

1st Fighter Association Newsletter



27th



71st



94th

Volume 32 No. 1

May 2013

1st Fighter Wing Reunion

Desert Storm Weapons and Tactics Session

August 15-18, 2013

Crowne Plaza Hotel, Hampton, VA



Watch for registration information in the mail soon.

Also see Racquet's Remarks on page 2

1st Fighter Wing Annual Awards Ceremony

January 18, 2013

As many of you are aware your Association participates annually in the Wing yearly awards ceremony. The Association has arranged with a local artist to create unique pieces of art to recognize the individual winners in each of three categories: Expeditionary Airman,

Expeditionary Officer and Fighter Pilot of the Year. The Association is honored to participate in this ceremony and to recognize these Outstanding Airmen for their contributions.

Winners' are pictured on page 5. Appearing with each winner are Col Robbins, 1st Fighter Wing Commander, CMSgt Carter, 1st Fighter Wing First Sergeant and Jim Hardenbrook, 1st Fighter Association President.

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Racquet's Remarks

Hard to believe but reunion time is almost upon us. Pete Marty and I have been doing a lot of preliminary planning getting ready to meet with the staff of the Crowne Plaza Hotel in Hampton, VA (the same hotel we had the 2009 Reunion) and our event planner to put the final touches on all the plans. What we do know for certain is that the reunion will be based out of the Crowne Plaza. The reunion will start the afternoon of 15 Aug with registration, a hospitality suite and a kick off barbecue cookout around the hotel pool. Friday 16 Aug will be "Langley" day with static displays, squadron tours, mission briefings, lunch, separate touring for the spouses while the members attend a Weapons and Tactics Conference. Squadron dinners will be held Friday evening.

On Saturday we will tour significant local historical sights and conclude with the Association Banquet held "under the wings" in the Virginia Air and Space Museum. We will be finalizing all these plans shortly then Pete will publish a finalized agenda and signup sheet.

Your Association leadership has been meeting recently and has a number of new initiatives to recommend for Association approval and implementation. The hope is that they will foster continuing viability for the Association as we move forward. Many of these will be brought to your attention during the Thursday night barbecue dinner, so you will be familiar with the initiatives when we have our business meeting and election of officers Friday morning.

I hope that everyone sees the close relationship that has been developed between the Association, Squadrons and Wing over the last few years as we attempt to make all members of the Wing aware of the value the Association brings to the Wing/Squadrons and the value the Association membership will have for them in the future.

Check 6

Racquet

Notes from the Secretary

We are in the final stages of wrapping up the 2013 Annual Dues Campaign. If you haven't sent in your dues please do so ASAP to avoid being dropped from our roles. Currently, the Association has 300 active members. Special thanks go out to the following 2013 donors to the 1st Fighter Association Heritage Fund:

Lee Scott	Hank Goddard
Richard Follett Sr.	Bob Riley
Bill Goodrich	Arnold Megenity
Cyril Williams	Ray Cleary
Bob Correia	George Wallace
E.D. Shaw III	Carol Huber
Michael Evans	Jumbo Wray
Chuck Wilson	

Watch your mailbox for a brochure and registration form for the upcoming 2013 1st Fighter Association Reunion, August 15th thru 17th at the Crowne Plaza Hotel in Hampton, VA.

Pete

In Remembrance

Since the last newsletter we have received word of the following members passing:

Robert E. Austin, Major (ret), passed away at the age of 91. (WWII, 27th FS)

Odis L. Toney (27th FS crew chief).

Mark Allen Schaaf, age 50 in Sumter, SC (94th FS crew chief). Interested in aircraft from an early age, he was a proud member of the United States Air Force, where he served from October of 1980 until November of 2002. He has good friendships from those days. Some of the air bases he was stationed at included Minot, Holloman, Keflavik, Spangdahlem, and Langley. Mark was a Desert Storm era veteran.

John "Denny" Pace, age 93 in Ketchum, ID (XX FS). You can find his full obituary at <http://www.woodriverchapel.com>. Denny flew in the 1st Fighter Group in North Africa, Korea, and Vietnam. He retired as a Colonel in 1970.

Bill McCole provided more information about Trozey R. Barker: Dr. Trozey Ray Barker died peacefully on Friday morning, January 29, 2010. Trozy was born on November 7, 1919 in Jonesboro, Louisiana. As World War II broke out, he joined the Army Air Corps. He bravely and proudly served as a member of the 1st Fighter Group in a P-38 squadron. Trozy served in the European Theater and participated in the North African invasion. He returned to Ouachita Baptist University where he played basketball and football and completed his degree in 1949. After graduation, he joined the United States Air Force and served his country for eleven additional years.

Request for Information

Greetings,

I am with the curator department at MAPS Air Museum www.mapsairmuseum.org. We are in the early development stages of a display for our current and former/deceased WWII air combat vets. We have an artist that generates artwork for the museum and we're seeing info on the P-38 that Stan Wojcik flew when he was with the 1st FG.

I understand Stan was with the 94th FS and was flying a P-38F when he was shot down and captured on Sept 9, 1943. We would be interested in any photos of Stan's plane, but if you have the coloring, Squadron codes, nose art, serial number available that info would be most helpful in generating historically accurate art work.

Thanks for your help.

Best wishes.

Dave Bell, MAPS Air Museum
dvdbell@roadrunner.com

Last of the Randolph Blues Available

Gary Metz has written *Last of the Randolph Blues* covering the military careers of 10 pilots who graduated together were assigned to the 33rd Fighter Group and sent to North Africa. Later some of them were transferred to the 1st Fighter Group and two ended up in the 27th Fighter Squadron. It references quite a few 1st Fighter Group missions. You can read a little about it on the publisher's web site <http://www.ampubbooks.com/books/lastoftherandolphblues.html> or Gary's site <http://randolphblues.com/>. The eBook version is available on Amazon.

Association Board Meeting Minutes

On 29 January 2013 the Association Board met at the Crown Plaza Hotel in Hampton, Va.



1st Fighter Association Board Meeting Minutes

January 29 – 30, 2013

Attendees: Jim Hardenbrook, President*

Pete Marty, Secretary/Treasurer*

Bob Correia, Vice-President*

Bubba Parker, 27th President*

Jon Goldenbaum, 71st President*

Frank Pickart, Former 27th President

Randy Dodge, Enlisted Membership Advisor

* Voting Members

The Meeting took place at the Crowne Plaza Hotel, Hampton, VA. The following topics were discussed:

Secretary/Treasurer Report

The Association is in good financial shape. There are currently 330 members on the rolls.

The Association is undergoing its annual membership drive which should be completed by the end of March. The Secretary/Treasurer will then distribute an updated roster to the board. Prior to close out of the membership campaign, the Secretary/Treasurer agreed to notify the Squadron Presidents of members in their organization dropping off the rolls.

Discussion of current Association and Squadron Management structure and the goals of the organization.

This broad discussion lasted several hours and eventually led to the following consensus. The Association has two major roles. The first is to maintain the camaraderie of former 1st Fighter Wing members and the second is to maintain the 1st Fighter Wing's heritage through an active relationship with the Wing. The later also forms a seed for future membership in the Association.

The group took a serious look at the current Association leadership structure and came up with the following test organization which they agreed to set up for trial prior the next membership meeting and make a recommendation for adoption at that time if appropriate. (*Voting Members)

Executive Committee President*

Vice-President*

Secretary/Treasurer* Additional Board

Members Ambassador Chair*

Enlisted Membership Advisor* Membership

Representatives (3)*

Appointed Positions

Newsletter Editor
IT/Webmaster

All Executive Committee and Voting Board Members would be nominated by and elected by the general membership. Positions can be dual-hatted (example – Historian and Vice President may be same person. The Membership Representatives would represent the three legacy Squadrons (27th, 71st & 94th).

The Group agreed to establish an Ambassador Program whose focus would be to promote interaction with the 1st Fighter Wing. The Ambassadors would be Hampton Roads based and meet on a regular basis. The board agreed to support the Ambassador Program monetarily through luncheons and purchase of 1st Fighter Association polo shirts for use by the ambassadors when interfacing with the squadrons. Jim Hardenbrook, in his president emeritus role, agreed to help with the initial organization.

Reunion

The Executive Committee met with the Reunion Planners and hotel representatives to establish the initial outline for the 2013 Association Reunion. The Reunion will be August 15-18, 2013 at the Crowne Plaza Hotel in Hampton. Tentatively, the board will arrive on August 14th for a board meeting prior to the Reunion start. Membership arrives on August 15th with a BBQ that evening in the hotel. The 16th would consist of a Membership Meeting that includes the election of officers, a visit to the 1st Fighter Wing and a combined Squadron Dinner. The 17th would consist of a Williamsburg/Yorktown tour with lunch followed by the closing banquet.

The Board will research the possibility of having the Reunion be Desert Storm themed including

inviting 1st Fighter Wing Desert Storm participants in addition to the membership.

Pete Marty
Secretary/Treasurer

Annual Awards Photos from page 1:



Expeditionary Airman SMSgt Schuyler Griswold



Expeditionary Officer Major James Woodruff



Fighter Pilot of the Year Captain Sean Peterson

Letter to the Editor

Received Dec 8, 2012 from P. E. MacAllister in response to the article on Foggia

Have just read the recent update from the first fighter news office and was struck with a couple of things. One being a collection "things" for an archive of sorts and the second being the reference to Foggia. Knew the latter well having spent 8 months there in 1944. Will check in my own records...a squadron diary, a second record which we kept in the armament section (I was the armament officer for the 71st squadron) and a personal journal on the Foggia raids to see what I come with in terms of data, which in many cases was accurate. The name was familiar because while still at Mateur in North Africa there were attacks made on the series of airdromes at Foggia, but could well have been bomber raids which we were called to escort. I remember driving to the base the first time in early January and on the lane going in, drove past a P-38 which had been shot down there, carrying our squadron letters on the tail.

I did not know we had bombed the city and supposedly strafed it. My personal opinion was that bombing with a P-38 was a very iffy mission, fraught with considerable peril and often more detrimental to the bomber than the bombe.

I was slightly acquainted with a family in the town which really was badly mangled. The patriarch had been a tailor and of course was now virtually out of business. There was a wife and two daughters plus a fiancé for one of the girls. As a matter of fact, the latter worked at our camp site along with a dozen other Eye-ties. I got acquainted because they did my laundry every week or so and thru pidgeon Italian could just barely communicate. They hated the Germans with a passion, leaving the impression everything of any value was stripped when the Krauts departed. They got along great with us.

Meaning I never sensed the first semblance of animosity or hatred for Americans. So was struck with the inference about Americans. But then I didn't know we had busted up the town. My assumption was an attack on the air fields.

Proud Phoenix Award Competition

Related by SrA Jordan Jacobs to Randy Dodge

"The Proud Phoenix Award is bestowed upon air crews that show a consistent commitment to excellence. Only the best aircraft and air crews from each squadron will compete based on a variety of criteria. The aircraft selected will be evaluated for cleanliness, forms documentation, documented discrepancies, sortie history, as well as a host of other standards. Air crews will present their aircraft and be evaluated on their specific aircraft knowledge, overall airframe knowledge, and general maintenance practices. For the 1st Fighter Wing both aircraft and crews will be judged by the 1 AMXS Commander, as well as Quality Assurance, for any undocumented aircraft discrepancies. The aircraft and its crew are scored on a points system and the winner is announced at the Quarterly Awards Ceremony."



So that's the most official breakdown of the event I can give you, but unofficially here's what we experienced. For about a week prior, we scrubbed our aircraft every single day, every nook and cranny. We spent 12 hours a day at work and, with differing shifts, spent an additional 8 hours a day between the 3 of us

working on a custom set of chocks, our custom streamers, ironing out all of our “Dash 21” equipment including the custom “Maloney's Pony” HUD and seat covers, and studying our T.O's and various aircraft times and serial numbers. We met with our pilot, Lt Col Geoffery Lohmiller, and studied each other's family lives, hometowns, and career history. The day of the competition we pulled out all of the stops, polishing our tires, “white-walling” them with white paint pens to make the lettering “pop,” installing our custom chocks (they were hand routed, and hand painted. “Maloney's Pony” on the front facing away from each tire [Black chocks with yellow lettering], and on the sides of each chock a yellow “23” to represent Maloney's tail number.) We also installed custom laser etched hub-caps (Maloney's pony in the same text style as our intake plugs from the dedication ceremony, curving around a pony head also the same as the intake plugs, with 8 iron crosses around the edges to represent his 8 aerial victories.) We rolled out our 27th AMU welcome mat, which we had also scrubbed and polished, and awaited the evaluation. When the commander and chief arrived from 1 AMXS, our crew snapped to attention and gave them our best. We were quizzed on aircraft knowledge such as our past 10 sorties, engine serial number and engine times, as well as little tidbits of general knowledge such as how many fire bottles are required at the end of the runway and career progression. We scored flawlessly on our verbal quizzes (including Airman First Class Branson Hernandez, which was impressive considering everyone's nerves were high) and the aircraft was, in our commander's words, “Immaculate.” We won the competition by what seemed like a landslide, but in the interest of political correctness they told everyone the competition was “very close.”



Anyway, I know that you're probably sick of reading at this point. I didn't mean to write a novel, but it worked out that way. That's more or less what we've been through this past week.

Remembering the Forgotten Mechanic

Through the history of world aviation many names have come to the fore. Great deeds of the past in our memory will last as they're joined by more and more.

When man first started to labor in his quest to conquer the sky, He was designer, mechanic and pilot and he built a machine that would fly. But somehow the order got twisted, and then in the public's eye the only man that could be seen was the man who knew how to fly.

The pilot was everyone's hero, he was brave, he was bold, he was grand. As he stood by his battered old biplane with his goggles and helmet in hand.

... To be sure, these pilots all earned it, to fly you have to have guts. And they blazed their names in the hall of fame on wings with bailing wire struts.

But for each of these flying heroes, there were thousands of little renown, and these were the men who worked on the planes but who kept their feet on the ground.

We all know the name of Lindbergh, and we've read of his flight to fame. But think, if you can,

of his maintenance man. Can you remember his name?

And think of our wartime heroes Gabreski, Jabara, and Scott and all the acclaim that they got. Can you tell me the names of their crew chiefs? A thousand to one you cannot.

Now pilots are highly trained people, and wings are not easily won. But without the work of the maintenance man, our pilots would march with a gun.

So when you see mighty jet aircraft as they mark their way through the air, remember the grease-stained man with the wrench in his hand; he is the man who put them there.

A Scatological Survey of Combat Air Operations in Southwest Asia 1990-91

A War Story by Mike "Donkey" Dickey

Yes, as you might have surmised, this is the untold story of men at war, and the bodily functions they battled along with the Iraqi Air Force.

We arrived in Dhahran in the second week of August, 1990. Although it had all of the trappings of an American air base, with VOQs, mess halls, and well-appointed briefing rooms, the plumbing was deceptive. Sure, those looked like American toilets, but they were in fact low flow models capable only of handling the discharge of a desert dweller living on dates and hot tea. The average American fighter pilot of that era consumed several pounds of red meat each day, washed down with a gallon of black coffee, resulting in a bolus that only a proper, 5 gallon American toilet could send on its way. Worse yet, our use of toilet paper was entirely foreign to the locals and their inferior plumbing. The Saudi toilets succumbed within twenty-four hours of our arrival, and never really recovered, putting all of us at risk of being chased out of the bathroom in a tidal wave of

our own detritus. Some have nightmares to this day.

Within days, we began to miss those solid discharges. We had all been to Egypt, some twice, in the years leading up to Desert Shield, and had been warned there by Doc Travis not only to never drink the water, but to avoid even touching it. Doc wasn't with us by the time we left for Dhahran, however, and as soon as the first Fightin' Eagle ran a stream of desalinated Saudi tap water over his toothbrush, it was only a matter of time before the great dysentery outbreak of September, 1990 would spread across the base. Within days, most of us carried a full bottle of Kaopectate in the leg pocket of his flight suit, drinking the whole thing every day.

Scheduling became a nightmare. One heroic flight lead, who will remain unnamed but went on to become a famous gentleman rancher in Oklahoma after the war, determined not to let down the team despite the fact that the average Desert Shield mission was 3-4 hours long, and he could only go twenty minutes without a sprint to the little pilot's room. His solution entailed going into the squadron janitor's closet and disrobing, cutting leg holes in a garbage bag, and donning it as a giant diaper under his flight suit. To avoid soiling the jet, he supposedly taped the legs and the waist tight, which presented a challenge for him when he shut down the jet several hours later, having miraculously emitted nary a squirt, and he was forced to peel away g-suit, flight suit, and taped-on garbage bag in a sprint to explode at the edge of the revetment.

Not everyone was so lucky. The Bitburgers were alleged to have an Eagle known only as the "Stinky Jet" after its driver lost control of his sphincter somewhere near King Khalid Military City. There are some things you just cannot wash out of an ejection seat cushion.

Eventually, to our relief, the dysentery passed, and we could flatulate with little fear of having to waddle out of the briefing room with cheeks pressed tight. Back at Langley we adhered to the arcane fighter pilot rituals associated with public flatulence, almost liturgically announcing “No Slugs” if we floated an air biscuit in the bar, or the briefing room, or at commander’s call. Someone among us (I think it was Rev Baker) decided extraordinary times called for an extraordinary fart lexicon, and we soon abandoned “No Slugs” for the more regionally attuned “Abu Dhabi.” Soon the call was heard all over base, and I distinctly remember hearing one former wingman, who will remain unnamed but now has people calling him “General Rock”, break radio silence on a 2 a.m. DCA cap by proclaiming his status with a confident “Abu Dhabi” in the back radio.

The passing of the runs also meant we could begin to hydrate again, which meant piddle packs. Lots and lots of piddle packs. One of the brothers, who now works for a giant defense contractor and no doubt wishes to remain anonymous, decided peeing in a disposable plastic bag was wasteful, and announced he had begun filling his oversized Saudi water bottle, emblazoned with crossed swords and palm tree, with water, consuming it in flight, then refilling it on the way home. No, there is no amount of bleach that could make this okay. I am pretty sure he would lose his security clearance for mental health reasons if the story became public.

Wait, I think I just did.

That same Fightin’ Eagle eventually succumbed to peer pressure and started using piddle packs like the rest of us. One day after a mission, he thought it would be funny to sling one of the full packs jiggling on his console at the crew van that had just arrived to pick him up. Like a modern-day David, he slung the great amber

grenade at the windshield of the white Toyota van, and the explosion left a couple quarts of processed coffee coating the windshield. He then crawled down the ladder, walked within a couple steps of the windshield, and burst out laughing at the driver, K.C. Lewis. K.C. did not laugh back, at least until he turned the wipers on high, coating our brother in his own aromatic mist.

As a final note, I had hoped that I might make my own small mark on history by taking out a piddle pack in the night skies over southern Iraq on the second night of the war, unzipping and unfurling, and emptying my bladder over enemy territory. It would be a first, a milestone I could relate to my grandchildren in my dotage. Some soldiers gain glory by being the first over the wall at the head of their legion, or leaping down into the Halls of Montezuma, but this was the best I could do under the circumstances. My dreams of urinary glory were dashed, however, when I returned to hear in the mess tent that Karbo had announced on the air-to-air common, two or three hours before my sortie and to the entire coalition air armada, that he just “took a piss on Iraq.” So much for that DFC I was banking on.

F-106 Aerial Combat Maneuvering

Bruce Gordon

The F-106 was designed to attack bombers, and little thought was given to fighter maneuvers. During the Vietnam War, the Air Force Academy got involved in the mathematics of fighter maneuvers to develop better maneuvers and better aircraft designs. They determined that thrust/weight and wing loading (pounds of weight per square foot of wing area) were crucial parameters. The Russian MIG-21 was giving our F-4s a hard time, so the Air Force Academy checked to see if any American fighters had a thrust/weight and a wing loading

similar to the MIG-21. The F-106 was most like the MIG-21.

The famous Fighter Weapons School at Nellis AFB asked for four F-106s to practice against. They got four aircraft and six pilots from the 94th FIS at Selfridge, who flew to Nellis. Our pilots were shown two good movies showing F-100 Super Sabre tactics, and were then sent off to battle with the best that Nellis could offer. Our planes pretended to be MIG-21s and pretended to have guns, so it was a fighter vs fighter, get-on-his tail kind of thing between F-106s and F-4s.

For the first week, those great pilots from Nellis had our ass. Then we began to learn how to fly at the edge of the performance envelope. The F-106's delta wing had a lighter wing loading than the F-4, so we could out-turn them. We learned to use only rudders, not elevons, in turns, to avoid Adverse Yaw (more about Adverse Yaw. We learned that, in full afterburner, we could pull the stick hard back, then apply full rudder, and the plane would pitch up and roll. During this "rudder reversal" the F-106 would lose hundreds of knots of speed in seconds, and we'd be riding the turn on our afterburner. The F-106 would be very close to a spin, but could be controlled if you were very careful. If it got close to a spin, the nose would start to "hunt", moving from side to side, and then would snap into a violent spin. Few F-106s ever recovered from a spin, as it tended to spin flat. The tech manual says it takes a minimum of 20,000 feet to recover from a spin—that's how we lost at least one F-106 at Selfridge. If you were very gentle with the F-106 when its nose started to hunt, you could avoid the flat spin!

The Nellis F-4s were shocked when they attacked an F-106, only to have it do this sudden "rudder reversal" and almost stop in mid-air. The F-4 would go screaming past, and

the F-106 would roll over on his tail! We had no airspeed, but if the F-4 turned to re-attack, we cut him off in the turn and "shot him down." After the first week, the F-106s won most of the engagements, and Headquarters started plans for using F-106s in Vietnam.

We started a serious program of Aerial Combat Maneuvering, ACM (also called Aerial Combat Tactics, ACT) at Selfridge. Then we flew down to Tyndall, where they had F-104s. Those were very exciting missions! Two F-101 fighters pretended to be a "strike force" going into Vietnam, low altitude, high speed. We had four F-106s to "protect" the F-101s. We flew at .95 Mach, subsonic so we didn't use the afterburners (saving fuel) and we could turn better when subsonic than when supersonic. Then four F-104s, pretending to be MIG-21s, would attack us.

The F-104s were extremely fast and small, but had very poor radar and could not turn well. Ground radar constantly gave them our position, but told us nothing about them, so we had to use our radar and wits to be ready for an F-104 attack. They always managed to get behind us. We kept looking behind us until our necks were stiff! When we saw the F-104s, those little guys were behind us and closing at nearly Mach 2. If we saw them, we could turn hard and they'd overshoot our turn, then dive away, using their great speed to get away. If we didn't see them, they came back with gun camera films with their pipper on an F-106.

One mission that I flew—I saw an F-104 closing, turned hard, forcing him to overshoot. I reversed my turn and was on his tail, in full afterburner. The F-104 dove for more speed, as I accelerated behind him—at Mach 1.8 I locked my radar onto him, but he was pulling away from me at about 200 knots! The steering dot was at the bottom of the scope as the F-104 dove away... but then the dot started to move

up... toward the top of the scope...and my radar target circle switched from a negative overtake to an overtake of 600, then 800 knots! I couldn't see the F-104 because he was too far away, but my radar told me that he had pulled up sharply, was doing an Immelmann turn at the top, and looping over to come back into the fight! I pulled up toward him, centered the dot, and got a missile "kill" as he came back toward me.

The F-106 proved to be such a great fighter vs fighter aircraft that Headquarters ordered that F-106s be modified to carry Gatling guns. By that time, though, I had been transferred to F-100s and was in Vietnam dropping napalm and strafing in support of our ground troops....

F-106 Functional Check Flight Adventure

Bruce Gordon

I was a new F-106 FCF pilot for 94th FIS flying out of Selfridge AFB in 1968. This was a routine FCF (Functional Check Flight) after an engine change, and the standard routine was to take off and fly north up Lake Huron. We would climb to the coldest temperature (just below the stratosphere) and accelerate to Mach 2. We reached Mach 2 at the north end of Lake Huron, came out of afterburner and turned back south toward Selfridge. We descended and performed many checks, ending with using the autopilot for a "hands off" instrument landing system (ILS) approach to within 300 ft altitude (minimum altitude in weather) where we took over and landed the plane.

Takeoff, climb, and acceleration were going well. I noted that at Mach 1.2 that hydraulic pressure jiggled as the Variable Ramps were activated, which was normal. The VariRamps were in the engine intakes and extended, starting at Mach 1.4, keeping the shock wave from hitting the engine compressor blades. A shock wave has supersonic air on one side and

subsonic air on the other side, so the compressor blades would have only subsonic air to work with.

As I reached Mach 1.8, accelerating in full afterburner, I heard a strange hum, which got louder. Suddenly there was a BANG! BANG! and the plane skidded sideways at Mach 1.8! I thought I had lost a compressor blade and the engine might come apart at any moment. I knew I couldn't eject at that speed – the air pressure would tear me to pieces! I came out of afterburner and slowed down, turning back for Selfridge. Everything seemed normal.

I landed without incident, and talked to the engine men and with the Hughes Tech Rep. They found a note in the F-106 Dash One flight manual -- if the Air Data Computer sends the wrong signal to the VariRamps, they let supersonic air hit the compressor blades. The compressor blades can't digest supersonic air, so the compressors stall and belch the shock wave back through the other intake, making the plane yaw violently. It seldom does any damage. They called it "STALL BUZZ." Some buzz! It scared the hell out of me!

27th Fighter Squadron Change of Command Ceremony

Lt Col Geoffrey "Monster" Lohmiller assumed command of the 27th Fighter Squadron from Lt Col "Caveman" Craddock at 1427 on May 10, 2013. 1st Operations Group Commander Col Ed Corocran officiated.





Eight 1st Fighter Association Ambassadors attended the ceremony. Pictured above at their pre-event luncheon are (L-R) Vic Johnston, Dave Kolodzinski, Bill Roege, Jim Hardenbrook, Randy Dodge, "Sailor" Frankel, Joe Katuziensi and Pete Marty. The most interesting part of the discussion was determining which "K+10" would keep the call sign.

The association wishes Monster and the Fightin' Eagles all the best.



1st Fighter Association trophies

Website: <http://www.1stFighter.com>



Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.

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