

TAC ATTACK

MARCH 1976



SPECIAL
GROUND SAFETY ISSUE



MAR

FOR EFFICIENT TACTICAL AIR POWER

TAC ATTACK



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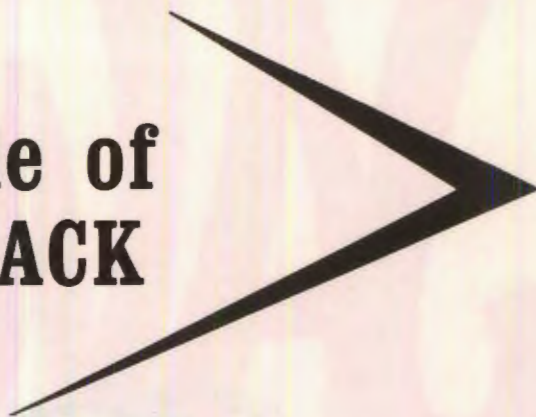
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Angle of ATTACK



A Good Pilot is a Safe Pilot

As the new Chief of Safety, I welcome both the challenge to serve in this capacity and the opportunity to use this page to offer some safety philosophy.

Simply stated, my feeling has always been that the mission must come first - but safely. We fight only as well as we train, and if any considerations require us to face the enemy with one hand tied behind our backs, we are taking a giant step backward.

To carry this one step further, I feel that a good pilot is a safe pilot. My version of a professional - whether pilot, crew chief, radar controller, etc., is a person secure in the knowledge that he knows his job, his capabilities, but most of all, his limitations. Only those who approach their limits - intelligently - know what they can or can't do. They will never realize their limits at cruise power - they must occasionally use full burner. Current training syllabi and regulations permit controlled exploration of these limits. The learning opportunity is there - use it, but don't abuse it.

There is another human element that can prevent people-caused accidents, and that element is pride. If commanders and supervisors

can instill pride in their people, the majority of so-called "inherent" safety problems will solve themselves. Pride, a necessary ingredient in professionalism, cannot be instilled by words on paper. It must be reflected in the daily actions of all TAC people - from Green 16 to wing commander, from assistant crew chief to chief of maintenance.

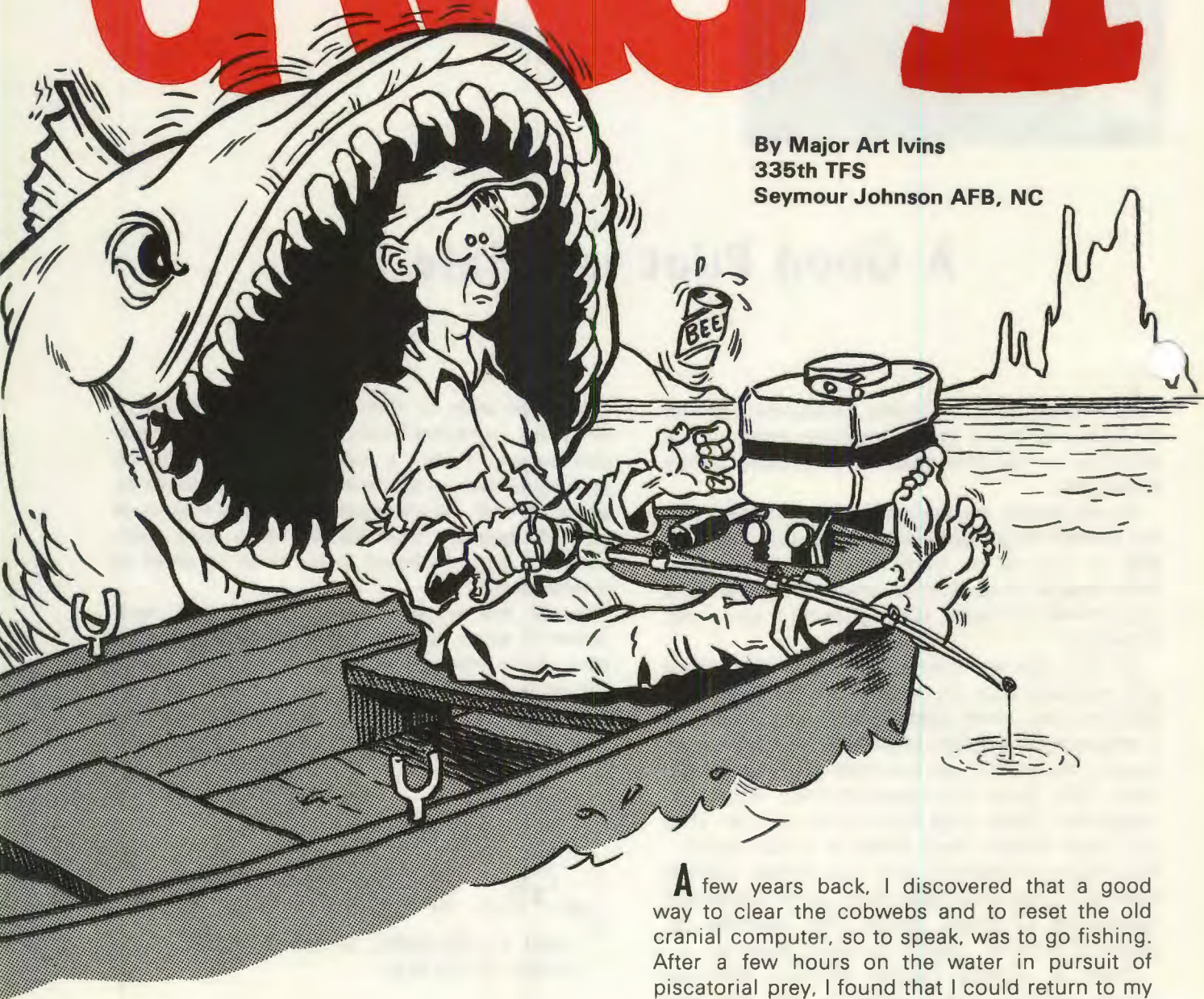
Times are tough, money is tight, and manpower is short, but airplanes are getting better. Now, more than any other time, accidents which rob us of valuable people and machines must be eliminated. Be good. Be proud. Be professional. Stop accidents.



JOHN F. RHEMANN, Colonel, USAF
Chief of Safety

JAWS II

By Major Art Ivins
335th TFS
Seymour Johnson AFB, NC



A few years back, I discovered that a good way to clear the cobwebs and to reset the old cranial computer, so to speak, was to go fishing. After a few hours on the water in pursuit of piscatorial prey, I found that I could return to my desk or cockpit mentally refreshed and eager to take on whatever challenges and daily pressures

the job offered. Problems that seemed "too hard to do" or minor daily crises that had assumed monumental weight on Friday were quite surprisingly and pleasantly reduced to manageable dimensions by Monday morning. Often a fresh perspective, gained as a result of drowning a worm or two over the weekend, provided an added bonus in the discovery of an elusive solution to a thorny problem that had been sapping me of that good old REM¹ nightly. Your comment here might well be, "Sierra Hotel! But what the hell has all this got to do with safety?"

Aside from sharing the obvious fact that fishing makes me feel better and less likely to walk into half-open doors after a few days of pounding papers or pulling the pole in my Phantom, the purpose of this little exercise in wordsmanship is to discourse a tad on some of the kinky little things that can happen to the old "bod" while fishing that can make you want to take up golf (heaven forbid). Now, I have nothing against golfers or "cow pasture pool players" as we called them back on the farm in Indiana. To each his own. As opposed to fishermen, golfers at least know when they start out in the morning that they are going to get a limit of 9 or 18, depending upon their energy. The success of a fisherman is, of course, controlled by more subtle vagaries (wives call them excuses) such as: the water was too high, the water was too low, the wind was blowing, the wind wasn't blowing, the weather was too hot, the weather was too cold, ad infinitum. All are valid factors which precisely determine whether or not "they were biting." I've seen days when you had to grab your tackle box and shinny up the nearest tree to keep from being viciously attacked by hungry bass. Usually, such is not my problem - unfortunately. More often than not, I return to the dock with a few nondescript specimens of the sunfish family (bass fall in that category) and proudly announce to the ever-suffering frau that we're going to feast tonight! Throw out the

1. REM: A neat term that can be used occasionally to dazzle the less knowledgeable. It refers to Rapid Eye Movements; a phase of the sleep cycle occurring near the end when sleep is deepest and rest is most profound. It is considered essential in the long term by most physicians in order for any of us to keep on 'trucking'. It is characterized by a rapid movement of the eyeballs under closed lids.

roast! Everyone knows that it doesn't make good fiscal sense to dine on a six dollar hunk of dead cow when a succulent (but slim) repast of freshwater fish (costing roughly the equivalent of fifty dollars a pound) is in the offing. Pity the golfer! So he gets his limit of 18. How do you cook a "golf"? But, I digress.

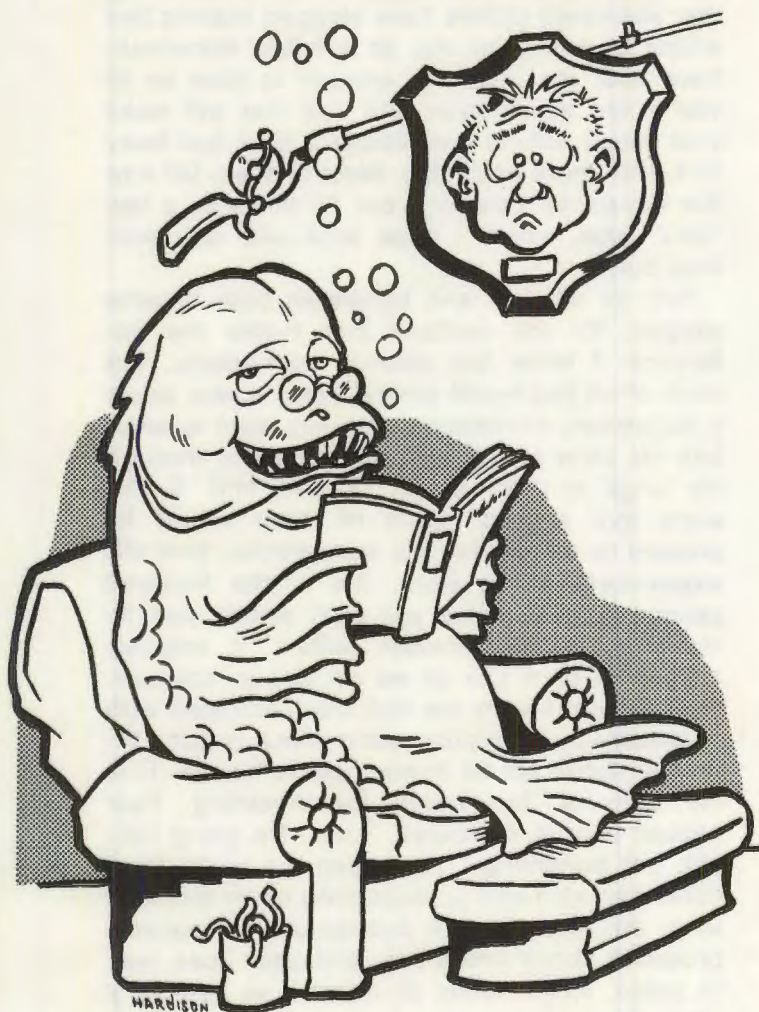
What about safety? Jeez, can't a guy even get off by himself and wet a line without some do-gooder yammering at him about all the ways he can get done-in in the process? Well, my friend (I take the liberty of calling you friend by assuming that alienated golfers have stopped reading this article by now), let me, as a fellow fisherman, have your ear just long enough to pass on to you a few experiences and tips that will make your future fishing expeditions a little less hairy and a lot more enjoyable. Most of them fall into the avoidance category, but I'll throw in a few "do's" also, which I hope stick with you next time out.

First of all, fish and fishermen both breathe oxygen. It's the medium that makes the difference. I know this sounds sophomoric, but each of us has heard several times a year about a fisherman, somewhere, who has tried to emulate his finny quarry and process water through his lungs in order to get O₂ from H₂O. If they were still around, each of them would be pleased to tell us that his spontaneous, scientific experiment didn't work. It's a one hundred percent guarantee that you can't smoke your favorite stogie underwater either. It requires oxygen to burn just as we do to live; however, the problem lies in the fact that combined with hydrogen, oxygen forms water which is just a little too dense for us humanoids to handle. Fine for drinking, but tough for breathing. Your answer here is, of course, "Look, I'm going fishing, not swimming." That's just the point! Most fishermen who end up swimming never intended to in the first place. A sudden dunk, invariably produces shock which can, and often does, lead to panic, which leads to disaster as sure as a "Jelly Worm"² is made of plastic. The potential

2. JELLY WORM: A fruit smelling, commercially marketed, artificial worm used widely by fishermen for catching a variety of fish species (most commonly bass). Not good for human consumption - although sometimes tempting around two in the afternoon after 6 or 7 hours fishing with nothing but a small can of "viennas" to eat.

JAWS II

for a boat drifting ashore sans owner is further increased by the fact that clothes and shoes make for difficult swimming, even if you're good at it. Add cold water, a little breeze to drift the boat away from you, the unexpected shock of being in the fish's element and you're a great potential for Daddy Bass's underwater braggin' wall. What's the solution to this dilemma? It's as



simple as the life jacket around your chest. It used to be that life jackets were cumbersome, unwieldy appurtenances that not only were uncomfortable and hindered normal body movements, but those bulky, bright orange hummers could also be seen a country mile away by the "old head" fishermen you wanted to impress. To wear one was to risk being covertly labeled a

sissy or neophyte. Life jackets were for kids, Sunday boaters, little old ladies in straw hats, and invalids. If that's your secret hang-up about wearing the darn things, relax! Today, life jackets can be readily purchased which are comfortable, slim, and, best of all for us would-be grizzled veterans, don't look like life jackets. Some of them look like and are functional fishing vests. Others incorporate more conventional jacket features such as sleeves, collars, zippers, etc. and are designed to double as light-weight windbreaker jackets. If you think it's sissified to wear one, a nationwide bass fishing organization I belong to (BASS) requires all the "pro" fishermen participating in its big money tournaments to wear a Coast Guard approved vest-type life jacket any time the boat is in motion. I know several of these "pros" and none of them object to this commonsense rule. Many of them voluntarily wear the vests any time they are in a boat. I daresay none of them are sissies and none of them have any hang-ups about their image. Almost all good fishermen frequently enjoy fishing alone, particularly if they intend to sneak up on that secret honey hole³ and bust a few big ones without every poacher in the valley learning his special techniques and fishing the place out before he can get back again. I'm no exception. But when I'm angling for Mother Nature's aquatic creatures solo, with no good buddy to help me out of some very wet situations, you'll never catch me ungarbed, sitting on my trusty life vest. I think too much of my wife's children's daddy to be so foolhardy.

Speaking of fishing with a buddy, it has its advantages and disadvantages. I've already mentioned the obvious advantage aside from enjoying the company of an equally red-eyed friend up since the crack of dawn with you on an outdoor soiree - a helping hand in case of trouble. But what about the disadvantages? The most ominous one is called a treble hook. It is a mean little dude designed for impaling and thus capturing unwitting fish by the mouth. The troublesome thing about a treble hook is that it's indiscriminate. It would be equally as pleased to

3. HONEY HOLE: Bass fishing jargon meaning that last resort spot you can always go to find 'em ganged up and eager to bite when the rest of the "amateurs" are doing nothing more productive than putting under-water mileage on their favorite fishing plug.

Think its diabolically sharp little barbs anywhere in your hide as it would in Mr. Bass! Sit on one and you'll get the big picture immediately! A couple of friends of mine had a painful experience along those lines while fishing a small tournament in Virginia recently. They were fishing from one of those newer boats that have carpeting on the seats. The story goes that Earl, deciding to change lures, untied the one he was using and laid it on the seat whilst he was pondering his next selection from his tackle box. About this time, old Shorty, his partner for the day, hooked a hefty fish and called for Earl to fetch the net. An obliging fellow, Earl netted Shorty's catch and swung it aboard. Shorty, delighted with his five-plus pounder, offered Earl a reward beverage from his cooler for his assistance. From here on, the action became a mixture of tragedy and comedy. Earl accepted the brew and sat down to enjoy it. With perfect aim, he planted his innocent south end smack center on one each bass plug equipped with two sets of eager treble hooks. Two things then happened at the same time. One, a treble hook penetrated Earl's behind. Two, the other hook penetrated and stuck in the carpeting. Up jumped Earl from the initial pain! Down sat Earl from the second stab! To hear Shorty tell it, Earl was an up and down speed-of-heat blur for about ten seconds before he let out a piercing scream a tomcat would have been proud of. Finally, the bottom set of hooks tore out of the carpeting. The next 45 minutes or so were spent

clipping the hooks off the lure so Earl could get his britches off so Shorty could extract the barbs from Earl's moon. A couple of anglers passing by out of earshot at the time the "operation" was taking place could only speculate as to the questionable inclinations of our two buddies. One of whom had no pants on and the other of whom was closely preoccupied with the exposed area. That took some living down. You can guess at some of the dockside comments that evening.

Admittedly, this was an isolated instance. However, beware the side-arm casting buddy. In a small boat, he can be a real menace with his head-level flailings. For this reason, among others, I always wear some kind of hat anytime I'm fishing. A wide brimmed hat of the ten-gallon style is not only functional as a sunshade, but gives excellent protection from hooks whizzing around the head. However, even a baseball type cap will provide a lot better protection than



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none at all. I've got hats that I wear alternatively. One is a cowboy hat. The other a baseball cap. If you ever fish with me, you'll be able to tell at a glance the level of confidence I have in your casting ability. Just check the hat! One more tip: always carry a pair of wire-cutter pliers in your tackle box. You'll need them if the barb of the hook penetrates the skin.

Have you seen the fancy new fishing boats with the high raised seats in them? Believe me, these seats offer the ultimate in fishing comfort. But I can't imagine a poorer place to be sitting while riding at high speed, especially in rough water. Yet I've seen it done on numerous occasions! In some states it is against the law to ride in a seat mounted higher than the gunwale (side) of the boat. It should be illegal in all states! Even if it's not illegal, common sense should eliminate any temptation to ride in such a location. That is, of course, unless you're looking to get the heave-ho and a remodeling job as Black Max⁴ churns you under.

In concluding this article I can think of about five dozen other hazards to be possibly encountered while pursuing the gentlemanly art of angling. They range from sunburn and dehydration to encounters with wasps, bees, snakes and an occasional alligator. With regard to snakes, I have one philosophy. ALL snakes are deadly poisonous! The only thing I ever want in common with snakes is distance! A friend of mine in Alabama felt the same way last year. While he was fishing under a cypress tree a water moccasin dropped in his boat. My startled pal executed that snake perfunctorily with four precisely placed shots from his .38 caliber pistol (kept handy for just such an occasion). A little more forethought might have dissuaded him from the hasty reaction, however. Certainly, it would have precluded the necessity to abandon a sinking ship just when the fishing was getting good. Wasps are a special treat. They are attracted by the scent of beer. Often a wasp will crawl into the opening atop a partially full brew when

4. BLACK MAX: Reference to a popular brand, high rpm, high horsepower outboard motor which will turn gasoline into waves faster than your Ops officer can change the daily flying schedule.



you're not looking. Take a swig of Old Milwaukee with a drunk and disgruntled wasp in it sometime, as I did once, and I guarantee you'll prefer a sharp stick in the eye.

Finally, let me pass a helpful tip along to you that may save you some discomfort from infections and almost certainly will improve your catch. Take a small bar of hand soap with you when you go fishing. Put it in a plastic sandwich bag and carry it in your tackle box. As you fish, wash your hands thoroughly with the soap about every 30 minutes. Hands do take a beating from small cuts, nicks and scrapes during the course of a day's fishing. These minor cuts will not be as likely to become infected from the fish, bait, etc, that you handle if you keep them clean. As a bonus, you will catch more fish because you will eliminate all human odor from your hands. It is particularly repugnant to almost all species of fish in their wild habitat. As a courtesy to your environment, use a bar of biodegradable, non-phosphate soap and you'll not be doing the next guy a disservice by leaving a scummy ring around the lake. See you on the water. Meantime, keep a tight line. ➤

GOT A HFEWS ?

**By Major James M. Fredregill
132d TFW(ANG)
Des Moines, Iowa**

I got mine within a week after we moved into our new house and it paid for itself the first week. Let me tell you about it.

It was a couple of weeks before Christmas. We had most of the boxes unpacked, but a lot of things still needed to be done. We had finished supper and the kids were detailed to KP. They had to hurry because there was a Scout meeting to attend and Mom wanted to go to the store. I went to the basement and began planning my project for the evening. The kitchen crew finished shortly and I heard Mom gathering the kids for departure, so I headed for the garage and took care of the launch. As they pulled away, I closed the door and marveled at how quiet it was ... are kids ever quiet? Well, back to work. I left the garage and was on my way back to the basement when I heard a loud beeping sound. What is that, I thought? It sounds like my HFEWS, but ... it can't be ... better check it out. A few seconds later I stood in the kitchen and had positively identified the beeping as coming from the HFEWS upstairs.

Almost immediately I noted a strange flickering light in the kitchen. Within a second, I found the source ... flames on the electric stove. The kids in their haste had put the electric skillet power cord on top of one of the burners and somehow the burner had been turned on high. I quickly removed the cord, extinguished it, and got it out of the house fast. Have you ever smelled burning electrical insulation? Yuk!



got a hfeWS?

(Hazardous to your health too!)

As I opened the windows to clear the small amount of smoke, I gave thanks for my HFEWS. Without it, I would have certainly had a whole house full of pungent smoke and possibly a major fire. I was lucky, but I had to pat myself on the back a little for spending those few bucks on the Home Fire Early Warning System.

I could stop here, but being a true safety weenie, I had to investigate this accident. I found that pre-accident planning was good. The smoke detector (ionization type) was properly installed at the top of the stairs in the hall outside the bedrooms and a first-aid fire extinguisher was handy in the kitchen. However, as with most accidents, there were personnel errors. Years of experience told me instantly that there was inadequate training and supervision. In this case, the KP's put combustibles on the stove and failed to turn off appropriate appliances prior to leaving the kitchen. This represents inadequate training which, by the way, was not documented. Supervision was inadequate or the above deficiencies would have been caught during the closing inspection. Perhaps the lack of a checklist was also a factor. Obviously, more command emphasis is needed.

Home fires killed 5,200 people in 1974 (National Safety Council statistics). Most of them died because the fire occurred at night when they were asleep and they did not wake up in time to escape. The smoke detector unit is designed primarily to detect a fire very early and awaken sleeping residents in time to escape. Additionally, they may prevent a major fire, as in my case. They are economical. Good units are available at about \$50 and some insurance companies will give a discount on your home owner's policy if you have one installed.

They soon pay for themselves, so get one!

Sleep well tonight ... your HFEWS is awake! ➔

MOTORCYCLES—

no second chance

By Capt George C. Neiss
33d TFW/OI,
Eglin AFB, FL



Staff Sergeant David H. Hudson, 26, teaches a motorcycle safety course for members of the 33d Tactical Fighter Wing, Eglin AFB, Florida. He volunteered for this extra duty. He had to. His conscience wouldn't let him do otherwise. This is his story.

I'm an Alabama boy. Grew up in the small town of Munford, which is near Talladega, where the race track is ... well, you get the idea.

I was 14 when I became hooked on motorcycles. Some friends had a Honda 90. A lot of the guys' folks (unfortunately, mine also) wouldn't let their kids ride motorcycles. Too dangerous, they said. So my riding was done on the sly, on that little Honda 90. Between a bunch of other "fugitives" and me, that bike sure saw a lot of use.

High School graduation provided two big milestones. One, I left home via the local Air Force recruiter, and two, I bought my own cycle.

So there I was. The proud owner of a new Kawasaki 500. One of the first of its kind brought into the country.

God, it felt good on that bike! The soft, powerful vibrations from beneath me seemed to seep through my whole body. Good vibrations! I was

ready for the world and just hoped the world was ready for me. Or at least Texas was ready, for that's where I was headed.

And that's where it happened. In Texas. In Abilene.

I was in a local cycle shop there looking over some accessories. A young dude from the base came in to buy a bike. Man, he was hot to trot. I wondered if I had appeared that eager and excited when I bought my first bike. I guess so. I guess we all were.

The salesman showed the guy every bike in the shop. I waited. I had finished looking over gadgets, but curiosity compelled me to see what decision the dude would make. I edged in closer to try to catch some of the conversation.

"It's really quite simple," the salesman was saying, "to run one of these beauties." "The beauty" was a medium-sized bike not really suited for the novice rider. The conversation continued as the dealer pointed out all the basics of the bike. Basics like the brakes, throttle and clutch. Basics like how to turn!

I listened in disbelief. This guy didn't know anything about motorcycles! He had no right getting on one. I was witnessing a crash course in motorcycling being given in the showroom!

"NO!" I screamed (unfortunately to myself), "you can't put this man on that bike! He knows nothing about it!" Of course, no one answered me. No one heard. So put him on the bike they did.

The accident was within sight of the showroom. The bike was crushed under the rear end of a truck. A short while later, the young driver was in the Abilene morgue. I looked at my watch. Thirty minutes had gone by since the man entered the showroom until the accident. Thirty minutes!

That incident in Abilene struck me right between the eyes. And when the wing here requested volunteers to conduct a motorcycle safety course, I knew I had to do it. Here was an opportunity for me to try to prevent another "Abilene." Was I trying to make up for my inaction back in Texas? Maybe so. But I was doing something now. I was involved.

Those of us selected to teach the course at wing level were sent to Ninth Air Force at Shaw AFB for training. The training program and the instructor there were excellent. Back at Eglin, the Motorcycle Safety Foundation sponsored a workshop on safe riding practices. With these

two sessions under my belt, I set out to establish a wing program.

Our course here is divided into two sessions. The morning session consists of a slide show, movie, and discussion. At this point, many of the guys attending feel that they know it all - that they're being spoon fed. That attitude usually ends fast when the second session starts.

The second session is at Field 4, an abandoned airstrip on the Eglin reservation, and located just a 15-minute drive from the main base. Mr. Dave Lambert of the Eglin base safety office had marked out a very good course on the deserted runway. It provides a rider with things that he really must know. Most cyclists experience little difficulty in getting their bikes to go; but getting them to "whoa" is another matter.

One of the first things we do when we get a guy out there is to determine whether or not he has sufficient coordination necessary to handle a bike. We do this by using two parallel lines, three feet apart, running the length of the runway.

Next, we give them a little more speed to check maneuverability. This conditions them to stay within their lanes in traffic. We also use this opportunity to throw in a few variations.

I have a stuffed dummy that I toss in their path unexpectedly. And I have my "truck" - a large cardboard sheet substituting for the side or rear end of the real thing. The cardboard is pretty banged up now. It takes a lot of "hits" as the cyclists come out of a blind turn too fast to stop when they see this in their path. Of course, they get another chance to do it right. At least, at Field 4, they do. In reality, there would be no second chance.

Right at this point is where we can do our best work with a rank beginner. He's just had a "close call" and that little voice inside his head is telling him, "Hey man, you'd better listen to this guy - he's trying to tell you something."

New riders are the easiest to work with because they start out from scratch without any bad habits. The more "seasoned veterans" have fallen into a routine that is extremely difficult to break. Give me the new rider anytime. By learning right from wrong at the beginning, he'll be able to develop the right frame of mind and end up a good, safe rider.

Most of the people I get out here aren't beginners. The legal age for driving is 16 in many states. And motorcyclists usually start as soon as they can. Add to that the growing popularity of dirt bikes which have no age restrictions imposed on riders and you get a considerable level of experience built up.

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation does fantastic work in this area. They take the 16-year olds and teach them the basics. They can take a kid who has never thrown a leg across a bike and within three days have him talking knowledgeably about all phases of motorcycling. The kid certainly can't perform up to standards



A student gets his "turn." After a few runs, he'll learn to keep those legs in.

yet, but he knows what he should do. And that, "knowing what to do," is where it's at.

After we test for coordination, we move on to a rat maze, standard figure 8, and standard pylon course. As the name implies, the rat maze consists of twisting, turning, very tight turns - about 6-foot diameter curves. The student must do a 180-degree turn within this 6 feet. This exercise tests coordination between throttle, brakes, and clutch. In addition, it sometimes results in a vocabulary that could embarrass a sailor.

At the end of the afternoon, we take the guys who have shown some weakness in specific areas and give them as much time as they want to build up their self-confidence. A 4-foot wide strip with an obstacle in the middle helps them practice evasive maneuvers - slowly at first, then faster, until they become comfortable with the knowledge of how they and their bikes react under stress.

I feel real good about this course. I've seen guys come out here just to fill that square in their records. Later, some of them will walk up to me in disbelief after they've discovered that their abilities are less than they thought.

A guy in one session had a Harley chopper. As a group, we were discussing the importance of the front braking system and how to use it properly. The Harley man was completely underwhelmed. To demonstrate the difference between a bike with both front and rear brakes and one with just rear ones, I asked for a volunteer to ride against me. The Harley man's arm shot up in the air so fast I thought he must have dislocated his shoulder - but I was glad it was he. I used a Kawasaki 100 with both brakes to his single brake Harley. Traveling at 35 mph, I stopped in less than half the distance that it took him. The next day, that fellow was out looking for a front brake.

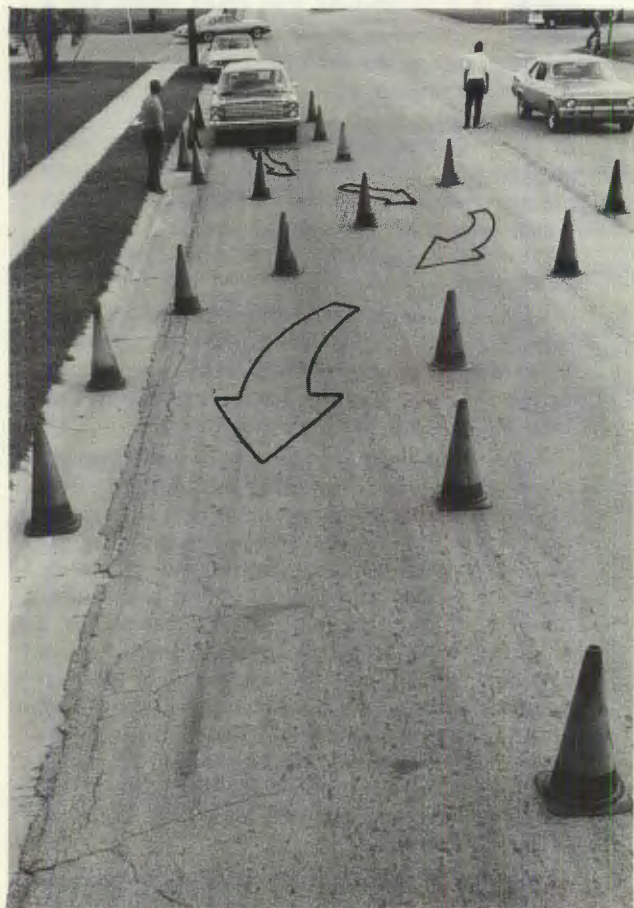
Things like that make me feel good, because now I know that this guy isn't riding around thinking he has a braking ability which, in fact, he doesn't.

And that's what I try to show them - Their limits. The most dangerous thing about a motorcycle is the person sitting on it. If a guy knows his limitations and stays within them, he'll do fine - and there's nothing finer than the freedom of a bike.

MOODY MAZE

SAVES LIVES

By Capt Bob Revell
347th CSG/OI
Moody AFB, GA



Las Vegas ... blackjack, poker, beautiful hotels and beautiful women ... the life of the rich and famous. Mention the word gambling and that's what most of us think of. Ask us if we gamble

and we would laugh and say, "No, not really; maybe a game of poker, or 50 cents on a round of golf, but not real big gambling."

Reality sometimes sneaks out of the darkness in subtle ways. Many of us are compulsive gamblers in the worst way. We are compelled to continually gamble with the most valuable possessions we will ever acquire; our lives and the lives of our friends. Every time we get behind the wheel of an automobile after consuming alcohol, we risk the loss of our own life and the lives of our passengers. After all, that's what gambling really is, isn't it ... an undertaking involving a risk of loss? Let's not bore ourselves with statistics, because we all know that the odds of drinking and driving is a losing game.

Our newest TAC base, Moody AFB, near Valdosta, Georgia, decided to take additional steps to prevent the tragic injury or loss of life of an alcohol-related accident during the last Christmas and New Year holiday season.

In conjunction with Operation 40 Proof, the program, designed to help prevent alcohol-related accidents during the 40 critical days from Thanksgiving until January 5, 1976, a traffic maze was periodically set up at Moody approximately 200 yards inside the main gate. Purpose of the maze is to make people think twice before driving on the highway after drinking.

It consists of two rows of rubber cones set up with a 20-degree left turn followed by a 20-degree right turn. "The time at which we set the cones up varies" explained, Security Police Chief Major Kenneth B. Coolidge, "because we don't want people expecting the maze at specific times each week." When the maze is set up, drivers must drive through it without knocking down any cones before they are permitted to exit the base.

"The rules and procedures for negotiating the maze are simple, but potentially effective," remarked Col Robert L. Cass, Wing Commander, who saw it in action at Spangahlem Air Base in Germany before he came to Moody.

The 10-mile stretch of highway between Moody and the town (Route 125) has proven fatal to many Moody AFB personnel over the years. This 2-lane rural highway becomes a death trap when the weather is poor or a driver's ability is impaired from drinking.

When the traffic maze is set up, a driver who knocks down a cone or drives through it in an abnormal manner is stopped by a Security Policeman at the end of the maze. The driver is questioned to see if the reason for the erratic driving was due to nervousness, poor driving, or alcohol related. If it appears the driver has been drinking, he will be asked to blow into an alcohol sensor. This screening device will show a driver what kind of shape he is really in. "We've had people who have actually passed the breath test decide they didn't want to drive home," said Major Coolidge.

A lot of drivers are nervous when first attempting the maze. The Security Policeman reassures them they are not in any trouble and comments in a positive manner on their driving ability. It would appear that a certain amount of apprehensiveness is an asset in getting through the maze. Major Coolidge commented, "Women usually do a better job through the maze than men. They appear to concentrate more on their driving and are just a bit apprehensive. I was very impressed."

When it is determined a driver is intoxicated, his car is parked, and he is offered a ride home. The Security Police contact the Noncommissioned Officer of the Day to obtain a courtesy ride home for the driver.

Each squadron provides a list of courtesy drivers to the NCOD to provide rides home for members of the squadron. For civilian visitors on base, the sponsor who originally signed for them to enter the base would be responsible for driving them home.

"We are not out to get anyone," Colonel Cass explained. "The object is to make people think before getting out on Route 125 or keep them from trying it if their ability to maneuver their car is questionable. Our principal objective is simple and basic," he emphasized. "We want to save people from possible injury or death."

"Security Police are instructed not to take names as long as people cooperate," the colonel continued. He made clear that those who do object could face possible charges of driving under the influence (DUI) by civilian or military authorities, whichever is appropriate. The alcohol sensor can be used, if necessary, to determine which drivers need to go for a blood-alcohol

test.

"Most of the people asked to drive the maze have done so willingly and with a satisfaction at having mastered the difficult center turn," Major Coolidge explained. "Even those drivers who expressed displeasure at having to drive the maze generally accept the reason for it - the necessity of keeping drunk drivers off the highway."

Moody was lucky this year when it came to accidents. Or was it luck? Social Actions Drug and Alcohol Abuse NCO, MSgt John Hyams, released the following statistics for Moody personnel in the local area during the 1975 Christmas holiday season versus last year (1974).

	1974	1975
Accidents	2	0
Manhours Lost	168	0
DUI	14	0

It is difficult to attribute this improvement directly to the traffic maze. However, over 2,000 automobiles were driven through the maze. Fifteen drivers were given rides home; preventing 15 potential accidents. What about the accidents that were prevented by those who decided not to drink so much or had someone more able drive home for them simply because they knew the maze was in existence?

Results appear to be twofold. The main result is in keeping potential dangerous drivers off the highways by testing their driving ability before they leave the base. The other result, and probably the most important, is the psychological effect on motorists. The mere existence of the maze makes drivers more aware of the hazards of drinking and then driving. The periodic appearance of the maze acts as a constant reminder to use extreme caution when out on the highway.

The most important result is that Moody personnel enjoyed a holiday absent of tragedy and death. Through positive programs, such as the traffic maze, we are working together to save lives ... our own. At Moody AFB this year we are working to kick the gambling habit. By not drinking and driving, we are unloading the dice in the most crucial game of all, the game of life. ➤

Are You a Good SPORT?

By Major Roger A. Huntington
Chief, Flight Safety
Hurlburt Field, Fla.

Sports/recreation accidents consistently rank second, in severity, to traffic accidents as a drain on AF manpower resources. Of course, the most severe involve fatalities and occur almost totally in off-duty, off-base, self-directed activities. The lack of control in these tragedies is a source of frustration for commanders, safety people and everyone involved. Safety education, though not the answer, ends up as our only recourse. Disabling injuries, however, occur primarily on base and involve team sports. This major drain on manpower resources is subject to control, and other management functions - and is the subject of this article.

I used to go along with the traditional thinking that being a "good sport" meant congratulating the opposition after they had (by some combination of luck and magic) just beaten the pants off you. Then my boss (and tennis partner) informed me that congratulations were reserved for the other team's valiant (but losing.) efforts, and that a "good sport" competitive spirit prohibited paying compliments to the evil forces of black magic. A handshake and a smile, as losers, can get you kicked off his team. So, now I go along (temporarily) with the definition of a "good sport" as a participant so good he doesn't lose - in FAIR competition.

I've been a sports participant (jack-of-all sports, master of none) much longer than I've been associated with the safety business. Today, my team sports activities are limited to the aforementioned battles on the tennis court and an occasional pickup football game, when my six year old hasn't invited the overgrown ten year old from across the street. However, experience in both fields (and others as well) leads me to look at the term "good sport" as I would the term "good date." You could use the word "good" to refer to either ability or attitude. And these two characteristics are partially inherited, partially learned long before the present and partially a result of the current environment. Since the first two partials are history, we try to control the third. In the case of the date - soft lights, soft music, etc. In the case of team sports a well organized intramural sports

program. Why (in the latter case, of course) is this important?

Team sports accounted for 60 percent of the 7,352 disabling injuries, and sports/recreation accidents in the Air Force over the last five years. The causes fall into two basic categories:

a. Unsafe conditions: uneven/rough/slick playing surface, defective, inadequate equipment, etc.

b. Unsafe acts: over-aggressiveness, ineptitude, unsportsmanlike conduct, etc.

Come to think of it, those things cause accidents on dates too - but let's stick to sports programs and save the other subject for a PLAYBOY article. It may seem like the rest of this is primarily for supervisors, but all you sports should want the best possible program. If not, you should take your ball and go home. You probably won't argue that a good base program will eliminate the first category. But what does it take to turn a bad sport into a good sport (category b)?

To answer that, I will draw upon personal experience with a really good program. It goes back a few years when I was an eager, new safety officer and a still capable flag football player.

We had good command support. All participants were given the last duty hour of any three days off for practice - starting a month before the season opened. Naturally, most participants contributed another hour of their own time; 50-50 is no bad deal, and better physical condition is a good deal. The commander's sports/recreation trophy was a coveted prize. Most commanders joined the substantial cheering sections, partially as a result of professional publicity in the base newspaper that rivaled the sports coverage in the community tabloids. My unit commander had tactfully insured that our athletic council representative and team captain were both interested and capable.

Our program was well organized with additional rules and strict enforcement. The organizing included well run clinics for both officials and team captains, conducted well ahead of the season. The team captains were not only made

aware of the rules, for later explanations to their team members, but were given suggested drills and exercises, for sharpening the skills and improving the physical condition of their players. As a participant, I grumbled about those additional rules (as well as a few that were in the book); as a safety officer, I believe they definitely contributed to our program. Some of those rules follow:

a. Rosters had to be submitted one week prior to the opening game, and include only those names that had attended the practices. Changes or additions had to be approved by the athletic council, who considered physical condition and knowledge of the sport as prerequisites.

b. Fifteen minutes of supervised calisthenics were mandatory before each contest.

c. Unsportsmanlike conduct was automatic ejection from the game. Three ejections and you were out for the season.

The enforcement of those rules and the ones in the manual, was strict and impartial - which is more important than being right. Shoes were inspected, for instance, to insure no spikes or hard cleats were used.

We had funds available to provide incentives (uniforms and trophies for everyone) and good facilities (in this case, a well lighted, smooth playing field which the safety office inspected prior to play each day).

There's one important thing missing, if you're trying to compare your program to this one.

FIRST.... you must have a program. There are those of us who will play team sports as long as our idol, Old Man Blanda himself, keeps putting on the uniform. Unsupervised team sports fall into the self-directed activities category, and have that dangerous lack of control aspect to contend with. Participants actually prefer organized sports activities - and so does safety. You may need a survey at your base to insure you have all the sports in your program that the people want.

I've been describing a flag football program, but the principles can be applied throughout the team sport spectrum. The inept variety of "bad sport" either becomes adept or drops out due to the rigors of strenuous practice sessions or early replacement by more adept players. The bad attitude variety of "bad sport" is either controlled by strict rule enforcement or kicked out via the same route. Over-aggressiveness will still occur - but when it is exercised within the rules, it rarely results in a disabling injury. I'd be the last to advocate eliminating the good, hard (but legal) block that results in a bruise, abrasion, loose tooth and subsequent repayment of the same. If you have a program that's as good or better than the one just described, then you have the most important ingredient to a safe, injury-free program - a professional attitude from top to bottom. All of us would-be professionals can recognize that attitude and become better sports as a result of it. ➤

Are you a gambler?

Are You a Gambler?

Out of every 330 accidents, 1 person will be killed and 29 injured. Those are pretty good poker playing odds.

So, why all the fuss about safety?

That was the question asked by a class of students attending a safety course. The instructor, anticipating the query, produced a bottle of white pills.

"In this bottle," he announced, "are 330 white pills, each exactly alike in appearance and taste. Three hundred are harmless candy pills and will produce no ill effects. Twenty-nine pills contain a drug which causes slight nausea. One contains a poison and will be fatal if taken internally."

He passed the bottle around and asked each

student to take a pill. "Now," he said, "I want each of you to swallow the pill you have chosen."

Not one of the students did.









The instructor made his point.

No matter how great the odds, no one would take the chance. Yet, in everyday activities, many continue to flaunt the odds by hedging on commonsense safety practices.

Accidents don't always happen to the other person. Somebody is the *one* person killed in every 330 accidents.

It could be YOU.

The odds are 329 to 1. DO YOU WANT TO TAKE THAT CHANCE? ➤

	DESCRIPTION	HABITAT	PROBLEM
 CHIGGER	Oval with red velvety covering. Sometimes almost colorless. Larva has six legs. Harmless adult has eight and resembles a small spider. Very tiny—about 1/20-inch long.	Found in low damp places covered with vegetation: shaded woods, high grass or weeds, fruit orchards, also lawns and golf courses. From Canada to Argentina.	Attaches itself to the skin by inserting mouthparts into a hair follicle. Injects a digestive fluid that causes cells to disintegrate. Then feeds on cell parts. It does not suck blood.
 BROWN RECLUSE SPIDER	Oval body with eight legs. Light yellow to medium-dark brown. Has distinctive mark shaped like a fiddle on its back. Body, from 3/8 to 1/2 inch long, 1/4 inch wide, 1/4 inch from tip to toe.	Prefers dark places where it's seldom disturbed. Outdoors: old trash piles, debris and rough ground. Indoors: attics, storerooms, closets. Found in Southern and Midwestern U.S.	Bites producing an almost painless sting that may not be noticed at first. Shy. It bites only when annoyed or surprised. Left alone, it won't bite. Victim rarely sees the spider.
 BLACK WIDOW SPIDER	Color varies from dark brown to glossy black. Densely covered with short microscopic hairs. Red or yellow hourglass marking on the underside of the female's abdomen. Male does not have this mark and is not poisonous. Overall length with legs extended is 1 1/2 inch. Body is 1/4 inch wide.	Found with eggs and web. Outside in vacant rodent holes, under stones, logs, in long grass, hollow stumps and brush piles. Inside: in dark corners of barns, garages, piles of stone, wood. Most bites occur in outhouses. Found in Southern Canada, throughout U.S., except Alaska.	Bites by using local rodent. Two tiny red spots may appear. Pain follows almost immediately. Larger muscles become rigid. Body temperature rises slightly. Profuse perspiration and tendency toward nausea follow. It's usually difficult to breathe or talk. May cause constipation, urine retention.
 SCORPION	Crablike appearance with clawlike pincers. Fleshy post-abdomen or "tail" has 5 segments, ending in a bulbous sac and stinger. Two poisonous types: solid straw yellow or yellow with irregular black stripes on back. From 2 1/2 to 4 inches.	Spends days under loose stones, bark, boards, floors of outhouses. Burrows in the sand. Roams freely at night. Crawls under doors into homes. Lethal types are found only in the warm desert-like climate of Arizona and adjacent areas.	"Stings by thrusting its tail forward over its head. Swelling or discoloration of the area indicates a non-dangerous, though painful, sting. A dangerously toxic sting doesn't change the appearance of the area, which does become hypersensitive.
 BEE	Winged body with yellow and black stripes. Covered with bristled or feathery hairs. Makes a buzzing sound. Different species vary from 1/2 to 1 inch in length.	Lives in aerial or underground nests or hives. Widely distributed throughout the world wherever there are flowering plants—from the polar regions to the equator.	Stings with tail when annoyed. Burning and itching with localized swelling occur. Usually leaves venom sac in victim. It takes between 2 and 3 minutes to inject all the venom.
 MOSQUITO	Small dark fragile body with transparent wings and elongated mouthparts. From 1/8 to 1/4 inch long.	Found in temperate climates throughout the world where the water necessary for breeding is available.	Bites and sucks blood. Itching and localized swelling result. Bite may turn red. Only the female is equipped to bite.
 TARANTULA	Large dark "spider" with a furry covering. From 6 to 7 inches in toe-to-toe diameter.	Found in Southwestern U.S. and the tropics. Only the tropical varieties are poisonous.	Bites produce a prickly sensation with negligible effect. It will not bite unless teased.
 TICK	Oval with small head; the body is not divided into definite segments. Grey or brown. Measures from 1/8 inch to 1/4 inch when mature.	Found in all U.S. areas and in parts of Southern Canada, on low shrubs, grass and trees. Carried around by both wild and domestic animals.	Attaches itself to the skin and sucks blood. After removal there is danger of infection, especially if the mouthparts are left in the wound.

SEVERITY

TREATMENT

PROTECTION

Itching from secreted enzymes results several hours after contact. Small red welts appear. Secondary infection often follows. Degree of irritation varies with individuals.

Lather with soap and rinse several times to remove dirt. If welts have formed, dab antiseptic on them. Severe lesions may require antihistamine ointment.

Apply proper repellent to clothing, particularly near uncovered areas such as wrists and ankles. Apply to skin. Spray or dust infested areas (lawns, plants) with suitable chemicals.



CHIGGER

In two to eight hours pain may be noticed followed by blister, swelling, hemorrhage or ulceration. Some people experience rash, nausea, jaundice, chills, fever, cramps or joint pain.

Summon doctor. Bite may require hospitalization for a few days. Full healing may take from 2-3 weeks. Weak adults and children have been known to die.

Use caution when cleaning secluded areas in the home or using machinery usually left idle. Check firewood, inside shoes, packed clothing and bedrolls — frequent hideaways.



BROWN RECLUSE SPIDER

Venom is more dangerous than a rattlesnake's but is given in much smaller amount. About 8 per cent of bite cases result in death. Death is from asphyxiation due to respiratory paralysis. More dangerous for children. To adults its worst feature is pain. Convulsions result in some cases.

Use an antiseptic such as alcohol or hydrogen peroxide on the bitten area to prevent secondary infection. Keep victim quiet and call a doctor. Do not treat as you would a horse bite; this will only increase the pain and chance of infection. Bleeding will not remove the venom.

Wear gloves when working in areas where there might be spiders. Destroy any egg sacs you find. Spray insecticide in any area where spiders are usually found, especially under privy seats. Check them out regularly. General cleanliness, paint and light discourage spiders.



BLACK WIDOW SPIDER

Excessive salivation and facial contortions may follow. Temperature rises to over 104°. Saliva becomes sluggish. Convulsions, in waves of increasing intensity, may lead to death from nervous exhaustion. First 4 hours most critical.

Apply tourniquet. Keep victim quiet and call a doctor immediately. Do not cut the skin or give pain killers. They increase the killing power of the venom. Antivenin, readily available to doctors, has proved to be very effective.

Apply a petroleum distillate to any dwelling places that cannot be destroyed. Cats are considered effective predators as are ducks and chickens, though the latter are more likely to be stung and killed. Don't go barefoot at night.



SCORPION

If a person is allergic, more serious reactions occur: nausea, shock, unconsciousness. Swelling may occur in another part of the body. Death may result.

Gently scrape (don't pluck) the stinger so venom sac won't be squeezed. Wash with soap and antiseptic. If swelling occurs, contact doctor. Keep victim warm while resting.

Have exterminator destroy nests and hives. Avoid wearing sweet fragrances and bright clothing. Keep food covered. Move slowly or stand still in the vicinity of bees.



BEE

Sometimes transmits yellow fever, malaria, encephalitis and other diseases. Scratching can cause secondary infections.

Don't scratch. Lather with soap and rinse to avoid infection. Apply antiseptic to relieve itching.

Destroy available breeding water to check multiplication. Place nets on windows and beds. Use proper repellent.



MOSQUITO

Usually no more dangerous than a pin prick. Has only local effects.

Wash and apply antiseptic to prevent the possibility of secondary infection.

Harmless to many. The tarantula is beneficial since it destroys harmful insects.



TARANTULA

Sometimes carries and spreads Rocky Mountain spotted fever, typhus, Colorado tick fever. In a few rare cases, causes paralysis until removed.

Apply heated needle to tick. Gently remove with tweezers so none of the mouthparts are left in skin. Wash with soap and water, apply antiseptic.

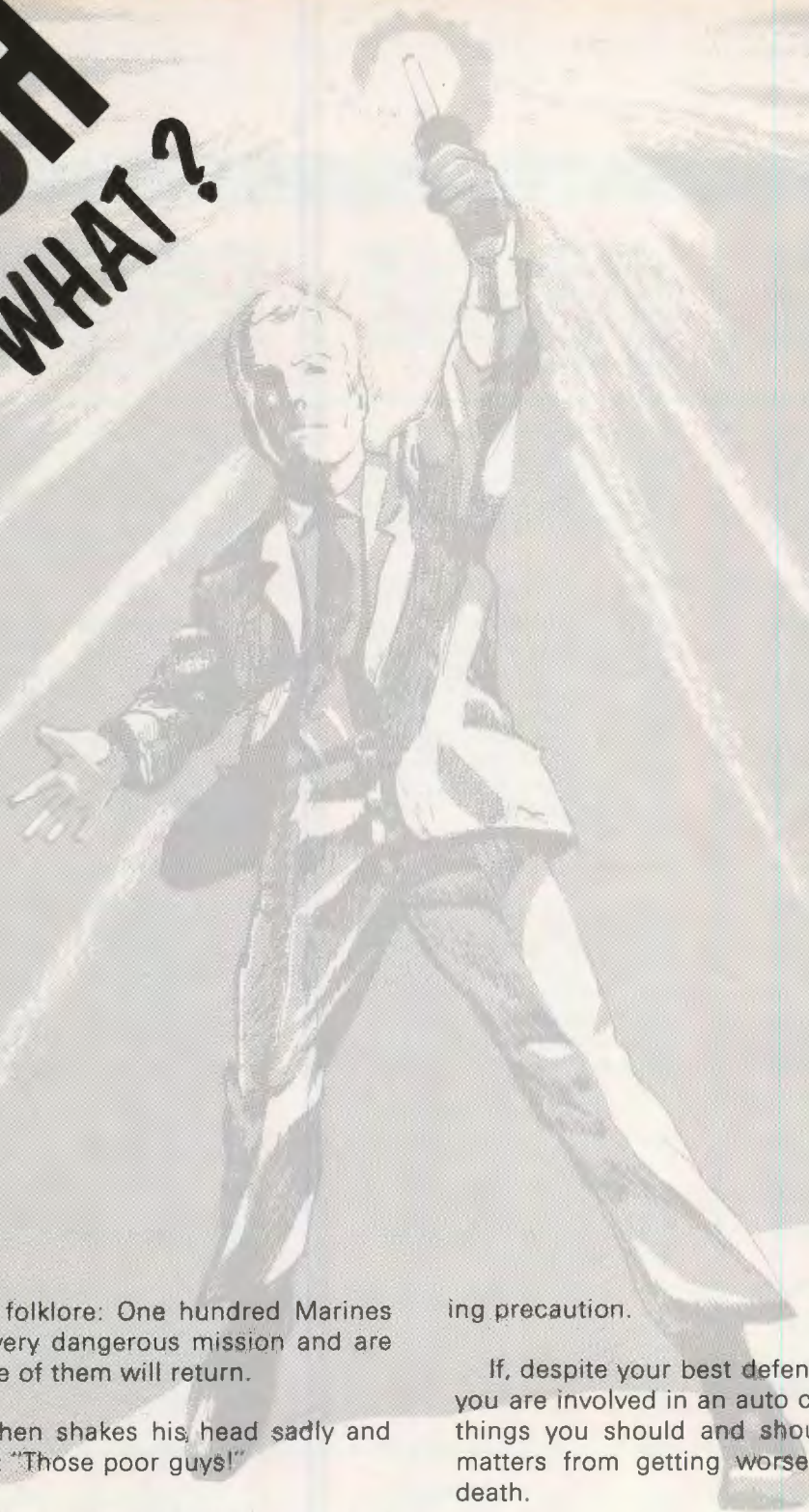
Cover exposed parts of body when in tick-infested areas. Use proper repellent. Remove ticks attached to clothes, body. Check neck and hair. Bathe.



TICK

BITES

CRASH THEN WHAT?



Crash then what?

Marine Corps folklore: One hundred Marines volunteer for a very dangerous mission and are told that only one of them will return.

Each Marine then shakes his head sadly and thinks to himself: "Those poor guys!"

Although fictitious, the story underscores a somewhat disturbing fact about human nature. Many of us are addicted to thinking: "It won't happen to me!"

But traffic accidents will happen to one out of four "me's" in the next year. In view of that statistical estimate, thinking the unthinkable, therefore, becomes a wise and possibly life-sav-

ing precaution.

If, despite your best defensive driving efforts, you are involved in an auto crash there are some things you should and should not do to keep matters from getting worse—matters of life and death.

Get your car to the curb or shoulder of the road if you can, so that you won't block traffic or emergency vehicles. The law allows you to move vehicles if they are a hazard.

Turn off the ignition. If another car is involved, see that its ignition is also turned off. And instruct passengers and bystanders not to

moke - because of the danger of leaking gasoline.

The danger of a second collision should be one of your immediate concerns. The danger of a second collision is so great it frightens even veteran tow-truck operators.

If the wreck is where other cars may crash into it, someone should protect the accident scene by placing flares to warn approaching motorists. Set one flare 300 feet back. If there is no sign of leaking gasoline, set another flare 10 feet behind the wreck. It's always a good idea to carry several flares and a flashlight in your car.

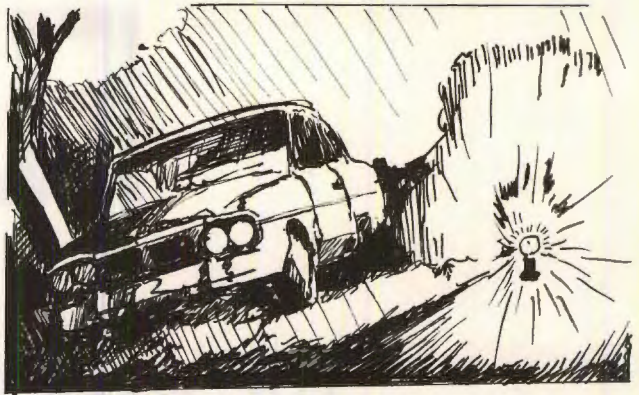
If you don't have flares or some other signal, someone should flag down approaching cars from a safe distance.

Check for injuries. Do not move an injured person unless there's an obvious risk of fire or of being struck by another car.

If it's necessary to move an injured person, do not allow his body to jackknife, twist or roll, which could compound an already serious injury.

To move the victim, carefully slide a blanket or coat under him. Then slowly pull him head or feet first to a safe place.

Try to determine the extent of injury. Shock is the most common result of traffic accidents. To prevent it, keep the victim warm, elevate the feet slightly and loosen tight-fitting clothing.



But unless you're a qualified first aider, here's a good general rule to follow: the less you do to the injured, the better off they'll be - which is a sound argument for taking a first-aid course or at least mastering a good first-aid book; the Red Cross offers both.

If you know about first aid, you'll naturally check for air blockage and arterial bleeding - the other primary threats to life, along with shock.

When reporting an accident over the phone, speak clearly and distinctly and, if you can, give the exact location and street name.

It's equally important for police to know the number of accident victims - first, so enough ambulances and rescue vehicles can be dispatched; second, so that no victims thrown out of a car are overlooked.

Stay on the phone until the person on the other end is satisfied he knows precisely where the accident is. Don't call and then hang up in a panic only to realize too late that you gave wrong or incomplete information.

Finally, while waiting for the ambulance to arrive, make the injured as comfortable as possible. Keep calm and reassure them - which is often half the battle. As one California Highway Patrol spokesman put it: "A calm tone is more reassuring than an ominous 'It looks pretty bad.'"

Hopefully it will never happen to you. But thinking about the unthinkable - before it might happen - is mighty good safety insurance.

Think about it!



Courtesy of Family Safety Magazine



FLY SAFE..

THE WEEK OF THE PIN

By Capt James S. Aucoin
HQ TAC/SEPS

The crew chief is the backbone of the aircraft maintenance family. However, as in all families, some members don't speak up when they have something really important that needs to be heard.

I will tell you a good story supporting this claim ...

After Crew Chief Philip Seallip's aircraft had flown its two sorties for Monday, he performed a basic postflight - (BPO) and discovered the front cockpit mounted canopy initiator pin was missing. He searched the cockpit, but was unable to locate the pin. Now Philip, not wanting to cause his fellow family members undue worry, kept the problem to himself. Being the efficient person he was in keeping his secret, he neither made a 781A Form entry nor notified job control. However, he did check the intakes for foreign object damage (FOD) with negative results.

Philip's aircraft was next scheduled to fly on Friday. Philip wasn't on duty Friday, so Crew Chief Linda Nosay performed the preflight, (PR). Now Linda noticed the initiator pin was missing, but she didn't report it either.

When the aircraft returned from its morning sortie, life support and egress personnel were dispatched to complete a 7/14-day survival kit inspection. Hark! The first light in the tunnel appears. The initiator safety pin was again discovered missing, but this time a Red X entry was made in the 781A Form. There goes the light The Red X was signed off as, 'Seat pins removed forward cockpit. No FO (Foreign Object). M3A1 initiator pin replaced.' Again, no FOD noticed as

the crew chief performed the thru-flight inspection. Now come the quality control (QC) folks. QC did a thru-flight inspection QVI with no FOD detected.

Friday afternoon the aircraft flew its second sortie. The crew chief performed the basic post-flight followed by the BPO team performing a 7-day inspection. Still no FOD reported. Hang in there -- the end is near. The next morning while performing the preflight the crew chief discovered the left engine had FOD. A closer inspection revealed engine compressor section rotor damage, and a 1-1/2-inch long and 1-inch wide piece of yellow lanyard. Whew! Finally that lost initiator pin will become a topic for discussion by the maintenance family.

The moral of the story is as long as the story itself. Had Philip Seallip reported the missing pin to his flight chief, flight line expeditor, line chief, maintenance superintendent, maintenance officer, an unscheduled engine change might have been averted. Job control would have been very receptive to his request for assistance and would have dispatched personal equipment, egress, and quality folks to help search for the elusive pin. If Philip was bashful, he needed only to enter his knowledge of the missing initiator pin in the 781A Form on a Red X as TO 00-20-5 directs him to do when he discovers an object missing.

Lack of communication and failure to follow a TO directive by just one member caused the maintenance family undue stress and lumps. This failure chalked up \$17,000 and 18 unscheduled manhours of labor.

FOLKS' WE JUST GOTTA TALK TO EACH OTHER! IT MAY SAVE YOUR BROTHER'S HIDE!!!!



.. COMMUNICATE

DO AIRPLANES TALK ?

By Maj Earl Robertson
HQ TAC/SEF

Many airplane drivers talk to their trusty steeds while they flail around the sky. After an evening at the bar, some old heads even mumble a few words about aircraft talking back. Whether they really talk is unknown at this time. However, while searching our old files we found a dusty parchment that may put the answer in historical perspective:

In the golden days of one-on-one, two warriors rode forth to prove their skills in battle. The Knight from the South rode a short, sturdy steed that he affectionately called SLUF (Short, Little Ugly Filly). This mount was known far and wide for her durability and strength. The warrior's weapons were many, but the horse strode on as if unburdened. She was steady and reliable and never bolted in battle. The Knight's lance always went straight and true into the heart of his enemy.

Our Knight from the North sat astride a tall horse whose speed was known throughout the land. As the two of them raced across the earth, it seemed they skimmed the ground. When darkness descended and others retreated to the warmth of their tents, the Northern Knight and his swart-legged steed flashed low across the battlefield. Up the hill and through the glen, the horse sped carrying his rider deep into the Red King's homeland. The horse flew unerringly to

the enemy's great store house of hay, fodder, and ale. And the store house burned with flames that lighted the night sky.

But, alas, the mighty steeds fell ill. And although they pawed the stable door, the squires, responsible for their care and feeding, paid no heed. The Knights also cared not; for the horses' medical worksheet was void of entries.

The stomach of the short horse of the South did rumble and groan. The Spectrometric Horse Intestinal Test revealed the progenitor of the rumble, but the rider paid no heed. In like fashion the horse of the North began to limp and stumble and carry on erratically, but his master rode on without care. So, each horse grew weak until one day their mighty hearts stopped, and they fell to the ground never to rise again.

When the Kings of the North and South heard of the loss, they were very angry and admonished their Knights in a joint edict: "You have not loved the chargers that we entrusted to your care. You did not report their sickness to the keepers of the stable. We will not give you another. If on the day of the great battle, the armies of our enemies prevail, you will be full of woe for you will know that your carelessness did aid thy enemy."

The parchment, now relegated to an aviation museum, contains great words of wisdom that still ring true. Your aircraft is talking to you . . . listen to it. Report it. Fix it. Or else you, too, will aid the enemy.



CHOCK TALK

*...incidents and incidentals
with a maintenance slant.*

grease gun gets one

An airman was preparing to grease one of the F-4's main landing gears. He was carrying a pneumatic grease gun with the handle in his left hand. The nozzle was wrapped with rags and in his right hand. While going under the aircraft, the airman accidentally applied pressure to the handle with his left hand. Grease shot through the rags into his right thumb which was over the nozzle. Result? Permanent loss of use of the right thumb.

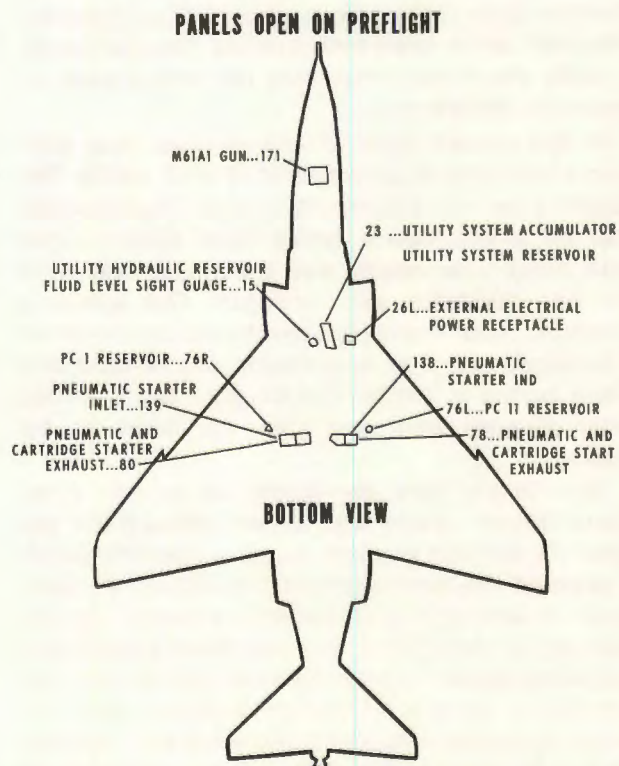
Although the air pressure had been turned off at the grease cannister, residual pressure of approximately 150 PSI was still on the line which caused the grease to exit the nozzle at 1,000 PSI. The airman was using Tech Data and was trained for the job he was performing. However, he got careless and was not paying close attention to what he was doing. Anytime you're working with pneumatic equipment, use extra caution. It will pay big dividends.

dropped objects

In an effort to reduce the number of dropped object incidents, one TAC F-4 wing has placed increased emphasis on panel security during aircraft preflight. Toward that end, red markings

are painted on the inside face of those panels normally unfastened when aircrews preflight the aircraft. Intent is to provide aircrews with a simple rule of thumb: Panels which will be unfastened for preflight are marked in red; all others should be in place and secure. The wing safety shop has provided diagrams to squadrons which show location of red-marked panels on the aircraft (Figure 1). These diagrams are posted on bulletin boards and in briefing rooms for ready reference.

While this is only one aspect of the wing's dropped object program, it's a good one. What ideas does your wing have? If you have a good program, share the wealth - like the good folks of ye old 347th TFW Safety Shoppe who sent us this gem.



TACTICAL AIR COMMAND

AIRCREWMAN of DISTINCTION



Lt Col Richard E. Bertrand
150th TFG (ANG)
Albuquerque, NM

On 13 December 1975, Lieutenant Colonel Bertrand was flying an A-7D functional check flight for an engine change. After one hour of flight and during a descent to a lower altitude, he noticed the oil quantity gauge decreasing to three-quarters full. In less than 60 seconds, oil quantity decreased to the one-quarter mark and oil pressure began to fluctuate. An immediate radio call was made to ARTC asking for position of the nearest airfield and advising them of the emergency condition. Roswell Industrial Air Center, with its 13,000-foot runway, was 50 miles away so Col Bertrand headed the aircraft in that direction.

Meanwhile, the oil pressure decreased to 5 psi and throttle reduced to 78 percent. The RAT was extended as a precautionary measure in case of engine failure and subsequent loss of flight controls. The aircraft was at 5,000 feet AGL and 28 miles from the Roswell runway when Col Bertrand felt a slight engine shudder. He advised ARTC that ejection was imminent. At 5 miles

from the runway, the speed brakes were lowered and speed reduced to allow extension of the gear and flaps. When landing was assured, he reduced thrust to idle and made a successful landing. The engine had operated for over 10 minutes with oil pressure less than 5 psi. Post flight investigation revealed only slightly more than a quart of engine oil remaining in the engine oil system.

Colonel Bertrand's exceptional skill, combined with his outstanding knowledge of the A-7D and its capabilities, enabled him to successfully recover a valuable combat aircraft with minimal engine damage. His actions qualify him for this month's TAC Aircrewman of Distinction Award.

BICYCLE SAFETY

Bicycle Safety

By 1st Lt Martin J. Robinowich
31st TFW/OI
Homestead AFB, Fla.

I am one of a growing number of TAC types who has developed a form of schizophrenia. One of my personalities sits behind the wheel of a 2-ton behemoth while the other personality straddles a 10-speed steed.

As is usually the case with this form of psychosis, the two personalities are widely divergent.

My automobile driver personality is ever alert for the stupid bicyclist who is weaving drunkenly across traffic lanes or disregarding all stop signs and traffic lights. Some bicyclists insist on taking up an entire lane, while others like to ride against the traffic flow rather than with it.

And then there are those darkly-clad pedal pushers who delight in riding their lightless, reflectorless bikes down pitch black, winding roads. These people can often be identified by a prominent auto tire track which runs the length of their bodies.

Other types of cyclists must have paralyzed left arms - they are seemingly unable to signal their intention to make a turn or a sudden stop. Still others insist on riding on the road when a clearly marked bicycle path or exclusive bicycle lane is only a few feet away.

Groups of cyclists also create problems.

Instead of riding single file down narrow or busy streets, they bunch together in a loose gaggle which makes them impossible to pass.

But the worst kind of bicyclists are the little ankle-biters. They insist on darting out from between parked cars, falling over for no apparent reason, or struggling to control a cycle which their parents say they will "grow into" in about 5 or 10 years.

When I finally arrive home, pale and shaken from such encounters, I find the best way to relax is to climb aboard my trusty pedal-powered crotch rocket and take a brisk ride around the neighborhood. But first I don my bicycling helmet (yes, there is such a thing), clip a small rearview mirror on my glasses (yep, that also exists), and slip on a fluorescent orange hunting vest. I then make sure all my bicycle's reflectors are in place and its safety flag is secure. Finally, I insure the tires are properly inflated and I give the brakes a hard squeeze to reassure myself that I'll have enough stopping power to avoid the antics of idiotic auto jockeys (notice the transformation?).

Some drivers do not harm the cyclist, but they are distracting. These are the "I can't pass" variety. Even though the roadway may be deserted



and the lanes are 30 feet wide, this person will not pass. The bicyclists may be hugging the extreme right edge of the road, but this person clings tenaciously to the bike's back wheel. But there are many more malicious forms of the "automaniac."

The first is the "honker." He waits until he is about 2-1/2 feet behind the bicyclist and then lays into his horn. The startled cyclist will either veer left in front of the offending auto and become a hood ornament or swerve right and end up bear-hugging a mailbox. Many times the honker will vary his routine by adding beer bottles or obscenities to his surprise attack.

Another motorist who strikes terror into every wheelman's heart is the person who drives with two wheels on the shoulder of the road. When I spot one of these characters bearing down on me, I either ride as far off the road as possible or "bail out" and roll away from the onrushing wheels.

People who drive cars, campers and trucks with protruding, oversize mirrors can also reduce

a bicyclist's life expectancy. Many negligent drivers forget that one of these mirrors will easily make a bicycle rider a head shorter. These mirrors are usually installed on vehicles which are towing boats or trailers, and they create a separate hazard. A wildly fishtailing object will do all sorts of unpleasant things to a cyclist.

I could discuss many other villains, be they powered by motors or muscles, but the crux of the matter is not to forget about the other person when you settle behind your steering wheel or park behind your handlebars.

Remember that the bicyclist has lots to worry about without your help. Dogs, storm drains, road conditions and weather are just a few. And you bicyclists remember the rules of the road and obey them. Although you are legally entitled to as much asphalt as an auto, the harsh reality of the situation becomes quite apparent when a bike and a car try to occupy the same space at the same time. Besides, it's no fun being a schizophrenic.

How to Save a "Cafe Coronary" Victim

From 'GROUND WAVES' HQ AFCS, April-June 1975

When someone at the dinner table or near you suddenly turns pale, collapses and is unable to talk, he may be choking on a piece of food caught in his windpipe ("Cafe Coronary"). If this is the case, you have about four minutes to save his life.

Dr. Henry Heimlich, Director of Surgery at Cincinnati Jewish Hospital, and discoverer of the "Heimlich maneuver" for dealing with such situations, offers this advice:

"Stand behind the victim and put both of your arms around him. Let his head, arms and upper torso hang forward. Grab your fist with your other hand and place it against his abdomen slightly above the navel and below the rib cage. Press up rapidly against his abdomen. This forces the diaphragm up and compresses the lungs. Hopefully, the food will pop out like a cork from a champagne bottle.

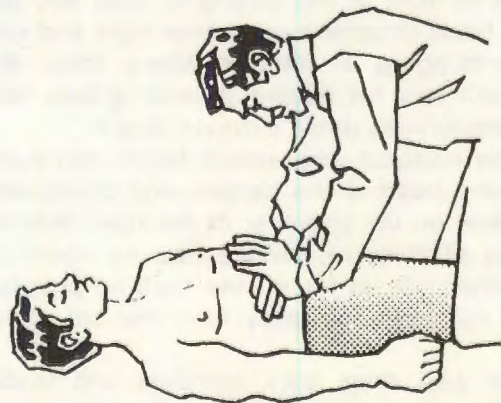
"If the victim is too heavy for you to hold, lay him on his back and sit on his hips. With the heel of your left hand pressing against the back of your right hand, push forward into his abdomen just above the belt.

"A second person should be prepared to remove the ejected food from the victim's mouth with a spoon or fingers - particularly if he's on his back.

"Apply artificial respiration if the victim still has trouble breathing after the food is removed. Then get him to a doctor to have him checked over.

"If you choke on something while you are alone, use the technique on yourself by pressing your fist rapidly up against your abdomen."

Choking to death on food and other substances caught in the throat is the fifth major cause of accidental deaths in this country. About 4,000 people die of it each year. The "Heimlich maneuver" should be taught at work during safety briefings, at schools, in the homes and especially at dining establishments. ➤



The Safety Solution ?

Another command recently experienced an accident in which a tug ran into an aircraft, resulting in \$700.00 damage to the bird. The report was properly staffed; at the same time, an ops type overheard a safety officer facetiously remark that "you would think someone would have thrown themselves under the wheel of the tug." Therein began the following unofficial correspondence between Operations and the Chief of Safety - ED

MEMO TO SAFETY OFFICE

Reference recent ground accident involving towed vehicle and aircraft. DO proposes the following be implemented:

1. Co-drivers will be trained and initially qualified to perform as assistant drivers to be ever present with the vehicle commander (VC) to insure acts of God, suicide or seizure/fits do not render VC incapacitated.

2. Additionally, fender walkers should be required to monitor vehicle operation anytime a ground vehicle is operated within 4-vehicle lengths of any aircraft and be prepared to toss chocks under vehicle wheels.

3. Report status of training/qualification weekly to DO to insure proper monitoring of this program.

4. OPR: SE

(Signed)

JCS/Operations

MEMO TO DO.

1. Ref your memo concerning tug/aircraft ground accident.

2. The tug involved was not a towed vehicle. However, there were some good points in your memo and we would like to expand on them and add some additional food for thought.

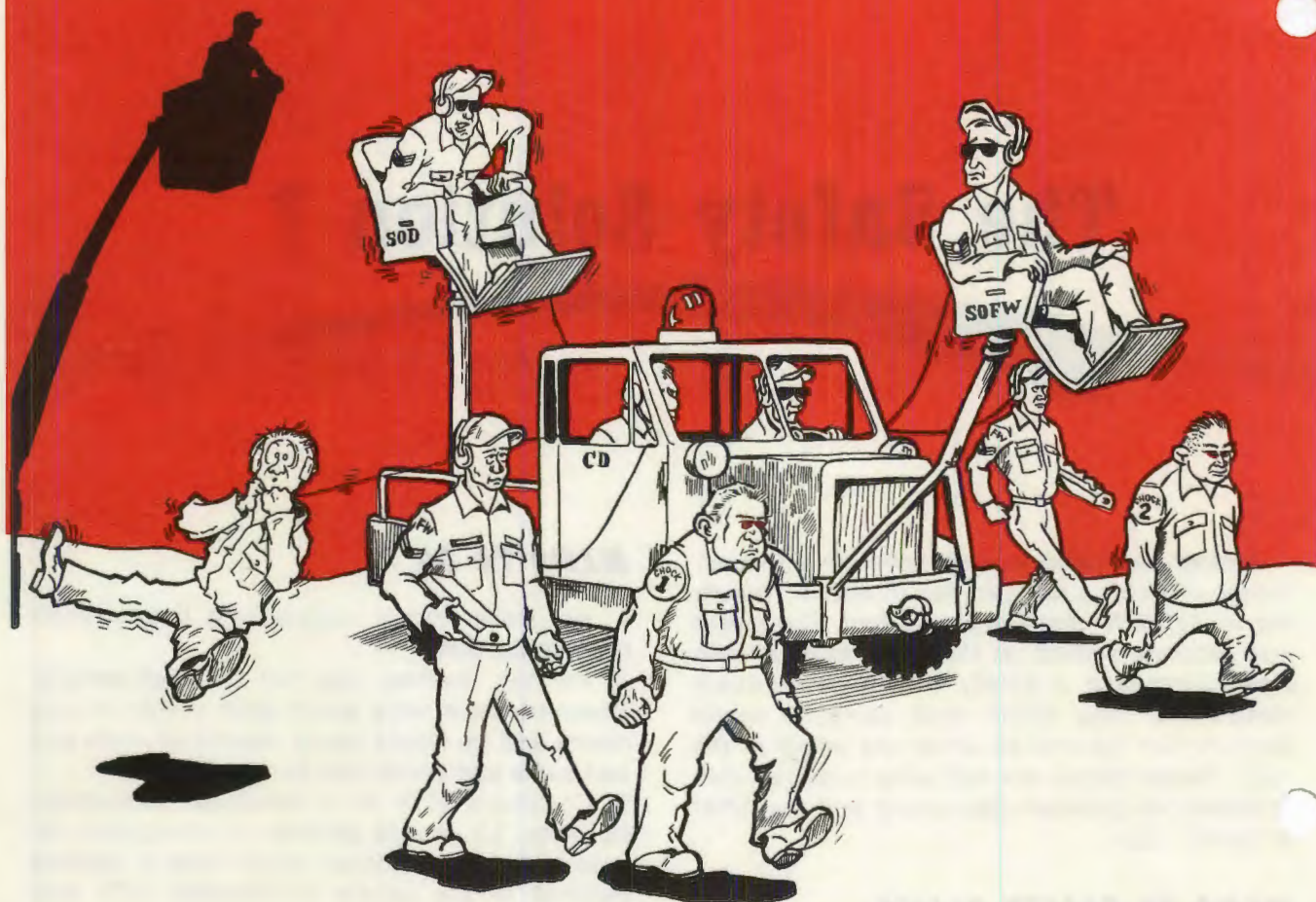
3. Co-drivers (CD) is a marvelous innovation. However, LG should develop an interphone capability so the co-driver would have a headset patched to the vehicle commander (VC) and, therefore, have the advantage of monitoring all interphone communications. Additionally, SE recommends a Supervisor of Drivers (SOD). An additional seat should be mounted behind and above the VC and CD. This seat should be on a swivel so as to allow the SOD a full field vision fore, aft, and sideward. He, too, should be included by patch capability to the VC and CD interphone system.

4. Fender walkers (FW) is another startling innovation. The FW should be connected to the same interphone system as the VC, CD, and SOD. We also recommend a Supervisor of Fender Walkers (SOFW). The SOFW should be situated on an appropriately elevated seat located on the front of the tug. This seat should be of the swivel type so as to allow the SOFW a full field vision no matter what direction the vehicle is traveling in. Naturally, the SOFW should be connected to the same intercom system as the VC, CD, SOD and FWs.

5. We also recommend the TA be changed to allow a BOI of at least one chock per each FW. The chock should be at least one-half the

SAFETY SOLUTION

safety solution



diameter of the wheel on the particular vehicle which the FW is monitoring. This chock could be made similar to ice chocks with the addition of appropriately sized razor sharp spikes. Under emergency conditions, this would allow deflation of the tire under which the chock was tossed, thereby adding a greater margin of safety.

6. We also suggest, for your contemplation, the authorization of additional personnel to each unit for the FW positions. These positions would be filled by volunteers as part of their job description and would read: "When chocks fail to stop the vehicle, throw your body under the wheel." This would be a last-ditch effort to prevent damage to an aerospace vehicle.

7. We also recommend another change to the TA to allow a BOI of two cherry pickers per unit. This would allow one to be OR while the second was NORS, NORS-G, NORS-F, etc. The purpose of the cherry pickers would be to tie all of the above people to the Supervisor of Towing (SOT). The cherry picker would be stationed off to the

left side of the aircraft with the SOT in an elevated position to oversee the entire operation. He would also be tied into the same interphone system as the VC, CD, SOD, FWs SOFW and anyone else who has a need to be on the same dedicated interphone system.

8. In the rare chance that an accident occurs after this innovative approach to towing accidents, we could then spread the disgrace among more people and then perhaps reduce our accident rate, thereby putting the unit in the green on the Peppertree Board.

9. Training/qualification could be logged on the AF Form 572 under "Other" column. Recommend weekly meetings with DO, LG, and SG to analyze reports and run an analysis trend.

10. The Office of Safety stands ready, day or night, rain or shine, sleet or hail, to attend any meetings in an advisory status.

(Signed)
Chief of Safety

TACTICAL AIR COMMAND



Maintenance Safety Award

Master Sergeant Donald L. Sanford, 23d Munitions Maintenance Squadron, 23d Tactical Fighter Wing, England Air Force Base, Louisiana, has been selected to receive the Tactical Air Command Maintenance Safety Award for this month. Sergeant Sanford will receive a certificate and letter of appreciation from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



MSGT SANFORD

TACTICAL AIR COMMAND



Crew Chief Safety Award

Staff Sergeant Quentin L. Jones, 4th Organizational Maintenance Squadron, 4th Tactical Wing, Seymour Johnson Air Force Base, North Carolina, has been selected to receive the Tactical Air Command Crew Chief Award for this month. Sergeant Jones will receive a certificate and letter from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



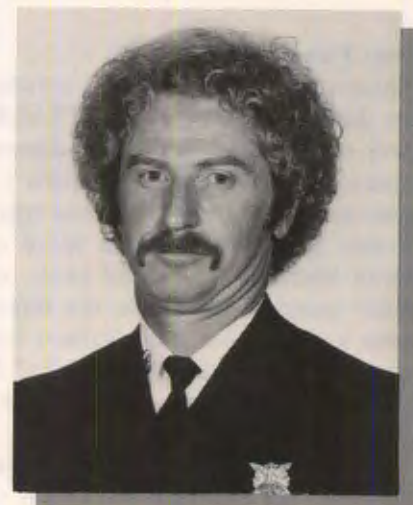
SSGT JONES

TACTICAL AIR COMMAND

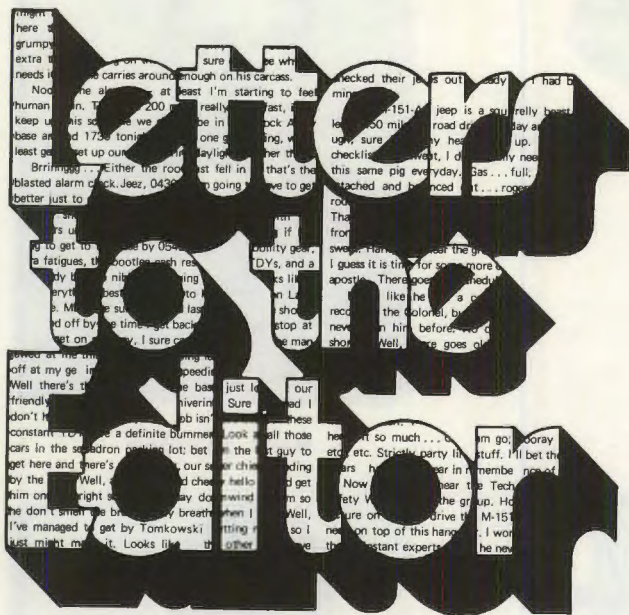


Ground Safety Award of the Quarter

Mr. Marlin P. Jester, Assistant Fire Chief, 31st Civil Engineering Squadron, 31st Tactical Fighter Wing, Homestead Air Force Base, Florida, has been selected to receive the Tactical Air Command Ground Safety Award for the fourth quarter 1975. Mr. Jester will receive a certificate and letter of appreciation from the Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command.



MR. JESTER



Letters to the Editor

THANKS A LOT

The response to our request for ground safety articles for this special issue was overwhelming. Due to the number of submissions, we are unable to print each of your articles. If your article is not included in this TAC ATTACK, keep checking future issues, for we will use other ground safety stories as space permits. Thanks again - Editor.

Dear Fleagle -

Apparently the author of the article on birdstrikes in the Jan 76 issue of TAC ATTACK, "Birdstrikes ... And the Ejection Seat," has discovered the world's fastest bird. If energy still equals $1/2 MV^2$, then to generate 17,000,000 ft lb would require a 2 lb bird to impact a 250 Kt F-4 at a speed of 13,827 Kts, or about Mach 20. If this bird exists, we really need our R&D people to examine the remains to determine what keeps his beak and feathers from melting. Also, what about his propulsion system? Is this a bean eating bird? If so, Fleagle, it looks like you could use a change of diet.

Seriously, I don't mean to degrade the birdstrike problem, but the math works out this way - the F-4 would have negligible speed decrease due to impact so we can assume the F-4 is standing still and the

bird is traveling at 250 Kts. Therefore:

$E \text{ equals } 1/2 MV^2 \text{ equals } 1/2 (232 (250 \text{ Kts}/421 \text{ FPS})^2 \text{ equals } 5556,3 \text{ ft lb.}$

That's a lot of energy, about the same as a .50 cal hit at 1,000 ft slant range. It's still something to get the beak about.

Yours for Better Math,
Slipstick and Throttle Jockey --
Capt Geoffrey P. Engles
1st SOW/DOW
Hurlburt Field, FL

Dear Geoffrey --

You got me on this one. It looks like we presented the ft lb force on the bird rather than the aircraft (I have a tendency to think that way).

Without compromising classified data, my feathered friends at the ASB (Air Superiority Bird) Research center at the Wrenagon have been working on a new propulsion system. I am allowed to tell you this much -- birds don't like beans, but pickled eggs and beer ...? Fleagle

• • •

Editor

I greatly enjoyed "Biorhythms - Are They a Waste of Time?" in your Nov 75 issue. It is comforting to see some hard evidence that such arbitrary cycles as those proposed by Swoobda, Fliess, and Teltscher have no effect on aircraft accident occurrence.

It should be pointed out, however, that there is a great deal of evidence that other biorhythms (e.g., circadian rhythms) do affect human performance and undoubtedly contributed to some aircraft accidents, as recent concern about "jet lag" indicates. I think that your readers might be interested in an analysis of aircraft accidents as a function of the pilot's daily metabolic cycle - if you could entice Wolcott, McMeekin, Burgin, and Yanowitch or some other author(s) to make such an analysis.

TSgt James J. Cooper
110 CSS/DPMC (ANG)
Battle Creek ANGB, MI

We would appreciate an in-depth study of the effect of circadian rhythms on accidents ... any takers? Incidentally, check the September Phys Biz two pager, "Circadian Rhythms" for more info on this subject
ED

TAC TALLY



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

TAC		
JAN	thru JAN	
	1976	1975
1	1	3
1	1	3
0	0	11
1	1	2
1	1	0

ANG		
JAN	thru JAN	
	1976	1975
2	2	1
2	2	1
1	1	0
1	1	0
1	1	0

AFRES		
JAN	thru JAN	
	1976	1975
0	0	0
0	0	0
0	0	0
0	0	0
0	0	0



FIGHTER/RECCE WINGS		
ACCIDENT FREE MONTHS		
80	33 TFW	TAC
46	127 TFW	ANG
44	31 TFW	TAC
31	56 TFW	TAC
24	27 TFW	TAC

OTHER UNITS		
ACCIDENT FREE MONTHS		
126	136 ARW	ANG
82	135 TASGP	ANG
78	182 TASGP	ANG
77	126 ARW	ANG
74	507 TAIRCG	TAC

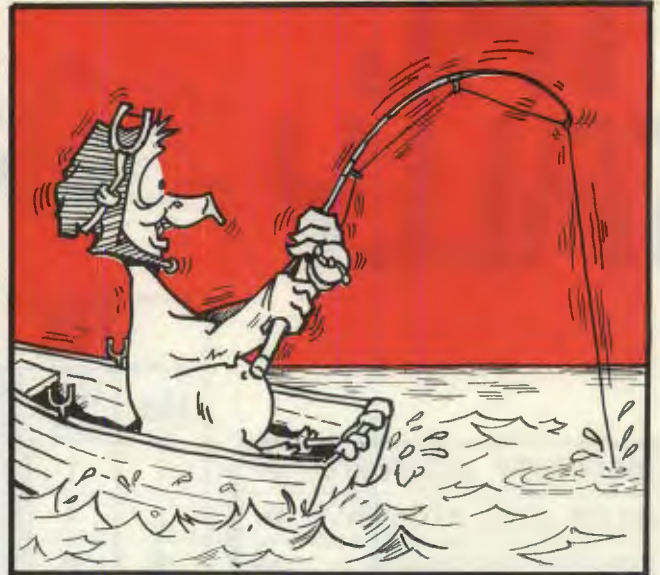
MAJOR ACCIDENT COMPARISON RATE 75/76

(BASED ON ACCIDENTS PER 100,000 HOURS FLYING TIME)

TAC	75	7.9	5.4	3.6	2.6	3.1	3.5	5.2	6.4	6.0	6.5	6.3	6.1
	76	2.9											
ANG	75	5.3	2.8	5.3	3.7	4.7	6.8	5.9	5.1	5.1	5.4	5.3	5.0
	76	10.5											
AFRES	75	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4.9
	76	0											

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

FLEAGLE



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