

Missions for America
Semper vigilans!
Semper volans!



The Coastwatcher

Publication of the Thames River Composite Squadron
Connecticut Wing
Civil Air Patrol

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<http://ct075.org>

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Vol. VIII, No. 10 12 March, 2014

SCHEDULE OF COMING EVENTS

13-15 MAR-CTWG Staff Assisted Visit
18 MAR-TRCS Meeting-AE Briefing
19 MAR-CTWG Staff Call
22 MAR-TRCS SAREX
25 MAR-TRCS Meeting
29-30 MAR-CTWG West Group SLS-DXR

19 APR-CSRRA AR-15 Rifle Rifle Clinic
26 APR-04 May-NER Mission Aircrew School
26 APR-Wing Wide SAREX-GON

10-11 MAY-CTWG East Group CLC-HFD
17 MAY-Commander's Cup Rocketry (tentative)
17-18 MAY-Quonset Airshow
30 May-Ledyard Aerospace Festival

16-21 JUN-Tri-State SAREX (CT/RI/MA)
19 JUL-02 AUG-Nat'l Emergency Services Acad.

08-16 AUG-CTWG Encampment-Camp Niantic
23 AUG-Wing Wide SAREX-HFD
20 SEP-Cadet Ball-USCGA (tentative)
01 OCT-CTWG Commander's Call and CAC
17-19 OCT-CTWG/NER Conference
18-25 OCT-NER Staff College-New Jersey

CADET MEETING

11 March, 2014

submitted by
C/SrA Virginia Poe

The improved weather allowed the squadron to drill outside for the first time in two months. New members received basic instruction in drill movements.

C/1Lt Tynan and C/CMSgt Carter conducted an inspection. The importance of the proper display of insignia, medals, and ribbons were emphasized.

C/SrA Poe briefed new cadets on the requirements for their first promotion.

Cadet Cody Holliday was promoted to C/Amn.

SENIOR MEETING

11 March, 2014

submitted by
Col. Roscoe Turner

Maj Noniewicz informed the Squadron about Wing plans and policies which were promulgated at the last CTWG Squadron Commander's Call.

CTWG stands second behind the National Capital Wing in hours/aircraft flown. There is a possibility that CTWG will obtain a glider which may be based at Danielson.

A Unit Commander's Course will be held next weekend at Camp Niantic. Maj Welch and Lt Welch will attend.

Cadet Orientation flights are planned at the end of March and the beginning of April.

A field day for facilities clean-up and repair will be scheduled in early spring. The following projects are planned: repair of storage trailer roof, weather stripping of doors and windows, repair or replacement of malfunctioning external light, removal of the internal ceiling in the supply trailer, HVAC filter changes, access ramp construction, landscaping, identification signs, antenna installation, and further work on the lavatory problem.

Lt Dickenson conducted a safety briefing in which the manifold issues involving air, ground, and orientation flight safety were discussed. The safety problems which have arisen by the increased use of automation were also considered.

LtCol Kinch discussed the issue of proper wear of the correct uniform.

Methods of marking of vans so that they are distinguishable from the air were offered by LtCol Kinch, Maj Bourque, and Lt Meers.

Maj Welch noted that a first aid course will be held at Wing on 28-29 March, 1300-1700.

TRCS SUPPLY TRAILER

Maj Noniewicz and LtCol Wisehart have inspected the roof of the supply trailer after Lt Simpson discovered a number of leaks. They found that the membrane is defective in seven different locations and in general, the roof is in poor condition.

Noniewicz and Wisehart then used plastic sheeting, silicon caulk, and spray sealant to affect temporary repairs until warmer weather when a more permanent solution will be found.

STIDSEN DOWN UNDER

G'Day Mates!

Word has been received from the Antipodes.

LtCol Carl Stidsen, *The Coastwatcher's* newly appointed foreign correspondent, is making a tour of Australia and taking in some of the aviation opportunities available.

He reports that he flew a Cessna 172 from Jandacot Airport in Freemantle, Western Australia, the furthest point on the trip from Connecticut. Dual flight costs around \$380/hour! If he quoted this price in Australian dollars, it comes out to about \$350 U.S. And then there is the landing free, \$29 Australian plus \$4 for each subsequent touch and go. Crikey, Mate! Anyone of user fees here? He also noted some radio problems understanding the Aussie version of English called "Strine!"



Stidsen and VH-BEZ at Jancota.

He should be in South Australia now and has been prompted to get to Adelaide Airport to see the Smith Brother's record setting Vickers Vimy bomber and to Parafield Aerodrome where the Classic Jet Fighter Museum is located. *The Coastwatcher* will keep you posted.

EXORCISING THE ICE DEMON

by
Stephen Rocketto

There was a demon that lived in the air. They said whoever challenged him would die. Their bodies would freeze up, they would tumble wildly, and their feet would find no traction. The demon lived at zero degrees celsius on the thermometer, 273 kelvin, where the water could no longer remain liquid. He lived behind a barrier through which they said no man could ever slip with impunity. They called it the ice barrier.

-The White Stuff-

Aviators have natural enemies: thunderstorms, fog, and bureaucrats to name three. But the one hazard which chills a pilot to the bone is "ice." Now I have had some menacing experiences with ice.

Once, one winter, while taxiing a Cessna 150 for take-off on 33 at GON, Boreas, the wind god of the north, and Jack Frost teamed up on me. A cold front passage bought a howling northwest wind to New England. Just before one gets to the hold line on 33, you pass a seaplane ramp used to beach aircraft which landed in the Poquonnock River bordering the east side of GON. As I taxied by, I passed over a sheet of ice and with no friction under the landing gear, the wind pushed the aircraft sideways onto the ramp and towards the river. The force of gravity took hold and I descended down the ramp. At that time, I did not possess a seaplane rating, strike one, and 38J was not equipped with floats, strike two. But Boreas, god of the north wind played fair and weather-vaned the Cessna so that it pointed up the ramp and a touch of power kept me out of the cold river water and out of hot bureaucratic water.

Some years later, I had acquired a post flying bank checks to the Federal Reserve Bank in Rochester, N.Y. The local banks received no credit (read that as interest) on its deposits until the check passed through the Federal Reserve system. The check was "floating" and the banks found it profitable to send them north by airplane rather than truck. The time saved got the banks six hours extra interest. Now this might not seem lot a lot of money but consider the interest on checks for Pratt & Whitney engines or fund transfers between financial institutions and we start talking real money.

Anyway, I would fly up from Waterford around dusk and meet an armored car at Brainard and be given a plastic garbage bag filled with packets of checks. My job was to get them to another armored car at Greater Rochester International in an expeditious manner. But between Waterford and Rochester lie the Berkshire and Catskill Mountains. Part of that route was once part of Air Mail Route 21 and its legendary abominable weather is chronicled by Ernest Gann in *Fate is the Hunter*.

The winter weather has not improved since the days of the DC-2 and a Piper Cherokee is not a good ice wagon. So it is neither legal nor smart to fly into forecast ice conditions but forecasts are not always the best and so I learned about rime ice and clear ice and mixed ice. The symptom I would feel in flight is called diaphoresis by the aviation medical examiner and a cold sweat by the simple pilot. The reactions were frantic calls to flight service stations and air traffic control for altitude changes and a loosening of the bowels.

When asked why I became a school teacher, I answered that my desk never ices up over the mountains at night.

But the Ice Demon would not relent. Noting my avoidance of aerial icing condition, they pursued me relentlessly. One fine winter day, I slipped on the ice in my own driveway and fractured my skull. Since that time, my fears of ice became so deep rooted that I will not watch a hockey game

and never order “de-icing fluid on the rocks.”

I was straight-jacketed by fear and like Han Solo, frozen in Carbonite, was helpless. I was cold-shouldered by those who saw my weakness as groundless and was met with frigidity in the pilot's lounge.

One day, the answer to my timidity, nay angst, appeared in a vision on the Internet, the frozen reaches of Lake Winnepesaukee. Why not fly up and land on the ice runway at Alton Bay. Alton Bay (B18) is a seaplane base during the warmer months but when winter settles in and the lake freezes, Paul Larochelle, the volunteer manager, plows a runway, taxiway, and a parking ramp and invites the aviation community to visit. It is the only FAA approved ice runway in the lower United States.

Now I've landed on the clay near the Andamooka opal mines, the hard stones on the Nazca lines, the beach at Mollendo, a Sonoran desert airstrip near Tombstone, and grass from Waterford to Arkansas but ice, never! It was time to exorcise The Demon.

And so, I waited for the perfect confluence of weather, aircraft availability, and companionship to fly north and forever banish the fear of ice demons from my psyche.

And then all of the conditions came together. The temperature dropped, the flight conditions were CAVU, 26F stood fueled and ready and my Spirit Guide and exorcist, Johnny of the tribe of deAndrade, said that the configuration of the stars and planets portended an auspicious start for my psychic cleansing.

We lifted off from Westerly on a day when the density altitude was -3,000 feet and headed north north east. After an easy hour and a quarter cruise, our geographic and psychological goal was sighted and I set up for a left downwind to Runway 01, executing a full flap, minimum speed touchdown, brakeless run-out, and successful taxi back. In your face, Ice Demon!



On final to 01 with ice fisherman shanty's to the left of the runway.

My Spirit Guide intoned, “I have the aircraft!” and showed me how it should have been done. Back into the air and around again to final, stall horn moaning and wheels lightly kissing the ice, after which we adjourned for the classic “\$100 hamburger” which New Hampshire magic turned into a meatball submarine. Still, one cannot be too careful so I placed a monetary offering into a coffee can to propitiate the servants who groom the runway for the Ice Demon. One can never be too careful

My physical self nourished and my psychic confidence restored, we walked back to the ramp. But those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make cocky. I had set myself up as better than the Ice Demon. *Hubris*, overweening pride is offensive to the gods and they bring low those who offend. As a student of Greek philosophy and mythology, I should have know better but that is the nature of *hubris*. You do not know better.

The Greek myths are specific in their warning to airmen. Phaëthon, the son of the sun god, commandeered the chariot of the sun, loses control in flight, and lays fiery waste to the land and Zeus strikes him down with a thunderbolt.

The youthful Icarus, ignoring the advice of his father-engineer, and flight instructor, Daedalus soars too close to the sun, softens the wax adhesive fastening agent of his wings, suffers structural failure, and plunges into the ocean.

Bellerophon mounted the flying horse, Pegasus, and flew to the lair of the monster Chimera, slaying the foul creature but pridefully, believing

his feat deserved recognition, attempted to fly to Mount Olympus, abode of the gods. Bellerophon's pretentiousness angered Zeus who sent a gad-fly to sting Pegasus. Unhorsed, Bellerophon fell to earth and lived out his days as a blind and crippled beggar. Those who fail to learn from mythology are condemned to repeat it. I should have known.



Before the Fall!

Filled with pride and ignorant of his fate to be, the smiling protagonist stands with his Spirit Guide.

Returning to the ice ramp, full of meatballs and pride, I gingerly made my way down a short hill. And then it happened. My feet flew out from underneath and I fell backwards, landing with substantial force on my right ribs and shoulder blade area. I lay stunned and unable to breathe. My Spirit Guide gazed down, pitifully, at my horizontal body as he intoned the exorcism chant: "Orm! Orm! Imsafe!"

As breath returned, I took inventory. I felt like I had been subjected to a *lathi* charge by a squad of Indian police but there were no signs of broken bones and my camera survived also. I was wracked with pain. The return trip would be no fun. And it was not fun. I knew that the next few days would not be fun. And they have not been fun. And the near future will not be fun.

So harken unto me. Be not contemptuous of the Ice Demon. In the words of aviation lyricist Antoine de St-Exupery:

...within him, man bears his fate and there comes a moment when he knows himself vulnerable; and then, as in a vertigo, blunder upon blunder lures him.

AEROSPACE CURRENT EVENTS

Out of Africa

Teams of students are engaged in the development of a drone to help game wardens stop poaching in South Africa's 7,500 square mile Kruger National Park about 1.4 times bigger than Connecticut.

A market for rhinoceros horns has led to the doubling of rhinos killed by poachers over the last year. Just over 1000 were slain in 2013. The market is driven by a belief that the horn of the rhino has valuable medical properties and the price of horn now runs around a quarter of a million dollars a kilo!

The Wildlife Conservation UAV Challenge has attracted 120 teams who are striving to create a cheap, easily deployed drone which can assist the park rangers in their surveillance efforts. The project is international in scope with many teams comprised of members from different nations.

The project is fundamentally one involving engineering but the ability of the students to communicate, cooperate, and deliver a useful product are important skills which will be learned.

AEROSPACE HISTORY

Chronology Week's Past

13 MAR, 1961-First flight of the Hawker Siddeley P.1127 Kestrel, forerunner of the Harrier.



The FGA.1 /XV-6A version of Kestrel assigned to NASA for flight testing, Hampton, Virginia

14 MAR, 1927-Pan American Airlines organized.



The glory that was PanAm-Boeing 747 on departure.

15 MAR, 1951-Boeing test pilots, flying a KC-97A and a B-47A perform the first aerial refueling by the boom method.



Col Doucette of Thames River Composite Squadron was a KC-97 Stratotanker navigator.



Boeing B-47B Stratofortress at Pima

16 MAR, 1922-Henri Julliot, inventor of the semi-rigid airship, goes West.

17 MAR, 1924-Four Army Douglas World Cruisers, named *Seattle*, *Boston*, *Chicago*, and *New Orleans* depart Clover Field, Santa Monica for Seattle on the start of the first successful round the world flight.



Chicago at NASM on the Mall

18 MAR, 1965-Cosmonaut Alexi Leonov, flying in *Voskhod 2*, performs the first extra vehicular activity in space.

19 MAR, 1952-First flight of the North American F-86F.



Sabrejet at NEAM bears markings of noted aerial tactician "Boots" Blesse.

20 MAR, 1956-First flight of the North American AJ-2P Savage.



The Savage was a composite powered aircraft with two piston engines and one turbojet.