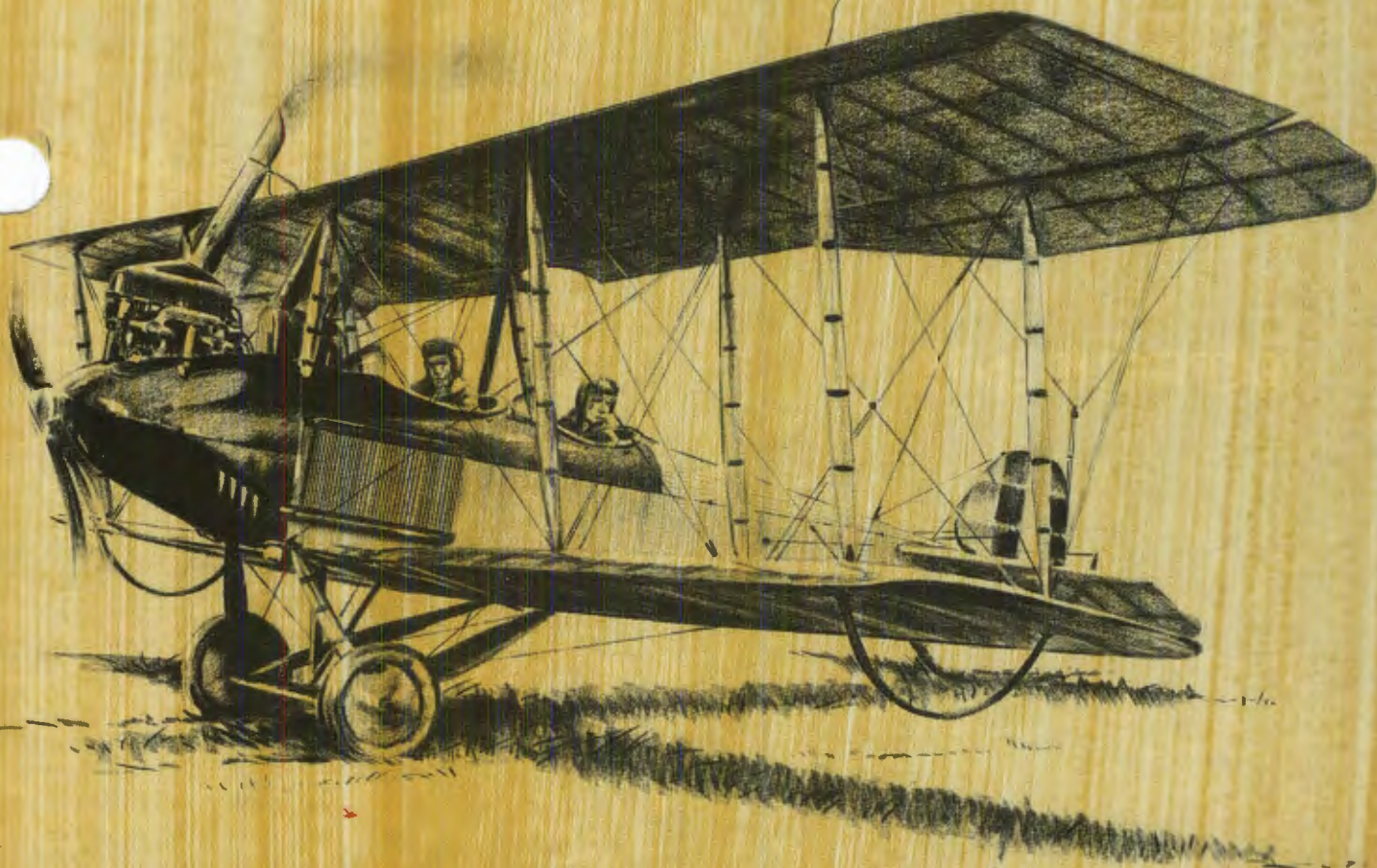


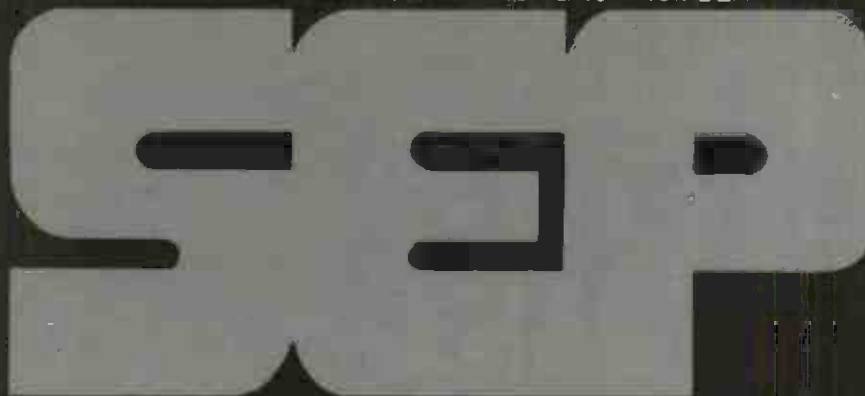
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TAC ATTACK

SEPTEMBER 1975



ME OF THE FIGHTERS..... Pg 4



FOR EFFICIENT TACTICAL AIR POWER



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Angle of ATTACK



DROWNINGS

COL J.D. MOORE
Chief of Safety

Over the long and traditionally hazardous Memorial Day and July 4th weekends, we did not suffer a single motor vehicle related fatality in TAC. While the usual slogans, briefings, warnings and reminders, ad nauseum were passed around, credit for the success goes to all members of the TAC Team. Something worked!

Unfortunately, we cannot be proud of our performance in recreational related activities. Specifically -- water safety! To date, we have lost eight valuable people to drowning. Six drownings resulted directly from water activities. The other two drowned when their vehicle entered a reservoir. Water was markedly indiscriminate in claiming victims. Ages ranged from 18 to 33. Grade spanned A1C to MSgt. Almost all drownings occurred in unsupervised swimming areas. Some were even posted "No Trespassing," "No Swimming," or "Off Limits." Three troops could not swim -- including a scuba diver (?). Brief descriptions of these individual catastrophes contain lessons for all of us.

An NCO (nonswimmer) entered a river on horse to bring in a calf. His horse stumbled and threw him into very turbulent, deep water.

An NCO entered a bay to retrieve a snagged fishing line. The strong current pulled him into deeper water.

An airman (nonswimmer) was scuba diving for the first time. He decided to use the five minutes of reserve air to make another dive rather than its intended purpose as an emergency supply. He could not inflate his life vest because the CO₂ cartridge was not in place. He became too tired to buddy breathe.

An NCO and two boys started swimming across a lake cove approximately 100 yards wide. About 80 yards out, the NCO experienced difficulties and yelled for help. The boys could not save him.

An airman (nonswimmer) was wading in chest high water in the Gulf of Mexico. His two companions were in knee to waist deep water. The airman was hit by a large wave. When he came up he was in water over his head. His two non-USAF friends tried to help, but were also nonswimmers. All three drowned.

An Airman and three civilian friends decided to swim across an area in a reservoir about 50 yards wide. After approximately 25 yards, the airman indicated that he could not make it. The airman was wearing blue jeans which became heavy and tired the swimmer.

Two members of TAC were lost in a privately owned vehicle that went off the road into a reservoir.

None of these accidents should have happened. Each one represents violation of common sense water safety rules. Inherent in at least three is a "pressure" syndrome: "If they can do it, so can I."

Drowning ranks third behind motor vehicle accidents and falls in causing accidental death. We cannot afford to lose you any more than your family and friends can. Think of them and think of yourself. And think of these simple, common sense water safety rules. They will allow you to enjoy the water -- safely.

- Never swim alone.
- Swim in supervised recreational areas.
- Know your ability; distance over water is misleading. Be prepared to return to a point of safety.
- Have a knowledge of rip currents and how to recognize and avoid them.
- Wear proper swim attire. Blue jeans, etc, become heavy and will tire you quickly.
- Do not panic when you find yourself in trouble. Relax and tread water or float.
- Learn and practice the art of drownproofing.

Have a good one!

HOME of the FIGHTER

By Martin R. Copp
HQ TAC/XPSY

Langley Air Force Base, the home of Headquarters Tactical Air Command, has been a base without operational tactical fighters since 1 July 1958 when the 405th Fighter Bomber Wing was deactivated and the F-100Ds moved on. In January 1976, the F-15 Eagle will make its nest here in the 1st Tactical Fighter Wing. Once again, tactical fighters return to their home.

Since 1916, Langley has seen many types of aircraft. Let's take a trip into the past—back to the days of World War I—and take a look at the aircraft that were here then—a far cry from the Eagle.

In 1916, Congress appropriated \$300,000 for the establishment of an aviation station for joint use by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), the Army and the Navy. A site was acquired four miles north of Hampton, Virginia on 30 December 1916. By May 1917, preliminary plans for the field were ready and a contract was awarded to a New York engineering firm for the construction of the "Aeronautical Experimental Station and Proving Ground" as it was first known. On 7 August 1917, the military installation was designated Langley Field after Samuel Pierpont Langley, an early aviation pioneer in heavier than air flight. Work progressed so slowly (because of labor shortages and drainage problems) that the Army established another experimental station at Dayton, Ohio. The Navy, also tired of waiting, secured experimental aeronautical facilities elsewhere. Langley's responsibilities were reduced to experimentation in bombing, photography, radio and telegraphy, and evaluation of foreign aircraft. However, other units were formed as experimental work was curtailed. A photo school was established in late 1917, then a school for aerial photographers and observers, and shortly thereafter a pilot's school. The first of several balloon units was formed in June 1918.

A wide variety of aircraft were flown at Langley from June 1917 until the termination of the First World War in November 1918. They can be classified broadly into four basic groups: pre-war types, wartime designs, foreign aircraft evaluated for possible production in the U.S., and some seaplanes tested by the Navy. Following is a brief description of some of these aircraft. There are

many more, but this shows the kind of equipment our fliers used.

Langley Field—World War I

This view of Langley Field probably was taken in the latter part of 1918. With the exception of the lone Thomas-Morse pursuit-trainer in the foreground, all of the airplanes are Curtiss JN-4s or "Jennies." The airplanes are lined up in the area occupied by the present hangars and parking apron. The temporary hangars in the upper left were removed sometime during the early twenties.



Albree Monoplane

The Albree monoplane illustrates the state of the Army's aviation program prior to our entry into World War I. Congressional appropriations were small. Our aircraft industry was hopelessly inadequate by European standards and very little of the operational experience accumulated over the Western Front was available to our designers. The Army issued a somewhat naive specification for a "pursuit" aircraft and ordered two machines built to the requirements from the Pigeon Hollow Spar Company of East Boston, Massachusetts. They were designed by Mr. Norman Albree and were known as Albree monoplanes or Pigeon-Fraser Pursuits. Both airplanes were delivered to Langley in September 1917 for evaluation. The single-place, wire-braced, mid-wing design was powered by a 100-horsepower, American-built Gnome engine.

ne. Wingspan was about 38 feet, gross weight 2,084 pounds and maximum speed was slightly over 100 mph. Elevator control was unusual. The fuselage was hinged behind the pilot's cockpit and the whole rear portion of the airplane moved as a unit. There is no evidence of any armament being installed. Apparently no further orders were placed by the Army subsequent to the initial evaluation of the airplanes. One of the machines is still in existence and reportedly under restoration by Cole Palen at his WWI airfield in Rhinebeck, New York.

Aeromarine M-1

Six aircraft of this type were ordered from the Aeromarine Plane and Motor Company of Keyport, New Jersey in November 1916. They were designed to meet the new Signal Corps' specifications for advanced trainers and were purchased complete with engines for \$9,000 apiece. The M-1 was a conven-



tional wood and fabric two-place biplane powered with a 4-cylinder, 100-horsepower Hall-Scott powerplant. Wingspan was 37 feet, gross weight 2,084 pounds and maximum speed was about 78 mph. The wing tip skids fitted under the outer wing struts, an exhaust stack extending over the top wing and the absence of a vertical fin are of special interest.

After considerable delay, the aircraft were delivered to Langley Field—two in October and four in November 1917. The M-1s were originally considered for large production orders, but with the emergence of the Curtiss JN-4 and Standard J as the standard Army trainers, plans for further production of the aircraft were dropped. The M-1s were used for a short time for testing aviation equipment. In the spring of 1918 they were dismantled and used elsewhere for nonflying instruction in ground schools.

Caproni CA-33

Several foreign aircraft were shipped to the U.S. in 1917 for testing, evaluation and possible produc-

Most of these aircraft were assembled and first flown at Langley Field. The Italian Caproni CA-33

bomber arrived in the summer of 1917 and made its initial flight in September. The bomber was equipped with three 150-horsepower Isotta - Franchini engines, one of which was mounted on the rear section of the center nacelle and the other two mounted as tractors, one on each front section of the twin tail booms. There were three rudders and two pairs of wheels under each of the outboard engines. Another pair of wheels was mounted under the center nacelle to prevent the plane from nosing over.

The crew of three was located in the center nacelle with an observer's position in the nose and two pilots seated side by side forward of the leading edge of the upper wing. Two fuel tanks were located behind the pilots. Wingspan of the bomber was about 72 feet and gross weight approximately 7,600 pounds. Maximum speed with no armament load was 90 mph. As a result of the Caproni tests,



production orders were awarded to two American companies. However, construction delays and the termination of the war resulted in only five of the bombers being produced, one of which was a non-flyable static test model. Two of the machines were at Langley Field during the 1921 battleship bombing tests conducted by General Billy Mitchell.

MACCHI M.5

The Macchi M.5 flying boat was one of a group of Italian airplanes which arrived at Langley Field during the late summer of 1917 for evaluation. In this case, the evaluation was performed by the Navy. The airplane was designed as a single-seat fighter



and equipped with two machine guns. Power plant was a 160-horsepower Isotta-Fraschini, span was 39 feet, and gross weight 2,266 pounds. Maximum speed of the flying boat was 118 mph.

The airplane was not ordered into production. However, the U.S. Navy operated a small group of Italian-built flying boats of this type from an Italian port during the latter part of 1918. The Macchi came to a tragic end in June 1919. While engaged in mock combat over the field during an airshow, the Navy pilot lost control and crashed in the circle at the entrance to the field.



Standard JR-1B

The JR-1B was a product of Standard Aircraft Corporation, Plainfield, New Jersey. The aircraft was a modification of the Standard SJ of 1916, which was ordered into production after the U.S. entered the war to supplement the Curtiss JN-4 series. The SJ was later modified and redesignated J-1. Another version, the JR, evolved into the JR-1B shown here. The aircraft was intended as an advanced trainer and was equipped with a 150-horsepower Hispano-Suiza engine. Span was approximately 43 feet, gross weight 2,400 pounds, and maximum speed was 93 mph. Most notable features of the airplane were the nose radiator and a lower wing mounted beneath the fuselage. The Army bought only six aircraft, five of which were known to have been flown at Langley. In 1918, when the Army began flying the mail, the JR-1Bs were converted to single seaters and used for a brief period on some of the initial airmail routes.

DH-4B

When the U.S. entered World War I in April 1917, the Army had no aircraft suitable for combat. It was



decided to produce proven foreign designs to avoid the risk of turning out huge quantities of machines without the benefit of combat experience. A sample British DH-4 airframe was sent to McCook Field and tested with the new American-designed Liberty 400-horsepower motor. The aircraft was placed in production and supplied to several American observation and day bombardment squadrons in France. The first operational sorties were flown in August 1918.

Deficiencies in the machine led to an extensive redesign. The most noticeable change was the placement of the pilot and observer much closer to each other than in the original aircraft. The modified, redesignated DH-4B, remained in Army service for several years after the armistice. Wingspan was 42 feet, gross weight approximately 4,600 pounds and maximum speed about 120 miles per hour. Armament consisted of two fixed forward-firing machine guns and two flexible guns for the observer. Provision was made for carrying about 300 pounds of bombs. The DH-4, of all the Allied aircraft considered for production, was the only one built in quantity.

We hope that you readers have enjoyed this brief trip into the past. Since World War I, aircraft of every description have been flown at Langley. The cycle of aircraft types will continue once again with the arrival of the F-15s. However, they will be a cry from the Albree "pursuits" of 1917!



The author would welcome hearing from anyone with information or photos of old military planes that would be suitable for future TAC ATTACK articles. Contact him at 5 Saint Paul Court, Hampton VA 23666.

Editor's note: If any of you have an article on the history of your TAC base, or would like to write one, send it to us at TAC ATTACK.

Mr. Martin R. Copp is an aeronautical engineering graduate of New York University. He served in the U.S. Army Air Forces in World War II as a C-46 Maintenance Officer in the U.S. and Pacific. Mr. Copp is currently assigned to the Directorate Force Development and Analysis at HQ TAC/Y as an Operations Analyst.

Secretary of the Air Force Award



General Robert J. Dixon, Commander of Tactical Air Command accepts the Secretary of the Air Force Safety Award for 1974 from Air Force Secretary John L. McLucas. The award was presented to TAC for having the best accident prevention program of all major Air Force commands with more than 200,000 flying hours in 1974. In addition to citing TAC for significant accomplishments in missile, explosive, and ground safety, Secretary McLucas singled out the command for its impressively low major aircraft accident rate, the lowest in 28 years.

TAC TIPS

Of course I believe in luck, how else can I explain my opponents' victories?

...interest items,
mishaps with morals,
for the
TAC aircrewman

DRAG CHUTE GOES TDY

When a transient F-100 took off from one of our TAC bases, the drag chute fell out of the aircraft onto the runway. Tower notified the pilot of this after his departure. The pilot continued to his destination where a no-chute landing was accomplished.

Inspection of the drag bag system did not reveal any discrepancies. It is suspected that the drag chute doors were not completely latched by Transient Alert personnel. Vibration on takeoff roll caused the doors to open.

Transient Alert is not always intimately familiar with all types of aircraft. It is also your responsibility as the pilot to make sure your aircraft is properly serviced when you are away from your home base. Don't just throw the forms to the transient crew chiefs and head for the snack bar. Make sure they know how to service your bird ... it will pay off.

THUD BITES THE BULLET

After an air-to-ground range mission, it was observed that the Thud had been hit by a ricochet. The bounced bullet struck the right leading edge flap, was deflected downward, then penetrated the top of the right pylon fuel tank and continued out the bottom portion of the tank.

The unit was using a 2,000-foot foul line and the range had been raked and cleared earlier in

the day. This was the first flight to use the range since the clearing. The range officer stated that none of the passes should have contributed to ricochet potential.

What caused the ricochet remains a mystery. It could have been caused by rounds from a previous pass, rounds remaining in the area after the clearing or hits impacting outside the notified cleared impact area.

Although it appears there was nothing we could have done to prevent this incident, don't forget things that do help reduce ricochet potential:

Avoid shallow dive angles.

Don't press.

Avoid lazy pulloffs.

Turn when the nose is above the horizon.

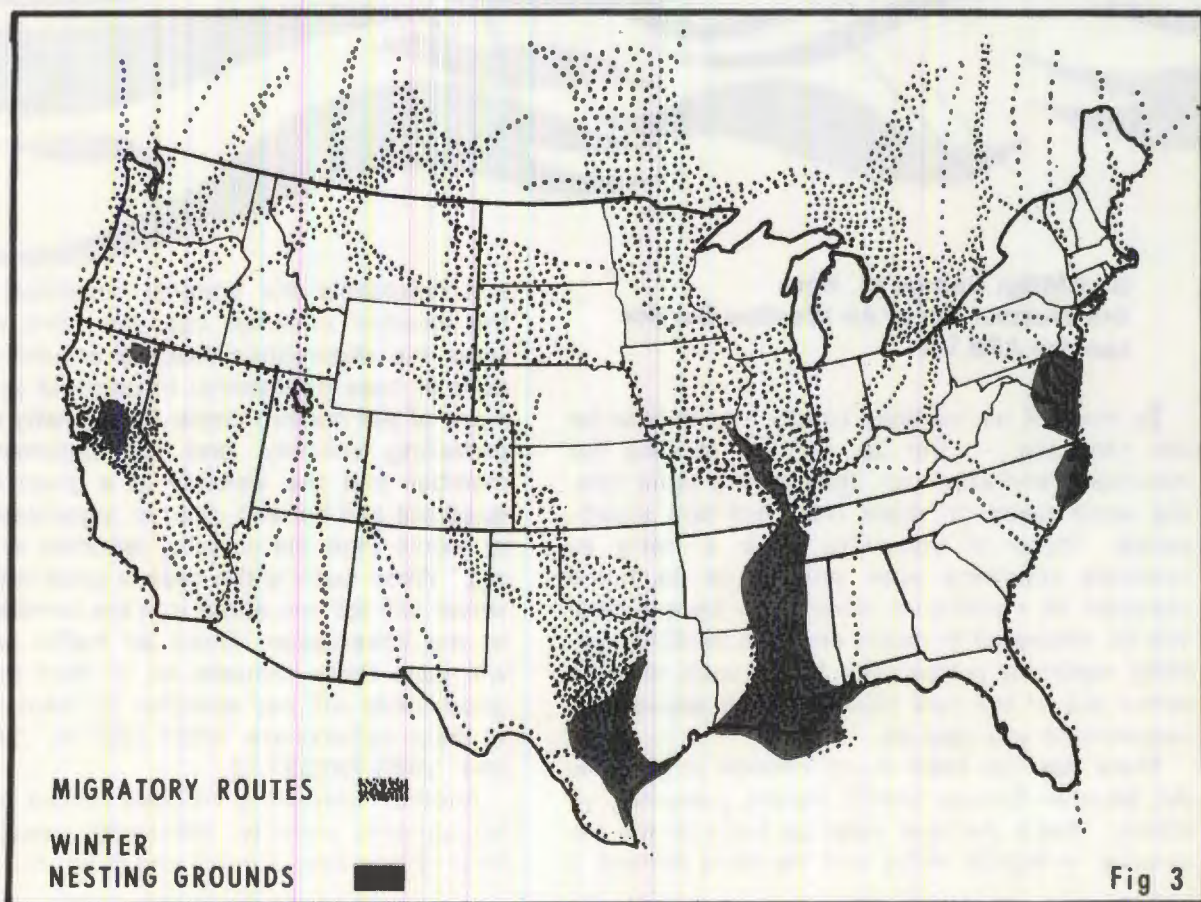
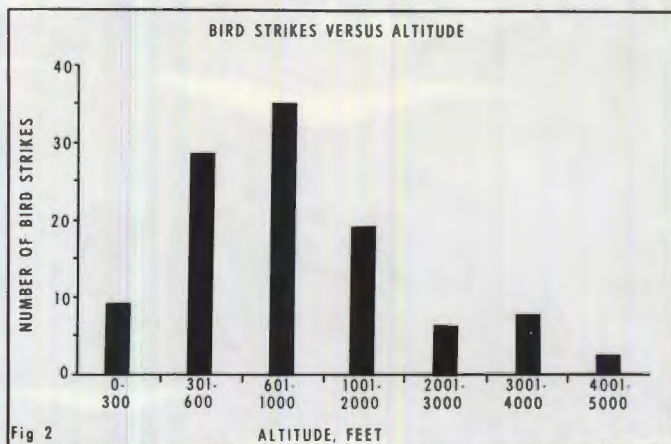
LAPWING ATTACKS AARDVARK

While performing postflight inspection of the F-111 at an overseas base, the maintenance personnel noticed a bent air conditioning cooling turbine inlet and one-inch hole next to the fuselage from a birdstrike. The aircraft had not flown a scheduled low level and range mission due to bad weather and only one approach was flown. The aircrew stated that they had not seen any birds and they were unaware that a strike had occurred.

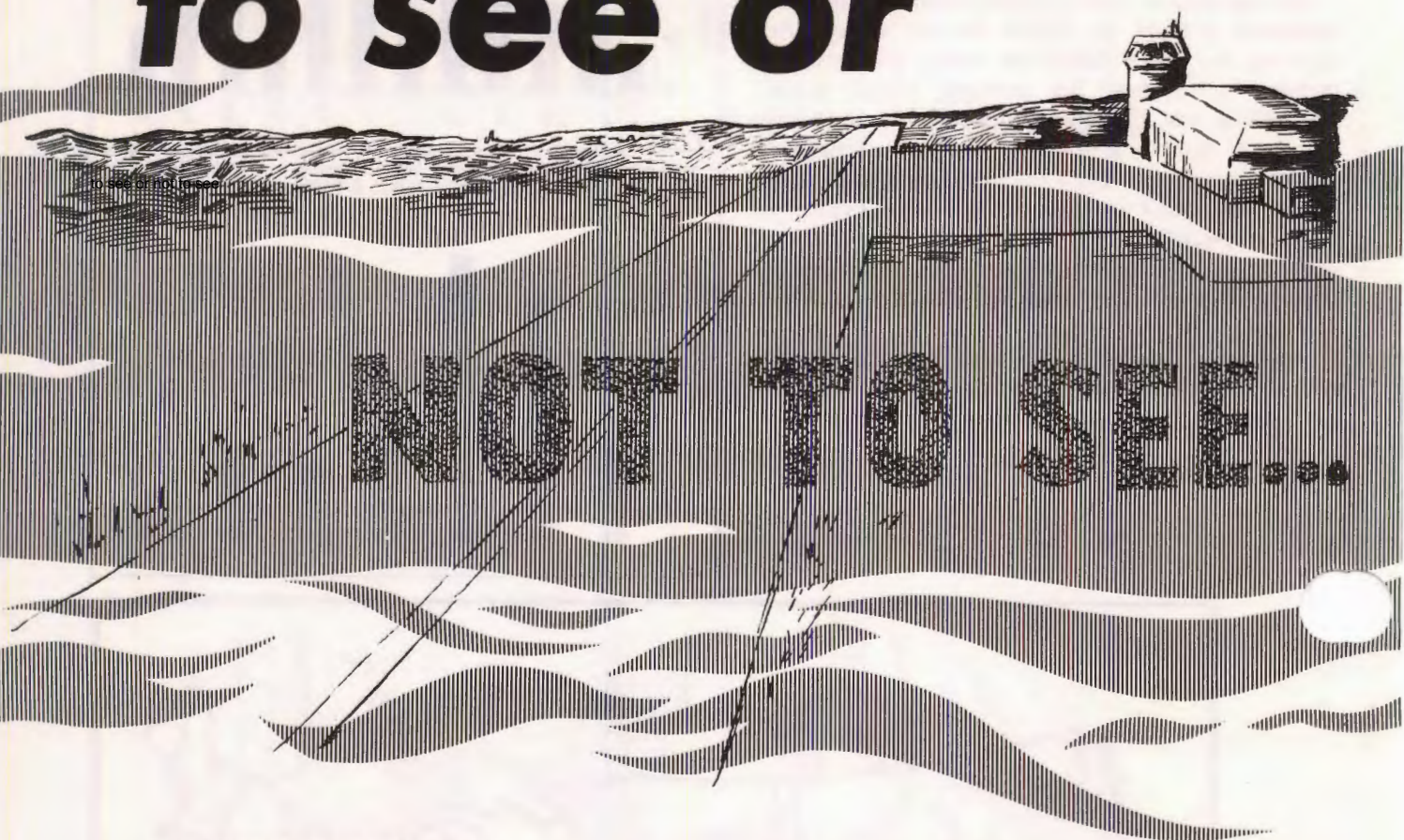
This base has had problems with large numbers of lapwings (crested plovers) roosting on airfield. Bird control personnel have increa-

number of patrols to disperse the flocks, but this type of measure will only produce temporary results. In order to reduce the bird population of an area, the bird's food source must be removed or considerably reduced, and this is not always possible.

We are now in the migratory season when our feathered friends go South for the winter. According to USAF birdstrike data, the greatest number of strikes, 35 percent, occur during September and October (Figure 1). You can also see from Figure 2 that the largest number of strikes occur from 600 to 1,000 feet AGL. Even if your base isn't located within the migratory flyways depicted in Figure 3, use extra caution during the fall months. Keep your helmet visors down and if you can, keep the altitude up. Slowing down will also reduce the severity of a strike. If any large concentrations of birds are seen, report them so other pilots can avoid the area. Let's reduce the number of bird strikes this fall.



to see or



By CMSgt George M. Horn
5th Weather Wing/Air Weather Service
Langley AFB VA

To most of us, visibility simply means how far we can see -- but to a pilot looking for minimums and approach lights at the same time, the word takes on more than ordinary significance. Those of you who make a living by routinely returning your aircraft to its home concrete in conditions other than severe clear will be interested in recent changes to USAF visibility reporting procedures. If you want to make sense out of the new USAF weather sequences, recommend you read on.

There has not been much change in the way Air Weather Service (AWS) reports *prevailing* visibility. That's the one right up front in the sequence, in statute miles and fractions thereof. It

still represents the greatest horizontal distance the weather observer can see from where he takes his observation (usually around the front door of base operations) throughout *one-half or more of the horizon circle*. That is why it's called *prevailing* visibility, and it's important to remember that the visibility in a given sector or quadrant can be, and often is, significantly better or worse than the visibility reported as "prevailing." When such is the case, a good weather observer will tell you about it in the remarks section of the observation. Good air traffic controllers will pass those remarks on to their traffic, and good pilots will pay attention to them. Examples of these remarks are "VSBY LWR W," "VSBY S2," and "VSBY NW2S1/2."

Another interesting visibility remark is the one for variable visibility. Whenever prevailing visibility is less than 3 miles and is bouncing up a

down significantly, you'll be tipped off by a remark like "VSBY 1/4V3/4," meaning that the weather observer sees prevailing visibility as varying from 1/4 to 3/4 mile as he takes his observation. Keep this in mind as you make decisions based on the reported prevailing visibility.

Changes have been made to reporting instrumentally derived visibility values. After coordinating with MAJCOMs, Air Weather Service discontinued both runway visibility and 10-minute mean runway visual range. The National Weather Service and the FAA elected to continue with 10-minute mean RVR as well as runway visibility, and the Navy went along with them on the latter. If you're using a facility serviced by any of these agencies, expect to see visibility reported in any of these ways.

At any station where AWS takes the observation, however, you will get only one product: Runway Visual Range, or "RVR." This is a 1-minute mean value, and you'll find it as the first remark in a weather sequence (following the meter) whenever prevailing visibility at the reporting station is 1 mile or less, or the RVR 6,000 feet or less. At air bases with Category I ILS or less, there are two basic ways in which RVR is reported. If minimums for any runway or any letdown are published in feet, RVR will be reported in hundreds of feet, for example: "RVR24." On the other hand, if there are no minimums published in feet, RVR will be reported in statute miles, like this: "RVR1/4."

If you should have the good fortune to pull up at any of several of our more exotic and lavishly equipped jetports, you may encounter an electronic marvel called the Category II ILS, which lets you have a go with a reported RVR of only 1,200 feet, if your aircraft is equipped and if you are qualified for this approach. At places like this, you'll get both "touchdown" and "rollout" RVR, like this: "RVR 24/10," meaning that touchdown RVR is 2,400 feet, while RVR on the departure end is only 1,000.

Note that RVR in the teletype sequence is reported simply as "RVR" and the measure value, in hundreds of feet or miles. When RVR is relayed through a controller, he may include the runway number: e.g., "R09VR24." This is because the weather observer includes runway number (runway 09 in this case) in the RVR code

format when he disseminates his observation locally. At Category II stations, controllers have their own RVR readouts and the weather observer does not include RVR in the locally disseminated observation, except as backup for controller readouts.

All RVR is instrumentally derived -- a pretentious way of saying that the weather observer (or controller) gets it off an electronic device. At airfields so equipped, a readout in the base weather station tells the observer the "transmissivity" of the air between two sensors located at what we hope is a representative location along the edge of the end of the runway. "Transmissivity" (a value expressed as a percentage, with "severely clear" as 100%) is converted to feet or statute miles, as the case may be, and encoded in the weather sequence for your use in decision making. At Category II ILS stations, the readout provides both touchdown and rollout values simultaneously.

For those who have noted significant differences between what is being reported and "what it is really like out there," please remember that all present visibility measuring systems, regardless of sophistication, still measure horizontal, and not slant-range, visibility. We realize that horizontal visibility is more valuable to ship captains and railroad engineers than it is to pilots -- but that is all there is right now. The slide-rule set is working on it. Weathermen would like to see "them" come up with something better just as much as you would.

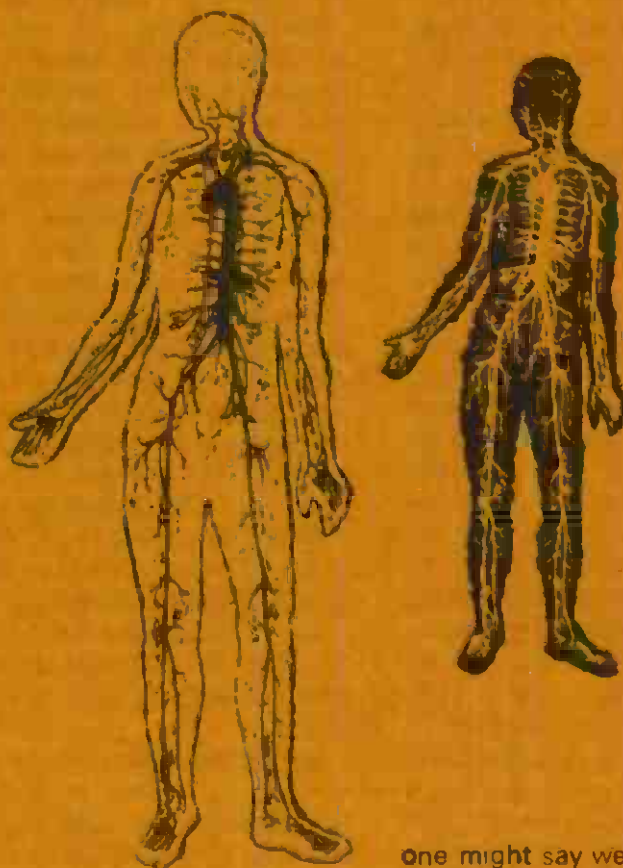
In the meantime, smart pilots (those with the potential for old age) know what reported visibility represents, how it is reported, and how to use it.

By the way, there is one source of slant-range visibility, and that is YOU. You're actually up there, physically sounding the depths of the murk as you slide down the glide path. Tell the weather guys about it. They would be thrilled to get (and pass on to other DH seekers) your ideas on what is really happening out there in the approach zone. Relay through tower, ground, or approach control (or whoever else will listen). Weather will pass the info on as a remark, something like this: "FAP VSBY 1/2." Help out a friend -- pass along a PIREP. ➤

DUTY DUTY DUTY PHYZ-BIZ



by Lt Col Harold Andersen
 HQ TAG Physiological Training Coordinator



CIRCADIAN RHYTHMS

"I've got rhythm, you've got rhythm -- all God's
 chillun got rhythm --!" So goes an old song --
 and it's true, we all do have rhythm. Or perhaps

one might say we all respond to various rhythms.
 We live in a world of dynamic change -- but the
 change is well-ordered, not chaotic. The
 rhythmic (or cyclic) event that is most familiar to
 all of us is the day/night alternation. Both plants
 and animals exhibit definite daily rhythms which
 seem to be tied to a solar day (24 hours) or a
 lunar cycle (24.8) hours, but these are
 synchronized by external cues and if the crea-
 tures (including man) are isolated from the en-

light and darkness, the lack of precision becomes evident. However, the deviation is not usually great -- and the cycles they set up approximate a 24-hour cycle.

CIRCADIAN RHYTHM

"Circadian" is a fairly new word in our language -- it was fabricated from two Latin words: circa -- about, and dies -- a day. So that circadian rhythms would be cyclic phenomena which complete one cycle each day. Not only do animals such as birds, reptiles, cats, fish, man, etc., exhibit circadian rhythms, but by means of time-lapse photography, plant activity has been shown to be of the circadian type, as leaves and flowers open and close, rise and drop over a 24-hour period.

Since we're most interested in men, we might point out that scientific observation has disclosed that many body functions respond to circadian rhythms. Some of these are:

- a. body temperature.
- b. blood pressure.
- c. pulse rate.
- d. respiration rate.
- e. blood sugar level.
- f. hemoglobin level.
- g. amino acid level.
- h. adrenal hormone level.
- i. urine secretion.

The healthy individual gives little external indication of all this internal activity. He exhibits an appearance of equilibrium or stability, but actually the overall effect is to change our capabilities for activity in a cyclic way. Because several of the items on the list above are related to energy production, we find our physical capabilities vary from time to time during the day. That is, we have periods of time where energetic activity is predominant, and man is restless and tense, or other periods where rest is predominant, and man is quiet and relaxed. The overall external appearance may not change much, but we all have recognized in ourselves the fact that we are not really the same from hour to hour during the day. It has been demonstrated that men exhibit differing psychological as well as physiological capabilities during different times of the day. It is interesting to note that there are significant statistical differences in the distribution of disease symptoms and certain other biological phenomena. More pregnant women go into labor

during the night hours than during the daylight hours (which makes it tough on the OB men), coronary attacks also show the same predilection for the night. Deaths from disease (and other causes) are not evenly distributed throughout the 24-hour period, as we might expect, and it has been noted that the symptoms of diseases, such as the pain of glaucoma (an eye disease wherein the internal pressure is abnormally high) or the symptoms of allergies or asthma seem to occur in other than random fashion. (Probably one or two of you have noticed that when your "house apes" come down with a cold, they rarely cough during the day -- always at night!)

"Night people" are those whose biological clock is not "in sync" with local clock time. They prefer to work at night -- their energy production is about 180 degrees out of phase with that of the "day people," so they are at their best when the rest of us are ready to collapse, and vice versa. When we check blood chemical levels, one can see that levels of blood sugar, body temperature and several others, are indeed 180 degrees from the "normal" (e.g., their temperature is rising when the "day people's" are falling, and vice versa).

We learn to synchronize our activities to coincide with the ebb and flow of our energies. We come to prefer to work at a certain time of day, and rest at others. To some extent, we learn to modify our activities so that we manage to get the job done when the boss says it should be done (e.g., 9 to 5, or whatever).

Problems can be generated if we take a "day person" and suddenly force him to become a "night person" -- this is readily understandable. Perhaps it is less easy to understand the problems which greet the international traveler who passes through numerous time zones on his way to his destination. We cannot, like an alarm clock, adjust ourselves instantly to the new time. It may take as long as two weeks for adjustments to occur which synchronize the man's internal workings with his new time zone. Traveling through a 12-hour differential will pose problems -- It may be 3 PM local time and he may be required to be very active both physically and mentally, but this is difficult because his internal clock says, "3-AM"; at 8 PM he's trying to force a cocktail into his 8 AM body, etc.

Next issue, we'll look further into circadian rhythms and look at some other aspects of rhythms as they may affect us and our performance.

CHOCK TALK

chock talk ..incidents and incidentals

..incidents and incidentals

"THE SKY IS FALLING"

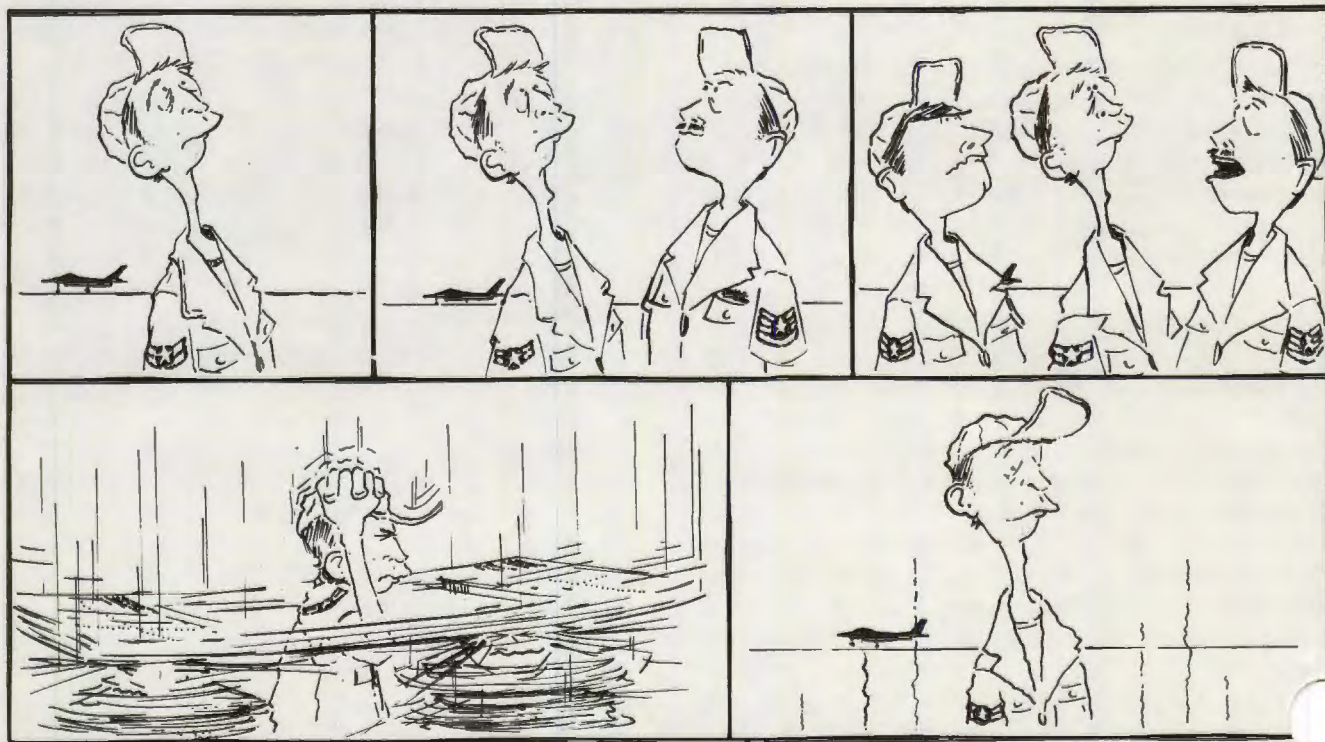
A man walking in the base housing area stopped to watch a flight of two Fox 4s pass overhead following their turn to downwind. After the second F-4 had passed, he continued walking for approximately 10 to 15 seconds when he heard a loud noise to his left. He immediately looked and saw a marmon clamp just as it landed on the pavement after striking an auto. The witness suspected it had fallen from one of the F-4s and notified the ops center.

Guess what? Neither of the two aircraft that had passed overhead had a missing clamp. Record checks revealed that both aircraft had recent maintenance during which these clamps (which hold a 4-inch fuel line to the manifold and are accessible through the aux air doors) had been replaced.

Needless to say, it is normal procedure to dispose of old clamps after removal.

Cause of incident was listed as undertermined. But based on the preponderance of evidence, the cause was most likely human error in that a person inadvertently left the clamp in the engine bay area of one of the F-4s. When the gear was lowered and the aux air door opened, the clamp fell from the aircraft.

Chicken Licken' ran around saying "the sky is falling," but no one got hurt in that fairy tale. Dropped objects can and have caused injuries and deaths. Tools, parts and other foreign objects left in aircraft have also caused aircraft accidents. Everything from allen wrenches to large voltmeters have been found in aircraft after maintenance was performed. After you finish a job, do a FOD/tool inventory. It may prevent an accident. Besides, that is the professional way.



with a maintenance slant.

RUNAWAY POWER CART

When the crew chief was removing a Dash-60 power cart from the aircraft shelter to allow the aircraft to taxi out, she put it in the wrong gear. Before she could stop it, the cart struck the right wing external fuel tank of a Phantom, punched a hole approximately one inch in diameter in the nose cone of the tank, and fuel came pouring out. The aircrew called a fire truck, shut down engines and exited the shelter -- posthaste.

The cause? Not following established procedures. AFR 127-101, Chapter 8, covers the use of ground power equipment. "Self-propelled power units will not be moved under their own power within 15 feet of an aircraft." You may also be interested to know that ground power equipment will not be placed closer to an aircraft than the fully extended cable will allow -- which is 30 feet minimum. Check your flight line to see if the folks using AGE equipment are complying with the regs. It could prevent an accident and save the Air Force a bunch of bucks.

OH NO, NOT AGAIN

by **CAPT GRAVENHORST**
TAC/LGMF

It's the same old rodeo, just a couple of different riders. This time the "bull bucked" and an F-105 aft section hit the dirt. The aft section was removed at the trim pad and was being towed to the phase hangar for storage. Unfortunately, it was being towed on an unapproved route, the perimeter road. The vertical stabilizer contacted a communications support cable and the aft section shifted (it was not properly secured to the dolly). Contact with the ground resulted in damages to the horizontal stabilizer amounting to \$834.00. Failure to follow established directives caused valuable Air Force resources to be wasted and a couple of troops to hit the "horn".

IT HAPPENED ?? AGAIN

by **TSGT WHITING**
TAC/SEG

A six-passenger Air Force motor vehicle was parked six feet from an F-111A. A down-load operation using an MJ-1 bomb lift was in progress. Because of the close proximity of the six-pax to the aircraft, the MJ-1 operator maneuvered under the aircraft nose and scraped the radome with the raised lift table, causing \$1,800.00 damage. The MJ-1 was in good mechanical condition, the operator trained and qualified. This accident occurred because of disregard for regulations: (1) The six-pax was parked too close to the aircraft. (2) The MJ-1 operator was inattentive (3) the supervisor should have stopped the entire operation when he observed the improperly parked six-pax.

Regulations were made to prevent this type of occurrence. Use them and watch the Safety Officer and your supervisor smile.

THE GREAT SURVIVAL KIT BOOM -- CONTINUES

An OV-10 crew chief was assigned by his section supervisor to replace the parachute riser bungee cord restraints. When he attempted to move the survival kit from the seat to facilitate replacement of the bungee cord restraints, the actuating lanyard was pulled, firing the piston motor.

Why did the piston motor fire? Right -- the mode selector was in the auto position and the auto actuating lanyard was attached to the seat bucket. And just like we told ya' in our July article on the "Great Survival Kit Boom," if "... the lanyard is pulled, the kit will actuate ..." when the mode selector is in auto "whether the kit is in or out of the seat."

But that's not the whole problem. The crew chief was not qualified to perform egress system maintenance. Not only was he unqualified, but he did not have any Tech Data.

This incident should not have happened. The real cause was that the supervisor assigned a nonqualified person to do the job. That should have raised some questions concerning the supervisor's qualifications.

Wouldn't it be easier, quicker -- and safer -- to do it right the first time? Let's get with it, gang, before someone gets hurt.

THE OLD



"This ain't a very expensive gun," the Old Man said. "It's not a handmade gun, and it hasn't got any fancy engraving on it. But it'll shoot where you hold her, and if you hold her true she'll kill what you're aiming at. Some day when you go to work and get rich, you can take a trip to England and buy yourself a pair of matched doubles, or you can get a special job built in this country with a lot of gold bird dogs on it. But for you to learn to shoot with, this is all the gun you need right now."

It was maybe the most beautiful gun a boy ever had, especially if he was only eight years old at the time and the Old Man had decided he could be trusted with a dangerous fire-arm. A little 20-gauge, it was only a twenty-dollar gun, but twenty dollars was a lot of money in those days and you could buy an awful lot with it.

The Old Man stuffed his pipe and stuck it under his mustache, and sort of cocked his big stick-out ears at me, like a setter dog looking at a

rabbit he ain't supposed to recognize socially.

"In a minute," he said, "I aim to whistle up the dogs and let you use this thing the best way you can. But before we go out to the woods I want to tell you one thing: you have got my reputation in your hands right now. Your mother thinks I'm a damned old idiot to give a shirt-tail boy a gun that is just about as tall as the boy is. I told her I'd be personally responsible for you and the gun and the way you use it. I told her that any time a boy is ready to learn about guns is the time he's ready, no matter how young he is, and you can't start too young to learn how to be careful. What you got in your hands is a dangerous weapon. It can kill you, or kill me, or kill a dog. You always got to remember that when the gun is loaded it makes a potential killer out of the man that's handling it. Don't you ever forget it."

I said I wouldn't forget it. I never did forget it.

The Old Man put on his hat and whistled for Frank and Sandy. We walked out back of t

MAN AND THE BOY

by Robert Ruark

house where the tame covey was. It was a nice November day, with the sun warm and the breeze not too stiff, and still some gold and red left in the leaves. We came to a fence, a low barbed-wire fence, and I climbed it, holding the gun high up with one hand and gripping the fence post with the other. I was halfway over when the barbed wire sort of caught in the crotch of my pants and the Old Man hollered.

"Whoa!" the Old Man said. "now, ain't you a silly sight, stuck on a bob-wire fence with a gun waving around in the breeze and one foot in the air and the other foot on a piece of limber wire?"

"I guess I am, at that," I said.

"I'm going to be pretty naggy at you for a while," the Old Man said. "When you do it again, I'm going to call you. I know you haven't loaded the gun yet, and that no matter what happens nobody is going to get shot because you decide to climb a fence with a gun in your hand. But if you make a habit out of it, some day you'll climb one with the loads in the gun and your foot'll slip and the trigger'll catch in the bob-wire and the gun'll go off and shoot you or me or somebody else, and then it'll be too late to be sorry.

"There's a lot of fences around woods and fields," he said. "You'll be crossing fences for the rest of your life. You might as well start now to do it right. When you climb a fence, you lay the gun on the ground, under the fence, with the safety on, ten foot away from where you intend to cross the fence. You got the muzzle sticking in the opposite direction from where you're going. After you've crossed the fence you go back and pick up the gun, and look at it to see if the safety is still on. You make a habit of this, too. It don't cost nothing to look once in a while and see if the safety's on."

We walked on for a spell until we hit the corner of the cornfield. Old Sandy, the lemon-white setter, was sailing around with his wings in the air, taking the outside edge, and

Frank, who was pretty old and slow, was making some serious game with his nose on the ground. In a minute Sandy got a message and went off at a dead gallop. He pulled up in full strike and froze by a clump of gallberry bushes. Frank picked up a little speed on the trail and headed up to Sandy. He raised his head once and saw Sandy on the point and stood him stiff and pretty. Maybe you've seen prettier pictures. I haven't.

"Can I really shoot it now?" I said.

"Load her up," the Old Man said. "Then walk in, and when the birds get up pick out one and shoot him."

I loaded and walked up to the dogs and slipped off the safety catch. It made a little click that you could hardly hear. But the Old Man heard it.

"Whoa," he said. "Give me the gun."

I was mystified and my feelings were hurt, because it was my gun. The old Man had given it to me, and now he was taking it away from me. He switched his pipe to the outboard corner of his mustache and walked in behind the dogs. He wasn't looking at the ground where the birds were. He was looking straight ahead of him, with the gun held across his body at a 45-degree angle. The birds got up, and the Old Man jumped the gun up. As it came up his thumb flicked the safety off and the gun came smooth up under his chin and he seemed to fire the second it got there. About twenty-five yards out a bird dropped in a shower of feathers.

"Fetch," the Old Man said, unloading the other shell.

"Why'd you take the gun away from me?" I yelled. I was mad as a wet hen. "Dammit, it's my gun. It ain't your gun."

"You ain't old enough to cuss yet," the Old Man said. "Cussing is a prerogative for adults. You got to earn the right to cuss, like you got to earn the right to do most things. Cussing is for emphasis. When every other word is a swear word it just gets to be dull and don't mean

the old man and the boy

anything any more. I'll tell you why I took the gun away from you. You'll never forget it, will you?"

"You bet I won't forget it," I said, still mad and about to cry.

"I told you I was going to nag you some, if only to satisfy your mother. This is part of the course. You'll never walk into a covey of birds or anything else any more without remembering the day I took your new gun away from you."

"I don't even know why you took it," I said. "What'd I do wrong then?"

"Safety catch," he said. "No reason in the world for a man to go blundering around with the catch off his gun. You don't know the birds are going to get up where the dog says they are. Maybe they're running on you. So the dog breaks point and you stumble along behind him and fall in a hole or trip over a rock and the gun goes off -- blooey."

"You got to take it off some time if you're planning to shoot something," I said.

"Habit is a wonderful thing," the Old Man said. "It's just as easy to form good ones as it is to make bad ones. Once they're made, they stick. There's no earthly use of slipping the safety off a gun until you're figuring to shoot it. There's plenty of time to slip it off while she's coming to your shoulder after the birds are up. Shooting a shotgun is all reflexes, anyhow."

"The way you shoot it is simply this: You carry her across your body, pointing away from the man you're shooting with. You look straight ahead. When the birds get up, you look at a bird. Then your reflexes work. The gun comes up under your eye, and while it's coming up your thumb slips the safety and your finger goes to the trigger, and when your eye's on the bird and your finger's on the trigger the gun just goes off and the bird drops. It is every bit as simple as that if you start at it right. Try it a few times and snap her dry at a pine cone or something."

I threw the gun up and snapped. The gun went off with a horrid roar and scared me so bad I

dropped it on the ground.

"Uh huh," the Old Man said sarcastically. "thought you might have enough savvy to check the breech and see if she was loaded before you dry-fired her. If you had, you'd have seen that I slipped that shell back when you weren't looking. You mighta shot me or one of the dogs, just taking things for granted."

That ended the first lesson. I'm a lot older now, of course, but I never forgot the Old Man taking the gun away and then palming that shell and slipping it back in the gun to teach me caution.



All the words in the world wouldn't have equaled the object lesson he taught me just by those two or three things. And he said another thing as we went back to the house: "The older you get, the carefuller you'll be. When you're as old as I am, you'll be so scared of a fire-arm that every young man you know will call you a damned old maid. But damned old maids don't shoot the heads off their friends in duck blinds or fire blind into a bush where a deer walked in and then go pick up their best buddy with a hole in his chest."

We went back to the house and up to the Old Man's room. He stirred up the fire and reached into a closet and brought out a bottle of old corn liquor. He poured himself half a glassful and sipped at it. He smacked his lips.

"Long as we're on the subject," he said, "when you get bigger, I suppose you'll start to sm and drink this stuff. Most people do. You n

Remember that nobody ever got hurt with a gun. He saved his drinking for the fireside after the day's hunt was over, with guns cleaned and in a rack or in a case. I notice you ain't broken your gun yet, let alone clean it, and it's standing in a corner for a child to get ahold of or a dog to knock over. I suggest you clean her now. That way you know there aren't any shells left in her. That way she don't rust. And since you have to break her to clean her, you might as well put her in her case."

Maybe you think the Old Man was cranky, because I did then, but I don't any more. I've seen just about everything happen with a gun. One fellow I know used to stand like Dan'l Boone with his hands crossed on the muzzle of his shotgun, and one day something mysterious happened and the gun went off and now he hasn't got any hands any more, which makes it inconvenient for him.

I've seen drunks messing with "unloaded" guns and the guns go off in the house, sobering everybody up. An automatic went crazy on me in a duck blind one day and fired every shot in its magazine. Habit had the gun pointed away from another fellow, or I'd of shot his head off with a . . . that was leaping like a crazy fire hose. I saw a man shoot his foot nearly off with a rifle he thought he'd ejected all the cartridges out of. I saw another man on a deer hunt fire into a bush a buck went into and make a widow out of his best friend's wife.

The Old Man nagged at me and hacked at me for about three years. One time I forgot and climbed a fence with a loaded gun, and he took a stick to me.

"You ain't too big to be beat," he said, "if you ain't adult enough to remember what I told you about guns and fences. This'll hurt your feelings, even if it don't hurt your pride."

When I was eleven, the Old Man stole my little 20-gauge from me. He grinned sort of evilly and announced that he was an Indian giver in the best and strongest sense. I was puzzled, but not very, because the Old Man was a curious cuss and a kind of devious mover. I went back to my bedroom later, and on the bed was a 16-gauge double with a leather case that had my name on it. There were engravings of quail and dogs in silver on the sides and my name on the silver butt plate.

The Old Man was taking a drink for his nervous . . . each when I busted into his room with the

TAC ATTACK



new gun clutched in my hands. He grinned over the glass.

"That there's your graduation present," he said. "It's been three years since we started this business, and you ain't shot me, you, or the dogs. I figure it's safe to turn you loose now. But I'll take that one away from you if you get too big for your britches and start waving it around careless."

I'm big enough to cuss now, and I've seen a lot of silly damned fools misusing guns and scaring the daylight out of careful people. But they never had the Old Man for a tutor. Some people ain't as lucky as other people. ➤

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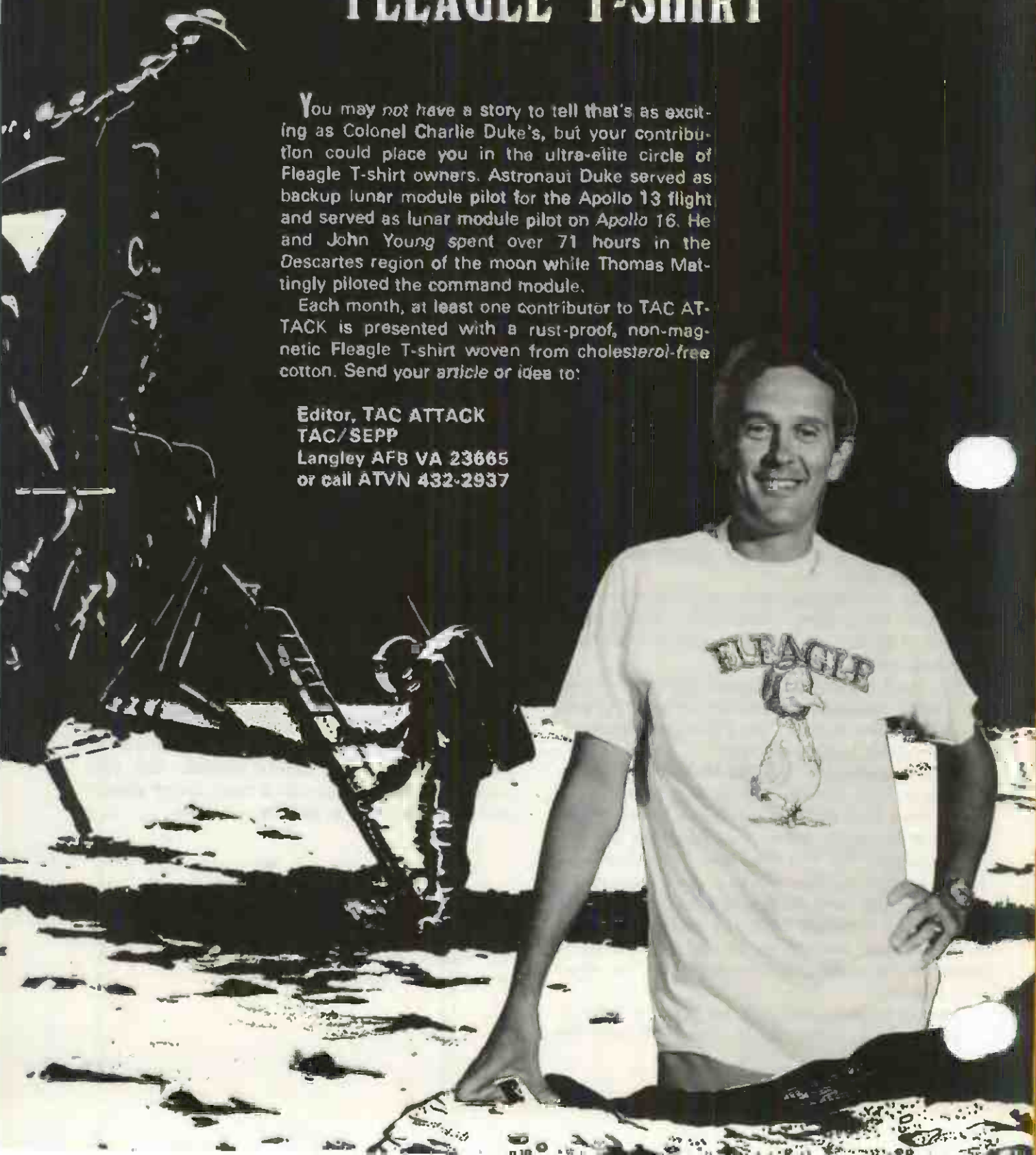
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"I dreamed I walked on the moon in my FLEAGLE T-SHIRT"

You may not have a story to tell that's as exciting as Colonel Charlie Duke's, but your contribution could place you in the ultra-elite circle of Fleagle T-shirt owners. Astronaut Duke served as backup lunar module pilot for the Apollo 13 flight and served as lunar module pilot on Apollo 16. He and John Young spent over 71 hours in the Descartes region of the moon while Thomas Mattingly piloted the command module.

Each month, at least one contributor to TAC ATTACK is presented with a rust-proof, non-magnetic Fleagle T-shirt woven from cholesterol-free cotton. Send your article or idea to:

Editor, TAC ATTACK
TAC/SEPP
Langley AFB VA 23665
or call ATVN 432-2937



TACTICAL AIR COMMAND

AIRCREWMAN of DISTINCTION



Captain Ross L. Simmons
16th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron
363d Tactical Reconnaissance Wing
Shaw Air Force Base South Carolina




The mission was an RF-4C ACM training mission for a student pilot with Captain Simmons, an instructor pilot, in the rear cockpit. The incident aircraft was the defending aircraft. All phases of the mission were normal until disengaging from the last attack/defensive maneuver. The student had attained an unloaded, nose-low attitude (approximately 40 degrees below the horizon) with 80-90 degrees of bank. At the disengage call, the student terminated afterburners, rolled to a wings-level attitude, and established 4Gs to climb and reduced airspeed. Immediately, the aircraft began to oscillate in pitch without control inputs. Captain Simmons noted the G-meter fluctuate from 4Gs to 6Gs to 4Gs, then a rapid increase in Gs which pinned both pilots forward with their heads against the instrument panel, face down. With only the knowledge that the disengage maneuver was started at 15,000 feet AGL, and that the aircraft was in a nose-low attitude when he was pinned forward, the student called for an ejection when the aircraft would not respond and remained in a high-G maneuver. Captain Simmons immediately responded, "Negative, negative, I have the aircraft" in

response to the call for ejection. Although Captain Simmons could not get his hands to the controls in this high-G maneuver, he had been able to rotate his head enough to see the attitude indicator. It indicated the aircraft to be in a nose-high attitude. Captain Simmons realized that the high-G loading would subside as the airspeed decreased and that ejection, if necessary, would be more favorable after the high-G loading subsided. As the high-G loading decreased, the aircraft began to respond to control inputs and the aircraft was returned to base without further incident. The G-meters were pegged at 10-plus Gs.

The professionalism and outstanding airmanship of Captain Simmons saved a valuable aircraft and averted serious injury or possible loss of life. This high level of performance readily qualifies Captain Simmons for the TAC Aircrewman of Distinction Award.



Editors Note: A formal investigation revealed a massive air leak between the bellows probe and stabilator feel-trim system which caused the aircraft handling problems.



FLEAGLE'S VACATION...

or how to get a buzz on

By Capt Marty Steere and
Stan Hardison, TAC/SEPP

The sun began to rise through the early morning mist of Pea Island. Soon the ground fog would burn off and another beautiful Indian Summer day would begin. And what a day this would be. A feeling of excitement was in the air because today Fleagle would be returning to his old nesting grounds for a well deserved vacation after a long tour of public appearances -- spreading the safety message.

Fleag's Mom, a common loon, and Dad, a ruddy duck, rose early to prepare for the big event. Mom was hoping Mr. Macaw had all the decorations put up in his cocktail lounge.

"Dad, do you think Fulmar will be able to get home from college?"

"I don't know, Mother. You know weird Fulmar. He's always so far out they should

give him astronaut wings. I hope he doesn't bring that fool guitar if he does come. Last time he was home he nearly electrocuted himself trying to play it in the shower. But if he is out of money, he'll be here!"

"Oh Dad, Fulmar is a good boy. He'll turn out all right. Anyone with nine years of college must be smart!"

A few nests away, Doris was trying to decide which outfit to wear. She hadn't seen Fleagle for some time. "Even if he is a clown," she thought, "he does mean well. I hope he hasn't fallen for some 'spring chicken' on his tour. Maybe I'll bake a special dessert for him. I know, 'Clams Jubilee' -- flambe', of course! By 10 o'clock, the Pea Island airpatch was buzzing. The whole Island had turned out. Walter Widgeon, the Island's lifeguard, had closed the beaches 'til after the party at Macaw's. The Pea Island High cheerleaders were there. Mr. Macaw had the band lined up beside the

runway -- he was playing lead tuba, and Mr. Talon had the crash equipment in place -- just in case.

"Pea Island mobile," squawk box crackled, "this is Fleagle. I'm 15 miles out at Angels eight. If the pattern is clear, I'd like to make a low pass before I land."

"OK, Fleagle -- but, please be careful, and remember the minimum altitudes."

Fleagle swooped down, building up speed. "This is really going to be great," he thought. Leveling off lower than a penguin's instep, Fleagle put on his best grin and flashed by the mobile unit going Warp 12 -- so fast it made mobile spin around and turned the wind sock inside out. Unfortunately, the world's greatest aviator wasn't watching where he was going and he flew into Macaw's tuba!

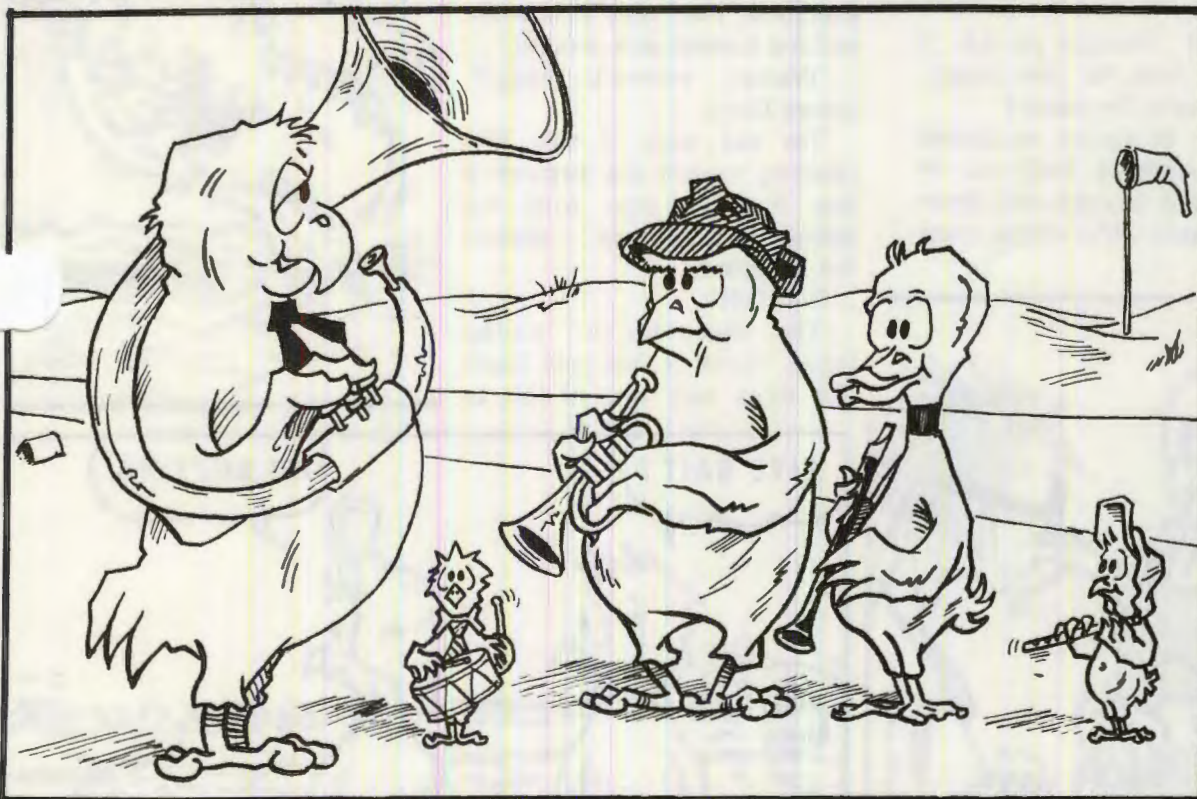
After extracting the slightly ruffled hero from the tuba, the townsfolk ushered Fleagle Macaw's Cocktail Lounge



© Stan Hardison, 1975



HARDISON



the feast. The place was packed and Fleagle was at his finest with one wing wrapped around the radiant Doris and the other wrapped tightly around a Seagull 7 and water.

"Hey -- what's happ'n'ing? Get the music going and let's 't bumpin!"

everyone turned to see who

had just entered.

"Fulmar!" cried Fleagle's Mom.

"Fulmar!" sighed Fleagle's Dad.

Yes, Fulmar had arrived with his guitar, amp and a large stack of "heavy" rock and roll albums. He sauntered up to his Father and asked for some

"bread."

The meal was fantastic. Macaw had outdone himself.

"Fleagle, dear," cooed Doris, here's a little surprise for your dessert -- 'Clams Jubilee flambe'! And I made it myself, just for you.

"Gee, Doris, thanks -- you really shouldn't have," replied

FLEAGLE'S VACATION

Fleag. He immediately had visions of a stomach pump and a stay in the Pea Island Hospital.

As usual, Fulmar was telling everyone what a great flyer he was. He had just completed a summer couse at college on high speed bat turns and low level terrain following. Fleagle was fuming. Everyone was moving away to listen to that hippie brother of his. He got so upset, he forgot to put the fire out in his Clams Jubilee before he ate it . . .

"Quick!" Fleagle yelled. "I think it's time for the beach. Which way to the water?"

Walter Widgeon escorted our smouldering hero out of the cocktail lounge and down to the beach. The whole town

followed. Doris quickly went to the nearest beach house and changed to her best bikini. Walter Widgeon was perched on his lifeguard stand. Fulmar was lounging on the beach, radio blaring, picking his guitar. Even Fleagle's Dad was there, showing everyone how to dig clams. Fleagle was still wondering about his brother's remarks.

"I'll show him," Fleagle thought. "I'll put on a little low altitude TFR and acro show for everyone. Then they'll know I'm still the hottest jock around."

"Walter, where's Fleag?" cooed Doris.

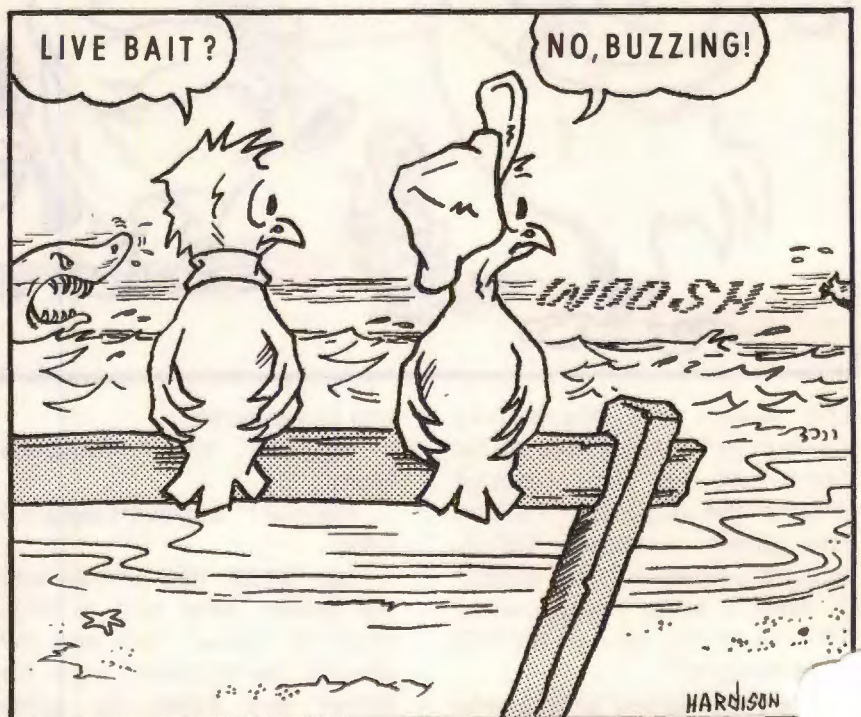
"I'm not sure. I saw him heading toward the airpatch a few minutes ago with his helmet and goggles," replied the lifeguard.

SWOOSH!

"Oh, there he is," called Doris. "Look at that roll! Don't you think he's kind of low to

do that over the beach?"

Everyone was gathered to the shore watching Fleagle do his thing. Barely skimming the waves, he flashed by, pulled up into a double underhand bat turn and recovered with a reverse Immelman. Down he went, toward the waves, executing a perfect pullout three inches above the waves. With his famous grin directed at the crowd, Fleagle flashed by --



SPO Corner



A-7D UPDATE

By Capt Marty Steere, HQ TAC/SEF

will attempt to bring you up to date on the problems and corrective actions concerning the TF-41A1 engine.

There are three main areas of concern. Corrective action is in progress for all of these problems. The following is a brief summary:

(1) Problem: Oil consumption. Between 1 Jan - 16 May 75, 11 engines were rejected at base level for excessive oil consumption.

Corrective action: The following actions have been implemented:

a. Oklahoma City ALC has instituted more stringent quality control procedures to insure proper chrome plating of the oil sealing surfaces.

b. Quality control procedures were developed to insure oil wetted parts meet serviceable limits during inspection.

c. The permatex application procedure at oil split line areas was reviewed and found to be satisfactory.

d. A clearance of .025 inches was initiated for the piston ring retainer to insure face float and reduce oil loss.

(2) Problem: Oil contamination. Twenty-three engines were rejected for oil contamination from Jan - 16 May 75.

Corrective action: An engineering study at

Oklahoma City ALC has been implemented to verify the threshold limits of contamination. To date, engines rejected for oil contamination show no evidence of component part failure.

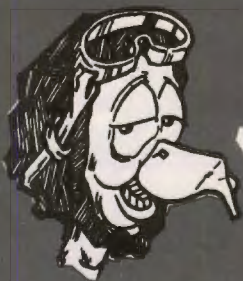
(3) Problem: Failure of HPT-1 turbine vanes with TCTO 2J-TF-41-601 accomplished.

Corrective action: Because of two catastrophic failures of the welded film-cooled HPT-1 turbine vanes, all TF-41 vanes with TCTO 2J-TF-41-601 accomplished have been removed from service. Only standard HPT-1 vanes that have been pinned on the lower platform IAW TCTO 2J-TF-41-598 will be installed. This action should be completed by late this month.

(4) Problem: Failure of HPT-1 turbine vanes with TCTO 2J-TF-41-598 accomplished.

Corrective action: When TCTO 2J-TF-41-598 was being accomplished, it was noted that some of the standard vanes had minor corrosion and cracking. These vanes were repaired and placed back into service. Recently, this type of vane (P/N 688-9422) failed. All engines with vanes that had this part number were restricted from operation by Immediate Action TCTO 1A-7D-794. Engines containing these vanes have been returned to the depot for replacement of the vanes.

Briefly, gang, that's it. The TF-41 is getting a lot of high level attention. I hope this has given you an update on the status of the only cooker you've got. If the engine does give up the ghost, the ejection seat is there to expedite the pilot's safe recovery. It's a good seat and don't hesitate to use it if everything starts to turn brown. If any of you SLUF drivers or maintenance folks have any questions that you can't get the answers to from Wing Safety, give me a call -- AUTOVON 432-7031/2937.



FLEAGLEGRAM

RESPONSES FROM THE FRONT

Dear Fleagle:

In my trials and tribulations of trying to get the TO changed or to get a prescribed method for operating the HF radio in the RF-4, I have completed the following Forms: AF 1000, AFTO 22, AF 847, and a Hazard Report. So far, all have had negative results. The AF 1000 was rejected as it did not fall into the cost reduction program. Hazard Report action is pending processing of the AFTO Form 22. The suggestion is now pending action on the AF Form 847. In my researching of this problem, I came to find that this is a possible hazard to our aircraft flying in close formation using the HF radio around installed EED (electrically exploded devices). At this time, no one can actually say what could happen except for the Item Manager, who thinks that it is possible that a nearby aircraft could possibly discharge another aircraft's EED.

SSgt Donald R. Rodgers
363 AMS
Shaw AFB SC

Dear Sarge:

I've done some research into your problem and found that action is being taken. As a result of the Hazard Report you submitted, an AFTO Form 22 was sent to Ogden ALC. The folks there found that there may be some erroneous data in TO 1-RF4C-2-36 as to the number of feet that the RF-4C radiates HF energy. They have requested that the engineers at Wright Patterson AFB research the problem and come up with the correct data. When this is done, a change to the Tech Order will be issued.

Changes like this take time -- but they are being researched. Hope this has helped ya' out.

Fleag

Dear Fleagle:

Want an eye opener when trying to wake up on Sunday morning after a TDY Saturday night? I was recently TDY and just popped out of bed to shower and shave. At the coincidental moment to coming out of the bathroom, the sky started falling a la chicken licken. First one fluorescent



A bulb (five feet long), then another (after a zero delay) came crashing down right in the middle of my unmade bed. With hundreds of jagged little white pieces of glass on the floor, I gave serious pause to progressing any further in bare feet. I extricated myself from this educational experience and secured another BOQ room. Needless to say, I carefully checked the ceiling light in my new room.

Does your house, club or office have an accident hanging over your head? Check it out.

Capt John W. Kester
121 TFW(ANG)
Rickenbacker AFB Ohio

John, this points out just one more case where the gremlins are out to get you ... even in bed! AFR 127-101, Ground Accident Prevention Handbook, points out ... "if fluorescent lighting fixtures do not contain a tube locking device, they will be provided with shields or clamps to prevent tubes from falling. Recently installed fluorescent fixtures use double locking tubes to preclude tubes falling." A good safety inspection should have caught this discrepancy. Incidentally, the coating used inside fluorescent tubes is hazardous -- handle broken bulbs with extreme care

Fleag

Dear Fleagle:

I have always been amazed at the mountains of paperwork generated by various projects and programs in the Air Force. Everything from Squadron Safety Meeting attendance to technological improvement projects for our most complex weapons systems involves vast amounts of paperwork -- documentation and justification. The "paper god" must be placated -- seemingly at any cost.

For example, in a recent major aircraft accident, the pilot of the aircraft was killed when he was inadvertently ejected from the aircraft. Reason for the malfunction was a known design deficiency of the parachute. Why hadn't the deficiency been corrected? "Management" decided that the design deficiency was not critical enough to require an urgent action TCTO -- it was to be remedied during the normal parachute back cycle. This fatality was caused by human error involved in the design deficiency, but it

was also allowed to happen by the tons of paperwork everyone is faced with.

Flying training is another example. Have you ever appeased the "paper god" by pencil whipping some of your quarterly requirements on the Form 57? Did you ever log a high altitude intercept and a visual ID when you had an air refueling mission? The forms were pure at the end of the reporting period so everything was all right. Or was it?

All of us are guilty. When our work is properly documented and suspenses met, everything seems fine. As time passes, we forget about the people who were killed and aircraft destroyed or damaged as a result of "filling squares." Documentation almost becomes the goal -- the end, instead of the means. We lose track of the real goal or objective -- to accomplish our combat or training mission. Who reads the documentation or learns from our training programs does not seem important -- just as long as it's all down on paper. We become conscious of only the paper -- not of what the paper means.

Paper ideology affects all parts of the military -- and civilian industry as well. Everyone from four star generals to the airmen on the flightline is affected. It is part of our lifestyle. It saps our productivity. We overlook our most significant product -- combat readiness.

One by-product of mission accomplishment and combat readiness is accident prevention -- safety. What is "safety"? It's doing your job and doing it right. It's going out and getting the training you need -- valid training, not penciled-in accomplishments. It's getting that modification out into the field -- right now. It is not generating a mountain of useless paperwork.

Does the vast amount of paperwork you generate contribute to a safe, effective program or project? If the answer is no, you have lost sight of the goal. Review your job, your training programs, and your own goals. If you are just appeasing the "paper god," make a change -- and do it now, before it's too late.

Frustrated Fleaglefan

Dear Frustrated-

Right on. Paperwork, like Tabasco Sauce, is only good if used in small doses. Keep it short. Keep it to the point. Keep it effective ... like the Fleaglegram...

Fleag



There are two sides to every argument, also two views on the causes of egress mishaps. The opinions expressed here are not completely different, for they show a common desire to stop egress mishaps. Each, however, takes a different stand on methods.

EGRESS

SUPERVISORS !

Inflation! Talk about the cost of living going up, you better believe it. Try this on for size. How about a 45% increase in life support/egress mishaps this year? Look at the facts: 12 in the first half of 1974; 22 in 1975. Stated in money terms, we "blew" \$4,159 in 1974 and \$6,062 in the first six months of 1975. That's inflation!

Why the increase? Well, let's lay the facts on the line. There is only one cause and it is the same thing we keep harping on - PEOPLE. Whether you call it ground crew, aircrew, or supervision, it is the same. PEOPLE caused all the egress mishaps this year. But why?

People make errors mainly by lack of knowledge, inadequate training, carelessness, inattention, short cuts, hurrying, not following tech data, and poor or insufficient supervision. The reasons go on and on, but the basic fact remains that PEOPLE cause the mishaps.

When will it end? Will it ever? We have all been taught a few simple rules to follow that have repeatedly been cited, reviewed, discussed and thrown at us again and again. The fact remains that if we comply with these few simple rules, the number of mishaps will be reduced. We would almost guarantee they will decrease or even stop. Take a look at them:

1. People must know what they are supposed to do and be adequately trained to perform the task.
2. Written standards (TOs, Checklists, SOPs) must be prepared, available, and used.
3. People must understand the rules and why they must be followed.
4. Supervisors must monitor all explosives operations and correct mistakes when they occur.

Supervisors determine the effectiveness of any

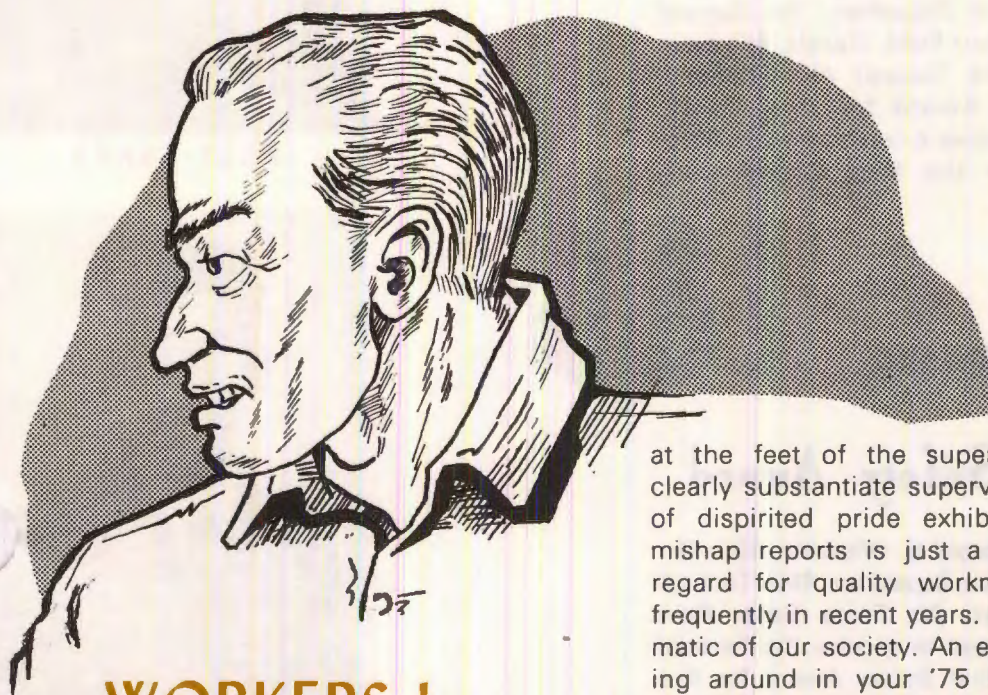


accident prevention program. How true this is! How many of us are actively supervising? How many of us don't like to get out on the line where the action is? Or, don't like to get cold, or wet, or too far from the coffee pot? Hard questions, but if the shoe fits, wear it.

You know, we really can't blame a mishap on the troop who isn't properly trained, motivated, knowledgeable or supervised. It is time to get involved. Join the "WIN" parade and "Whip Inflation Now." All it takes is getting more involved -- doing the job we were taught and trained to do -- following tech data and established procedures, and most importantly, SUPERVISING!

**Authors: MSgt William M. Poe
MSgt George A. Thaggard
9AF/SEW**

MISHAPS are caused by . . .



WORKERS !

My friends from Ninth Air Force made their point -- and it's a good one. My only argument is that it's over-simplified. Sure, people make mistakes, and indeed, it's the supervisor's job to catch these glitches before they end up as an accident or incident. Fine. Practically speaking, however, just how is the supervisor supposed to accomplish the job, push his paperwork (a requirement), and at the same time look over the shoulder of every one of his workers? Realistically, until we can arrange for a 30-hour day, invent a supervisor who doesn't need rest and get our work forces manned 100 percent, we have to depend on the guy with the wrench in his hand. In my opinion, this is where the main problem lies -- noncompliance with tech data . . . complacency . . . but most of all, just plain carelessness.

It's about time we stopped laying all the blame

at the feet of the supervisor unless we can clearly substantiate supervisory factors. The type of dispirited pride exhibited in many egress mishap reports is just a reflection of the low regard for quality workmanship seen all too frequently in recent years. It seems to be symptomatic of our society. An empty coke bottle rattling around in your '75 intermediate two-door sedan (with "opera windows," yet) probably won't cause anything more serious than jangled nerves, but an egress specialist's mistake can kill him (or someone else). That's when it gets to be a very personal thing, since that "someone else" could be you (another egress specialist) or me (a pilot).

Before the wrath of the workers descends on my shoulders, let me first state: (1) Johnny Fumblefingers is in the minority, (2) most of our people are doing a lot of good work and don't get the recognition they deserve.

The cynical expression "screw up and move up" is a frightening concept. We need to put some old-fashioned pride of workmanship back into all jobs, whether that job is driving aerospace vehicles or maintaining the boom-bucket in same . . . and that's up to the "doers" -- not the watchers.

Major Joe A. Tillman
TAC/SEPP

TACTICAL AIR COMMAND



Maintenance Man Safety Award

Master Sergeant Norman J. Evans, 834th Munitions Maintenance Squadron, 1st Special Operations Wing, Hurlburt Field, Florida, has been selected to receive the Tactical Air Command Maintenance Safety Award for this month. Sergeant Evans will receive a certificate and letter of appreciation from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



MSGT EVANS

TACTICAL AIR COMMAND

crew chief safety award



Crew Chief Safety Award

Airman First Class Harold S. Wimbley, 49th Organizational Maintenance Squadron, 49th Tactical Fighter Wing, Holloman Air Force Base, New Mexico, has been selected to receive the Tactical Air Command Crew Chief Safety Award for this month. Airman Wimbley will receive a certificate and letter of appreciation from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



A1C WIMBLEY

TACTICAL AIR COMMAND



Ground Safety Man of the Quarter

Technical Sergeant Samuel A. Pray, Jr., 1st Avionics Maintenance Squadron, 56th Tactical Fighter Wing (formerly 1st Tactical Fighter Wing), MacDill Air Force Base, Florida, has been selected to receive the Tactical Air Command Ground Safety Award for the second quarter 1975. Sergeant Pray will receive a certificate and letter of appreciation from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



TSGT PRAY