



# The Aviation Midshipmen LOG

Winter 2011

Newsletter of the Flying Midshipmen Association

## THE END OF AN ERA



### MAKE YOUR RESERVATION TODAY!

#### Pensacola Reunion

100th Anniversary of Naval Aviation

May 5 - 10...2011

SEE PAGES 12 & 13 FOR DETAILS



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## THE AVIATION MIDSHIPMEN LOG

### Publisher

Flying Midshipmen  
Association

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Articles and photos for publication in the LOG are encouraged.

Submit them to:

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Flying Midshipmen Association operations are on an all volunteer basis; there are no paid employees, rented office space, post office box, nor toll free phone number to provide service for our members.

### FLYING MIDSHIPMEN ASSOCIATION

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Coronado, CA 92118  
(619) 435-1628 (call collect)  
rmantz@san.rr.com

## Our President's Message



I'm pleased to report that a host of important events are taking place in preparation for the decommissioning of the Flying Midshipmen Association on May 8, 2011 in the Atrium of the National Museum of Naval Aviation in Pensacola.

Herb Sargent and Gene Martin have oversight over numerous activities that will be available to attendees quartered at the Ashton Inn and Suites, near the main gate of the Naval Air Station. Information for making reservations appears elsewhere in this LOG. At this early date, it appears that we will have a record attendance, so don't hesitate to sign on. I have written personal letters to former FMA Presidents inviting them to be on the platform. I have also invited Admiral Holloway and some other special dignitaries to address us. I believe you'll find the proceedings favorably memorable.

Bill Busse is designing a commemorative coin handsomely packaged, as a gift to all attendees.

Roy Mantz, Lou Ives, and Dave Seeman are working together to compile appropriate Flying Midshipmen historical data for preservation/research at the Emil Buehler Naval Aviation Library in Pensacola.

The Flying Midshipmen Youth Aviation Training Program on USS Midway Museum is progressing exceptionally well. Astronaut Sally Ride personally corresponded with last summer's highly successful class. And, the class also sent Neil Armstrong a birthday card to which he responded and thanked them for their thoughtfulness. See Roy's write-up on the class graduation elsewhere in this edition of the LOG.

We are fortunate to have our Midshipmen legacy program celebrated on board the Midway. In my view the Midway attraction rivals Radio City Music Hall and the Macy's Parade. Admiral Mac McLaughlin and crew are a beehive of first-class activity. Even Disney has signed on with them.

I have sent a personal letter to all of you urging you to contribute to the Flying Midshipmen Endowment Fund administered by the San Diego Foundation. You'll find instructions on how to do that in this Log. Your name will appear on the Midway's Donor Board. The corpus from this Fund is designed to support our Flying Midshipmen Training Program in perpetuity. Our Board of Directors have responded generously. Please give as formidably as you can.

Thanks and best wishes to all, *Lou Krizer*

## Congratulations Lou!

On October 21, 2010 during a luncheon at the Navy League convention in Jacksonville, FL, FMA President Lou Krizer was honored with the presentation of a certificate from the Navy League. The citation reads, "By authorization of the Executive Committee, Lou Krizer is hereby inducted into the Hall of Fame in recognition of more than 25 years of distinguished service to the Navy League." The presentation was made by Daniel B. Branch, Jr., the National President of the Navy League of the United States.



## FMA OFFICERS

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 ADM G. E. R. Kinneer, II  
 RADM William A. Gureck  
 RADM Paul H. Engel  
 RADM James B. Morin  
 RADM William G. Sizemore

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CAPT Louis Kriser

### SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT

Joseph A. Reyes

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Norman E. St. Louis

James J. Sullivan

Elmer M. Tollgaard

## ON GOLDEN WINGS

as of 15 January 2011

### Aviation Midshipmen

Robert G. Aldrich  
 James R. Foster  
 Oel L. Futrell  
 Robert W. Greene, Jr.  
 Ralph C. Peters, Jr.  
 Charles T. Phillips  
 Harold A. Sparks



### Wives/Widows

Alice Bergman  
 Phyllis Gureck  
 Eileen Sparks  
 Jeri Cornell  
 Lee Crowl

Wife of Daniel Bergman (2-48)  
 Wife of William A. Gureck (16-48)  
 Wife of Harold A. Sparks (13-48)  
 Widow of Kenneth E. Cornell  
 Widow of Otho W. "Bob" Crowl

## FLYING WEST Author: Capt. Michael J. Larkin

I hope there's a place, way up in the sky,  
 Where pilots can go, when they have to die-  
 A place where a guy can go buy a cold beer  
 For a friend and comrade, whose memory is dear;

A place where no doctor or lawyer can tread,  
 Nor management type would ere be caught dead;  
 Just a quaint little place, kinda dark...full of smoke,  
 Where they like to sing loud, and love a good joke;

The kind of place where a lady could go  
 And feel safe and protected, by the men she would know.  
 There must be a place where old pilots go,  
 When their paining is finished, and their airspeed gets low,

Where the whiskey is old, and the women are young,  
 And the songs about flying and dying are sung,  
 Where you'd see all the fellows who'd flown west before.  
 And they'd call out your name, as you came through the door;

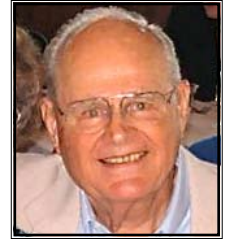
Who would buy you a drink if your thirst should be bad,  
 And relate to the others, "He was quite a good lad!"  
 And then through the mist, you'd spot an old guy  
 You had not seen for years, though he taught you to fly.

He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear,  
 And say, "Welcome, my son, I'm pleased that you're here.  
 "For this is the place where true flyers come,  
 "When the journey is over, and the war has been won

"They've come here at last to be safe and alone  
 From the government clerk and the management clone,  
 "Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise  
 Where the hours are happy, and these good ol'boys "  
 Can relax with a cool one, and a well-deserved rest;  
 "This is Heaven, my son -- you've passed your last test!"

## A Note From Your Executive Director

**I need your help!** For historical purposes, I am in the process of building a Bibliography listing books, magazine articles, videos, etc., written by or about former Aviation Midshipmen or about Flying Midshipmen as a group. It is a work in progress; far from complete. Below is the beginning of this effort, but I need additional input. If you wrote a book or article or know of someone who did, please contact me with this information. Call (619) 435-1628, e-mail (rmantz@san.rr.com), or write (600 Cabrillo Avenue, Coronado, CA 92118) and let me know what should be included. The bibliography will be made available to all members and will eventually be included with the archival material that will be deposited with the Emil Buehler Naval Aviation Library in Pensacola for future reference. Thank you!



Roy Mantz (7-48)

### Books

- Atkinson, Tex.** From the Cockpit: *Coming of Age in the Korean War*. John M. Hardy Publishing, 2004.
- Busse, William H.** *How It All Came About: My Career as an Architect . . .* Self-Published, undated.
- Campbell, Emery L.** *This Gardner's Impossible Dream*. Multicultural Books, 2005.
- Conklin, William F.** *Fusion*. Xlibris Corporation, 2000.
- Dobronski, Joseph F.** *A Sky Full of Challenges*. Aiglon Publishing, 2005.
- Dvorscak, Bernie and Launius, Roger** *The C-5 Galaxy History*. Turner Publishing, 2001.
- Dykema, Owen W.** *Letters from the Bird Barge*. Dykema Publishing, 1994.
- Futrell, Oel L.:**  
(with **Fay Plauché-Holmgren, Fay.**) *A Matter of Chance* (fiction). A FOEL Publication, undated.  
*A Ghostly Defense and The Redneck* (fiction, two short novels). Scythe Publications, 1997.
- Greenkorn, Bob.** *Road to Korea*. ISBN 978-0-557-24817-9, 2009.
- Hansen, James R.** *First Man: The Life of Neil A. Armstrong*. Simon & Schuster, 2005.
- Hubbard, Don:** *Ships-in-Bottles: A Step-by-Step Guide to a Venerable Nautical Craft*. McGraw-Hill, 1971.  
*The Complete Book of Inflatable Boats*. Western Marine Enterprises, 1980.  
*Where to Paddle in San Diego County and Nearby Mexico*. Sea Eagle Publications, 1995.  
*Neptune's Table: Cooking the Seafood Exotics*. Sea Eagle Publications, 1997.  
*GITMO: The Missile Crises*. Sea Eagle Publications, 2010.
- Ives, Burdett L. "Lou" and Francis, Patricia B.** *The Brown Shoes: Personal Histories of Flying Midshipmen and Other Naval Aviators of the Korean War Era*. Turner Publishing Company, 2003.
- Lovell, Jim and Kluger, Jeffrey.** *Apollo 13*. Houghton Mifflin Company, 2000.
- Ohlrich, Walt and Ethell, Jeff.** *The Incredible T-6 Pilot Maker*. Specialty Press, 1983.
- Rogers, Earl:**  
*A Yankee Ace in the RAF*. University Press of Kansas, 1996.  
*Flying the Rim*. ISBN 1-59113-119-7, 2002.  
*The Mountain of Seven Gables*. ISBN 978-1-60910-117-6, 2010.
- Schnitzer, George.** *Panthers over Korea*. Publish America, 2007.

- Sears, David.** *Such Men as These: The Story of the Navy Pilots Who Flew the Deadly Skies over Korea*. Da Capo Press, 2010.
- Taylor, Theodore.** *The Flight of Jesse Leroy Brown*. Blue Jacket Books, 2007.
- Thomas, Walter "R":**  
*From a Small Naval Observatory*. Naval Institute Press, 1972.  
*The Compleat Pentagon Capers*. G&W Publications, 1978.

### Magazine Articles

- Atkinson, K. W.** "Tex" "Tunnel Busting in Korea." Naval Aviation News (January-February 2001).
- Boyer, Keith D.** "Wings of the World." Naval Aviation News (January 1964).
- Birdt, Marvin S.** "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." Foundation (Fall 2010).
- Carius, Robert W.** "Historic Blind Landing." ANA Wings of Gold (Fall 2010).
- Hubbard, Don** "Happiness is a Divemaster Training Program." Skin Diver Magazine (1969).  
"Choosing an Inflatable." Sport Diver Magazine (1979).  
"Inflatables: The Easy Answer to Boating." Off Duty Magazine (1979).  
"Ships-in-Bottles Shipshape." Oceans Magazine (1983).
- Kaufman, Richard F., Ph.D.** "Behind the Bridges at Toko-ri." Naval Aviation News (March-April 2002).
- Mantz, Roy T., Editor.** "The Aviation Midshipmen Story." ANA Wings of Gold (Winter 2010).
- Robertson, David W.** "Clipper One and the Flying Circus." The Hook (Summer 2009).
- Schechter, Kenneth A.** "Blind and Alone over North Korea." Naval Aviation News (September-October 2004).
- Thomas, Walter "R":** "Holloway's Hooligans." Naval Institute Proceedings (April 1984).  
"The Navy's Flying Midshipmen." The Hook (Summer 1987).  
"Flying Midshipmen's Golden Anniversary." ANA Wings of Gold (Summer 2000).

### Videos

- Kaufman, Richard F., Ph.D.** "A Carrier Pilot in the Forgotten War."
- Krizner, Robert D.** "Wings of Our Father."

# FMA DIRECTORY ERRATA SHEET as of 15 January 2011

(Reflects changes made since Summer 2010 edition of the LOG)

## NEW MEMBER

Name	Address	Zip	Phone
Burton H. Shepherd	185 Towerview Dr. #1101 St.	Augustine, FL 32092	(904) 940-1673

## MEMBERS

Robert F. Abels (LM)	183 Third Avenue, #507	Chula Vista, CA 91910	(619) 476-8279
Robert G. Aldrich (LM)	1400 Colorado Street	Boulder City, NV 89005	(702) 249-5291
Amb. Allen C. Davis (LM)	8352 Orange Court	Alexandria, VA 22309	(703) 799-3068
David L. Hardin (LM)	355 Park Street	Gridley, CA 95948	(530) 846-4057
Paul E. Martin (LM)	126 Lakeside Drive	Montgomery, TX 77356	(936) 447-3920
Richard J. Owens (LM)	720 Eldridge Loop	Cary, NC 27519-7074	(919) 460-7289
James M. Russ (LM)	205 River Bend Court	Longwood, FL 32779	(407) 869-0093
Henry M. Stanley (LM)	165 E. Hilton Drive	Boulder Creek, CA 95006-9355	(831) 338-9561

## WIDOWS

Mary Dement	4515 Graham Road, Lot #138	Harlingen, TX 78552	(956) 357-0780
Audrey Foster	3315 Peachtree Industrial Blvd Apt. #141	Duluth, GA 30096-2639	(770) 676-6675
Susan E. Harvey-Dunn	4216 Troutdale Villiage Drive	Evergreen, CO 80439-7728	(303) 674-3617
Altha McCrary	4540 42nd Avenue SW	Seattle, WA 98116	(206) 906-3405
Elizabeth Peters	4257 Berwick Drive	Lake Wales, FL 33859	(863) 875-0836
Florence Phillips	5480 Marengo Avenue, #G311	La Mesa, CA 91942	(619) 303-9488



## WINGS of GOLD Magazine Articles



### FEATURING AVIATION MIDSHIPMEN and the FLYING MIDSHIPMEN ASSOCIATION

**The first in a series of articles featuring Aviation Midshipmen** and the Flying Midshipman Association appears in the Winter 2010/2011 edition of Wings of Gold magazine, the voice of the Association of Naval Aviation. Those of you who are not members of ANA can acquire a copy of this issue by sending a \$5.00 donation (tax deductible - to cover mailing costs) via check made out to the Association of Naval Aviation to:

Association of Naval Aviation...1446 Waggaman Circle...  
McLean, VA 22101

**A second and third article will appear** in the Spring and Summer 2011 issues as well. Copies of these issues may be obtained using the same procedure with an additional donation to the ANA.



**Please include your mailing address.** If you have questions, contact ANA's Zip Rausa at 703 281 2324 or [goldwings@verizon.net](mailto:goldwings@verizon.net).

# FLYING MIDSHIPMEN ENDOWMENT FUND

**If you haven't already**, you will soon be receiving a DVD disc mailed from the USS Midway Museum containing a two part video; one depicting the Summer 2010 class of the Flying Midshipmen Youth Aviation Training Program aboard the USS Midway in action in the classroom, the flight simulators, and in actual aircraft familiarization flights. The success of this particular class, Class 04-10, is chronicled elsewhere in this edition of the LOG.

**As President Lou stated** in his covering letter to this disc, "we are unquestionably proud of this class and the training program that the class represents. We can think of no better endeavor in accomplishing the FMA stated goal of supporting 'the education of America's teenagers in aviation to encourage them to choose careers in aviation.' And with the Flying Midshipmen name permanently attached to the program, what better way to perpetuate our legacy!

**To date, in support of this program**, and with thanks to a few generous donors, we have had reasonable success in funding the endowment fund. But we are far short of our goal of making the program self-sustaining. It is through this letter and with this video that **we hope to reach the other 80% of our active members who have yet to contribute to the fund.** We want you to understand the importance of your contribution in not only perpetuating the Flying Midshipmen name but, in providing a vehicle for public recognition of your name as a donor to this worthwhile endeavor. We believe you have strong feelings of gratitude for what training as an Aviation Midshipman did for you, your life, and career. And, thus, we

feel you are favorably disposed to giving something back in return."

**Instructions for submitting** cash contributions to the endowment fund are contained on Page 16 of this issue of the LOG. To help you with a decision as to how to donate through your will, a pledge, or planned giving, we have included a second part to the video. Therein, Jim Eckel, CFP, the Director of Planned Giving aboard Midway, provides information regarding estate planning as a means of providing money to the endowment fund. For help with your planning, Jim can be reached at (619) 398-8237 and would be pleased to guide you with your plan.

**FMA widows:** This is an excellent way to remember your husband in perpetuity.

**As President Lou continues** in his letter, "*I offer the thought that if each member makes a renewed minimum contribution of \$500 (regardless of previous contributions to the defunct AMF), a viable investment goal would be reached early on, preferably before FMA is officially decommissioned on May 8, 2011. We know you are beseeched by many requests for donations. Please put this solicitation at the top of your priority list.*"

Roy Mantz  
Executive Director

## Estate and/or Legacy Gifts

Ronald H. Caldwell	In Memoriam
Donald F. Flanigan	

## Cash Donors

<b>Fleet Commander</b>	<b>(\$10,000 and up)</b>
** Max G. Baumgardner	
** Joseph A. Reyes	

<b>Task Force Commander</b>	<b>(\$5,000 to \$9,999)</b>
** Louis Kriser	

<b>Battle Group Commander</b>	<b>(\$1,000 to \$4,999)</b>
** Glenn L. Allen, Jr.	In Memoriam
** D. E. Brandenburg	
William D. Bridge	
William R. Bryant	
* James D. Burton	In Memoriam
** William H. Busse	
George A. Carlton	
** Charles C. Carter	

* Robert T. S. Colby	
Melvin H. Davidow	In Memoriam
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* Thomas M. Smith	
* Bryan M. Smith, Jr.	
Norman E. St. Louis	
** James J. Sullivan	
William Sybeldon	
Elmer M. Tollgaard	

# ENDOWMENT FUND DONORS

(as of 15 January 2011)

## Division Commander

(\$500 to \$999)

- \*\* John D. Anthony
- Edwin Barrineau
- Frederick C. Bereswill
- \*\* Waldo L. Born In Memoriam
- \* Frank J. Cafarella
- \* William D. Campbell
- Dale E. Davis
- Lawrence C. Day
- Melvin R. DeMond In Memoriam
- Walter M. Earley, Jr. In Memoriam
- Eugene D. Ellena
- Robert R. Foley
- John W. Gemmell In Memoriam
- Bernard E. Goehring
- James R. Hanson
- \* Martin H. Henry
- Alexander A. Holeczy, Sr.
- Donald R. Hornbeck In Memoriam
- \*\* Robert D. Kaiser
- Harold Dean Libby
- Dewey W. McCrary
- Fred S. Newman
- C. Charles Restuccia In Memoriam
- William M. Rewey
- George B. Rothrock In Memoriam
- John B. Shank
- Hugh D. Sheffield
- \* John A. Strand, Jr.
- C. A. L. Swanson
- Paul Wuesthoff

## Wing Commander

(\$100 to \$499)

- \*\* Gerald R. Bell
- James E. Bigler
- \*\* John R. Bond
- Keith D. Boyer In Memoriam
- John W. Bradford
- Gordon D. Briscoe
- Burford A. Carlson
- James L. Chapman
- Richard M. Cook In Memoriam
- \* Raymond E. Demming, Jr.
- Richard H. Ellis
- \* William F. Fraser
- \* Frank R. Funk
- \* F. Trevor Gamble
- Coleman Goatley
- \* David L. Hardin
- \* Jesse P. Hofmann, Jr.
- James R. Hoffmann
- \* Howard F. Hofmeister
- \* Allan F. Holmgren
- Burdett L. Ives
- \* Richard F. Kaufman
- Robert D. Krizner
- Frank R. MacKinnis In Memoriam
- Jack D. Mallard
- \* Thomas C. Mauney
- \* James A. McIntyre
- \* John R. Nicholas
- \* Raymond H. Oakes In Memoriam

- James A. Parkes In Memoriam
- \* Charles A. Peacock
- \* Charles T. Phillips
- Jay C. Proctor
- \* Richard J. Rackow
- \* Herbert A. Riebeling
- \* Earl Rogers
- \* R. Orton Rudd
- \* David B. Seeman
- \* Leonard H. Serwat
- Paul W. Shea
- Joseph E. Sherin
- George Sinkez
- \* Robert F. Stratton
- Gilbert L. Summers
- \* Dan M. Trimble
- Peter A. Tufo
- V. Paul Van Keuren, Jr.
- \* S. Frank Viteznik
- \* Lloyd C. Wholey
- Jacob L. Wink
- Norman Zimmerman
- Stewart T. Zink

## Squadron Commander

(up to \$100)

- \* Richard B. Campbell
- \* Eugene B. Conrad
- \* Ralph G. Dermott
- \* Frank M. Dobbertien
- \* Thomas A. Francis
- \* Richard W. Keirnes
- William R. King
- Richard A. Mackell
- \* Gerald J. Parent
- Albert R. Porto
- \* Howard E. Ramsay
- Chares J. Raney In Memoriam
- \* Maurice W. Rumble
- Edward S. Siergiej
- \* Allen L. Sweet In Memoriam
- \* James J. Tyson, Jr.
- \* Thomas A. Voorhees
- \* Robert L. Wilson
- \* Robert Wochinger

Names as shown above will appear on the Donor Wall aboard Midway

\* Denotes members who have contributed to the Aviation Midshipmen Foundation, the balance of which was transferred to the Flying Midshipmen Endowment Fund.

\*\* Denotes members who have contributed to both the AMF and the FMEF.



POET LAUREATE BRENNAN COMES THROUGH AGAIN

LOVE THOSE GUYS??

In the LOG of Summer 2010, my Grandson Bobby asked,

“Were you ever afraid?”

Now, he’s come up with an even stickier wicket ....

\* \* \* \* \*

“Granpa...

With your buddies who flew in the heavens above  
Didja ever experience a feeling of love?  
OMG! That “Q” rocked me back on my heels.  
A Macho Middie doesn’t tell how he feels.

As Poet Laureate, fifteen years is pretty long,  
So, this will likely be my swan song.  
Thirty poems – most of them great.  
Now it’s the end – such is cruel fate.

When Ort finds out I wrote a poem about feeling –  
From his jet up in heaven – he’ll eject through the ceiling!  
But now I’ve done it – will I be fired?  
No matter – my poetic genius has expired.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, here goes:

Well, Love of country – of the flag – that’s OK –  
Love of adventure – sure, any old day.  
Love to play golf or watch a good fight –  
Love a wild party that lasts thru the night.

Admire, respect – maybe even affection –  
Band of brothers – a time-proven connection –  
Companion, friend, the guy on your wing.  
But love your buddies – that’s another thing.

WAIT! The Bible says greater love hath no man  
Than to lay down his life for his friend if he can.  
So thinking about it – to my great surprise –  
You know, Bobby .... I really do love those guys.

Bob Brennan 15-48                      January 1, 2011

\* \* \* \* \*

Editor’s Trivia: FYI – in all previous issues of the LOG,  
the word ‘love’ has appeared only once –  
as a Middie’s last name !

# West Coast Reunion...Monterey September 14 - 16...2010

## After Action Report

This year marked the 38th Annual West Coast Reunion and quite likely the last one in Monterey. We had a better than expected turnout. Our two dinner caterers based their dinner prices on a minimum of 50 persons. At both dinners we served 55.

Four members (seven people) canceled during the last week for health reasons (themselves or their wives), and that in a nutshell defines the problem we face in trying to continue having annual reunions. Not that we like to admit it, but octogenarians have health problems.

The Monterey Bay Lodge was very accommodating. They set up tables and chairs on the grass "under the magnolia tree" for two days of afternoon happy hour. We returned the favor by behaving ourselves. Beer and wine were consumed, but no drunks or boisterous pool parties at 2:00 AM as in times past.

The Tuesday night dinner at the Monterey Elks Lodge included a short video presented by Roy Mantz showing the graduation ceremony for the Sea Cadets on the USS Midway Museum in San Diego. FMA sponsors a two week ground school for the Sea Cadets. The ground school prepares them for the Private Pilot written exam. Following the video, Jim Eckel, Director of Planned Giving for the Midway Museum gave a presentation on ways to endow, or otherwise contribute to the Flying Midshipmen Endowment Fund.

Wednesday night's formal dinner at the Rancho Canada Country Club in Carmel Valley featured a grand buffet dinner, 40s music by Steve Ezzo Entertainment, and after dinner awards presentations by FMA President Lou Kriser who gave us a look at the future of the Association which will sadly be decommissioned next May in Pensacola. There may be informal gatherings after that and a good possibility of one last full blown West Coast Reunion in San Diego in September, which will be coordinated by Smokey Tollgaard and Stan Pederson.

Symbiosis is a word that comes to mind, a good working relationship between two different guys. For the Monterey reunion Hank Stanley lined up all the venues, the motel and two dinners. Not only that, you can thank him for negotiating lower prices. Hank also made all the golfing arrangements. I did the paper work, like sending the announcements, depositing checks, paying the bills, and keeping an updated list of attendees. We both heaved a sigh of relief, when it went off without a glitch. We got quite a few thanks for our efforts. That makes it all worth while.

Earl Rogers

## Attendees

Name	Wife/Friend/Daughter	Preflight Class
Bob Aumack		18-48
Max Baumgardner		15-48
Robert Bell	Suzanne	15-47
Robert H. Belter	Buff	15-48
Fred Bereswill	Lois	9-48
Bill Busse	Barbara	2-47
Bud Carlson		15-49
Dale Davis	Joan	1-47
Owen Dykema		15-49
Jim Eckel	Guest	
Don Goodrum	Georgia	2-47
Donald Herbert		
Howard Hofmeister	Colleen	15-48
Sport Horton	Judy	2-47
John Jenista	Nancy	4-48
Rich Kaufman	Norma	17-48
Louis Kriser		#15 Midn.
Roy Mantz	Kathleen	7-48
Jim McClure	Carol	7-48
Ralph Neiger		11-48
Hank Otten	Donna	7-48
Stan Pederson	Audrey	6-47
Richard Pickering	Nancy	18-48
Marvin Quaid	Margaret	14-48
Bill Rankin	Gail	1-47
Joe Reys	Frances	4-48
Earl Rogers	Dixie	6-47
Fritz Rubins		17-48
Herb Sargent		9-47
Bernie Shank		2-48
Snuffy Smith	Sheryl	8-48
Robert Smyth	Sally	9-46
Hank Stanley	Evie	1-47
Smokey Tollgaard	Shirley	2-48
Hank Wylie	Fran	9-48



Co-Coordinator Earl Rogers

# MONTEREY 2010...IT WAS A GREAT REUNION!!!



*Fritz Rubins*



*Herb Sargent*



*Don Herbert*



*Howard and Colleen Hofmeister*



*Judy and Sport Horton*



*Jim and Carol McClure*



*Guest Speaker Jim Eckel*



*Stan and Audrey Pederson*



*Bill and Gail Rankin*



*Executive Director Roy Mantz*



*Ralph Neiger*



*Shirley and Smokey Tollgaard*



*Don and Georgia Goodrum*



*Owen Dykema*



*Rich and Nancy Pickering*



*Evie and Hank Stanley*



*Norma and Rich Kaufman*



*Fred and Lois Bereswill*



*Fran and Hank Wylie*

# MONTEREY 2010...IT WAS A GREAT REUNION!!!



*Earl and Dixie Rogers*



*Hank and Donna Otten*



*Marv Quaid*



*Nancy and Clancy Jenista*



*Max Baumgardner*



*President Lou Kriser  
and co-chairman Hank Stanley*



*Bud Carlson*



*Bernie Shank*



*Suzanne and Bob Bell*



*Joan and Dale Davis*



*Bob Aumack*



*Sally and Bob Smyth*



*Fran and Joe Reyes*



*Snuffy and Sheryl Smith*



*Bob and Buff Belter*



*Bill and Barbara Busse*



*Kathleen and Roy Mantz*

# Pensacola Reunion...Schedule of Events...May 5 to 10

## THURSDAY, MAY 5, 2011

- 1500 Check in at the Ashton Inn
- 1700 Load Group "A" trolleys for McGuire's Irish Pub
- 1730 Group "A" at McGuire's Irish Pub
- 1800 Load Group "B" trolleys for Hemmingway's Island Grille
- 1830 Group "B" at Hemmingway's Island Grill
- 2000 Load Group "A" trolleys for the Ashton Inn
- 2030 Group "A" arrives at the Ashton Inn
- 2100 Load Group "B" trolleys for the Ashton Inn
- 2130 Group "B" arrives at the Ashton Inn



## FRIDAY, MAY 6, 2011

- 0830 Load trolleys for NAS Pensacola and tour of the USS Iwo Jima
- 0900 Tour of the USS Iwo Jima
- 1100 Lunch to be determined (On your own)
- 1230 Trolleys arrive back at the Ashton Inn
- 1500 Load trolleys for the National Flight Academy
- 1600 National Flight Academy Christening Ceremony with Training Wing - 6 parade of trainers flyby
- 1830 Fish Fry at the Ashton Inn

## SATURDAY, MAY 7, 2011

- 0900 If enough people sign up we can play a round of golf. If you are interested, please indicate so on the Registration Form.
- 1000 Group "A" loads trolley for historic tour of Downtown Pensacola and Veteran's Memorial Park (limited to 30 passengers)
- 1200 Group "A" trolley returns to Ashton Inn
- 1300 Group "B" loads trolley for historic tour of Downtown Pensacola and Veteran's Memorial Park (limited to 30 passengers)
- 1500 Group "B" trolley returns to the Ashton Inn
- 1700 Load Group "B" trolleys for McGuire's Irish Pub
- 1730 Group "B" at McGuire's Irish Pub
- 1800 Load Group "A" trolleys for Hemmingway's Island Grille
- 1830 Group "A" at Hemmingway's Island Grill
- 2000 Load Group "B" trolleys for the Ashton Inn
- 2030 Group "B" arrives at the Ashton Inn
- 2100 Load Group "A" trolleys for the Ashton Inn
- 2130 Group "A" arrives at the Ashton Inn

## SUNDAY, MAY 8, 2011

- 0900 Load trolleys for the Naval Aviation Museum
- 1000 Flying Midshipmen Decommissioning Ceremony in the Atrium
- 1100 Group "A" eats at the Cubi Bar (80 people)
- 1200 Group "B" eats at the Cubi Bar (80 people)
- 1300 Group "C" eats at the Cubi Bar (80 people)
- 1830 Bar-B-Q at the Ashton Inn

## MONDAY, MAY 9, 2011

- 0900 If enough people sign up we can play a round of golf. If you are interested, please indicate so on the Registration Form.
- 1100 Load trolleys for Pensacola Beach and a dolphin cruise with a sack lunch (limited to 50 passengers)
- 1500 Trolleys return to the Ashton Inn.
- 1800 Load trolleys for the banquet dinner at the New World Landing
- 1830 Cocktail time at the New World Landing
- 1900 Banquet dinner served at the New World Landing
- 2130 First trolley leaves for the Ashton Inn
- 2200 Last trolley leaves for the Ashton Inn

## TUESDAY, MAY 10, 2011

- 1100 Check out at the Ashton Inn

BLUE SKIES!!

Members can order Mugs and/or Steins with the Navy Centennial logo and Flying Midshipman name, or any other words on them. Here is the contact information: A&J Mugs...24 Palafox St. Pensacola, FL 32502...Telephone: 850-434-2203, Email: AJMUGS.COM. (We may have a limited supply at the Reunion Ready Room for sale. Regards, Gene Martin

# Pensacola Reunion...Registration Form...May 5 to 10

**Association Member** \_\_\_\_\_ **Spouse and/or Guest** \_\_\_\_\_

**Names of additional guests** \_\_\_\_\_ **Phone #** \_\_\_\_\_ **Email** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address** \_\_\_\_\_ **Preflight Class** \_\_\_\_\_

Registration fee is \$30.00 per person NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 30.00 = \_\_\_\_\_

McGuire's Irish Pub (1/2 on Thurs. & 1/2 on Sat.) NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 36.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hemingway's Island Grille (1/2 on Thurs. & 1/2 on Sat.) NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 29.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
 (The venues will flip on the 2 nights) (Transportation is included)

Tour of the USS Iwo Jima NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 15.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Lunch will be on your own at a place to be determined)

National Flight Academy Christening Ceremony NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 12.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
 (with Training Wing 6...Parade of trainers flyby)

All You Can Eat Fish Fry at the Ashton Inn NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 24.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Chicken tenders served for the non fish people)

Tour of Historic Downtown Pensacola and Veteran's Memorial Park NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 20.00 = \_\_\_\_\_

Aviation Museum and Decommissioning Ceremony with NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 24.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
 lunch at the Cubi Bar (includes gratuity and transportation)

Bar-B-Q at the Ashton Inn NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 24.00 = \_\_\_\_\_

Dolphin Cruise and sack lunch NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 40.00 = \_\_\_\_\_

Golf NASP Course NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 10.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sat \_\_\_ Mon \_\_\_ (Transportation only each day)

New World Landing banquet dinner NUMBER ATTENDING \_\_\_\_\_ X \$ 35.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Includes gratuity, music and transportation)  
 Enter banquet meat choices for each person attending  
 BEEF \_\_\_\_\_ FISH \_\_\_\_\_ CHICKEN \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL REMITTANCE** \_\_\_\_\_

**Registration and payment due by April 5, 2011.** Make checks payable to:  
 Beach Bum Trolley...Flying Midshipmen Reunion..

**Please mail this form with your payment to:** Beach Bum Trolley  
**OR** call 850-941-2876 with Visa or MasterCard Flying Midshipmen Reunion  
 3811 W. Nine Mile Rd  
 Email address: tom@beachbumtrolley.com Pensacola, FL 32526

**WE WILL BE STAYING AT THE ASHTON INN.**

Telephone 850-455-4561. The room rate is \$60.00 for 1 queen or \$70.00 for 2 queens. Prices are plus tax. You can stay 3 nights before and 3 nights after the reunion for the same price.

**DIRECTIONS TO HOTEL:** From I-10 take Exit 12 onto I-110 South to the Fairfield Exit (State Route 295). Travel West on Fairfield and merge onto the New Warrington Spur. This turns into Navy Blvd. and the hotel will be on your left shortly after this change of street name. You will need to pass the hotel and make a U-Turn to enter the hotel parking lot. If you fly into Pensacola, an airport pickup will be available from Beach Bum Trolley for \$35.00 for a group up to 4 passengers plus \$5.00 for each extra passenger up to 10.

*Call Beach Bum toll free at 888-462-1026 to schedule a shuttle pickup*

**FOR THOSE WITH INTERNET ACCESS,** you can check-out our activities page on [www.beachbumtrolley.com](http://www.beachbumtrolley.com) Click on the REUNIONS link and then click on the FLYING MIDSHIPMEN link

Tours may change because the Aviation Week Timeline is based on the mission of the U.S. Navy and that is subject to change without notice. Every effort will be made to find a similar substitute activity.

All activity selections are optional and include transportation. The Registration Fee must be paid for every person attending.

## FMA...Midway Training Program Graduation

**The August 5, 2010, graduation ceremony** of the Flying Midshipmen Youth Aviation Training Program, Class 04-10, aboard USS Midway Museum was, simply put, impressive. The first formal ceremony of its kind, staff members from both the Education and Development Departments aboard Midway went to great lengths to ensure a memorable occasion for both the graduating Sea Cadets and attending guests. The ceremony was in recognition of a particularly significant group of graduates. All thirteen students were successful in not only being certified by their instructor to take the examination, but all were successful in passing the FAA Private Pilots knowledge test; the first 100% success rate recorded.

**Guests in attendance included** not only parents, but important representatives from U. S. Naval Sea Cadet Corps. Also in attendance were active duty Naval Aviators, distinguished former civilian aviators, Midway docents and instructors, former Sea Cadet students, philanthropists, and representatives of the Flying Midshipmen Association. The keynote speaker was a former student, a young 17 year old from last year's class who had just completed 69 hours of flight training and had earned her Private Pilots license. Her talk to the graduates was inspirational. Attendees were then treated to a 4-minute video clip of the class in action in the classroom, at the flight simulators, and at the controls of an aircraft accumulating actual stick time in the air with the local E.A.A. Young Eagles Chapter at Brown Field.

**Accompanying this article** is a copy of a special message to the class received from **Dr. Sally Ride**, the first U. S. woman astronaut. Coincidentally, the date of the ceremony coincided with the 80th birthday of **Neil Armstrong**, former Aviation Midshipman and the first man to set foot on the moon. The graduating students all elected to sign and mail a birthday greeting to Neil to which he graciously responded.

**Captain David A. Rannells, USN (Ret.)**, Pacific SW Representative of the U. S. Naval Sea Cadet Corps addressed the assembled expressing his views on the value and importance of the Flying Midshipmen Youth Aviation Training Program to the Sea Cadet Corps and vowed that the Sea Cadet Corps will continue to find highly motivated, young, aviation enthusiasts to fill classrooms in the future. The ceremony concluded with the serving of refreshments to the mingled students and guests as provided by the wives of Midway Museum docents. All-in-all, the graduation ceremony was a memorable occasion for all in attendance.

Roy Mantz 7-48



## Graduation...A Letter from Dr. Sally Ride

August 5, 2010

Dear “Flying Midshipmen” (and women) Cadets:

*You deserve to be proud of yourselves! Instead of basking at the beach or playing video games, you decided to set a goal for yourselves this summer by coming to the USS Midway Museum and studying diligently. I congratulate you in this first step in your aviation careers. Now I urge you to continue your study in aviation, science, math and technology to firmly embrace and experience the fascinating world around you.*

*Remember also that you have inherited a rich legacy from the original Flying Midshipmen who mentor and sponsor your program. These aviator rose to the call when our country needed them. Because of their dedication and perseverance you have the freedom and opportunity to pursue your individual dreams. I hope you'll remember this legacy as you alertly seek out new opportunities and dare to take chances. My own career was enhanced by a teacher who mentored me at your age, and my career expanded by taking a chance on answering the newspaper advertisement seeking applicants for the space program.*

*You are our country's future. I wish you courage and determination to dream big, reach for the stars and may you have boundless horizons. I also leave you with the thought from a former Flying Midshipman and fellow astronaut, Neil Armstrong: “Pilots take no special joy in walking. Pilots like flying.”*

*Fair skies to each one of you!*

*Dr. Sally Ride  
President and CEO Sally Ride Science*



## FMA BULLETIN BOARD

The Flying Midshipmen Association official website, under the direction of Webmaster, Dave Hardin, is the place to go for all manner of FMA information, including the Active Member and Widow Directories. All FMA members and widows are encouraged to view their personal information as included in the online Directories for correctness and to report corrections/changes using the included link. The Directories can be accessed through the Flying Midshipmen website at the address below. Click on "Restricted Access" and "Directories." If you have misplaced or forgotten the User Name or Password, call collect or write Roy Mantz, Executive Director, at (619) 435-1628 or [rmantz@san.rr.com](mailto:rmantz@san.rr.com).

**T**HE PURPOSE of the Flying Midshipmen Association is to preserve and strengthen a spirit of comradeship among members of the Armed Forces of the United States who served in the U.S. Navy as Aviation Midshipmen; to record and preserve for historical purposes a memory of the era of Aviation Midshipmen in the United States Navy during war and peace; to foster and perpetuate the role of aviation in the United States Navy; to give appropriate recognition to the memory of those who pioneered and contributed to its development; to help preserve for history for the benefit of future generations, appropriate representative naval aircraft and related equipment; and to promote naval aviation and the United States Navy. Additionally, FMA supports the education of America's teenagers in aviation to encourage them to choose careers in aviation.

### WEB SITE...E-MAIL...MAIL...PHONE

**FLYING MIDSHIPMEN WEBSITE**  
[www.flyingmidshipmen.org](http://www.flyingmidshipmen.org)

#### E-MAIL ADDRESSES:

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 Palo Alto, CA 94301  
 Phone: 650-321-6228



### CONTRIBUTE TO THE FLYING MIDSHIPMEN ENDOWMENT FUND

*To do so make your check payable to:*  
THE SAN DIEGO FOUNDATION

*And on the "For" memo line write:*  
FLYING MIDSHIPMEN ENDOWMENT FUND

*Send the contribution to:*  
THE USS MIDWAY MUSEUM  
VICE PRESIDENT OF DEVELOPMENT  
910 N. HARBOR DRIVE  
SAN DIEGO, CA 92101

*Midway will place your name on a DONOR BOARD  
and forward the check to the San Diego Foundation*

### HOWGOZIT

#### Membership (as of 15 January 2011)

Active members	629
Deceased	660
Widows	209

#### FMA Treasury (as of 15 January 2011)

Investment Fund	\$11,162.47
NFCU MMSA	6,682.80
NFCU Savings	52.63
NFCU Checking	<u>636.94</u>
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$18,534.84</b>

## HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT

### MUST HAVE BEEN A SHORTAGE OF APPLICANTS...Stew Zink 5-48

#### I believe I hold several Aviation Midshipmen records.

In my SENIOR YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL I could claim the following:

- A. Most countries lived in: 2
- B. Most states lived in: 2
- C. Least time spent in high school as a senior, yet the most high school diplomas awarded: 2

And the SUMMER FOLLOWING HIGH SCHOOL:

- A. The most countries overseas visited as crew with ship cargoes of livestock: 2
- B. Most services belonged to at one time: 2

All the above occurred prior to reporting for duty as A/S, V-5, USNR at the University of Texas, Austin.

#### Highlights of these seemingly outrageous claims follow:

##### Left Eugene, OR, in May '45 for Washington, DC.

Dad had just returned to the U.S. after two and a half years of North African, Sicilian, and French overseas wartime U. S. Army duty. September '45, off to Mexico City for six weeks, Dad consulting. Then to Tulsa, OK, to Tulsa Central High School, in November, as a senior. Signed up for the UNRRA (UN Restoration and Rehabilitation Administration) program. Churches would provide livestock to repopulate war torn



Europe, Merchant Marine would provide ships, high schools would provide kids for crew. Next, in February '46, moved to Dallas, TX, and Sunset High School. Dad asked if I wanted to fly Navy airplanes? Sworn in as Apprentice Seaman, V-5, USNR on 11 June 1946. (Must have been a shortage of applicants.) Received two high school diplomas, one each from Tulsa Central and Sunset.



**Reported aboard the Victory ship** Battle Creek Michigan at Newport News, VA, at the end of June. Served as Seaman Apprentice, Merchant Marine, helping tend three ship holds of cattle, 700

total, with bulls and heifers carefully segregated in different holds. Sailed to Piraeus, Greece, where the Greeks turned loose the cattle on the pier, unsegregated. Quite a sight, lots of sounds too. Returning to Newport News, helped load and tend 600 horses bound for Gdansk, Poland. In Gdansk, two of us get robbed by two Soviet soldiers with AK-47s. Afterwards, always remembered what Dad said upon returning from WWII: "Watch out for the Russian Bear." In September, still age 17, reported to the University of Texas V-5 Unit.

**Received honorable discharge** from the Navy effective 1 July 1975. Received DD-214 with honorable discharge from the Coast Guard for service in the Merchant Marine during the official WW II time frame, in September 2008. Never found out if the Navy knew about the Merchant Marine service.

### THIS WAS THE WAY TO REALIZE MY DREAMS...Paul Wuesthoff 11-48

I was raised on the East Side of Los Angeles...at an early age I would defy my parents and ride my bike a few miles to a small Air Field next to the Tracks. I would sit on the tracks and watch the flight activities in wonder. I especially liked the polished aluminum Ryan ST, an open cockpit two seater. I vowed I would fly one day. The war and military aviation further stimulated my interest in flying. In high school I spent time at the end of the runway at nearby Burbank Airport, home of Lockheed Aviation., watching the P-38 do its thing, always wanted to fly that plane



**In 1946, my senior year at Franklyn High**, the boys (boys only) were called into an assembly where a representative of every branch of service in dress uniform gave a recruitment talk. The Naval Aviator talked about the V-5 Program, He was beautiful in his dress whites and gold wings. It wasn't hard to see that this was the way to realize my dreams plus get a higher education as a bonus.

**What a windfall!!** At the close of the assembly I rushed to the front, talked to the Naval Aviator and picked up the necessary papers, passed the written and physical tests. However, getting the folks to sign was a chore. None of the family had ever been in the air, but good sense prevailed and that was it. Joining the Navy and the V-5 program was the best move of my life.

## MY AMBITION WAS TO BE A NAVAL AVIATOR...F. "Stan" Kunkle 17-48

**The year was 1940** --- I was a sixth grader at Horace Mann Elementary School, Indiana PA. Ms. Thomas greeted the new class of students asking how their summer was. When it was my turn, I let everyone know that I had my first airplane ride and that my ambition was to be a naval aviator.

**I was fortunate to live** three miles from Hamilton Airfield where college students were taking flight training six days a week. Students and their instructors would fly frequently over or near the farm to practice simulated landings. I built model airplanes, read aviation magazines, watched Movietone News, seeing Navy planes taking off and landing on aircraft carriers.

**One of the instructors**, who I only remember as "Smitty", would buzz his parent's home and they would know to go to Hamilton Field to greet him when he landed. I also went down to watch the landing along with a large crowd of people. As a teenager, I was really impressed with the very loud engine and could hardly believe that in three short years, I too, would be learning to fly that same aircraft at Whiting Field in Pensacola, FL.

**It was my uncle** who arranged with the senior instructor at Hamilton Field for me to take my first airplane ride and encouraged me to follow my dreams of becoming a Naval Pilot. I learned to fly in a J-3 Piper Cub when I turned 17 in August of 1945. I soloed August 12th in six hours and

received my pilot's certification on September 17th. The war was still with us and I was drafted with thirty other eighteen year old seniors in the graduating Class of 1946. My tour of duty was deferred until after I graduated on May 28th.

**After the military draft holiday** in May, I learned about the Navy's V-5 program for aviation students. I drove to Johnstown, PA to take preliminary application tests, along with my two buddies, Bob and Jack. We passed the tests and returned home to wait for the next step in the program. On June 17th, we received orders from the Navy Recruiter to report to Pittsburgh, PA for three days where we would take an additional battery of tests and a rigid physical examination to meet the program's requirements.

**Unfortunately, my buddies** did not meet the qualifications for the physical part of the exam. Those who failed to meet all requirements departed after lunch that same day. Those who passed were assembled and LTJG Fatkin, the recruiting officer, called the remaining candidates alphabetically to his office, one by one. He inquired about a number of things that were not part of the written exams, but more about what you did in your spare time, why you were interested in the program, etc. Having passed my all examinations, having my pilot's license and being in good physical condition as a result of playing basketball, I was accepted in the program and sworn in.

## HIS LAST NAME WAS PATERNO...Pete Tufo 17-47

**After reading** of our esteemed President Lou's failing Forgery 101 at Erasmus Hall H.S., I figured another Brooklyn tale was in order since our schools were rivals. In 1943, my Brooklyn Tech was undefeated NY City Champs and in '44 selected to represent the city in the Bond Bowl game against an upstate team at Ebbet's Field. We won 25 to 6.

**Our coach, Adam Cirillo**, was contacted by Mr. Everett "Busy" Arnold, an Alumni of Brown, who was interested in "sponsoring" some 6 players for Coach Rip Engle at Brown. Coach selected Al Veling, our H.S. All-American fullback, who shattered Sid Luckman's season record 78 points by racking up 144, my subway companion Ryan, wide receiver, Traub our back/punter, and myself. He also selected Herb Lyons center/linebacker from our Bowl opponent and lastly Joe a Qb/Db from Brooklyn Prep, a Jesuit school we scrimmaged twice a year.

**During Xmas break**, we all boarded a parlor car at Grand Central and met Mr. Arnold, a leading publisher of the major comic books in those days. At Brown for three days, we were given campus tours, had interviews with Coach Engle, and took entrance exams.

**January was graduation** for our eight starters and we all decided to enlist, seven going Navy, one Army. Ryan and I got the same reporting date and once again took the same train, but to Sampson NY not Queens. During Boot Camp we both were offered the chance to take the V-5 Program exams. Shortly after, we learned acceptance letters from Brown arrived at our homes, but I was headed for the V-5 unit at Dartmouth in October.

**After Boot Camp**, I was assigned to the Base Provost for temp ships company. With SP arm band, 45 side arm and keys to a Harley 76 and patrolled the base. Every two weeks I was part of the escort team taking a graduated company to NY on Friday, returning on Monday with a new group of recruits. Free trip home, and per diem to boot. This all ended in Oct., along with S2/C pay. It wasn't long before the Holloway Program signed us up and with a variety of bumps in the road finally led to Pensacola.

**Of the group** that went up to Brown, only one actually played for Engle. It was Joe from Brooklyn Prep, who also followed him to Penn State. *His last name is Paterno.*

## SEMPER PARVUS A GREAT CHOICE!...Bob Howard 5-49

**When the opportunity came** to choose the Marine Corps, I took it, and then I was asked to choose between the East Coast Wing and fly jets, or the West Coast Wing and fly the Corsair and go to Korea.. The Korean War was on, and so I was commissioned as 2Lt USMCR, awarded my Wings of Gold and opted to go to war. (It was necessary to resign as Midshipman, and sign a new contract as an Aviation Cadet in order to request a commission in the USMC. This caused a week or more delay for the paperwork.)



**At MCAS El Toro, I checked out in the Corsair**, and went to Korea in a replacement draft in March 1951. I reported to VMF-312, Checkerboard Squadron, aboard the USS Bataan in the Yellow Sea and flew my first 25 missions. We were transferred to K-1 at Pusan and flew off an asphalt runway, then to K-46 on a dirt runway just short of the front lines, and I finished my tour at K-18 on the east coast with a pierced steel planking runway. Flew 105 missions total in the F4U-4 and F4U-4B Corsair.

**Transferred to Aircraft Engineering Squadron 12** at MCAS Quantico flying the F8F-2. This was the close air support demonstration squadron for schools at Quantico, and for the quarterly Joint Civilian Orientation Courses. Then I was selected for 1st.Lt, selected to be a regular officer and selected for Test Pilot School at NATC Patuxent River. I completed Class 10 in July 1953. I checked out in jets at TPS and was thrilled that the school had an F-86A so that each of us could dive supersonic. I was greatly disappointed to not stay at NATC, but joined a F9F-4 squadron in Miami which soon moved to MCAS Cherry Point. Selected for Captain. Was sent to NAS Atsugi to join VMF-235 flying the FJ-2 and then the FJ-4. As we gave up the FJ-2's, they were overhauled by a Japanese company named Nippi Aircraft. They built a hangar at Atsugi for the purpose, and I served as

the production test pilot for them.

**In 1956 I was ordered to** the Naval Ordnance Test Station, China Lake, Ca. to serve as the USMC test pilot on the Sidewinder guided missile. Had a fantastic tour flying most of the operational jets in the USN and USMC including the #10 F8U-1., plus a borrowed F-104A from the USAF. The F-104 was the only Mach 2 capable airplane in the US inventory. It was rigged for the full pressure suit so I could routinely fly and fire missiles at 60,000 feet and above. Only had one flameout at that altitude and the full pressure suit worked fine. It was my privilege to fire 100 production and experimental missiles during my three and one-half year tour.

**Ordered to the Navy Postgraduate School in 1960**, graduating in 1963 with a BS and MS in Aeronautical Engineering. Selected for Major. Spent one year on staff duty in Iwakuni, then one year in an F-4B squadron at El Toro. Ordered to HQMC to a small staff working on JCS papers for the CMC. Selected for LtCol before going to the National War College, graduating in 1969. Ordered to MCAS Chu Lai, RVN for duty as Operations Officer of MAG-13, then CO of VMFA-122, and then moving to Operations Officer of the Marine Air Wing at Danang. Flew 330 missions in the F-4B, mostly while CO.

**Returned to HQMC as Officer in Charge** of Enlisted Assignments in the Personnel Department. Selected for Colonel. After two years, selected to be Military Secretary for the CMC. Then returned to El Toro to take command of Marine Aircraft Group-11, comprised of three F-4B and F-4J squadrons, one RF-4B and EA-6A squadron, an Air Base Squadron, and a Headquarters and Maintenance Squadron. Retired as Colonel on 1 July 1975 with 4500 hours in 48 different airplane types.

## MY NAVY/MARINE FLYING CAREER...Lee Pulsipher 5-49

**I was selected for the Naval Aviation College Program [NACP]** and attended the University of Southern California 3 semesters and a Summer session before reporting to Pensacola in Feb 1949. I was an Aviation Midshipman in Class 5-49 [same class as Neil Armstrong, Bob Smith, Joe Akagi, Ken Schechter, Jerry Bell, and others] and completed flight training in August 1950, flying F8F Bearcats. At the conclusion of flight training I desired to join the Marine Corps. Since the Marine Corps could not accept Navy Midshipmen in their squadrons, it was necessary for me to resign as a Midshipman and become a NavCad for about 1 week [time it took for orders and commission as a Marine 2nd Lt to process].

**After Jet Training** at JTU-1, Whiting Field, in TO-1s, I reported to VMF-122 at Cherry Point, NC. We flew F2H-2

Banshees and were deployed on a Med cruise aboard the USS Oriskany. After the Med cruise, I was transferred to VMF-115 for deployment to K-3 [Pohang] in Korea. Flew F9F-4 & F9F-2 Panthers out of K-3 during the war.

**Had a number of close calls** including a "cold" cat shot off the USS Coral Sea [splashed off the bow in the Atlantic during Carquals—scratch one Banshee]. Also ejected from an F9F-2 after my plane was "shot up" by shrapnel from a 260# daisy cutter [with proximity fuse] that exploded on my flight leader's plane over Korea [Capt Howard "Soup" Campbell was killed instantly].

**After Korea I was a flight instructor** at Kingsville, Texas in F6Fs [ATU-102] and then TV-2s [ATU-200]. Finally flew F9F-6 Cougars in VMF-123, a reserve squadron at NAS Los Alamitos.

## I RECEIVED “GREETINGS” FROM THE PRESIDENT...Bill Baron 15-47

After graduating from Kelvyn Park High School in Chicago in June 1945, I waited for the Draft Board to call me. Getting impatient, I called the Board and asked when I would be drafted. The lady said that the names are drawn at random and not known ahead of time, but if I wanted to join the service I should go down to the Navy Recruiting Office; they were looking for candidates for the V-5 Aviation Program and I could go to college. That sounded good to me so I went.

This led to the first unexpected and “unusual” event because out of 8 of us applying, none of us were accepted. Four didn’t pass the mental exams, 2 couldn’t pass the eye test and the seventh failed because his gums bled when they were touched.

I was rejected because of a deviated septum (not enough breathing capacity in my “pug” nose). My mother was a nurse and she knew a doctor who had done many of these operations for the Air Force. He took a hammer and a chisel and pounded off a few bone slivers inside my nose. He then shoved 2 boards up my nose...in the middle of the night I sneezed and my heart pounded in my nose the rest of the night.

After 2 weeks I was declared OK and went back to the Navy. They looked up my nose and said, “Fine, let’s sign the papers”. I said, “OK, but just today (true) I received ‘Greetings’ from the President”. When I showed the letter they called the Draft Board and then told me to go and talk to

the Board. When I met with the Board they said, “Where are your papers from the Navy?” When I came back again, the head of the Board said, “You go ahead, the Navy can get you for more than we can”. As I was signing the papers, after all this delay, the lady at the recruiting office said, “incidentally, the class has been filled and you will have to wait until the next semester”.

Two weeks later the Navy called me and asked if I could be ready to go after all. I then had to say good-bye all over again. In November of 1945 I was sent to Cornell University in Ithaca, New York as a V-5, Apprentice Seaman for the first year.

The Program was then shut down and I was given the choice of going to summer school or flying. I said that was no choice. I went to NAAS Livermore, California for “E Base” training in the summer, flying the N2S Stearman “Yellow Peril”

I was discharged at the Naval Station in Long Beach. When we went down there we said, “We have to be discharged right away because we have to go to college”. They said, “Oh yeah, we have 3 to 5 year veterans here waiting to go home...you get back in line!”. Someone finally called Washington and explained the situation. I went back home and to Illinois University at the Navy Pier in Chicago. After the second year of college I went to Pensacola and joined Class 15-47...after 22 years I retired.

## “WANT ME TO FILL IT UP?”...Richard Culbertson 18-48

Saw a NACP recruiting notice in the Lynchburg, VA paper. Took and passed the locally administered tests, got a TR and railed up to ONOPs in Washington. Passed the battery of mental tests and aced the physical except for albumin in my urine. Spent rest of the day giving specimens, all of which showed albumin. Corpsman told me to drink lots of water and return next day.

Spent the night at the “Y” drinking copious quantities of water each hour. Next day, no albumin, but specific gravity was too low! Kept trying to get a passing specimen all day with no luck. About 1600, I was standing at a urinal in total

frustration when a gent steps up to the adjoining urinal with his cup, says “Howdy” and asks how I’m doing.

I tell him my problem...he says “Want me to fill it up?” I ask if he is healthy, he says “yes” and I say “fill ‘er up.” He does, it checks out OK and I get processed. No bladder trouble before, during 29 in the Navy or since! Wish I knew who my benefactor was. I owe him many rounds of drinks.



## THOSE ENJOYABLE TIMES

### MEMORABLE DAYS...Bob Netro 18-48

**As an early addict** for flying different aircraft it was a ball when joining VRF-32 as Operations Officer. Each aviator had to work toward qualification in at least six aircraft ASAP. Most then averaged about eight. In my case it grew to eleven including: T-28, SNB, AD, S2F, T1, TV, T33, T2, F9F, A4, and F8 Crusader. This also included a variety of models within each category. This made it quite easy for operations in both our squadron and in VRF-31 to schedule me for a variety of deliveries with associated pickups. There are many stories to relate, but only two will follow.

**First I went to NAS Lemorre** to checkout in the AD. Two chased flights and two solos followed some basic ground school. As you will see not everything was covered. Scheduling from my squadron asked me to deliver an AD to Norfolk. It was rather late in the day so I flew to Luke AFB before nightfall. I was in operations when a lineman came in to see how to close the canopy. Note that after all four previous flights this was never required. I stated I would be right out. As my emergency handbook was no help a call was made to Lemoore. I said I was Sergeant Smith and need the canopy closing method. Armed with the proper info I strutted to the aircraft to show the sergeant how to complete this simple event. Needless to say this story stayed buried from Squadron mates.

**A second memorable day** started with breakfast at home. I then flew an F8 from San Diego to Norfolk via refueling at NAS Dallas. The return trip that afternoon was in an A4 following the same route. Weather was fairly decent only requiring a jet penetration at Norfolk. Dallas refueling was a snap as they had a special line for speeding up this process. Finally I arrived home in time for dinner quite pleased with accomplishing something few others get the chance to do.



### I HAD NEVER BEEN UP IN AN AIRPLANE...Bob Howard 5-49

**I enlisted in the Navy** immediately after graduation from high school in Oklahoma City in June 1946. During my first year, I learned of the Holloway Plan in a notice on a bulletin board at aviation radioman school in Corpus Christi. I applied, was accepted, and began my college work at Oklahoma A & M (now Oklahoma State) in September 1946. Just before the summer of 1947, those of us in the program were told that we were needed at flight school promptly, so no summer cruise with the active fleet was possible. We (David Joe Ellison, Freeman Lee Lofton, Herb Graham and me) took regular semester classes and summer courses in '47 and '48 and had credits to be juniors in college in January 1949.

**We reported to Preflight Class 5-49** in February. (Joe Ellison asked me how much flying I had done. When I admitted I had never even been up in an airplane, commercial or otherwise, he was appalled. He called a taxi, we went out to Pensacola Airport, he checked out a PT-19, and he took me up for my first flight. Later Joe admitted he could not swim, and I was able to teach him enough to pass the requirements for Preflight. We call it square.)



## LEGAL FLAT HATTING IN AN F6F...John Wojnar 11-48

**Upon completing Advanced Training** in Corpus Christi in PB4Y2's, I was transferred to squadron VP-21 in Patuxent River, Md. The squadron just received 9 P4M's, the newest ASW aircraft in the Navy fleet. Being the youngest pilot I did not get much seat time, so I decided to go to "Service Test" at the base. They were flying the F8F (Bearcat) and gave me a handbook to read. After a cockpit blindfold checkout, off I went. Little did I realize they were watching to see what would fail next. I flew the plane until I was transferred and really ENJOYED the change.

**My next assignment** was to fly the P4M in Port Lyautey, French Morocco, where they had 4 P4M's loaded with Electronic gear. I was one of 3 Ensigns in VP-21. None of us wanted to go to Port Lyautey, but I lost the coin toss and off I went. The detachment was doing "Top Secret" flights with stopovers at Naples, Italy and Nicosia, Cyprus and then returning to base. Not getting much seat time again, I found out that a pilot was needed to spray insecticide early in the morning at the base. The plane was a F6F (Hellcat). I guess you could call it "*Legal Flat Hattin*". There were times when I went astray and buzzed the local Moroccan at their domiciles.

## "IT WAS CLEAR WE IMPRESSED PEOPLE"...Bob Netro 18-48

**In June 1957, a four-plane detachment of AJ-2Ps** from VAP-61 based on NAS Añaña, Guam was to spend three months operating from Kodiak, Alaska. The mission involved photo mapping much of the soon to become 49th state in connection with the International Geophysical Year. A/Cs included CO, Cy Mendenhall, LTs Jim Liles, Steve Odrobina, and yours truly.

**Cy was a great CO and a man of few words.** His were "*let's do a great job, and impress people at each stop.*" Our stops would be Midway, Adak, and Kodiak. Weather permitting a formation flyover was planned for each base, as they didn't get a chance to see carrier aircraft.

**One hour from Midway, Steve had an engine failure.** Cy and Jim went ahead, I stayed with Steve. Steve landed after me as he necessarily fouled the runway until being towed away.

**Three aircraft went on to Adak.** Instrument approaches were required, so again no flyover. An unpredicted heavy fog rolled in and was estimated to remain for several days. Cy decided to depart the next day with ceiling almost zero and visibility less than 100 feet. Jim and I followed at one-minute intervals. (This was one of the few times a green instrument card came in handy.) We joined on top and enjoyed the new scenery until about three hours from Kodiak when Cy had an engine failure. I went ahead while Jim stayed with Cy.

**At Kodiak and on downwind leg** my photo navigator noticed smoke from the starboard engine so as a precaution I shut it down. Again no flyover plus two aircraft had to be towed in. Both downed aircraft were flyable within two days. For almost a week the tower would ask us if a tow would be necessary. *It was clear we impressed people.*

**For three months we photographed some of the most beautiful terrain in the world.** Some runs were at 30,000 feet and above, others as low as 300 to 500 feet...especially over glaciers. Millions of lakes, unending miles of rivers and streams, rugged snow covered mountains, and very little evidence of habitation in an area twice the size of Texas. With fewer than 600,000 humans most of the time it made us feel we were experiencing a distant planet. It wasn't until years later when flying over our Western states that anything comparable came into view.

**Respect for Alaskan pilots couldn't be greater.** To imagine single engine land planes flying in remote areas in bad weather was mind-boggling. An engine failure was an invitation to disaster. Seaplanes weren't much better off except they probably could find a landing area. Compare this to our three-engine (two prop and one jet) bird flying in good summer weather in order to do the photography.

**Television coverage provided** by the recent Sarah Palin series and another series about Alaskan State Troopers refreshed this aging memory about many scenarios not covered above. *You may not be tempted to move there, however a cruise is highly recommended.*



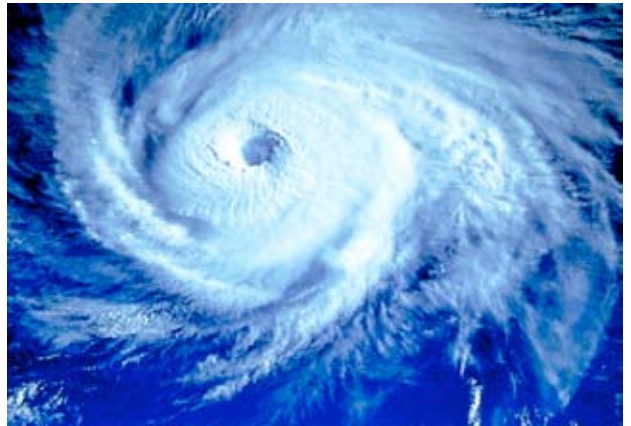
## IT WAS THE TYPHOON'S FAULT!...Hank Wylie 9-48

**I was the pilot of an AJ-2P** out of Agana, Guam...July 1956...on a night navigation flight. Ensign Gene Vandermolen was the photo navigator and PHC Caudry the Photo Tech, As we headed north past Saipan and Tinian, it was starting to cloud up. Two and a half hours later, turned on radar, spotted Chichi Jima and made our turn. (This is where 19 year old President George H. Bush's Avenger was shot down, September 1944.)

**Gene had been having troubles** with the periscope sextant shooting stars, so I put him in the Pilot's seat and took over the sextant. ( It seems Gene did his navigation training out of NAS Hutchinson, KS where all you did was look down at the N/S and E/W roads.). A break in the clouds and I spotted Polaris...Estimated our Position.

**Later I lucked out** and spotted Antares in the head of the Southern Constellation Scorpion. *Ha, a two star fix!* We were way off course to the West. ( Bless the stars! Psalms 8:3 "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou has ordained.") We turned toward Guam. Our command radio AR-13 was inoperative. Looked back and Caudry had taken it out of the rack, was touching two wires together and was Morse-coding our situation to the Squadron. Throttled back to 1700 turns, max BMEP and proceeded to Guam.

**Checked with Aerology**...seems a Typhoon was spawned up by Tinian and had blown us far off course to the west!



## LIFE DOESN'T GET MUCH BETTER!...Bill Busse 2-47

**There were three emotional highs** in my early Navy life. The first was when high school buddy, Jim Hendrix, and I hitch hiked to LA from Prescott, Arizona, to try to enlist in the V-5 Program. I had earlier flunked the physical exam for the boot Navy and was going to LA merely for the adventure. And then, lo and behold, Jim and I were among the five out of fifty who made it. Unbelievable! "How would you like to go Arizona State College at Flagsaff?...and here are your V-5 pins!" Wow, life can't get any better than this! But it did!

**A semester at Flag**, a mere 100 miles from home and all of the lonesome young ladies, but that was not the emotional high. We were treated rather shabbily by the ensconced V-12 folks at ASU, but it all evened out. The Skipper had us assemble in the lounge where he announced that the Unit was being decommissioned and the V-5s and V-12s were being reassigned. First, the V-12s are going to the University of New Mexico (silence) and the V-5s to the University of Southern California! (BEDLAM!) I can still relive the absolute joy of the moment. And while at USC Dave Cobb introduced me to the lovely co-ed I married the day after receiving my commission. But one of the most exciting events happened a bit later.



**Barbara and I had been married** for three days when I found myself on Guam with VP-22. Needless to say, six months apart in our young lives was not tenable. So, I asked our Skipper, CDR. Art Farwell, if there were any schools stateside I might be able to attend. "How would you like to be our next legal officer and spend six weeks at the Navy Justice School in Port Hueneme?" Would I? That's only 50 miles north of LA where my bride is living with her mother! And so, our lonesome ensign arrived "unannounced" at her doorstep...only she was out ice skating. Her mom showed me Barbara's bedroom and I climbed in awaiting one unbelievably surprised young lady. We both relive the experience whenever we want to juice up our romance.

# TEN AND FOUR...Roy Meyers 4-47

**I reported to NAS Corpus Christi, TX**, on August 3, 1947, following the completion of pre-flight at NAS Ottumwa, IA, and 30 days leave. The entire Cadet Regiment (Midshipmen and a few Aviation Cadets) was flown to NAS Pensacola on December 17, 1947. During the fall of that year, 1947, one of the two, George Goode or "Turk" Wharton, came up with the idea of publishing a book about our group. After 63 years, my memory leaks like a sieve so I am not certain at this point who actually originated the idea of the book or its title, "Ten and Four." 10 and 4 was a stock punishment for infraction of the Cadet Regulations. It meant ten hours marching with a rifle and four demerits. A lesser offence yielded "5 and 2" and a more serious violation, "20 and 8." Anything really serious was rewarded with a government sponsored ticket home.

**Demerits were a big thing** in pre-flight but not so generously awarded once we actually commenced training in the SNJ. Gone but not forgotten, because they were still given for violating rules not considered grounds for dismissal. I no longer recall how many demerits we were allowed before being expelled. It may have been 100 demerits in pre-flight but after that, they were of little concern.

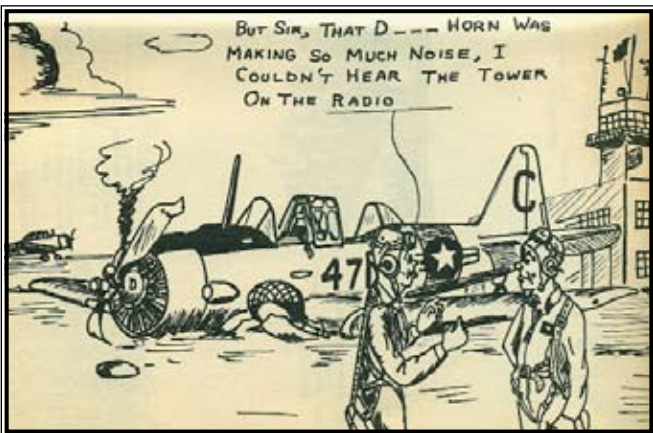
**Ten and Four.** Once the decision was made to proceed, a staff was collected and that was where I entered the picture. I made a habit of including pencil drawn cartoons in my letters home and to friends. For the book, I had to switch to drawing in ink. This was a challenge and my work in the

book reflects my inexperience. There were two other cartoonists, Bob Wilkerson and Nat Goss. Nat was a truly gifted artist. Over time, all of the Middies were photographed, usually in groups of 3-5 in front of an SNJ. The book itself was divided into six parts: Introduction, NAIFS, VT-2A, VT-2C, Ground School and "FUBAR and Fancy Free." NAIFS was the Instrument and Radio phase of SNJ training at Corpus Christi before going on to Pensacola for Formations, Gunnery, Night Flying and CQ. VT-2A and VT-2C were the two SNJ training squadrons at Cabaniss Field. The Introduction contains photos of ranking officers and Regimental Staff. Preceding the sections on the three squadrons are lists of instructors and a page of general photos.

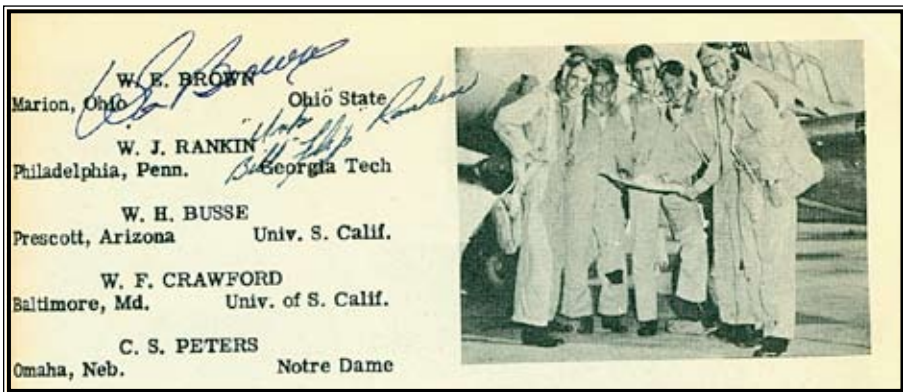
**Next are the group pictures.** These are followed by several pages of photos of ground school activities. The final chapter is titled, "FUBAR and FANCY FREE." For the uninitiated, "FUBAR" means, "Fouled Up Beyond All Recognition." This section contains on and off-duty photos of all sorts of cadet activities. The final page of "Ten And Four" contains portraits (hand drawn) of most of the staff. Unfortunately, I have no knowledge whether everyone successfully completed flight training (although I believe Don Wachenfeld was later killed while flying an F4U).

**Ten And Four Staff:**

- Editor and Photographer: Charles L. "Turk" Wharton, Jr.
- Editor and Photographer: George E. Goode
- Assistant Photographer: W. F. Richards
- Artist: Robert W. Wilkerson
- Artist: Nat Goss
- Artist: Roy D. Meyers
- Other Staff:
- Joe Vaillancourt
- Cliff Strathern
- Donald W. Wachenfeld



A Few excerpts from  
TEN AND FOUR



## SUCCESS AS MIDSHIPMEN!...Charley Melville #86

**The Scene:** On board an Escort Carrier, USS Mindoro, CVE 120, in Fighter Squadron 3E, cruising in warm Caribbean waters, half way between Havana, Cuba and Key West, Florida. It's a beautiful day.

**The Actors:** Midshipman Charley Melville and Midshipman Hank Molloy aloft in two F6F-5N's.

**The Mission:** Fighter Director practice to intercept an inbound bogey. Hank and I are now on two different radio frequencies. He will be the Bogey, and I will intercept. I'm "SMILE 107".

**The Action:** SMILE 107, this is SMILE BASE, Vector 180, take Angels one five, Buster for the Bogey.  
SMILE BASE this is 107, steady on 180, Buster, passing through angels one two.

SMILE 107, vector port 090, report level at Angels one five.  
SMILE BASE this is 107, level Angels one five, steady on 090.

SMILE 107, Come further port to 315, Bogey should be at your 3 O'clock, low.  
SMILE BASE this is 107, Tallyho, one F6F-5N."

**The Date of this Exercise:** Winter 1948

It was my buddy Hank Malloy down there today, but tomorrow, or even next year it could be a real bad guy inbound to my Aircraft Carrier. The enjoyable feeling was the confidence this Naval Aviator now had in his Aircraft, and in himself, that *he could fly with the big boys now.*

.Another joy was to look out through the canopy of your fighter at the incredibly blue sky...and if you look up at the sun you see the "silver ship upon the silver sea". *And they paid us to be there!*

Hank Malloy was my roommate and was killed in the crash of an F6F Hellcat just before we were to be commissioned. I hope he's up in heaven reading this story and smiling...on the next intercept Hank was the successful Fighter and I was the Bogey.

## "FOURTEEN TRAPS"...Roy Mantz 7-48

**The date was 4 November 1963.** I was assigned to the U.S.S. Ticonderoga (CVA-14) as Assistant Air Operations Officer. As such, my secondary responsibility was to control the scheduling of the carrier's assigned C-1A utility aircraft, BuNo 146036. Naturally, I saw to it that I was one of the few aboard who was carrier qualified in this aircraft.

**The carrier was home ported at NAS North Island** and, at the time, we were between WestPac cruises. That early November "at sea" period was dedicated to working-up the ship in preparation for our next deployment. None of the Air Group aircraft were aboard that day. Captain John P. "Blackie" Weinel was the Commanding Officer.

**With no flight operations** or other scheduled activity that day, the Skipper came up with the brilliant idea of treating a number of the "colored shirts" on the flight deck to an experience that they would never have enjoyed otherwise. With a clear deck and unrestricted sea room to work with, it was decided to launch the C-1A. Knowing what was coming, I assured myself that I would be in the left seat as first pilot. My co-pilot was my boss, Commander Ted Farrell, the Air Operations Officer.

**The plan was to load all nine seats** with the "colored shirts," deck launch the C-1A, and immediately enter the pattern downwind for a carrier landing. After each trap, we were pulled back, unloaded our passengers, and loaded nine more. We would then deck launch, remain in the pattern, trap again, and repeat the process. Around and around we went...fourteen times, fourteen traps!

**What a great experience** having the whole carrier to yourself for two solid hours. What a thoughtful gesture on the Skipper's part to reward the hard working enlisted men of the flight deck crew with the experience of a carrier launch and trap. And how gratifying it really was to me to have these men later single me out and personally thank me for the experience!





## ONCE A JOCK!!!!

### A BIG (FRANTIC) LETDOWN...Pinky Redden 1-47

**While at NAS Alameda** serving in VA 195 flying ADs, our training schedule dictated a simulated squadron sortie to a distant target. The “target” selected was Davis Monathan AF Base near Tucson, AZ. Flying formation with 16 aircraft for 4 ½ hours was a day’s work. We stayed overnight at Davis Monathan.



**During the return** the next day at 12,000 feet we met an overcast just above 10,000 feet just east of LA.

**LAX advised us** to hold in a circle until other traffic cleared the 10,000 to 3,000 feet overcast. When we were cleared for a 270

degree decent toward San Clemente, our skipper ... not the sharpest pencil in the box, but very Gung Ho ... declared: *“Follow me and keep it tight.”*

**Sixteen close formation AD’s dove into the soup** at 10,000 feet. It was surprisingly dark in there. All I could see upon entering, and all the way down, was the right wing tip light of my section

leader. After about 30 seconds of time, tense nerves following my leader, ice began forming rapidly on the windshield.

**While frantically fumbling** for the deicer controls, I had my head pressed on the left side of the canopy to maintain sight of my section leader’s wing tip light. Finally, after a few hour-long seconds, the deicer hot blast cleared the ice coating from the windscreen. After the recitation of several heartfelt prayers, we broke cover at 3,000 feet headed 270 degrees toward the sea.

**We were in that dense overcast** for about 5 minutes, and the only reference point I had was my section leader’s wing tip light. The most surprising fact was that all 16 planes came out in a reasonably close formation with no “fender benders”. However, a few parachutes were probably stained. Upon our return to NAS Alameda there was no talk of “the event”. As the most junior officer, I felt restrained from opening any discussion ... as perhaps this was routine!

*Later, at the “O” Club bar, some lively discussions were held...away from the Skipper’s ears.*

### MINUS 40 DEGREES and NO HEAT!...Delis Negrón 12-47

**I was watching the movie “Titanic” again** and the last scene...when Jack froze to death in the North Atlantic...reminded me of my experience while tracking the icebergs as they travel south in Baffin Bay between Greenland and Canada. I was the OINC of a detachment of SP-2H’s that had been tasked out of NAS Argentia, New Foundland, Canada. We had been tracking icebergs on a thirteen hour flight and were at the Northernmost leg when we lost our heaters. The nearest airfield was Thule AFB which is almost on the North East part of Greenland. Our temperature in the cockpit got down to minus 40 degrees Fahrenheit. The copilot and I took 10 minute turns at the controls while we each regained our flexibility by doing brisk in-place exercises. We were about an hour from Thule, which was in the midst of a heavy snow storm. Thule AFB is at the bottom of a 10,000 foot fjord and we were brought in to a successful landing by GCA.



**While we were waiting** for a new solenoid to repair the heating system, I met a Canadian pilot that had a single engine airplane with landing skis which he said was an Otter. He was going to an Eskimo village about 100 miles North of Thule and invited me to go with him on his trip. I agreed to go since there was little else to do while waiting for the solenoid. We took off on a clear morning and before long we had landed at the Eskimo village. We were greeted by a very friendly group of Eskimos, who were very glad to see us.

**After he delivered his supplies**, he showed me how to make an igloo with a hunting knife. The igloo didn’t take us long to make and the hard snow was perfect for making it. It was amazingly warm and pretty comfortable. We didn’t spend the night, but I’m sure I would have had a good rest in it. After a while we got in the airplane and went back to Thule. The rest of my stay was pretty uneventful except that an Air Force Officer froze to death just outside the door to the O’ Club. I left before the case was fully investigated, but the consensus was that he had drunk too much and got disoriented before he could get indoors.

## NON-STOP SHIVERING...Jerry "Nick" Nicholson

Some of us remember a preflight school survival hike in February '47. The temperature was about 6 degrees F. and the Iowa roads were covered with glare ice. It was hard to walk and more than one of us slipped and fell. Survivors spent the night in a small tent in the woods enjoying K rations. My memory was mostly of a prolonged period of nonstop shivering. I found this snapshot taken with a cheap 35 mm camera and not too clear. I'm on the right, Goose Gossen on the left; anyone recognize the guy in the middle?



## I WENT HYSTERICAL WITH LAUGHTER...David Brunius 16-47

Excerpts from "A Day in the Training of Aviation Midshipman" David Brunius June 10, 1948

...I was up for an aerobatics check ride. We did the same maneuvers as in the morning concluding with a simulated emergency. I selected a Navy auxiliary field, grass covered, and made a good landing. This is where things turned ugly. With my regular instructor, whenever I made a landing on an auxiliary field, he would take over. So while I'm rolling out I expected the check pilot to take over, only he didn't. After losing precious seconds...auxiliary fields are not very big...I put the power on and got the nose up only to see I was faced with some pine trees just passed the fence at the edge of the field. I didn't think I could clear the trees, chopped the throttle, and put on the brakes. Gently at first, only the plane didn't seem to be slowing much so I really tromped on them.

As the fence approached I was practically standing on the brake pedals. Then it happened. The brakes did work and we went up and over. When it stopped my head was resting on the ground. We didn't have safety helmets in those days, only cloth with the earphones sewn in. The space between the edge of the cockpit and the ground was so narrow I initially didn't think I was going to be able to get out. Releasing the seat belt I fell in a ball and was able to skinny out. I met the check pilot.



He had a trickle of blood coming from a corner of his mouth and blood on one of his hands. He seemed very calm and only uttered two sentences. The first: "Did you shut the switches off?" No I hadn't. So I got back down on my belly and crawled back in to shut the switches off. The second: "This is going to go on my record." He didn't say "This is going to go on your record," which I took for granted.

This was all very depressing. I had ruined a beautiful air-plane, wounded a check pilot and my Navy career was probably at an end. I was sad indeed.

A Petty Officer was stationed on the field with a jeep that carried fire extinguishers. He drove over and picked us up. He also radioed our situation in to the main base. It wasn't

long before a twin engined SNB (C-18) landed and picked me up. At the time I didn't know why the check pilot didn't get on board. There were two enlisted pilots at the controls. They poured on the power and we were whizzing along when mud began to fly in the copilots window. A sight very few pilots have been privileged to see. The copilot had raised the landing gear too soon and we settled back on the field. Well, they say misery loves company and it must be true because when I got out of that plane I went hysterical with laughter. It was a scene to behold. Two wrecked planes on the field, more planes circling overhead to see the goings on below, and a student laughing his head off.

Another SNJ landed and the pilot signaled me to get on board. As we were taking off I saw an ambulance coming on the field to get the check pilot. I think he was OK since I never heard anything to the contrary.

Back at the main base I reported to Sickbay for a post accident physical. After an initial exam by a corpsman he said "You'll never pass this. Come back in the morning." I think the problem was low blood pressure. I've had a tendency for that and it must have dropped below minimums. So in the morning I reported back to Sickbay, this time to a different man and explained I was there for a post accident physical. Doing the pulse and BP thing he said "Wow, you're the calmest man I've ever seen for just having an accident." I didn't tell him it was the afternoon before. Before leaving I reported in to the head medical officer who really gave me a chewing out for wrecking government property.

Back at the squadron no one said boo. I think they were kind to me because of having been in two wrecks. A couple of days later I flew another aerobatics check, got an up, and I was back in business. The accident report showed the brakes were locked for 297 feet. The tires were liquefying the grass and the plane was hydroplaning.

My flight jacket report for the morning flight by my regular instructor gave me a Headwork Rating in the top 20%. The check pilot report read: "Do not believe student used good judgment following landing on small field shot. After commencing take off decided safe take off doubtful and retarded throttle. Crash resulted." His Headwork Rating: Bottom 20%. Top to bottom in just a few hours. I may hold a record for having been in two aircraft accidents within one hour.

## WAVE OFFS WERE NO BIG DEAL...John Jenista 4-48

**My most terrifying moment** is not the usual "Night Carrier Landing". I flew Spads (AD-6, AD-7), and the Night landings did not bother me very much. The Spad always had plenty of fuel. Our flights were usually longer than the jets, so we had plenty of time to get our eyesight adapted and get all the switches and levers in the cockpit adjusted right where we wanted them.



**Waveoffs were no big deal** - as long as you properly added copious amounts of right rudder before advancing the throttle. A lot of our night landings were straight in, rather than patterns. All one had to do was to get the thing trimmed up to fly at the proper approach speed; get lined up, follow the glideslope ball, and take the cut when signaled. Even heavy seas were not much of a challenge.

**One night, when heavy seas** kept all the Jets on deck, I approached the fantail on the glide slope. However, just as I got the "cut" signal, the ship fell into a hole in the sea and dropped about fifty feet. The ball shot off the top of the mirror and I found myself looking the Air Boss in the eye at the 0-7 level, well above all the wires. I actually missed the entire ship, not touching anything as I passed the end of the angle. The LSO then called "**Power, Power**" on the radio. I just added power, and got aboard on the next pass. Down in the ready room, there was a mixed reaction...Boos for getting the first Bolter of the cruise, and Cheers for performing the worst Bolter that anyone had ever seen!!

**On this cruise,** Night catapult shots were interesting. We would make deck launches in the daytime, but were catapulted at night. The catapults on the ship did not have a thing called a "Rotary Launch Valve", which could modulate the steam pressure during the shot. This meant that you got the steam pressure that was in the accumulators, and that was it. They always launched the Demons (F3H's) just before the Spads at night. The Demon is a big, heavy airplane; and required a lot of steam pressure to launch. After the Demons, the catapult crews did not want to blow down the accumulators to the lower pressure required for the Spads. This would waste steam and boiler feed water.

**Now, I was a section leader** and was usually the first Spad launched. I could guess what was happening when the catapult Officer would signal me to raise my flaps. The next thing would be to see that the ship was slowing, and actually backing up! That meant that I was going to get a really hard jolt on my launch. I needed just under 80 knots off the end, but on these launches I could see 105 knots and feel myself thoroughly mashed into the seat back. I thought at times that I could have looped the airplane from all that

excess speed.

**These events were not terrifying;** just interesting and unusual. What it was that terrified me on that cruise was Night Carrier Parking! This cruise was at a time when there were no mast-head lights. The flight deck was completely black. This was supposed to be so that enemy submarines would not be able to see the lights on the Carrier. Later on, the "Powers that be" finally realized that the visual range from periscope level was only about fifteen miles; while the sub could hear the Carrier's propellers on Sonar from about thirty or forty miles.

**Anyhow, the deck was very dark,** and it was hard to see when taxiing, even with the taxi directors guidance. Again, as the section leader, I was the first one down, and would be parked at the extreme forward, starboard corner of the flight deck. The taxi director would take me way to the starboard until all I could see on the starboard side of the cockpit was the phosphorescent sea water sixty feet down. Then he would bring me forward, until he had to duck under my port wing to keep from falling over the bow. He would be nodding his head, wanting me to continue forward. I would be shaking my head, fearing that I would taxi right over the bow.

**After shutting down the engine** I would get under my airplane to see that my right main wheel was less than a foot from the edge of the deck, and both mains were less than a foot from the round-down of the bow. I never got used to this, and it happened several times during the cruise.

## WE WERE FULLY ARMED AND READY...Jerry "Nick" Nicholson 1-47

**In June 1950, I was designated a Patrol Plane Commander** in P2V type aircraft. We received new P2V-3 airplanes, which had three-bladed props on the R3350 engines and had electric prop deicers. There were six 20 mm cannon in the nose and upper deck and tail turrets. But the planes were not as fast as the older models. Shortly thereafter, the squadron left for the Far East in support of the Korean War. We were based at Naha, Okinawa and assigned to patrol along the Communist Chinese coastline.

**I was the CO's copilot,** but quite often took the patrols while the skipper stayed at the base. Most of the patrols were out from Okinawa to the China coast near Shanghai, then south through the Formosa straits along the coast past the southern

tip of Taiwan, then reverse course and return. The mission was to identify any build up of forces along the Chinese coast or invasion of Taiwan Island. We were fully armed and ready to defend our aircraft. On my first patrol, we flew past Quemoy Island in Amoy Harbor which had several LST ships on the beach. We observed the ship's guns tracking our airplane as we made low passes taking photographs, but no firing.

**Later, we found the island** was under control of the Nationalist Chinese. Happily, neither side did any shooting. The Communist forces showed very little activity and except for one incident when an airplane brought back a few small-arm bullet holes in the fuselage, we had no casualties.

## EVERYTHING WAS HANGING DOWN!...Stew Zink 5-48

**The air group (CAG-2)** from the USS Midway (then CVB-41) conducted a simulated strike on Hamburg, Germany. Midway was configured then as a straight deck. On that day, 22 September 1952, she was sailing in the North Sea, on Operation Main Brace. The air group featured Corsairs, Skyraiders, Banshees, and the ancillary radar guppies.

**Skyraiders were AD-4s then**, with the huge R3350 Wright Cyclone engine, two rows of nine jugs each that really made a lot of noise, and swung a 12 foot, four-bladed prop. And it could haul a 12,000

pound bomb, rocket, and 20mm ammo load. For many hours. The cockpit was comfortable, complete with ash tray and relief tube. The latter was rather difficult to employ North of the Arctic Circle, when the poop suits had to be worn, but performed well in lower latitudes.

**The simultaneous strike on Hamburg** went well, meaning all arrived at about the same time, with the AD's in



steep dive bombing runs, the Corsairs in more shallow glide bomb runs, and the Banjo's intermingling as they saw fit. There were no collisions, but of course plenty of close calls. The air group then joined up, flew to Denmark and landed for refueling.

**Takeoffs from Denmark** were orderly, with all in sequence, AD's last. Half way across Denmark, on the way to Midway, the Skipper's wingman's AD started to show an oil leak. "Pressbox 502, you have a small oil leak." "Roger." A few moments later: "Pressbox 502, the oil leak is increasing." "Roger." A

few more minutes pass. "Midway, this is Pressbox 502, I have an oil leak and request a straight in approach, when you have a clear deck." A few moments later Midway replies: "You are cleared for a straight in approach." "Roger."

**The AD came equipped** with dive brakes, big hydraulically-operated panels on each side of the fuselage, and one on the bottom. Landing with the dive brakes open of course was a no-

no, since the bottom one extended below the line of the main landing gear and the tail wheel. Pressbox 502 started his straight in approach to Midway from 3000 feet, dive brakes open, flaps down, landing gear down, hook down. Everything was hanging down.

**The Landing Signal Officer** was on station, the barrier was erected, and the approach continued without mirror. Midway made good knots, the dive brakes were closed just prior to ramp crossing, and the number 3 wire was engaged successfully. The engine was shut down immediately, the tow bar was attached, and the Skyraider was towed to the elevator for the trip to the hanger deck. There, the JG deplaned and headed to Ready Room 4.

**The oil tank was found empty**, but when refilled, no damage to the engine could be detected, and 502 (BuN0 128950) continued to fly with the same engine for the remainder of the cruise.

**This is claimed as the first** successful jet approach (without mirror or angled deck) by a propeller-driven aircraft. Fortunately, it was daytime and the weather was nice.

## "I SCRAMBLED UP TO THE FLIGHT DECK"...Howard Hofmeister 15-48

**Reading DOC FRIESEN'S hairy tale** reminded me of one in the P2V-5F that got a little hairy. We got the P2V-5F at Glenview in late 1957. I took a transition cruise and when we started our annual two week active duty, was all set to start checking out the rest of the squadron. My mother passed away Sunday Feb.17th, 1958 and when I got back to Glenview on Friday afternoon there had been no flying. (The supply system was not good for the Reserve Stations in those days and we had to go to Alameda for parts.) Needless to say I was pooped, but we did have a JG cruising with us who had about 800 hrs. with a couple hundred in the P2V-5F.

**We left Glenview at about 1800** with a fuel stop at Albuquerque I got to know Steve a bit on the way. He was pretty sharp so put him in the left seat out of Albuquerque and when things were squared away went into the bow for a nap. We were in fairly heavy icing, but the P2V was very good in those conditions and I felt comfortable.

**The wind noise changed a bit and woke me** and when I looked down I recognized the lights of Daggit, Ca. below us. We were in a left turn and when I looked right the prop was feathered.

**I scrambled up to the flight deck** and inquired and he told me the prop was starting to hunt and that is how he remembered the handbook. My next question was, "did you start the jets?" He had tried, but neither one would start. As I got back in the right seat we kept it coming around to the left (no way we're going back into icing conditions on one recip and a min. altitude of 15,000 ft.) so we went into George AFB at 0200 in the morning. We rigged the aldus lamp and found a bridge of ice over both intakes.

**They trucked up an engine** from Los Alamitos and we got back to Glenview just as the cruise was winding down. Steve made a good call on the feather as the prop reduction gears were starting to fail. There was nothing in the handbook or NATOPS about lighting off the jets in icing conditions. However, in our squadron...and I believe at Glenview...from then on it was SOP to run them at "flight idle" in moderate to heavy icing.

## M, Y DREAM WAS NOT TO BE!...Rich Pickering 18-48

**Following carrier qualifications** I proceeded to NAS Corpus Christi, Texas for advanced training. My dream was to fly the F4U Corsair. This was not to be.

**I arrived at NAS Corpus Christi** in October 1949. The fortune of being selected for carrier qualifications early was soon turned into the misfortune of being assigned to multi-engine advanced flight training. All the single engine slots were full.



**This was not the only misfortune.** I arrived late Friday night and a dress blues inspection was scheduled for early the next morning. My only pair of black dress shoes was at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico. In those days there was a difference between the uniforms of Naval Aviators and ship officers. Naval Aviators wore brown shoes with all uniforms except blue and white uniforms and ship officers wore black shoes with all their uniforms – the so called “black shoe Navy.” Potential Aviators wore black shoes with their uniforms until they graduated to Advance Flight Training following Carrier Qualifications.

**Accordingly, I carried my black shoes in the storage compartment** in the SNJ during carrier qualifications and on the way back to the airfield, following my last carrier landing, I threw my black shoes over the side of the aircraft into the Gulf of Mexico. Upon landing, I proudly displayed my new brown shoes. All I had available for the inspection was my high top black leather flight boots. I shined those boots until they glistened. I heaved a sigh of relief when the Commanding Officer passed me and was standing in front of the Midshipman two paces beyond. My relief was short lived. His eyes slowly returned to my shoes and he directed me to raise my pant’s leg. *Luckily, I was in hack for only one week.*

## GULP!?!?...Bob Stephan 14-49

**Like most Flying Midshipmen** I think I probably had my share of tense moments. One of my “Most Unusual” flying experiences happened a long time ago.

**I was a young JG** with very few flight hours and not a lot of instrument time that wasn't on autopilot. We were deployed to WestPac and I was usually flying as co-pilot with the XO in PBMs. This day we were headed to Hong Kong for R&R. Upon arrival it was overcast with a low ceiling and we prepared to make an instrument approach.

**I was at the controls** and the XO made no move to take over as I got out the approach chart. Then we were surprised to be informed that we would be vectored through a non-standard, uncharted approach. I don't recall whether we were given a reason for this deviation or not, but I felt confident and comfortable with a senior, more experienced pilot at my side.

**I started following the vectored instructions.** Still no move to take over

by the XO so I regarded him as my “safety pilot.” Actually, the approach turned out to be uneventful and my landing in the seadrome was routine, but the scariness came later. As we were walking off the field the XO startled me by saying, *“You know, I couldn't follow what you were doing up there.”*

**Gulp!?!? My complacency and satisfaction** in executing a successful, actual instrument approach was shattered by that remark. I began to think about what could have happened at that rugged airport approach area had I made a mistake and my senior, experienced “safety pilot” was not following my every move.



While this experience was a confidence builder for me, *I learned not to assume that the person in the other seat was any more on-the-ball than I was regardless of experience.* From that point on I regarded myself as his safety pilot and went on to become a successful PPC in my own right.

## “DON'T WORRY ABOUT A COURT MARTIAL” ...C.B Scott Jones 13-48

[Ed: This is an excerpt from “*Caribbean Caper*”]

...our departure was on a designated airway that crossed approximately 25 miles of Haiti, and then 60 miles of Dominican real estate before hitting the coastline. Almost exactly at the coastline, an F-51 made a pass at us and returned to fly wing on our port side. With a closed fist, the pilot signaled a series of vertical circles with his right hand. The message was well understood, “*lower your landing gear and follow me to a landing.*” I briefed my excited crew about what was going on, and told them that we were not going to comply with this order.

**Firing up our two jets**, I advanced all four engines to take off power settings; and started a descent from 5,000 to 200 feet over the water. The F-51 pilot’s response was to pick off several hundred 50-caliber rounds from his tight wing position. I came up on Guard channel, and in Spanish asked him what was going on? There was no radio reply. I then told him and anyone else up on Guard that we were over international water and proceeding to Roosevelt Roads. I told the Co-Pilot to call San Juan flight control on HF and report our position and to tell them that a Dominican fighter aircraft was harassing us. The F-51 peeled off and the moment of truth was at hand.

**I told the crew to buckle in tightly**, as I was going to be taking evasive action. As we all know, the P2V-7 is not configured for air-to-air combat, and the pilot cannot get a good view of his Six-O’clock position. We were not going to outrun an F-51, and now at 200 feet and well over 200 knots, it was a bumpy ride. I made frequent turns to check the most likely attack position, but the F-51 never appeared again.

**However, before we could relax a pucker**, a Vampire jet bounced us. No rounds were fired, and we watched him climb and head to the beach. That message was clear; it was a “gotcha” tag, a bloodless coup.

**Less than two hours later we landed at Roosevelt Roads**, where orders were waiting for me to proceed immediately to San Juan. As I was driving to San Juan in the Detachment’s pickup, I realized that I had successfully run a risky bluff with a crew that had never been in combat. I had experienced two Korean cruises in VF-191, flying off the USS Princeton, and would have loved to have turned with the two fighter jocks that ruined our day. I imagine they were disappointed to have been called off the attack, or were frustrated, but disciplined, by rules of engagement with U.S. operational aircraft.

**After the Chief of Staff told me** that the issue was the Steel Band and goodwill in the Caribbean, I waited for the obvious question. “*Why the hell did you place your crew at risk, and a possible incident that could have been avoided?*” I only had one card to play; there was a very special piece of ASW equipment aboard my aircraft. We had the prototype of an advanced Julie-Jezebel acoustic search and echo-ranging gear, the only one on the East coast. I told the Captain that I felt obliged to protect that system even to the point of going down with it.

**He eyed me carefully, and then played his trump card**, “*But you ignored the NOTAM that told you the airway you took was closed, and that any aircraft that violated Dominican airspace would be intercepted.*” I replied that no such NOTAM was available at NAS Roosevelt Roads when I filed for the flight to Port au Prince. He said that he had been assured that the classified NOTAM existed. I replied that I wish someone had done their job and shown it to me. The Captain asked again, “*You were not shown the classified NOTAM?*” I assured him that was the case. Without a smile he dismissed me with, “*I’ll talk to the Admiral, but you don’t have to worry about a court martial.*”

**The Caribbean was beautiful and calm that day, but sometimes the sea state isn’t the story, and people do what people do. On that day we all walked away with a special life experience to share. That’s my story...**



## THE TRIBUTE TO JESSE BROWN

[Ed: We have published a number of articles about Jesse Brown's death in Korea, but not the final tribute by his squadron mates. This is an excerpt from Mike Hannon's article "Every Man a Tiger...The Courageous Story of Jesse Brown"



...When word of Brown's death reached the Leyte, a mixture of shock, disbelief, and sorrow swept through the crew. Captain Sisson, Leyte's commanding officer, decided to marshal whatever assets needed to recover Brown's body. But Hudner advised against it, believing that Brown would not want others to risk their lives in a symbolic act. Sisson finally agreed. He chose, instead, to honor their fallen shipmate with "a warrior's funeral."

On December 7, seven Corsairs and Skyraiders from VF-32, all flown by Brown's friends, launched into the clear, cold sky off the coast of North Korea. Six of the airplanes carried full loads of napalm. The flight made several low passes over the downed Corsair. Brown's body was still sitting in his airplane, just as Hudner and Ward had left him.

The six napalm-loaded airplanes climbed to 5,000 feet and dove on the downed wreck. The seventh airplane continued to climb, reaching toward heaven in the traditional tribute to their beloved, now lost, shipmate. Someone recited the Lord's Prayer over the radio as the napalm pods exploded. Sheets of blazing red flames engulfed both aircraft and the remains of Jesse Brown.

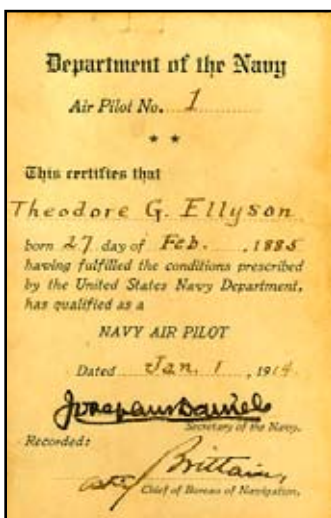
In the days immediately following the loss of Brown, the pilots of VF-32 wondered if Hudner would receive a commendation or be court martialed. [By crashing alongside Brown's Corsair] he had disobeyed an order, lost an airplane, and jeopardized the mission. Everyone understood his intentions, but they also knew that honorable intentions did not always matter. Hudner was ultimately vindicated, and on April 13, 1951, he was awarded the Medal of Honor by President Harry Truman. Daisy Nix Brown, Jesse's widow, and their daughter attended the ceremony.

Ensign Brown was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal, and the Purple Heart. In 1973, the U.S. Navy launched the USS Jesse L. Brown, a destroyer escort. Hudner spoke briefly at the ceremony, saying, in part, "Jesse died in the wreckage of his airplane with courage and unfathomable dignity."

Submitted by Walt Grant...Winter 46/47

(Mike Hannon of Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, is a commercial pilot with about 3,800 hours of flight time in about 25 aircraft types. The U.S. Navy veteran has written more than 200 articles, many of them focusing on military history.)

## A Bit About NAVAL AVIATOR NUMBER ONE...CDR. Theodore Ellyson



**Ellyson's initial training was in the dusty, barren, landscape of North Island** in San Diego Bay, a site destined to become one of the Navy's major air stations, and on the waters of Lake Keuka in Hammondsport, New York, Curtiss' home. For the ensuing three years, he was at the center of the Navy's growing aviation operations, conducting experiments with the first catapults in an effort to enable airplanes to fly from ships, working with Curtiss on the design and testing of the Navy's newest hydro-aeroplanes, and training some of those officers following him into Naval Aviation. Then, in 1913, he abruptly left aviation duty to return to sea, a pathway to promotion that duty in aviation did not offer.



**Ellyson remained away from flying until after World War I**, when with the rank of commander and a Navy Cross on his chest for work in antisubmarine tactics against German U-boats, he returned to aviation duty. Much progress had been made in his absence, and Ellyson assumed posts that advanced it even further, heading the plans division in the newly created Bureau of Aeronautics and serving as Executive Officer of the sea service's first seaplane tender (USS Wright) and second aircraft carrier (USS Lexington).

## “AT LEAST IT WASN'T A FOXHOLE...Bob Netro 18-48

### What it was...was an Amphibious Cruise

**Tactical Air Control Squadron (TACRON) 12** at NAS Alameda was an interesting assignment as few Naval Aviators until that time served with amphibious forces.

**The key to this narrative** is two situations that happened during a six-month deployment to WestPac. The squadron was deployed aboard the Attack Transport USS Henrico (APA-45). I volunteered to participate in an Officer of the Deck training program the ship's CO was running. He was very hesitant to include an aviator however he did. Training was rather intensive on the way to WestPac. Surprisingly I was selected to be the underway OD for one of four watch sections even over several ship's officers so qualified. In many ways it was a thrill especially when we conducted night formation steaming with other ships of the Amphibious Group.

**One memorable event** occurred during a run into Sasebo Japan. I had the mid watch and at about 1:00 a.m. I heard *“it came off.”* The helmsman was standing with a detached wheel in his hands. We shifted to emergency steering (a lone seaman at that station in the bowels of the ship). The guilty missing brass screw was soon found and the wheel reattached. The alerted Captain joined us, and reiterated that in all of his years he never heard of anything like this happening.

**On my next watch** I observed numerous sailors on deck wearing life jackets. Finally the Captain arrived on the bridge wearing his. It was then clear that the ship's company decided to have a little fun at my expense.

**The Captain knew I was quartered below** in less than comfortable conditions. He wanted me to take a spare stateroom. Of course, I had to refuse, as this would have gone over like a lead balloon with my roommates. We were in a bunk room near the engine room with four bunks and no place to store our personal items except in our individual footlockers. The space was so confined that footlockers had to be stacked in reverse order of seniority.

**As a LT in with a Marine Major** and two LCDRs you know who was on the bottom. We tried to keep some items near our bunk, however I was in the locker at least once almost every day. Combining this with no air conditioning made this summer cruise most memorable.

*At least it wasn't in a foxhole, and it was only six months.*



## A FEW OF THE MORE ENJOYABLE EVENTS...Dick Culbertson 18-48

**A. Landing an R6D in 6 inches of new unplowed snow** at Atsugi with 67 pax who had to be told we were on the deck! I later learned how to routinely “whisper kiss” it on to dry runways day or night. *Ah, such finesse!*

**B; Having an open air breakfast** with cold vin rose atop a 5 star hotel in Madrid in spring in air so crystal clear you could almost see Gibraltar. That was after socializing with beautiful raven haired ladies of the evening the night before. They and some wives of Iranian naval officers in the early 70s. *They were the most strikingly beautiful women I ever saw anywhere.*

**C. Landing in and seeing London,** Prestwick, Shannon, Paris, Frankfurt, Madrid, Naples, San Juan, Rio, Honolulu, Manila, Tokyo, New Zealand and with a bit less enthusiasm, Argentina, Goose Bay, Bluie West Eight, Thule, Frobisher, Keflavik, Malta, Adana, Lajes, Port Lyautey, Bermuda...Recife, Johnson & Canton Islands, Kwaj, Nandi, Wake, Guam, Sangley Point, Cubi, Saigon, K-1 & K-3 and Midway. *[Ed: Wow! What a trip!]*

**D. And in the late 50s, averaging 120 hours a month** with 3 consecutive months of 150-155 hours. I never felt I had to back up to the pay window! *My five log books totaled over 13,000 hours.*



## "IT WAS A STUNNING SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES"...Stwe Zink 5-48

**Six hundred hours plus**, into a career of more than 5000 flight hours, the Ensign and his buddy, Al, volunteered for duty in or off Korea. The time frame was July 1950, and the Ensign and Lieutenant (junior grade) were pilots in an attack squadron, VA-25, stationed at NAF Oceana, flying Skyraiders (now A-1s). At that time, their nom de plumes were AD-1's through 4's, driven by the huge R-3350 engine.



**Orders to ferry two AD-3's** to NAS Alameda, CA, came a week later, and the Ensign and JG were so ordered, both assuming this was the "go" for Korea. Getting personal affairs in order and saying "so long" to buddies and girl friends, the two intrepid aviators were soon airborne on their way to NAS Quonset Point to pick up the AD-3's. MCAS Cherry Point was the next destination, then Lawson AFB, NAS Hensley, Biggs AFB, El Toro, then finally NAS Alameda. There weren't any TACAN stations in those days...one had to get and be able to read maps and find things.

**At Alameda there was confusion** after landing, due to the fact "new orders" were issued. The intrepid two were told to get a ride to NAF Litchfield Park, find two FG-1D Corsairs (you know, the bent wing type made by Goodyear), and ferry them to NAS Jacksonville.

**This was a stunning set of circumstances**, but they stiff upper lipped it. It seemed the French needed the two birds (after overhaul, of course) in French Indochina. A strange place called Dien Bien Phu needed defending.

**Swallowing their disappointment**, the crestfallen bummed a ride to the Litchfield airplane "bone yard", and were told which two bent wing sets were theirs. The aircraft inspections were mostly limited to dusting and blowing off sand to find gages, controls, and other parts that maybe should be there. Amazingly, with some electrical help, the two engines started, permitting a long test flight for each.

**So, in reverse** it was Biggs, Hensley, Barksdale AFB, then NAS Pensacola. The landing at Chambers Field...coming in over the Admirals' housing in a Corsair...was somewhat of a hairy thing with a resulting hard landing by the Ensign. An inspection revealed no damage.

**The next flight leg** the following morning was from Pensacola to Jacksonville. Preflight checks, turn ups, and takeoffs were without problems. But, half way to Jacksonville things began to happen to the Ensign's steed. The landing gear fell out of their wing wells, and the flaps sagged a bit as the hydraulic pressure dropped to zero. A real pickle, but there should be an air bottle under the

left side of the pilot's seat. This bottle, if filled, can blow the landing gear all the way "down and locked". *Investigation of the bottle's status needs to proceed very soon.*

**The Ensign's left hand** immediately seeks the air bottle's valve handle. Found! Now to turn the handle. Several attempts are made. The left hand isn't strong enough, or age and desert have frozen it. So, one has to get two hands on the valve handle and try again. But, the FG-1D doesn't have a floor below the pilot's seat, and seen well below are the bilges...the bottom of the fuselage. The control stick is about five feet long.

**The Ensign explains to the JG** that climbing down the stick is in order. The JG promises to tell the Ensign when the stick really needs to be pulled aft in order that a dive earthward doesn't occur, and flight pay continues to be paid. The Ensign then shinnies down the stick into the bilges, gets two hands on the bottle's valve handle, and BOOM! Down and locked go the gear, and orders are received to immediately pull aft on the stick.

**The climb back up the control stick** and onto the pilot's seat is accomplished with amazing alacrity, the aircraft is re trimmed, and both intrepid pilots began breathing normally. Jacksonville is called to ready their chain gear (arresting gear), and the Ensign's bent wing takes the chain gear without fault, ending an exciting flight. Things do work. Even with these Corsairs (probably), the French lost. *The Ensign found out about that many years later, in Viet Nam.*

## A PUCKER EXPERIENCE...Paul Wuesthoff 11-48

**I was with VF-74 flying off the USS FDR** out of Gitmo. Skipper John Fair, the best fighter Pilot in the Navy at the time, always finished a tactical flight with an aerobatic tail chase. This time I was number 4 of 16 F4U-4's and the wingman to the Skipper's Section Leader. We started out with a 16 plane "Cork Screw" and a series of Barrel Rolls. After six or seven the maneuver became routine, then on the eighth the Skipper stopped the roll in the inverted position. The first two planes were now inverted, but number three completed the Barrel Roll. I stopped inverted and found myself upside down and directly over number three. This position was common for the Blue Angels, but a first for me. Cockpit to cockpit in the Corsair now what? If I completed the Barrel Roll I'd roll right into him. I could look up or down...as it were...into his cockpit where he was looking around wondering where everyone went. I couldn't afford to lose altitude and I couldn't slow roll...thought my down wing would make contact so I did an inverted skid out of line far enough to complete the barrel roll and rejoin the chase. Probably routine for all you Hot Shots out there, but a one of a kind experience for me.

## SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME...Bob Krizner 14-48

As a member of the VC-12 Squadron flying AD4W's, I was assigned with a detachment aboard the USS Saipan on a Med cruise in the late spring of 1951. It was on a dreary day with low hanging clouds and some turbulence when I was launched on a routine flight. My radar operator was concerned about getting air sick as he did on one previous flight. Being enclosed in the belly of the plane with just a little turbulence can make one queasy. It was about an hour into our flight when things started to happen. An F2H Banshee jet came from behind and flew in close to my wing. I was surprised by the sudden appearance of the plane since I was the only plane launched by the Saipan. I could tell by the markings on the tail that he was not from the Saipan. He had to be from the USS Coral Sea which also was in the Med.



The pilot gave me a wave and then proceeded to point to his mouth piece and headset with a thumb's down signal. I showed him back with ten fingers indicating to switch to the emergency channel. We both switched and I could see his lips moving but there was no communication. He then showed me his plotting board with a thumb's down, telling me that he was lost. The sea can be an extremely lonely place when you are in this predicament. Following those signals, he gave me the gas signal, with the thumb pointing to the mouth and the little finger pointing upward. He then showed me ten fingers while pointing to his watch. With ten minutes of fuel remaining, no radio and not knowing where you are can be very rattling and unsettling.

I asked the radar crewman for directions to the Coral Sea. He gave me a vector, after which I motioned the Banshee to follow me. I throttled the guppy as fast as she could go. Then I called the Coral Sea and explained the desperate situation and asked them to prepare for an emergency landing. As luck would have it, the Coral Sea was not too far from where this was happening. After flying about five minutes I began to see the carrier on the horizon. As we approached the Coral Sea on the starboard side of the ship, I kissed off to the pilot and he showed me a big kiss under his black mustache and then entered his landing pattern. The carrier was already heading into the wind and they were ready to take on the aircraft. The Banshee came around and got a cut from the LSO, and the pilot made a safe and successful landing with only a little fuel remaining.. I circled the carrier and then continued back to my original operation.

This was the most rewarding experience that I had as a naval aviator. After sixty years, I can relive this episode as if it happened yesterday...knowing that I was able to help a fellow pilot using only hand signals to accomplish a memorable adventure...saving a pilot and plane from going into the drink. The one thing that I regret, however, is that I never found out who the pilot was. He was very lucky indeed to have found me and to have communicated so well. I would have liked to have met him for a drink and to clink our glasses to a very happy landing.

It has been sixty years, but if anyone who has read this little article and has any knowledge of who the pilot was, I would certainly be most grateful to find out. e-mail me at:



## AL MILLER HATED SNAKES...Jerry "Nick" Nicholson 1-47

While transitioning from the Corsair to the Bearcat my fellow Corsair Pilot and good friend Al Miller and I were in the middle of FCLP qualifications. He was in the pattern just ahead of me...he had touched down and was taking off and I was landing at an outlying field surrounded by those Florida swamps. He radioed Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, engine failure and he took the Cat straight into the trees at the end of the runway. I circled the crash site where smoke was rising till the Crash crew arrived then widened my orbit over a clearing to the south. Hoping for less, but I was afraid Al was a goner. Then out of the Jungle I saw Al running like the wind across the clearing. Later he told us that, as he came to, he saw a snake on a branch near his canopy and he hated snakes so he got out of there fast. AL MILLER was a wonderful friend.



## THE HAND OF FATE DEALT ME A GREEN CARD...Wayne Norris 15-47

**In 1953 I reported to NAAS Kingsville, Texas** for duty as a flight instructor in ATU-200, flying TV-2 aircraft at North Field . After that duty, which I thoroughly enjoyed, I was assigned to the Operations Department as Crash Crew Officer at Kingsville. While I was there, our Assistant Operations asked me if I would like to get a green card. “*You bet,*” I said. Who wouldn’t want a green card ? I was thrilled to be asked, but wondered if I could qualify. I’d heard that it was very tough to pass the test. Well it turned out to be a gift! He tested me in an SNB-5, in which I hardly had any flight time. The check ride was a breeze. Now with the green card I could fly in any kind of weather.

**After Kingsville, I was transferred to NAS Miramar VFP-61 Photo Squadron,** flying F2H-2 Banshees. One day during Carrier Qualifications in Banshees off San Diego, I took off and immediately had smoke in the cockpit, so I aborted and downed the plane. A few days later I was assigned that same plane for a test flight back at NAS Miramar. As I strapped in and was just ready to tell the plane captain to remove the chocks for taxi, a sailor came running out to tell me to cut the engine. Since I had a green card, they wanted me to take a TV-2 instrument flight to NAS Alameda to pick up our CO, who was returning from an overseas trip. I got my buddy, Jay Renzel, to take my test hop. He was delayed taking off and when we returned to Miramar his plane was splattered all down the runway. The plane’s entire tail section had come off as he pulled G’s at the break over the runway at 800 feet. He didn’t have a chance to get out.

**A week later I was assigned another test flight** in a Banshee. Again I was strapped in and ready to taxi and again I was needed for another instrument flight. This time I asked my Division Leader, LCDR Bruce Morris, to take my test flight. He took off and at about 200 feet the plane exploded into a ball of fire.

**I’m alive to tell you this story** because the Hand of Fate Dealt Me the Green Card! Footnote: If you have ever read the book “Fate is the Hunter” by Ernest K Gann , my experience is a good example. He writes of his flying experiences as a veteran airline pilot in the early days of flying .



## OH THE DUMB THINGS WE DID...Earl Rogers 6-47

**Following advance training in the PB4Y2** and assignment to a Neptune squadron at Quonset Point via Norfolk, I had logged most of my “yoke time” sitting on a stool with all that navigation stuff spread out in front of me. Six months had passed and I wanted some stick time. Our FASRON across the hangar had two airplanes, an SNJ and an F6F. Never having flown a single pilot airplane I made a bold request to the ops officer. “*Can I fly your F6F.*” To my surprise he said “*sure*”. But he would need to give me a check ride in the SNJ.

**A few days later** with the ops officer in the rear seat and me in the front seat of the SNJ, we were parked on the ramp behind a P2V. A taxi signalman was motioning me forward and under the wingtip of the P2V. It looked like my propeller arc would easily clear the wingtip and besides, the signalman must know what he was doing, so I released the brakes, rolled forward and...no problem, plenty of prop clearance,... but, in the next instant there was an audible crack as the low freq radio mast sticking up in front of the windshield struck

the P2V wingtip, broke off and fell across the canopy.

**We shut down and surveyed the damage.** “*Didn’t you hear me waving and yelling?*” asked the ops officer directing his wrath at the signalman, but no doubt intending it for me. He stormed into the hangar and left me standing there thinking “*well, that’s the end of that*”. Pretty soon he came back with an F6F handbook, handed it to me (or maybe he threw it at me) and said, “***Forget the check ride; read this. When you’re ready, I’ll give you a blindfold cockpit check. After that you’re on your own.***”



*The object of my affection!*

## FOOLED EM AGAIN... Wayne Norris 15-47

**Our Squadron VF-72**, based in Quonset Pt R I, was deployed on the USS Bon Homme Richard CV 31 to a station off the East Coast of Korea in the Sea of Japan. One of our missions was to strike targets of opportunity in North Korea such as trucks, trains, troops, etc. We made pre-dawn launches flying F9F-2 Panther Jets cruising at 250-300 knots at 500 to 1000 feet looking for enemy activity. The North Koreans moved most of their military at night, which is why we launched pre-dawn so as to catch stragglers.

**One dark morning in June 1952** our four plane division led by CDR. Bill Curtis was catapulted off the carrier carrying two 250 lb bombs, two rockets and 20mm guns. Our target area was deep in the high mountains of North Korea. Nearing the end of our mission, we spotted a train high in the mountains headed for a tunnel.

**We strafed the engine and it stopped** about a hundred yards from the tunnel. Steam was pouring out of the engine. This was a really exciting target, but the sad thing was that we were low on fuel and the train was at high altitude...probably 6- 7000 feet. We didn't have the fuel to go to high altitude and do a standard bomb mission and we had never tried to bomb from low altitude, which may be why we hadn't hit the train with our bombs.

**I was the only one in the division** who had bombs left, so in desperation I went in low straight down the tracks and pickled off a 250 pounder. I pulled hard back on the stick and banked hard right. A few seconds later I heard what sounded like a firecracker exploding. Suddenly my cockpit filled with smoke and I immediately switched to 100 percent oxygen in order to breathe. The smoke cleared shortly and I saw that my instrument panel on the right side was raised six inches.



My radio was out and there were two fist sized holes in my horizontal stabilizer near the elevator hinge.

**I went back over the train** and saw that I had hit the back car of the train. I had another bomb, but it wouldn't release. No electrical power there either. I joined up on the C.O., and since I had no radio, gave him the crash signal (forearm over face) to indicate I was in deep trouble. He thought I meant that HE was in trouble at first, but finally realized it was I.

**When we got out to the Sea of Japan** I put the hook down and it worked, so we headed back to the carrier. Our carrier was launching aircraft which meant we were going to be delayed for landing. I wanted to land immediately because my fuel gauge and all electrical was gone and I didn't know if my gear would work. Also, I might have a fuel leak.

**Suddenly another fire broke out** and I had to open the cockpit to breathe since I was out of 100 % oxygen. I had seen that the USS Princeton looked like it had an empty deck, so I peeled off and dove toward it. I flew by the bridge rocking my wings to indicate that I wanted to come aboard. On the downwind leg I put the gear handle down, and, thank God, I heard the normal thump...the wheels were down and locked.



**As I made a final turn to the carrier's fan-tail** I was very happy to see an LSO giving me a "roger pass" for a landing. However, on landing my remaining bomb went scooting down the deck straight at the conning tower where it crashed. Fortunately, I hadn't armed it so it didn't explode. I climbed out of the plane and saw thousands of tiny holes all over the underside of the aircraft. I loved the helicopter ride back to my carrier.

**As an old CO of mine used to say "Fooled em Again"**

## THE NEXT EDITION WILL ALSO BE OUR LAST

As time marches on, we have come to the end of the LOG concurrent with the decommissioning of the FLYING MIDSHIPMEN ASSOCIATION. The last edition will be both a recording of the Pensacola Reunion and our decommissioning along with a compilation of "The Best of the LOG."

## WITH A FEW OF THE GUYS...Don Sutherland 12-48

January 7th, 1950. F4U-4 Corsair flight from Naval Auxiliary Airfield Cabaniss, Texas to NAS Dallas, Texas and return.

This photo was given to me by Mrs. R J. Sample from the estate of her husband, Robert. Fortunately, Bob recorded the name of the eight students and the flight instructor on the back side of the photo.



FRONT ROW: Left to right  
 1. Mid'n. John Strand (deceased)  
 2. Mid'n. Donald Sutherland  
 3. Lt. Stan Kalas, Instructor ....  
 4. Mid'n. Jim Godshalk

BACK ROW: Left to right  
 5. Ens. Jack Borbidge\*  
 6. Ens. Dan Nolen\*  
 7. Mid'n. Robert J. Sample (deceased)  
 8. Ens. Joe Backman\*  
 9. Mid'n. Harrison Longstreth\*

## DNKUA...Dick Cantrell 13-48

**My last scrape in the F4U** occurred on the "Ides of March" (the 15th), 1950, during carrier qualifications on the USS Cabot, CVL-23 (or was it CVL-28?). The last thing each single engine pilot had to do in order to graduate from Naval flight training and receive his wings as a "designated Naval Aviator" was to make seven successful carrier landings. A flight of students would fly out to the carrier, land and take off seven times in "round robin," and then fly back to Corry Field.

**The LSO always kept a notebook** on every pilot's landings. Normally, he debriefed pilots afterwards to give them a chance to learn from their mistakes. But in the case of carrier qualifications since you flew back to the shore and then graduated the next day, there was no opportunity for that. So I did not know what the LSO had written about my performance. I did know, however, that I had gotten one wave-off. Some time later a friend gave me a photo which had been taken of that wave-off. On the back of that photo was written: *"Dick Cantrell March 15, 1950 Advance Carrier Qualification in Gulf of Mexico aboard USS Cabot. Close Wave-off. Note absence of background screen and Landing Signal Officer who was probably in mid-air at this moment in attempt to save his life. DNKUA [In LSO language 'Damned near killed us all!']"*

**The next day I got my wings** and went to Norfolk to await assignment to a squadron. I was assigned to VA-15, NAS Jacksonville, Florida, where I flew AD-4's. Three months later, in June, I received my commission as an Ensign, USN. The Korean War started that same month. A number of us junior pilots from VA-15 were transferred to VA-35 on the USS Leyte, CV-32, which had been rushed back from a cruise in the Mediterranean to go through the Panama Canal to Korea.





## THE BEST PILOT.....Paul Wuesthoff 11-48

**Capt JOHN FAIR the skipper of VF-74** from 1950 to 1952...was a WW II Fighter ACE and in a class all his own. The Squadron was labeled the Globe Trotters because we were seldom at our home base, Quonset Point.

**The Skippers knowledge of the sea** was unparalleled. We were, it seems, always at sea or involved in carrier operations and VF 74 was always the lead squadron with Skipper always the Group leader. His goal was always to be at the cut position when the white flag was posted...he would be miles out in any direction leading up to an eighty plane formation. His ability to read the wind by wave and spray action gave him the understanding of where the carrier would be upon retrieval and how long it would take the ship to be properly aligned in the wind. He never missed.

**As his wingman** I was tasked to be aboard within 20 seconds of his trap. The Squadron was officially timed one time to see what our landing interval really was; we brought a full flight aboard the USS FDR with an average of 20 seconds per trap, made possible by the Corsair's hydraulic tail hook.



**The Squadron took part** in what I understand was the last full scale Naval Maneuvers with the French, British and US Navies in the Mediterranean. On the day of our full scale attack on the British Armada, I was on the Skipper's wing when we heard a "May Day." One of our Corsairs had engine failure and the pilot (Ray) was bailing out. We followed the Chute down and circled Ray who it seemed was struggling in the water, apparently his life vest had failed to inflate.



**The Skipper dropped to near sea level** and circled. He somehow got out of his own life vest, inflated half the vest and at the precise moment and position tossed it out up wind of Ray. The vest floated with the Ocean current to within arms length of Ray who, after being returned to the ship, said he was about to go under and doubted he had the strength to swim any distance to save his butt.

**A couple days later** after being picked up by a British Destroyer Ray was returned to our ship a happy man. The British in their hospitality had toasted him with real booze.



## FROM SMILES TO FISTS...Paul Wuesthoff 11-48

**We flew many antisubmarine** and anti-shipping patrols from home base at Brunswick, ME. The Grand Banks fishing areas were of special interest. Russian fishing trawlers were in the area and the ships bristled with a large number of antennas used for intelligence gathering. Russian factory ships for processing fish were also in the area. The trawlers would off-load their fish at the factory ship to be frozen or canned. The factory ship was also the "mother ship" for the Russian submarines which were stationed along the American coast.

**It seemed to me that the Russian** approach to naval warfare was an interesting (and efficient) combination of military support activities and commercial fishing operations. When the trawlers were on hand, the squadron would keep constant track of the Russian ships and coordinate search tracks with shore-based hydrophone facilities to try and locate submarines. Our flight tracks were repeating patterns at low altitude - each time we passed near a trawler, we would make a low pass at masthead height and take pictures. During early surveillance, the Russians on board would smile and wave at us. But we kept making passes every two or

three hours and at night we would use an extremely bright searchlight to light up the ship; soon the crews could be seen shaking fists in our direction.

**One night**, we were working a submarine contact several miles at sea using sonobuoys and a magnetic anomaly detector (MAD). There was a heavy cloud layer and it was very dark in our MAD pattern which we flew at less than 100 feet above the water. The pattern was a circular one, following the sonobuoys which we had dropped on the first pass; we listened to the buoys to try and hear submarine noises and waited for an indication on the MAD equipment to tell us that we were over a submarine.

**This flight routine lasted** for over three hours and it was difficult to maintain concentration. On one turn, after a moment of inattention, I looked up to see the altimeter sink below zero while I tried frantically to get the nose up. We had no way to get an accurate altimeter setting for our location far out to sea, and we did not hit the water. God does watch over us!

## THE “YELLOW PERIL”...Don Hubbard Mid'n 52

**I arrived at Glenview Naval Air Station** (north of Chicago) in late November 1945 for primary flight training. It was freezing. As many of you know, the aircraft they were flying then was the redoubtable N2S, or as it was commonly called, “the Yellow Peril”. This little biplane was a great bird, but it had its limitations. For one thing it had open cockpits, and of course, no heat, so the “old-timers” told me to go down to flight gear issue and get some good winter flying gear. I did just that. I got a shearling lined flight suit, a shearling lined flight jacket with a high fur collar, shearling lined boots and gloves. Now, I was ready for my first flight.

**Next day, I hobbled out** to one of the birds with my instructor for my first flight. I clambered up the wing and into the rear cockpit, put on a helmet with the Gosport connection, and I was ready to go.

**Now in case you're not familiar** with the Gosport, it works like this. It is essentially a hollow black tube, which connects at the pilots end to a funnel-like device into which he speaks, and at the trainee end it becomes a split tube going to the ears, permitting the student pilot to hear. Pretty quick we were airborne, and the instructor showed me how all the controls worked as he did a few basic maneuvers, and let me try a few...you all know the drill. But now the kicker, he was going to show me what a stall felt like. He slowly pulled back on the stick, raising the nose until the aircraft was about to fall off into a spin, then pushed forward on a stick and asked me if I felt the aircraft shudder. He was looking in the mirror so he could see my reaction, and I shook my head “no”. He repeated the maneuver and repeated the question, and I shook my head “no”, then once again with the same result, until he turned and headed home. When I climbed out of the cockpit and got down on the ground. He pointed at my shearling flight suit and said to me, “*Next time come out here without the fur around you, so your butt can feel the action.*”

**Couple more flights and I was ready for my solo.** The training field at Glenview was a huge circular mat and the landing direction was indicated by a prominent tetrahedron off to the side, so instead of paralleling the runway to make a landing you came in via a fairly broad funnel. The airfield side of the funnel was marked by a long stone wall, which we were forbidden to cross. When my flight ended and I was ready to land I got into the middle of the funnel, sweating a little, but feeling like Lindbergh over Paris, and hoping that I would do this thing right. Then I felt a presence on my starboard side. Whoa! Here was some guy flying formation on me. Understandably, on my first solo flight this made me uncomfortable...too close...so I jiggled to the left to shake him loose. He jiggled too. Jig again, and ditto again. Same thing couple more times, but now I am over the dreaded wall, which I am forbidden to cross. Long story short, that guy stayed on my wing until I was almost ready to flare, then he jiggled right and disappeared. ***Thank you buddy that was a confidence builder!***



**Now for the inverted spin.** If you've never done one, you have not yet lived. We climbed to about 5000 feet, and I receive my instructions through the Gosport. “*This is a confidence builder (another one). I'm going to roll this thing inverted, push the nose up and go into an upside-down spin. You'll be hanging from your seat belt, and to let me know that you're not holding on to something I want you to take both hands and thumb your nose at me.*” I was innocent, so I shook my head yes, and he rolled over. YOWEE! I wasn't hanging by my belt I was swinging from it. And my two hands were flailing the air in front of my face trying to thumb my nose at this guy. Well, he finally pulled out and resumed normal flight, then he said, “*I didn't see you thumb your nose at me. Let's do it again!*” This time, I gave him my answer. You can't talk back through a Gosport, but my head was violently shaking “no” and my hands were scrubbing the air in a negative gesture. He laughed and we headed back to the barn.

**Primary training.** Fifty-five hours during which we not only learned to fly, but became proficient in all sorts of cross-wind and emergency landings like making tight slipping “S” turns to a circle from 800 feet, after the instructor unexpectedly cut the engine, and pretty much mastering all sorts of aerobatics from loops and spins and Immelmann's, to slow-roles and snap-rolls, and falling leaves, and yes...inverted-spins.

**.Confession time...I only did one inverted spin solo and I started that at 8,000 feet while I prayed.**

## CARRIER QUALS ON THE CABOT...Bob Kaiser 14-48

**There I was, at 30,000 feet,** hanging by my throat mike ....Nah, I was cruising along at about 500 feet in an SNJ, BuNo 51863, in mid-September 1949. This was one of those birds equipped with a tail hook, and I was trying to get my sixth landing on the U.S.S. Cabot, out in the Caribbean just south of Pensacola. So far, things had gone rather smoothly ...no glitches, no mistakes...and I had already made five landings with no problems. All I needed was just one more and then I'd soon be on my way to Advanced at Corpus. Actually, I was going downwind approaching the 180 posit, abeam of the Cabot. Gear down, flaps set, ready to start my turn to port.

**I glanced out of the cockpit** to see if all was proceeding properly, and saw an SNJ waiting for the take-off signal... there was a new pilot who had just strapped in...and another SNJ on final, hoping the bird on deck would start up and clear the deck for his landing. The LSO was giving him all the necessary signals to keep on coming. Finally, the bird on final got his signal from the LSO, but the signal was a CUT, not a Wave off...a CUT! Well, as we all know, when you're in the slot and you get a cut, you take a CUT...not a Wave off. So the pilot took a cut...and landed precisely on top of the SNJ that was already sitting there. Yukk!

**To this day,** I don't know exactly what had happened or whose fault it was, but I'm sure the LSO had a lot of explaining to do. But fortunately the plane taking the cut came down with his propeller chewing up the plane on deck right up through the rear cockpit. It missed the new pilot in the on-deck SNJ by only a few feet.

**I kept on coming around** and got a wave off (Thank God!), and very shortly we all got a signal over the radio to DOG. So the other three or four planes in the pattern cleaned up, climbed up to about 2,000 feet and circled slowly, waiting for something to happen. I was thinking that there were probably some injuries, maybe even a fatality, and that we'd be shutting down soon. But, strangely enough, after about a half an hour we got the signal to re-enter the pattern and continue landings.

So, I made another pass, got my cut, caught a wire, and finished Basic Training. I took some photos which I still have somewhere around the house, but can't find them after over 50 years. I did go on to Corpus and got my wings in January 1950. Stayed in service and finally retired in 1969, with no other hair-raising experiences. But I'll never forget that on-deck collision!

## A "DOWN" EXPERIENCE... Paul Wuesthoff 11-48

**Aerobatics at Whiting Field.** My aerobatics instructor was an ex Blue Angel. What a let down for him, from Performance Aerobatics to training a fledging. My first hop with him started out with a Chandelle on take off followed by an hour of uninterrupted semi out of control maneuvers. I became air sick and he instructed me to barf in a bag which all good trainees kept in their flight suits and he would make a turn and I should throw the bag out. I did as he said but thru it out on the up or outside of the turn and aerodynamics blew the bag and its contents into his then open cockpit.

**He was furious and rightly so,** upon landing the ground crew was there to do their thing. He called them off and made me wash out the whole plane, humiliating for a potential officer. It was never mentioned again, a good guy but very HYPER. He was killed about two week after I finished Aerobatics while attempting a slow roll on take off from North Whiting Field in an SNJ. Incidentally he smelled like booze before each flight, morning or afternoon.

**He taught me some good stuff,** but some bad habits as well. Remember those Dead Stick landings we practiced? Well there was a field he favored...it had power lines at the approach end and he would position the SNJ in line with the strip, but take it below the wires with no power, he relied on lowering the flaps at the last minute to get the necessary lift to boost us over the wires, and on to the field. Scary at first but I caught on and was able to follow his example.

*I was doing this routine on a check flight...the check pilot panicked. Ripped the stick out of my hands and gave me a down.*



## MOST OF THE SAMOAN RECRUITS HAD NEVER FLOWN BEFORE...Jerry "Nick" Nicholson 1-47

**In April 1953, I transferred to Air Transport Squadron 5** at NAS Moffett Field, California. The squadron flew R6D aircraft, generally on Hawaii/Japan routes. VR-5 was part of the Naval Air Transport Service. Routes were not scheduled with airline regularity, but depended on needs of the Navy and schedules changed from month to month.

**Most often we flew to Hawaii** (NAS Barbers Point) or Alaska and frequently through the Western Pacific to Atsugi, Japan. Sometimes flights would be scheduled with little advance notice to new locations.

**In April 1954, three of our aircraft** were sent to American Samoa to transport recruits for the Navy. The defense department had gone to Samoa on a recruiting drive and signed up several hundred prospects from the Samoan natives. I flew first pilot in one of the R6Ds commanded by Norm Grey.

**We left Barbers Point** early on the 7th of April, flew south to Canton Island for fueling. Canton is a British island very close to the equator, and very hot & humid. As we stepped off the plane, our uniforms were immediately saturated with sweat. Fueling was done with hand pumps from 55 gallon drums of 130 octane gasoline. The fueling was slow because the gas had to be filtered through chamois skins to get rid of contamination.

**We got airborne for Tutuilla, Samoa** in the early afternoon. Tafuna airfield on American Samoa had seldom been used since World War 2. It had no tower or radio aids, and the coral runway was overgrown with grass and weeds. Taller vegetation had been cut down by the Samoans before our arrival. We found the field visually, set up our own spacing and landed; we parked the transports at the end of the runway. We were taken to the hotel in Tutuilla in an open truck. The hotel was a small two-story clapboard building with small rooms and bath down the hall. No air-conditioning but ceiling fans.

**There was a luau that evening** for us, including Tahitian type dancing and much food. Flies were everywhere but there were no mosquitoes; the mosquito population had been wiped out by DDT application during the war. It rained frequently but was warm. No one used raincoats and if you got wet you just dried out when the rain quit.

The next morning, we flew back to Hawaii via Canton Island with our plane-loads of young passengers (most had never flown before, and I suspect, seldom wore shoes until that morning).



## ALL THAT EFFORT FOR A FEW PHOTOS...Jerry "Nick" Nicholson 1-47

My last deployment with VP-7 was in the spring of 1959, when we went to Keflavik, Iceland. Officers were billeted in quonset huts which held about 20 double-decker bunks. The shower and head facilities were in another hut connected through a covered (but unheated) passageway.

**Our mission was to assist in detection** of the new Russian submarines as they came out of the North Sea north of Scotland. We flew continuous barrier patrols between Scotland and Iceland, designed to keep the submarines submerged for a long distance during their transits. South of our barrier, there were several US submarines stationed.



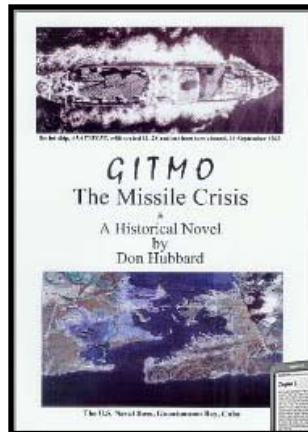
**The US submarines** were to use sonar in detecting the Russians. On one of my missions, we received a message from one of our submarines that they had contact, and we went to assist with sonobuoys and MAD runs. We would fly out under the direction of the US submarine towards their sonar target and when we had a MAD indication, we would drop a smoke canister. Doing this, we were able to track the Russian for some time. Then we had a MAD equipment failure and had to call for another aircraft to replace us on the mission.

*But success for the U.S. the coordinated effort finally forced the Russian to surface. All that effort for a few photos of a new submarine type.*

## RECOMMENDED READING

***GITMO: The Missile Crisis*** New Book by Don Hubbard (#51 Midn)

**This fast-moving, fact-based historical novel** documents the critical events that happened at the U.S. Naval Base, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, during the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis. **Many of you were involved in this operation.** Understandably, GITMO was a major pawn in the game. For years the routine on the base was casual and sleepy. The Bay of Pigs abruptly changed that.



**On 22 October 1962, President John F. Kennedy** formally announced the quarantine of Soviet shipping, and fearing war, ordered an immediate emergency evacuation of the 2,810 dependent women and children on four unprepared navy warships. On the same day, 5,000 fully-equipped marines with heavy artillery and tanks were landed at Guantanamo and deployed into new, Seabee-built, defensive positions. Khrushchev reacted by placing a Soviet nuclear-tipped cruise missile fifteen miles northwest of the base, to be launched if Cuba was invaded.

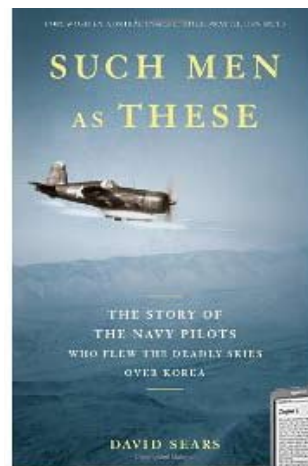
**The Soviets allied themselves with Cuba,** supplied them with modern weapons and secretly moved in offensive nuclear-tipped missiles. Suddenly, Guantanamo became the eye in the storm, surrounded by heavily armed enemies commanded by a hostile Fidel Castro. Castro demanded that the United States abandon Guantanamo and cede the territory to Cuba. Accordingly it became necessary to rapidly fortify the base and augment the staff. Soviet seaborne shipping and submarine activity increased quickly, as did the threat to the base.

**While the final outcome of the “missile crisis”** is known, this previously untold story about the transformation of the naval station at Guantanamo into a military bastion is an action-packed, highly readable navy sea story.

Buy it as an e-book on Amazon.com for your Kindle or your e-reader using a Kindle App . \$4.99 on Amazon.com. The print version will be available in March 2011.

***Such Men as These: The Story of the Navy Pilots Who Flew the Deadly Skies Over Korea*** by David Sears; Da Capo Press, Cambridge, MA, 2010. Forwarded by Admiral James L. Holloway III, USN (Ret.).

**This new book is a must read** by anyone who operated aircraft off carriers during the Korean War. A surface warfare officer and Vietnam veteran, the author is, nevertheless, a superb writer on naval aviation and has written three other historical books on naval warfare. He obviously carried out extensive research and conducted a number of personal interviews in writing this book.



**In addition to compelling stories,** the book is a great reference for those interested in the carriers, air groups, and squadrons that participated in the war. But what will be of most interest to FMA members is his coverage of the evolution of the Holloway Plan and the Flying Midshipmen that were actively engaged in the war. **He identifies a number whose names will be recognized** and tells their story set against an excellent narrative of the events of the war. Well written, the book honors the Naval Aviators that fought in the Korean War.

Available on Amazon.com .



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