

42 YOUNG EAGLES FLOWN YEAR TO DATE



May 2019

Home of the
"Panhandle Pelicans"

[Squawk 485](#)

EAA 485



Monthly Meeting Ferguson 82J
Saturday May 11th @ 1100
[Details](#)

President

John McKiernan

rockyjs7jm@gmail.com

Cell - (850) 291-4134

Hello Everyone,

What great flying weather we've had the last few days in April into May. We've got lots of things going on which is good.

On a personal note I'll be AWOL beginning on May 20th as I will be having hip surgery. I'll be on "light duty" for about 3 weeks with a "no driving" order, however, they didn't say anything about flying. I'll be catching up on some small "Honey Doo's" during that time and expect to be at the Chappie James Graduation on June 15th .

John

RAY AVIATION SCHOLARSHIP UPDATE

[Ralph Moser](#), Chapter 485 Coordinator



We are in the final stages of preparing for the award ceremony, to be held at our May 11th meeting. This is a joyous event for our chapter; please make an effort to attend. I plan to give thanks to the many that helped get us to this point. Then I'll present the scholarship, and con-

April 13th Young Eagles Rally 82J 0830

Next Meeting May 11th @ 1100 82J

duct a ceremonial signing of a "training contract" by Nick, his parents, the flight school, and our chapter.

Nick graduates from high school next week, and plans to start flight lessons at Ferguson the week of May 27th. He already has a headset, flight bag, plotter and computer ("whiz wheel"). The scholarship money will cover aircraft rental, CFI, written exam fee, and examiner's fee for the private pilot check ride. I've invited him to use our clubhouse anytime, before or after flight lessons, if he needs a peaceful place to study.

I'll be meeting on a monthly basis with Nick and his CFI, and sending three different progress reports to EAA during his training.

We get the first 40% installment of the scholarship money on or about May 20th, the next 40% after first solo, or three months, whichever occurs first. The last 20% arrives after six months, or FAA written is passed, whichever occurs first.

Hope to see you at the May 11th celebration!

Multi Chapter Cookout May 11th at 1100 Ferguson Airport (82J)

We will be having a Multi Chapter get-together cookout on the 11th of May featuring the official announcement of **Nick Hanssen's Ray Aviation Scholarship Award**. Collier chapter 1265 is providing the food and beverages and we

Pensacola FL



will provide the logistics. In addition to our chapters there are 3 other EAA chapters invited and all we need is a couple of volunteers from each to help with food prep and cleanup. We'd like as many members to fly-in and have their aircraft on display.

Come out and welcome Nick Hanssen, Chapter 485's newest member and enjoy meeting members from our sister chapters.

Chapter 485 members **please RSVP to:**

John rockyjs7jm@gmail.com

**Chappie James Flight Academy Graduation
June 15th @1230**

Once again we will be providing Young Eagle flights to the 2019 Chappie James Graduates. Please Note the time which is a bit later in the day due to a scheduling conflict with other activities at Ferguson Airport. More information to come in the June Newsletter

Chapter Dues May 1st \$25

Active Duty Military Free

Please send your dues in. We still have people who forgot us from last year. Please bring your dues to the Multi Chapter Meeting May 11th.

Send a check payable to: **EAA 485**

Mail to:

Mark Rogers
22959 Carnoustie Dr.
Foley, AL 36535

Thanks

Good Flying Weather

A few years ago looking at Ron Lock's Cirrus I saw a blue bird near the tail. Just curious I went over to the aircraft to have a look around. The plane had been there about 48 hours parked

outside my hangar. In the lower forward rudder cap I found a few tiny twigs around the hinge. I got an inspection mirror and flashlight and saw what appeared to be a nest. I removed the rudder cap and found not only a nest but the beginning of a new bluebird family consisting of 3 small eggs.

After periods of non-flying various critters find comfort, taking refuse in aircraft. If your aircraft has been gathering dust in a hangar or tie-down give it a good hard look for signs of wild-life activity.

Just recently the following were discovered after a trip to Winter Haven. FL from Shields for Sun & Fun. This aircraft flies regularly so this wasn't a "Hangar Queen". Sharp line personnel noticed something that looked like a squirrel tail hanging from the wing. Opening up the wing tip they found not one but three of these. Yes a whole family of stowaways. They were removed and transported to a nearby park. It was reported that one made its way back to the airport. Pretty cute aren't they? Little pesky [varmints!](#)

Birds are messy and there excrement can cause significant corrosion. These guys literally destroy things. One of their favorites is chewing up wire insulation and you can see from the pictures all the building material they use.





Well Done to the line crew!

Crosswind Landings

During our Young Eagle event we had a low overcast and some pretty stiff winds. Near my last couple of flights I happened to glance at the at the wind reading on the EFIS flying around Ferguson at 500'. 100 degrees @ 22kts. Spot computer winds are not the most reliable especially in rough air since the computer is using TAS, Heading, Course and Groundspeed in resolving a wind component. Regardless it was obvious that we were flying in strong crosswinds. The Cirrus SR-22 is pretty heavy and stable and handles crosswinds well.

I felt sorry for the slower , high wing tail-dragger pilots because I've been there. Landing on runway 18 adds another problem of a restricted downwind, low pattern altitude and an easterly wind causing overshooting to the runway. We also have a built in wind tunnel as Hwy 98 adds some extra Bernoulli's to the equation channeling the east crosswind on short final.

We've all seen some of the horrific crosswind landing videos on You Tube. My son Pat sent me the video link at the end of the writeup on some very wicked crosswinds. The videos are even more interesting since the wind speeds are graphically depicted. Many of the pilots in the video are commencing approaches to these run-

ways that are in excess of 150 percent of the max demonstrated crosswind capabilities of their aircraft. Several of these landings resulted in damage and nearly all would need as a minimum a good looksee or "hard landing" inspection which is a very lengthy process.

Approach speeds for aircraft are normally based on a reference speed V(ref) which equates to 1.3 times stall speed for the landing configuration of the aircraft. Normally this would be associated with gear down full flaps. If the plane is configured differently V(ref) will be different. This becomes the threshold crossing height and is used to determine if available runway length is acceptable based on aircraft performance.

Computing V(ref)

As an example we take our aircraft and have a power off stall speed of 100Kts. The V (ref) becomes 130kts approach speed. That speed is the minimum speed for approach and in most aircraft about 5 knots is added as a small buffer.

This works with GA aircraft also. My RV-7 stalls at about 55kts with full flaps. My computed V(ref) is: $55 \times 1.3 = 72 \text{ kts}$.

V(ref) speed gives you a safe margin for maneuvering and unknown wind during the approach. I normally fly about 70 kts on final and cross the fence at 65 kts.

AOB	0°	15°	30°	45°	60°	75.5°
G LOAD	1	1.035	1.154	1.414	2	4
% Increase	0	1.7%	7.4%	18.9%	41.4%	100%
Stall Speed	105	107	113	125	148	210
	KCAS	KCAS	KCAS	KCAS	KCAS	KCAS

This chart shows the effect of angle of bank on G loading and impact on stall speed.

The normal maximum maneuvering angle of bank is 30 degrees. In smooth air 30% angle increases your stall speed 7.4%.and the loading is 1.154 G. These figures are based on smooth



air. When we encounter turbulence these figures can change dramatically. Notice that the increase in stall speed between 15 and 30 is 6 kts. Increasing AOB from 30 to 45 increases stall speed 12 knots.

Known Gusting Winds

When we have gusting wind conditions we need to account for these by increasing our approach V(ref) speeds. However, there is a limit to how much speed we can increase our V(ref) speed to. Normally the maximum is 15 to 20 knots depending on the aircraft. Most of the heavy equipment I flew used 15 knots maximum additive. We used a simple formula that added all the steady state wind component plus 1/2 the gust to a **maximum** of 15 kts total additive to V(ref).

Going back to our 100kt V(ref) with winds of 10 gusting to 20 would yield a V(ref) speed of 115kts. We simply add 10 kts for the steady wind 10kts + (1/2 of 20kt gusts = 10 knots) = 20kts so we apply the maximum 15 knots total.

Obviously using a 15 kt additive to our GA aircraft may be a little excessive. On my RV-7 this equates to nearly 21 percent increase in approach speed (15kts additive/72kt V(ref) = 20.8 %). Due to the performance of the aircraft I add about 8 knots maximum. In a Taylorcraft, J3, Champ and others adding 15 kts would increase approach speeds by about 40%. The problem is getting most of these aircraft slowed up to land.

So here is the video. There are some pretty insane takeoffs also. There are other videos to look at also.

<https://youtu.be/vJzDRsEKDa0>

I especially like the Emirates A-380. Just look at the rudder movement on final oscillating to max input.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=roS6oFjCDhc>

John

Olathe, Kansas We Have a Problem Part 2

If you read last months article my Garmin 480 worked but only the GPS. The COM/NAV

section was giving me errors I was waiting on a response to an email I had sent about using 2 fuses as depicted in my installation vs the 3 fuses Garmin told me the unit requires. Garmin actually had made a mistake (I know hard to believe) and there are only 2. I rechecked all my wiring to the unit which is nearly 40 individual lines in 4 different connectors. At one point I got the NAV section to work but no COM. It was frustrating. I wound up loosening all 4 connectors on the back of the tray and slowly re-tightening. Finally after numerous hours of tinkering all sections of my Garmin 480 are functioning. Evidently there was a slight misalignment in the connectors not allowing full contact with one of the power wires. I'm a Happy Camper once again.

We Need a Young Eagles Coordinator

Chris Hornady is leaving the area soon and we need someone to step forward. There is a lot of help with volunteers for events. It's 3 events a year and the Chappie James gang is a slam dunk. If your the slightest bit interested let me know and I'll twist your arm just a wee bit. John

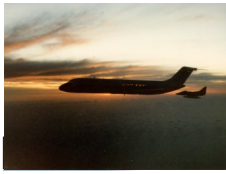
EAA VMC Club

I contacted the program director Radek **Wyrzykowski** and we had a long talk about the origins of the program which started as an IMC club outside of the EAA. It became popular very quickly and the EAA incorporated it. The VMC program was an offshoot.

For many of our pilots and non-pilots this would be an excellent way to get involved in a small group discussion once a month meeting at a mutually convenient time to discuss scenarios.

The program does require a CFI or certified Ground Instructor attached to the group. By last count we have 11 CFIs and at least 1 Ground Instructor that I'm aware of.

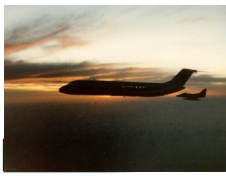
I'd like someone to honcho this and I'll help get a group together. If this is viable we will look into an IMC group also. So if you are interested in taking the helm or becoming a member drop me an email. John



Starting an EAA/VMC Club Programming (A Step-by-Step Guide)

EAA/VMC Club, through the EAA worldwide chapter structure, provides organized “hangar flying” focused on building proficiency in general aviation. It is the only program of its kind. Believing that safety and proficiency are developed through education and experience, meetings use real world scenarios to engage members and allow them to share and -build their expertise. This guide will take you through a few very simple steps to enable you to setup EAA/VMC Club yourself or with an existing EAA Chapter.

- 1) If there is a willing EAA Chapter at your airport or nearby, you can operate under the umbrella of that chapter and within its structure.
- 2) Locate an EAA Chapter you would like to work with by visiting Find a Chapter. Many areas may have multiple EAA chapters available.
- 3) Ideally, the EAA Chapter you will join should be located no more than a 30-minute drive from your planned meeting location.
- 4) If there is no EAA Chapter at your airport or within 30-minute travel time from your meeting location, you will need to become a standalone EAA/VMC Club group or establish a new EAA Chapter (see 11 below)
- 5) Under the EAA/VMC Club Program, you will become an EAA/VMC Club Program Coordinator.
- 6) If you are not a CFI, there will need to be a CFI or a Ground Instructor associated with your EAA/VMC Club and available during each meeting. The CFI acts as a subject matter expert and advisor guiding the group and program coordinator if necessary.
- 7) A minimum of five founding members including you (and flight instructor) is required to form an EAA/VMC Club associated or not associated with an EAA Chapter.
- 8) EAA/VMC or EAA/IMC Club Program Coordinator training has to be taken once, and it will satisfy the requirement for both programs. It is available weekly as a live webinar. Program Coordinator participation in the webinar is mandatory before conducting any of the EAA/VMC or IMC Club activities. The webinar registration page will be available to you immediately upon submission of the EAA/VMC Club programming application, and a registration link will also be emailed to you right after.
- 9) You may submit the EAA/VMC Chapter Acceptance Form (application) electronically. It is available on the EAA.org website at <https://www.eaa.org/eaapilots/EAA-pilot-proficiency/vmc-club/vmc-club-program-coordinator-application>
- 10) If you are going to become a standalone EAA/VMC Club programming not associated with any EAA Chapter, the above application can also be used.
- 11) If you want to become an EAA Chapter and then provide EAA/VMC Club programming, please contact us at radek@eaa.org. You will be guided through the application process by the EAA chapter office. Please note that an EAA Chapter Application will have to be submitted and all new EAA chapter requirements will have to be met before any meetings.



12) If you are working with an existing EAA Chapter or starting an EAA/VMC Club group unassociated with an EAA Chapter, you can begin your application process at any time but no later than 30 days before your first planned inaugural meeting. If you intend on becoming a standalone EAA Chapter before any activity, you should start your application, no later than 60 days before your first scheduled inaugural meeting.

13) EAA/VMC Club Meetings at an EAA chapter should be conducted no more often than monthly and should last no longer than one hour. Your meeting frequency may be adjusted based on your local circumstances.

14) EAA/VMC Club meetings should not replace existing EAA Chapter meetings due to the specialized content. All EAA chapter members are welcome to attend EAA/VMC Club Meetings. No additional cost or membership is required.

PLEASE NOTE:

Radek R. Wyrzykowski, Manager of Flight Proficiency will be available to guide you not only during the training and EAA/VMC Club setup process but also at any time you will need additional help, advice, or have a question. You can contact Radek at radek@eaa.org or by calling 920-426-6899

D-Day June 6th 1944

Next month will be the 75th anniversary of the Normandy Beach invasion, the turning point of WWII. Without a successful invasion there would never be an unconditional surrender by Germany in less than a year on May 7, 1945.

The D in D-day doesn't stand for anything. It was a code name for the invasion that had planning begin sometime in 1943.

Two months before D-Day, Allied forces conducted a disastrous dress rehearsal of the Normandy invasion on an evacuated English beach called Slapton Sands. Known as "Exercise Tiger," 749 U.S. troops lost their lives after a fleet of German U-boats caught wind of the mock invasion and torpedoed American tank landing ships. Survivors described the Exercise Tiger fiasco as more terrifying than the D-Day landing on Omaha Beach.

The invasion on June 6 is still the largest seaborne invasion in history. More than 160,000 Allied troops landed on the 5 code named sites (Utah, Omaha, Gold, Juno, Sword) located on a

50mile stretch of Normandy on the French coast. In addition more than 5,000 ships and 13,000 aircraft supported the invasion. Omaha was heavily defended and the Americans had 2,400 casualties. Overall over 4,000 Allied personnel lost their lives with a total of 9,600 casualties.

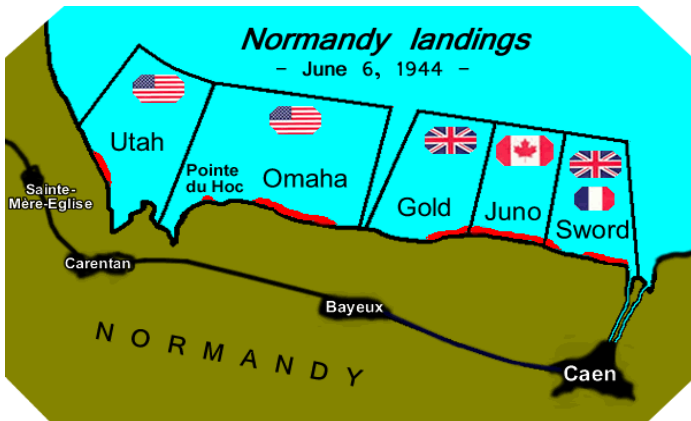
Of the 13,000 aircraft that made up the invasion force there were 52 CG-4A gliders that actually flew the night before the invasion. They were tasked with bringing troops and supplies to the 101st Airborne. Here is one of their stories.



Normandy: A Glider Pilot's Story

by
George E. "Pete" Buckley,
Flight Officer
74th Troop Carrier
Squadron, 434th TCG

On the third of June, at Aldermaston, home of the 434th Troop Carrier Group, and my squadron, the 74th, a high level of nervous excitement and tension was in the air. Airborne troops were moving onto the field in great numbers with much more equipment than could be used for a training flight. Military Police were stationed at all the gates, and no one could go on or off the base. In the afternoon of June 4th, all C-47 crews and





glider pilots reported to the operations room for a briefing by the group intelligence officer. We all took our seats facing a small stage, and when we had all settled down he unveiled a map of France which showed our objective, Landing Zone-E (LZ-E), at Heisville, France, on the Normandy Peninsula. A low gasp and murmur went up from most of us, as we all realized that the time had finally come when we were to put our skills as glider pilots and tow pilots to the real test. He next told us, much to our dismay, that the Germans, within the last 24 hours, had been studding the fields in the LZ area with poles and were digging large ditches across other fields to prevent glider landings. That's when the eager gung-ho looks on the faces of some of the glider pilots and tow plane crews in the audience started to change to looks of worry and anxiety, and the murmuring in the background ceased. Evidently the Germans knew we were coming and were preparing a lively reception for us.

His next announcement took us all by surprise: we, the 434th Group, because of our excellent flying record, and our expertise shown in glider training exercises, were going to lead the glider phase of the D-Day invasion with fifty-two CG-4A gliders carrying men and equipment of the 101st Airborne Division. The code name for this serial would be "CHICAGO," and we would land on LZ-E at Heisville.

Apparently five minutes behind us, taking off from Ramsbury, would be the 437th Group towing fifty-two CG-4As, carrying men of the 82nd Airborne Division. They would land five miles NW of us in the St. Mere Eglise LZ area. The code name for this serial would be "DETROIT." We were quite proud of the fact we were to be the leaders of the glider phase, but some of us I'm sure, secretly wished that we hadn't been so good on our training operations. Then the crap really hit the fan: we learned that we were going in at night because the paratroopers who had preceded us could not wait until dawn to get the anti-tank guns, ammunition, medics, jeeps, and medical

supplies which we would be carrying. This was a tough nut to swallow. Most of our training in the States and in England had been for early dawn or full daylight landings, with very little night landing practice. The thought of a night landing in enemy territory, in strange fields with a heavily loaded glider, sounded like a recipe for disaster. The only good news was the fact that Mike Murphy, the Senior Glider Officer in the ET, had convinced the top brass that the "Horsa" gliders we were supposed to fly that night could prove fatal to most of us, and that CG-4As were the best bet for a night landing and should keep casualties to a minimum. It was changed from the English Horsa glider to the American CG-4A at the very last minute due to his persistence at the very highest level of command. Thank God they went along with his suggestion.

That afternoon (June 5) I went down to the flight line with Flight Officer (F/O) Bill Bruner, my co-pilot, to check out the CG-4A and went to meet our 101st passengers: Pfc. Paul Nagelbush, Pfc. Stanley Milewiski, and Pfc. Russell Kamp. They were members of the 81st AAA Bn, 101st A/B Division. We would also be carrying supplies, ammunition their 57mm anti-tank gun, entrenching tools, a camouflage net, and three boxes of rations. The total glider load was 3,750 lbs. Our C-47 tow plane flight crew was Pilot 1st Lt. David Whitmore, one of the best pilots in the squadron; co-pilot Lt. G Goulding; radio operator and crew chief were T/Sgt. F. Raymond, and S/Sgt. E. Harmon.

Take-off was scheduled for approximately 12:10am, on the morning of the 6th, with touchdown in enemy territory at 4:00am near Heisville. Our glider was No. 49 at the tail end of the 52 ship formation. Bill and I then went to the mess hall for the proverbial last meal, and those of us who felt the need, went to see the chaplain. A lot of us there hadn't been to church for quite some time. His tent was jammed.

At this point, thirty minutes before take-off, the engines of the tow ships began to start up. The



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EAA 485 news

muffled noise and throbbing from their engines spread around the field like a distant thunderstorm, and contributed to our uneasiness as we all climbed aboard the glider, trying not to show our true feelings. My own perception at that very moment was that in roughly three and one-half hours I might be dead. It was a very sobering thought, and I wondered why I had been so foolish as to volunteer for this job. When I first went into the glider program early in 1942 from Dow Field, Bangor, Maine, the powers that be never explained to me exactly what gliders were going to be used for. At that time in the glider program I don't think they knew themselves.

At approximately 12:10am, our tow ship gunned its engines and started down the runway through a light rain shower, into the black of night. As the wheels of our glider left the ground, someone in the back yelled "Lookout Hitler, Here we come." That helped to break the ice for the moment. After that no one said a word, as I trimmed the glider for the long flight ahead. For the next three and one-half hours we would be alone with our thoughts and fears. It wasn't too bad for me because I was occupied flying the glider, but the airborne men in back and Bill Burner, with nothing to do, must have been going through hell with their thoughts.

We settled down on tow, holding our position behind the C-47 by keeping the faint blue formation lights on top of the plane centered up in line between the faint glow of the tow plane's engine flame dampeners. This is not the easiest job in the world at night: the longer you stare, the more your eyes start to play tricks on you. I turned the controls over to Bruner occasionally so I could look away and get my eyes to refocus again. The added problem we faced was the extreme turbulence caused by all the planes ahead of us.

Shortly after we crossed the coast of France, small arms fire and heavier flak started coming up at the planes at the front of the formation, and intensified the closer we got to our LZ. It looked like fluid streams of tracers zigzagging and hos-

ing across the sky, mixed in with the heavier explosions of flak. One wondered how anything could fly through that and come out in one piece. After the front of the formation had passed over the German positions and woke them all up, we at the tail end of the line began to get hit by a heavier volume of small arms fire which sounded like corn popping, or typewriter keys banging on loose paper as it went through our glider. I tried to pull my head down into my chest to make myself as small as possible; I tucked my elbows in close to my body, pulled my knees together to protect the vital parts of my manhood and was even tempted to take my feet off the rudder pedals so they wouldn't stick out so far. At that point I really started to sweat.

A few minutes after we had crossed the coast, and before we reached our glider release point near Heisville, the group ran into some low lying clouds and fog banks. All the planes in the formation started to spread out to avoid collisions, and this caused many of us to land wide, short, and beyond our objective when we reached the cutoff point. In a very short time - too soon for me - the moment I was dreading arrived: the green light came on in the astrodome of the tow plane, indicating that we were over the LZ, and that it was time to cutoff.

At that moment I had a very strong urge not to cut loose. I'm sure I wasn't the only one who felt that way on that night. It was dark. Everything but the kitchen sink was coming up at us from the Germans below, and that tow rope, as long as it was hooked up, was my umbilical cord. The steady pull from the tow plane signified safety, and a nice ride back to England out of this mess if I hung on. I quickly put this thought out of my mind and waited about ten seconds before I released the tow rope. It was a good thing I did, because I still landed about one half mile short of the LZ. If I had cut loose at the first signal from the tow plane, I would have landed in an area that had been flooded by the Germans. Many paratroopers drowned in this swampy area that night. As soon as the rope disconnected from our glider,

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I started a 360 degree turn to the left, feeling my way down into the darkness, holding the glider as close to stalling speed as I could. It was almost impossible to describe one's feelings in a situation like this. You know the ground is down there, but you can't see it. You don't know if you're going to hit trees, ditches, barns, houses, or what, and all this time the flak and tracers are still coming up all around you. The only thing you know for sure is that Germans are shooting up at you, and they are going to be right there waiting for you when you climb out of your glider. You hope you will wake up and discover you're having a bad dream. They say fear has no bounds, and at this point I was in full agreement. We still could not see a thing, and I knew that we were about to run out of altitude. Finally, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a faint light patch that looked like an open field outlined by trees. It was. By this time we were so low that we had no choice in the matter. There would be no chance for a go around. With a prayer on my lips - and a very tight pucker string - I straightened out my glide path and headed in, with Bruner holding on full spoilers. We flared out for a landing just above the stalling speed and touched down as smooth as glass. I couldn't believe it. How lucky can you get? But just when we thought we had it made, there was a tremendous bone jarring crash. We had hit one of those damn ditches that the Germans had dug across the fields. Their main purpose was to prevent gliders from landing in one piece, and it sure worked with us. We plunged down into the ditch, and when the nose slammed into the other side, the glider's back broke as it slid up over the opposite bank. The floor split open, and we skidded to a halt in the field on the other side. That ditch was ten to twelve feet across by five to six feet deep, with water in the bottom. For a split second we sat in stunned silence, and I breathed a sigh of relief because none of us seemed to be injured. We then bailed out fast because there was rifle and machine gun fire going off in the fields around

us. Fortunately none seemed to be aimed at our field at the moment. It took us almost thirty minutes to dig the nose of the glider out of the dirt so we could open it up and roll out the anti-tank gun. Midway through this task the Germans set off a flare right over our heads, and lo and behold, we saw glider No. 50 piloted by Flight Officers Calvani and Ryan sitting on the other side of the ditch without a scratch on it. They were carrying the Jeep to tow our anti-tank gun. Calvani must have stuck right on my tail in the dark to have landed so close. I don't know how he managed to do it.

We now had the job of digging a ramp down into and out of the ditch to get the jeep over to us. While this was going on, the naval bombardment started on the invasion beaches, and even though it was five miles away, the ground shook under our feet and the noise was unbelievable. I think we all said a few prayers for the kids who would be storming ashore and hoped they would be successful. Our own lives were at stake if they failed. We finally got the jeep across the ditch and the gun hooked up. I left the group and started off on foot to find the 101st Division CP (Command Post) at Heisville, and the gun crew took off towing the gun to find their unit, the 81st AAA Bn.

On my way through the hedgerows I stopped a jeep driven by a paratrooper who was headed in what we hoped was the right direction to the CP. I hopped on the hood, and we started up a narrow path between the hedgerows. About five minutes later, some Germans opened up on us with machine pistol and rifle fire. I fell off the hood, and the jeep almost ran over me. That was enough. I got up and started off on my own again. A short time later, while walking up this same narrow lane, I glanced to my left and saw a rectangular opening at about waist height. A rifle barrel was sticking out pointed right at me. I froze in mid step, waiting for the bullet I thought had my name on it. Nothing happened; the gun didn't move. By now I was curious. I crawled over the



hedge and looked in. It was a complete German bunker - large enough for five or six soldiers. Its sole occupant was a dead German, his rifle was poking through the slot. Thank God for the paratroopers who had taken care of him earlier and probably left him in this position to scare some of their buddies. They succeeded. It scared the hell out of me. It also made me much more cautious, and I started to walk in a crouch, and kept my head on a swivel. The next German I saw was lying at a road junction in a pool of blood. He had just been hit by a mortar or shell fragment and was still alive. I felt horrible while I stood there watching him die knowing there was nothing I could do for him. I still had not developed the hate for the enemy. That came to me as the day progressed, and I saw and heard of what they had done to some of our airborne men. This German, lying in front of me, was a young kid, and sure didn't look like a Nazi Superman. Something happened shortly after that which brought roars of laughter from my fellow glider pilots when I told them about it. As I passed an opening in a hedge-row and looked through it, I saw a paratrooper out in the center of a large meadow standing alone. Being a little on the lonesome side by now, and a little curious as to why he was out there by himself, I walked out to see what the scoop was. As I approached him, I noticed that he was wearing an air force flak vest. I introduced myself to him and he thanked me for coming out to help him, but suggested I go find a flak vest to wear. Being a little naive, or just plain stupid, I asked him why, and he told me that there were German snipers in the woods on the edge of the field, and he was trying to draw their fire so his buddies could nail them. At this moment something went buzzing by my head, and I dropped to the ground. He remarked, while still standing straight up, "there's the son of a bitch now." Needless to say I wished him luck, picked myself up and beat a hasty retreat in search of a flak vest. I had no luck finding one from the wreckage of the gliders in the area. The paratroopers had grabbed them all for their own

protection. I began to realize now that by walking around alone, I was just asking to be knocked off by a sniper. At this point I still had not found the CP, or seen any other glider pilots.

By late afternoon after a few more encounters from sniper fire along the way, I arrived at the Division CP (101st) in Heisville and was assigned with other glider pilots to guard the perimeter in case the Germans tried to infiltrate back into what we thought was a secure area. We did not know it at the time, but they were all through the area playing possum. Some of the snipers were still in trees around the area.

While resting in a courtyard in Heisville center, I heard and then saw a wagon coming down the lane being pulled by two paratroopers of the 101st. In the wagon, lying on top of a load of German mines and ammo was what looked like the body of another trooper. He wasn't dead or wounded - just zonked out from exhaustion. He had picked a hell of a bed to take a nap on. One mortar shell or rifle round in that wagon would have blown all three of them to hell and back. By this time we had all been awake 36 hours or more, and the pep pills we had been taking to keep us awake started to turn some of us into walking zombies. A few of the guys were out on their feet, and nothing could wake them up. At 8:30 that evening, still the 6th, some of us were asked to go back out into the fields to meet and cover the landing of the second series of gliders. A large group of Horsa gliders were expected to arrive at 9:00pm, towed again by my group, the 434th, from Aldermaston. They arrived right on time, and all hell broke loose. The Germans in the fields around us who had been playing possum, opened up on them with everything they had. Their heavy AA guns outside the perimeters were firing air bursts over and into the fields while the gliders were landing. The fields in this area around Heisville were much too small for the large British Horsa gliders, and those that were not shot down, crashed head on into the hedgerows. Some were fortunate and made it own in one piece; others came under heavy ene-



my small arms fire after they had landed, and many of the glidermen and pilots were killed or captured while climbing out of their gliders. For an hour or so it was an awful mess, and the casualties in men and equipment were heavy before the situation stabilized.

After the gliders were unloaded and the casualties from the wrecks were taken care of, things settled down, and I went back to the CP to dig in for the night in an apple orchard behind a stable. While curled up in my foxhole trying to get some sleep, I suddenly recalled my boyhood days when I would get together with other kids in the neighborhood to play war. It was always the Yanks and the Huns, and here I was in 1944, in person, doing it for real.

Shortly after dark, rumors started to spread between fox holes that there was a possibility that Germans were going to drop their own paratroopers in on us. This did nothing for our morale, and for the rest of the night we were spooked at the slightest sound, especially when we heard some planes go over quite low. Anyone who got out of his fox hole that night was taking his life in his own hands.

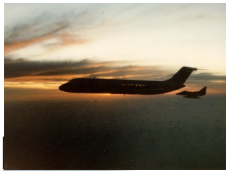
We got through the night and, in mid-morning of June 7, a call went out for volunteers to take over five hundred German prisoners down to the beach for transport back to England. The airborne men had captured so many of them that they were getting under foot and required too many people to guard them. Smart ass that I was, I asked the question "is the road to the beach open?" No one answered, so I volunteered anyway. With some of the glider pilots, many from my squadron, we lined the PWs up on the road and waited for the "ok" to take off. The Germans were more anxious to get out than we were. The war was over for them, and they wanted to get as far away from it as possible.

At this stage of the game most of us had just about reached the limits of endurance, so we gave the PWs most of our equipment to carry. One glider pilot was tempted to give them his Thompson sub-machine gun to carry, but on sec-

ond thought decided it wouldn't look so good to the soldiers we would pass coming up from the Utah Beach. On the march out, we kept going slower, and slower, and the PWs kept getting further ahead of us. Only by our making threats to shoot them did they slow down. The road to the beach was open, and by the time we got there, our butts were really dragging. It felt like we had walked twenty-five miles rather than five. The sight on Utah Beach was beyond belief. As far as the eye could see, to the left and the right, were men, trucks, tanks, vehicles of all types, and piles of equipment as high as houses. From the shore and out across the Channel was an endless line of merchant and warships of all sizes. The Navy ships were shelling targets inland around the clock. The saddest part was the long rows of wounded and dead laid out in rows on the sand waiting to be loaded on ships.

The Navy Beach Master told us we would be going aboard LST 400 shortly and would be going back to England the following day. I immediately laid down in the sand and went sound asleep in spite of all the noise. That night German planes came in at low altitude and dropped mines around ships just offshore. The next morning we boarded the LST but, before any of the ships dared to pull up anchor, British mine sweepers came in close sweep of the area. One of them hit a mine less than forty feet away from our LST and sank within two minutes. The force from the explosion close alongside our ship scared the hell out of us and made us think that we had been torpedoed. The only survivor from the mine sweeper was one of the stokers who was on deck getting some fresh air. He was blown overboard and picked up by the crew of our LST.

One thing that overwhelmed us on this Navy ship was the chow. they brought out fresh eggs, milk, ice cream, and steaks, and we gorged ourselves. One of the glider pilots went up to the time skipper and told him there and then he wanted to transfer to the Navy, but it didn't work. Our good food back at the base was always powdered eggs, powdered milk, and SOS for breakfast.



The ship finally got us back to England, and eventually we arrived back at our home base at Aldermaston where they rolled out the red carpet for us. I guess they didn't think many of us would survive, and they couldn't do enough for us. After interrogation by the base intelligence officer, and after we had pinpointed on aerial photos our landing spots, we were all given three day passes. After that, the daily training routine began again and most of us went to a commando ground school at Ogburne St. George for further training in weapons and ground tactics. Many of us got in co-pilot time in C-47s on the resupply runs, so the time power boys who had been flying around the clock could get badly needed bouts of rest. I remember almost everything about this "Normandy Mission" in great detail: from the takeoff, to boarding the LST for the return trip o England, and everything in between. After that, from the moment the anchor was pulled up on that LST and we started back England, my mind is an absolute blank. For the life of me I cannot remember crossing the time Channel, where we landed, or how I got from the channel port back to the 434th Group at my home base at Aldermaston. The physical and mental stress, fear, and anxiety, from the last three days must have shorted out my brain circuits for this period of time.

Addendum:

Recapping what happened to some of the first gliders into Normandy on the first night of the invasion:

Glider No. 1, piloted by Lt. Col. Mike Murphy, flying with the 72nd TCS, crashed into a line of trees on the edge of a field, killing the co-pilot, Lt. Robert Butler, and Brig. Gen. Pratt, the Assistant Division Commander of the 101st Airborne Division. The Pathfinder pilot on board the tow plane, Major Alvin E. Robinson (from the 74th TCS), warned Murphy, just before they reached the LZ, that the wind had shifted. He replied, "that it was too late to change plans." Murphy's glider was overloaded and probably nose-heavy because of the steel plate that had been placed under the pilot and co-pilot seats for protection from flak.

Glider No. 5, carrying one of the division radios, flown by F/O Ketchmun and Baldwin, aborted over England shortly after take-off. Both pilots could not get back to the field in time to get another glider and catch up with the formation. Later in the day, June 6, they flew in the second series of Horsa, also No. 5, from Aldermaston, carrying troopers of the 327th Glider Infantry. They landed at 9:00pm in daylight, ripped a wing off in a rough landing, and all, after exiting the glider, were captured by the enemy.

Glider No. 6, carrying the second radio, flown by F/O James Malloy and F/O Gordon Mohr, managed to land safely with no damage. If this radio had been lost it would have been a severe setback for the airborne troops.

Glider No. 51, flown by F/Os Kile and DelaGanza, was flying slightly behind and off my right wing. The tow plane piloted by Lt. Raymond Howard, and Lt. Eston Kuhn, from the 71st squadron, received a fatal hit from flak and crashed in flames in a swamp five miles southwest of the landing zone. Lt. Howard, the pilot, was killed by the Germans as he crawled from the burning wreckage. The crew chief, Sgt. John W. Beckley, the radio operator, Sgt. Marvin Boetcher, and Lt. Kuhn, the copilot, were captured by the Germans. Lt. Kuhn was killed later in the day in a strafing attack on the German trucks they were riding in by one of our own planes near St. Lo.

The glider (No. 51) cut loose before the C-47 crashed and landed nearby. Kile was lost in September 1944, when his glider ditched in the channel during the Holland "Market" operation.

Glider No. 40, piloted by F/Os Lee Stull of the 74th squadron, and Clinton Griffin, on loan from the 436th TCG, crashed into a hedgerow. Griffin was killed when his head smashed through the front of the glider. Stull was injured and captured later by the Germans. He was liberated from a German POW camp in May 1945.

Glider No. 45, flown by F/Os Tim Hohmann and Robert Butler, slipped in over the tops of 60 to 70



foot trees, wiped out the gear and skids, and stopped with no casualties, right on target.

Glider No. 46, flown by F/Os Lenard Hewson and Gordon Sweeney landed one mile from the LZ in a small field going downhill. The glider hit a large tree on the left side which sheared off the wing and stripped the fabric off the left side of the fuselage. Sweeney was knocked out for a short time, but no other injuries were sustained.

Glider No. 42, in front of me off to my right, flown by F/O Irwin Morales and Lt. Thomas Ahmad, both of the 74th squadron, missed the LZ and landed in a swamp seven miles south of Carentan deep in enemy territory. They were twelve miles from the LZ at Heisville. Morales, with a small group of American paratroopers and glider infantrymen from the 101st and the 82nd Airborne who had missed their drop zone, held the town of Montmartin en Graignes for five days. Patrols were sent out each day to blow bridges, cut wires, commit other acts of sabotage in the area, and ambush any German patrols that were retreating back from the LZ areas north of their position. On June 10th, the Germans discovered their presence in town after Morales and the paratroopers had ambushed a motorcycle patrol killing four of the enemy. A large German force backed up by mortars and artillery, attacked the town and drove them out after a two-day pitched battle which killed nine of the troopers. Morales was able to get back to friendly lines. Lt. Ahmad was last seen by Morales during the attack, with other airborne men, guarding the left flank of their position near a church close to town. Ahmad was not seen again and was listed as missing in action and later killed in action. Morales, after his return to Aldermaston, received the Croix de Guerre with Palm from the French Government for his actions.

After the war in Europe ended in May, Morales borrowed a jeep and returned to Normandy. In the town where he, and the troopers had fought their pitched battle, the townspeople told him that after they were driven out by the Germans, they had counted the bodies of close to 500 of the ene-

my that they had killed. In retaliation, the Germans executed two priests and two nurses who had been caring for the wounded Americans. Twenty-five of the airborne men who had been captured, including the wounded in the church, were taken to a small farm just outside the town where they were lined up and shot in their heads. Their bodies were thrown in a ditch near a pig sty. The Germans, in a further act of revenge, burnt down most of the houses in town and shot over thirty citizens. Morales is quite sure his co-pilot, Ahmad, was one of the victims of this cold-blooded massacre. This was later proved to be correct. Morales located Ahmad's grave in a temporary military cemetery between St. Lo and Carentan.

Addendum to Glider No. 40. Lee Stull arrived injured at the farmhouse of Henri Levesque and family. He was taken to a doctor to get treatment. He was transported by horse and wagon to a German aid station where he received care, and became a POW. Stull was transported deep into Germany to Stalag Luft III. His last prison camp was Stammlager VII at Moosburg, Germany, near the infamous Dachau concentration camp. He was liberated in May of 1945.

The glider pilots of Troop Carrier Command had tasted their first combat. I'm sure that all of us who participated in this operation, came away with the knowledge that war is definitely not the glamorous, exciting game depicted in the movies or in the way we played it when we were kids. Those of us who have gone to war, and watched our friends die before our eyes, will have these haunting memories forever with us. We will treasure life as never before and grieve silently for our young friends and buddies who did not return home.

This generation of Americans were amazing. As children growing up during the Great Depression and as soldiers fighting in Europe and the Pacific Theatre. They truly are our greatest generation. Thank you for your Service!

John



Waco CG-4A Glider:

1942-45; 13,904 built by 16 different contractors. To name a few Waco, Ford, Cessna subcontracted to Boeing, Gibson Refrigerator and Ward Furniture Company.

- **Crew:** two pilots

Capacity: 13 troops, or quarter-ton truck (Jeep) and 4 troopers, or 6 litters

- **Length:** 48 ft 8 in (14.8 m)

Wingspan: 83 ft 8 in (25.5 m)



- **Height:** 15 ft 4 in (4.7 m)

- **Wing area:** 900 ft² (83.6 m²)

Empty weight: 3,900 lb (1,769 kg)

- **Useful load:**

- "Troop Carrier (2 crew & 13 passengers): 4,197 pounds (1,904 kg)";

- "Cargo Carrier - Jeep (2 crew, 4 passengers, 1 Jeep Car): 4,197 pounds (1,904 kg)"

- "Cargo Carrier - 75 mm howitzer (2 crew, 3 passengers, 1 Howitzer, 18 rounds ammunition): 4,197 pounds (1,904 kg)

- **Loaded weight:** 7,500 lb (3,402 kg)

Max. takeoff weight: 7,500 lb (3,402 kg)

- **Max take off (Emergency Load):** 9,000 lb (4,082 kg)

Performance

Never exceed speed: 150 mph IAS (241 km/h)

Maximum speed: 150 mph CAS (240 km/h CAS^[40]) at 7,500 pounds (3,400 kg) 128 mph (206 km/h) CAS/135 mph (217 km/h) IAS at 9,000 pounds (4,100 kg)

Cruise speed: IAS 72.6 mph (117 km/h)

Stall speed: 49 mph (79 km/h) with design load 7,500 lb (3,400 kg)

Glide ratio: 12:1

- **Rate of sink:** About 400 ft/min (2 m/s) at tactical glide speed (IAS 60 mph, 96 km/h)

- **Landing run:** 600-800 feet (180-244 m) for normal three-point landing; "Landing rolls of approximately 2,000 to 3,000 feet (610 to 910 m) are to be expected at the higher emergency gross weights..."

Wing loading: 8.33 lb/ft² (40.7 kg/m²)

Armament: NONE



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EAA and Local Chapter Sites

[EAA 485](#) [EAA 1265](#)
[EAA HDQTRS](#) [EAA 108](#)
[Lite Blue Angels EAA 105](#)

Interesting Links

[Blue Angel 360](#) Way cool
[Drone on USS Bush](#)
[Build Your Own ADSB Receiver](#)
[F-18 Low Level](#)

Miscellaneous

[FAA Notams](#)
[Thatcher Build Site](#)
[Barnstormers](#)
[Skyvector.com](#) Flight Planning, Charts
[AirNav.com](#) Airport info, Fuel Prices

Barin OLF ASOS 251 970-2469

HWY 98

Blue Angel Parkway

Normally meetings will be held at [Ferguson Airport \(82J\)](#) (Uni **122.8**) on the **Second Saturday** of each month at 10:00 AM unless otherwise posted. Please check the if flying in for important info.

Go past the main airport entrance and take the next left. Go thru the gate and make a left on the gravel road. Make a right past the T hangar you'll see our building down on the left side. Anyone interested in general aviation and building or restoring aircraft are welcome.

For more info contact:

John McKiernan 850 291-4134
rockyjs7jm@gmail.com





Home Of The PANHANDLE PELICANS

EAA 485 Pensacola, FL

2019 82J Monthly Pancake Breakfast Sched Third Saturday 0930-1100

May 18th, Jun 15th, Jul 20th, Aug 17th, Sep 21st, Oct 19th, Nov 16th, Dec 21st.

Next Chapter Meeting Jun 15th Chappie James Graduation 1300

Send email changes and bad newsletter links to John rockyjs7jma@gmail.com

Thank You to the following people who made the Young Eagles Rally a success. We had a great turnout. If I've forgotten anyone please forgive me.

- Pilots: Dewitt Barker, Gene Scott, Ryan Rankin, Chris Hornady, Christian Kidder, Ralph Moser, John McKiernan. Ground: Craig Spoke, Donna Barker, Ben Poffenberger, Terry Latino, Jose Martinez, Chris Salter, Scott Swanson, Steve Foerster, Scott Johnson, Bill Diaz.

Special Thanks to Amanda !!!

There are old pilots and bold pilots but no old bold pilots

2019

Events Calendar

- May 11th 1100 EAA 485 Clubhouse Pledge
Introductions All Chapters present
EAA Mission Statement
Ray Aviation Scholarship
Introduce Chapter 485 Ray Aviation Scholarship Team
Introduce Cheri, David and Nick Hanssen
Mark Rogers Official Membership Czar
Ralph Moser Ray Aviation Coordinator

Following the presentation there will be a cookout

Calendar

Future Meeting Dates:

- Jun 15th Third Saturday
Jul 13th
Aug 10th

Fly Ins:

- Blue Angels Beach Show July 13th
Oshkosh KOSH July 22-28
Triple Tree Fly-in SC00 Sep 2-8
SERFI GZH Oct 19-20 #
Blue Angels Homecoming Nov 8-9

Dates not confirmed

2004 RV8A Total Time 400 hours airframe and engine since major overhaul \$85K

Lycoming IO-360 180 HP Sensenich fixed pitch prop

Well built and maintained aircraft. All SBs complied with including Aero Splat nose gear reinforcement and skid plate.

New PC680 battery

Complete Dynon 10" Skyview System:

Full EMS system (4 CHT & EGT, Fuel Flow, RPM, MAP, Oil Press, Oil Temp, Fuel Press, OAT)

Dual axis autopilots with electric trim

SV Knobs Panel

SV Autopilot Panel

Dynon ADSB-In Dual Channel Receiver

Stratus ESG ADSB-Out transponder Installed September 2017

Garmin 300XL GPS/Comm #2 (enroute and non-precision IFR certified)

Microair Comm #1

Garmin GMA 240 Audio Panel.

No Nav at present however tail VOR antenna and coax cable run to instrument panel

Great Instrument panel setup

2 1/4" backup Airspeed, Altimeter, Vertical Speed

Separate Lift Control pneumatic stall indicating system.

Rear seat rudder pedals. (currently uninstalled)

Ram mount for tablet

Well documented maintenance record. Full Engine logbooks

This is a sweet flying aircraft at 8500' leaned it flies 150 kts TAS @ 8.2 gph

Contact: John McKiernan 850 291-4134 rockyjs7jm@gmail.com



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TTAF 5860

Continental C85

TTE 4639 SMOH 599

All compressions above 72

Interior has been removed

Paint is 2/10

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