

And The Winner Is

June 2022



Home of the
"Panhandle Pelicans"

EAA 485

Squawk 485

Next Meeting Saturday, May 11th 0915
At Our Clubhouse
IMC/VMC Club Meets at 0830-0915

[Details](#)

President

Ralph Moser

Contact: [Ralph](#)

SUCCESSFUL SPRING, WITH BUSY SUMMER AHEAD!

We have lots going on in Chapter 485. I am most excited about our many new members! Those of you who attended the May meeting learned that our chapter netted just shy of \$2000 from the Tri-Motor event in March. That was welcome news from EAA.

We successfully restarted our public Young Eagles program with a rally May 1st, thanks to the excellent participation of many of you. And we selected our 6th Ray Scholarship winner, to be awarded at the June 11th meeting.

Craig Spoke (congratulate him on his retirement from teaching, by the way!) will emcee the Ray Scholarship presentation. This winner has already soloed, so will receive a pro-rated amount of \$6000. That adds up to \$50,000 of Ray Scholarship money, and a \$5000 anonymous donation by a chapter member, awarded by our chapter over the last 3 1/2 years. Are we helping to solve the pilot shortage, or what? Yikes!

The Chappie James Flight Academy is back up to full speed this summer, and we will support two separate graduating classes (one June, one July) with Young Eagle flights. Tanner Matheny will brief us on the details at the June meeting.

I represented our chapter at a nice small memorial ceremony May 21st at Barrancas National Cemetery on Pensacola NAS. It was organized by Kathy McCartan, secretary of the local Women in Aviation chapter, and retired naval aviator. We met at the grave site of the one and only female WWII WASP pilot buried in that cemetery. Touching. We had lunch afterward as a group, and shared a goal of working together in future events.

Last winter, 19 of you participated in the anonymous EAA chapter survey. Pollsters would say 19 of 55 total members is a valid sample size. The survey asked good questions about what you like and don't like or would like to see improved about Chapter 485. Lots of nice comments, and good suggestions. Several suggestions for improvement:

1. More meeting presentations directly related to member projects, home-building, or home-built aircraft. (2/3 of chapter members join for this reason)
2. Encourage rides in other builders planes to get a feel for what's possible.
3. More social events as a chapter. (1/3 of chapter members join for this reason)
4. More fly-in/fly-out events.

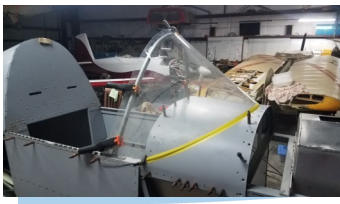
I couldn't agree more with these suggestions! The chapter officers and I will brainstorm ways to improve in these areas. We feel we are a good strong chapter, and want to get better.

We have confirmed a chapter tour of the ST Engineering site at Pensacola Airport immediately following the June 11th meeting. To accommodate this, the VMC/IMC meeting will run 0830-0915, followed immediately by the membership meeting 0915-1000. Then all interested drive over to ST Engineering for a tour 1030-1130. Group lunch social at a nearby restaurant to follow (see Item #3 above). Details have been sent to you in a separate email.

The July 9th meeting will be back on our normal schedule, second Saturday morning of the month. I again encourage all of you to attend the VMC/IMC Club meeting at 0830-0930. Donna and DeWitt Barker do a heck of a job to pre-



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sent this valuable training information. Lots of good discussion is generated.

Please consider supporting two events described in brochures attached to this newsletter: "Honor the WASP" is a local memorial ground event at Barrancas National Cemetery May 21st put on by the Women in Aviation International. "Rockin on the Runway" is a charity air show June 11th in Sunset, Louisiana, and comes highly recommended by Nick VanHouten, the Fairhope airport manager
Ralph



RAY AVIATION SCHOLARSHIP UPDATE
Craig Spoke, Chapter 485 Coordinator

Ray Scholarship Update 6/5/2022

On Friday, May 13th the official application for Ray Scholar #6 was sent to EAA headquarters. They review all applications during the first week of each month so I will expect the good word sometime in the next week.

This final application process is more of a double check to make sure that the chapter has completed all the requirements and given our track record as a chapter, I do not anticipate any hang-ups. With this in mind we are planning the official announcement and presentation ceremony for our Ray scholar at this Saturdays meeting after the VMC/IMC meeting and prior to leaving for the field trip/tour to ST Engineering. Let's show our newest scholar all the support that chapter 485 is known for.

It was extremely encouraging to see many of this year's Ray Scholarship applicants at the chapter meeting last month. Even though they were not successful with their application this year, they are showing the drive and enthusiasm needed as pilots. And there is always next year.

Ray scholar #5 update: William Curd has experienced a few setbacks primarily due to flight school/instructor issues. These have been

addressed and he will be back on track soon. Pensacola Air Flight School has worked very hard to make things right and to ensure that William will be successful. Craig

Young Eagles Coordinator

Tanner Matheny

Hello everyone. Nothing new to pass so I'll reemphasize what I said in May. Please come help with the CJFA graduates! Of note, the two dates have changed from being on Saturday's to Friday's from 1600 to 1800 (4:00 pm to 6:00 pm).

On June 24th and July 15th we will be holding private rallies for the Chappie James Flight Academy camp graduates. This is their opportunity to put all the knowledge they have been learning during the aviation camp to good use!

As the Young Eagles coordinator I am so happy we can be so engaged with the community in such a positive and passionate way. With the world the way it is, having aviation not only in our lives but the lives of the next generation is vitally important!

International Young Eagles Day is Saturday, June 11th. This day will allow us to look back on the past 30 years of Young Eagles starting back in 1992. We will honor this day with the Chappie James rally on June 24th. Remember, if you fly 30 Young Eagles between August 1st of this year and July 31st, 2023, you are eligible for the special Young Eagles polo, free from EAA!

Tanner

EAA Chapter 485 Minutes May 14, 2022

Opened the meeting with the Pledge of Allegiance

Guest introduced themselves; Ray scholarship hopefuls Gabriel Davenport and Emily Bond, Yohannes Kayir (building RV-4), James & Machel Vardaman and family, and Matt Rawlings who joined the chapter.

Officer updates

President Ralph Moser talked about going to Sun n Fun. We are now a Gold Chapter. Thanks for all the good work. He gave an update on the



spread of 5G phone service and the impact on aviation radar altimeters. There will be a WASP memorial event at Barrancas Cemetery May 21st at 10:30.

Ralph talked about his experience attending the EAA Leadership training at Oshkosh. He is looking at having trips to ST Engineering and Continental Motors.

Mark Rodgers is looking into a trip to Airbus.

Scott Swanson gave an update on our account balance and our earnings from the Tri-motor event. Dues are due for this year. If you haven't paid for this year yet, please do soon.

Craig Spoke gave an update on the Ray Foundation Scholarship. William Curd working to complete his written test. We will be selecting a candidate soon.

Tanner Matheny said there will be a Young Eagles event supporting the Chappy James Flight Academy students on June 24th and July 15. Let him know if you can help.

Member Projects

Anyone interested in working on the Thatcher can help out on Tuesday nights.

Mark Rodgers RV-14 is complete including the paint job.

Scott Miller offered help to anyone interested in a Zenith.

Tanner "Dodo" Matheny gave a presentation on employing the EF-18G Growler.

The meeting ended and a light lunch was available. The next meeting will be June 11th.

During the VMC & IMC Club the discussion was about Arrival Alert Notices, the Pilot Proficiency Network, if a VFR GPS can substitute for DME and the minimum altitude over congested areas. Other scenario was about encountering light snow (pixie dust) at night.

Scott Swanson Sec/Treas

Aviation Briefs

[Pinch Hitter class, discovery flight options for nonpilots](#)

To get a basic introduction to aviation, nonpilots can sign up for a discovery flight,

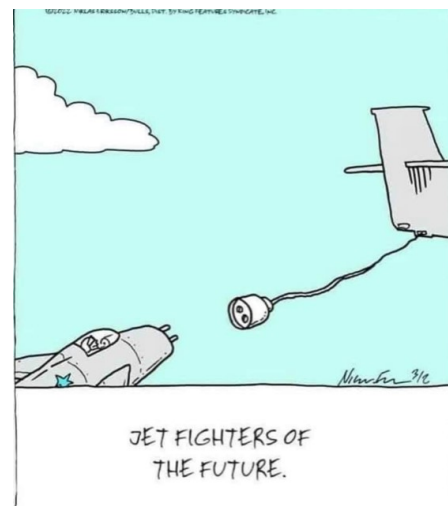
which Jiri Marousek, the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association's senior vice president of innovation, says is "a really good way to get a feel of what it takes to fly an aircraft." Another option is enrolling in AOPA's free Pinch Hitter course, an online class that offers instruction on what to do on a flight if the pilot becomes incapacitated.

American Parks 100 Regional Jets, Others Cut Schedules

Russ Niles

American Airlines has parked about 100 regional jets because it can't get enough pilots to fly them. CEO Robert Isom told an investor conference regional carriers are hardest hit by the pilot shortage. "There is a supply and demand imbalance right now, and it really is within the regional carrier ranks," the Dallas Morning News reported him as saying. "We have probably 100 aircraft or almost 100 aircraft that aren't productive right now, that aren't flying." The loss of the aircraft, mostly smaller planes with about 50 seats, has been blunted somewhat by the use of larger aircraft by the regionals.

Isom's comments came on the heels of Southwest's announcement that it was cutting 20,000 flights from its summer schedule, and Jet-Blue and Delta are also reducing service. On a brighter note, Alaska Airlines is climbing out of a chaotic two months that canceled thousands of flights, many of them while passengers were at the gate. Despite all the problems, TravelPulse is reporting that most airlines are expecting a travel boom this summer despite fares increasing an average of 48 percent over pre-pandemic prices.





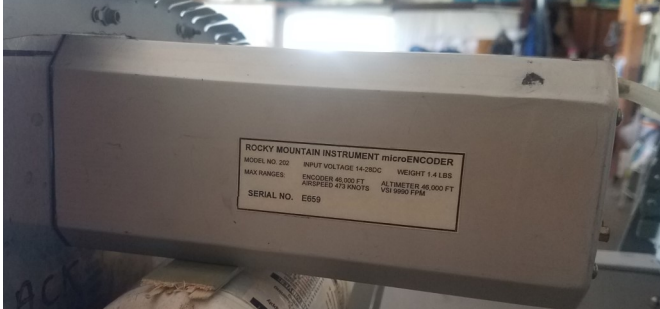
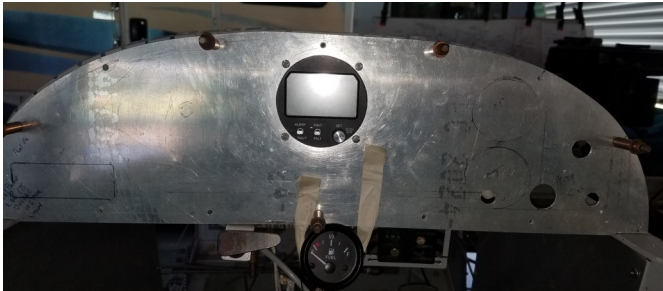
Thatcher

We're back at it again after a 3 week sabbatical. We had a slight oil canning in the galvanized firewall. A 1/2" angle scrap was used and riveted on the aft side to correct the issue.



In absence of a punch, a nasty fly-cutter was used to make a 3-1/8" hole for the micro-encoder. This is probably the most dangerous tool in my shop.

Here the Rocky Mountain Micro Encoder is mounted. This instrument has a lot of functions: Airspeed, Vertical Speed, Altitude, OAT, TAS, Density Altitude and also has a gray code out Encoder. We're not dealing with a lot of real estate on the panel and (3) 3 1/8" gages eat a lot of that up. The instrument works but the LCD display isn't very bright but I haven't tested it on 14 volts which may brighten it up from a flat battery at 12.3 volts.



If the Encoder isn't bright enough it will get swapped out for an airspeed indicator. Additionally we would have an altimeter and vertical speed plus a wet compass and inclinometer. The right side holes are for Master Contactor, Mag, Alternator select and Starter button.

Engine instruments will consist of 2" Volt-

meter, Ammeter and a mechanical Oil pressure gage. We still need an oil temp gage. I temped the fuel quantity gage next to the fuel selector which saves some space in the panel. The idea is to leave a place for a transponder in the future.

John

Not all wheels are made the same! I purchased several of these at Harbor Freight. They were on a big bench and didn't last very long. They developed flat spots and as you can see the middle one's tread actually separated from the wheel.



I've learned around the shop to use swivel casters on everything. I have a wing cart from my RV-7 with a pair of straight wheels on one end and swivel casters on the other. Pushing it around the hangar is challenging.

WWII Gliders of "D" Day



An Excellent 10 minute video about the CG-4 gliders used in the Normandy invasion. The glider pilots with a dangerous one-way mission had very little other soldier training .

Click [Here](#) for the video.



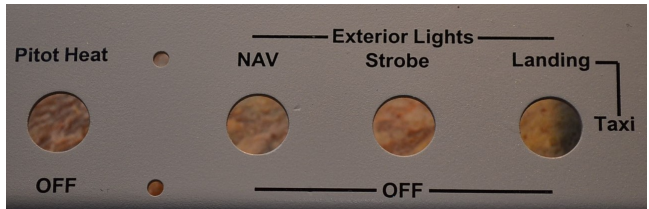
RV-7 Panel Update

Pneumatic lines were next on the punch list. In order to do this it's necessary to install the gear requiring lines. A total of 8 lines connecting the instrument panel were installed. The AFS-4500



doesn't allow much space from the sub-panel.

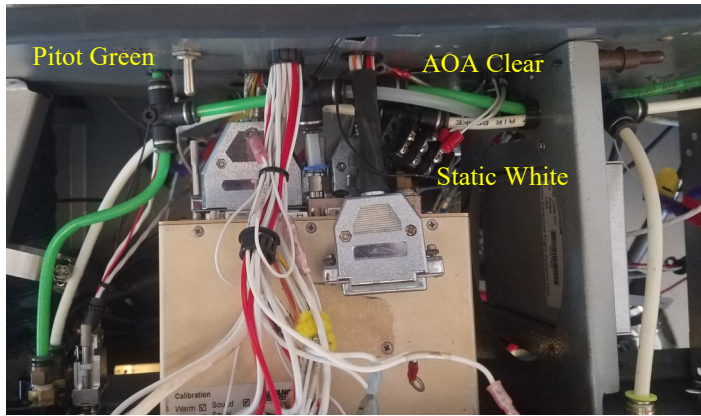
ing the panel and labeling. My son Patrick is also very close to labeling his RV-7 panel so we're using a Dry transfer labeling system. This allows just the actual print to be transferred without a label similar to silkscreen. It also will handle white which is what we will use. Here is an example of what it looks like. Very clean lettering.



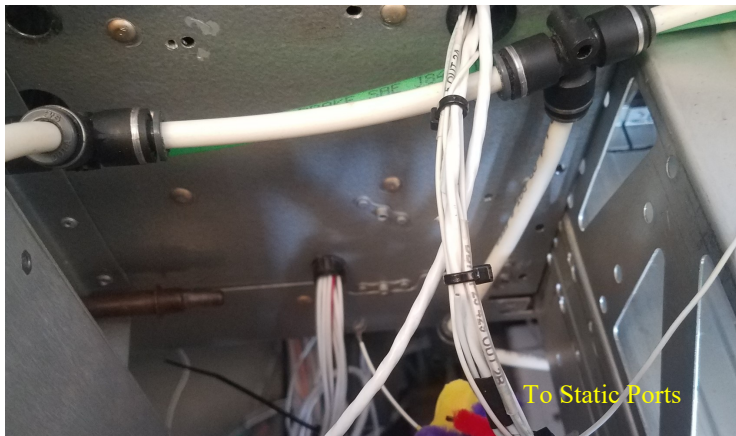
With a normal label such as my Brother P-touch you will always see the backing material depending on light. Still the actual lettering is great.

You need a high quality laminator which is costly. I did find a recommended one for \$107 including a 1 year Square Trade warranty. I figured doing multiple panels with the system will be cost effective and the laminator will come in handy for checklists etc. More about the process in a later article.

I managed to get my panel painted ready for labeling. Here is the panel with Sherwin Williams Acry-Glow clear coat. The same paint I used years ago painting my RV-7 spinner. I was nervous about using some very old paint but since it's really non-pigmented it looked just like the day I opened it. But, it's paint and it needed to be thinned a bit and well it's paint. What could possibly go wrong?



On my aircraft the pitot and Angle of Attack lines come in on the left side and the Static on the right.



Once done the lines were detached and instruments removed. Next on the list is clear coat-



Not bad! No runs and I'm a happy camper. The slick surface will allow the labels to adhere better. I'll probably lock them down with a satin clear coat once everything is done.



The Animal vs The ??????

Ruth has a vacuum called the “Animal”. It’s built by Dyson and is appropriately named. I lost count of how many vacuums we’ve purchased over the years and this by far is the best. They’ve come a long way since this gem from the 60s. I actually had my mother’s original one in my hangar that I used on a sand-blast cabinet up until about 5 years ago.



I needed something more efficient for cleaning the hangar especially when using a shop vac with a cord, hose and a meager sized attachment. I had a little snip in the last newsletter of the prototype. This project used reclaimed pieces from my hangar and one two inch PVC tee that I purchased. It works great and covers a lot of real estate quickly. I have a 15’ smaller hose that plugs in instead of the “T” for getting into small areas.

So without further adieu, I present
The Beast



Mark Rogers and the Gulf Shores HS AOPA and RV12 Builders Tour the NAS Museum under the auspices of Drano the Magnificent “



Wow! The big guy in the middle is taking notes during Drano’s presentation.



In September 1952, the United States Navy announced a requirement for a new fighter. It was to have a top speed of Mach 1.2 at 30,000 ft (9,144.0 m) with a climb rate of 25,000 ft/min (127.0 m/s), and a landing speed of no more than 100 mph (160 km/h). Korean War experience had demonstrated that 0.50 inch (12.7 mm) machine guns were no longer sufficient and as the result the new fighter was to carry a 20 mm (0.79 in) cannon.



On 16 July 1957, Major [John H. Glenn, JR](#), USMC, completed the first supersonic transcontinental flight in a F8U-1P, flying from NAS Los Alamitos, California to Floyd Bennett Field, New York in 3 hours, 23 minutes and 8.3 seconds.



Source : Chapter 7 in author Ron Knott's book : ' SUPERSONIC COWBOYS ' (sharing forty-five Crusader stories) " I Fell 15,000 Feet And Lived " by Cliff Judkins [abridged]

CHAPTER SEVEN I FELL 15,000 FEET AND LIVED CLIFF JUDKINS

"Jud, you're on fire, get out of there!"

Needless to say that startling command got my attention. As you will read in this report, this was just the beginning of my problems!

It had all started in the brilliant sunlight 20,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean as I nudged my F-8 Crusader jet into position behind the lumbering, deep-bellied refueling plane. After a moment of jockeying for position, I made the connection and matched my speed to that of the slowpoke tanker. I made the graceful task of plugging into the trailing fuel conduit so they could pump fuel into my tanks.

This in-flight refueling process was necessary, and routine, because the F-8 could not hold enough fuel to fly from California to Hawaii. This routine mission was labeled "Trans-Pac," meaning Flying Airplanes across the Pacific. This had been going on for years. Crusaders in-flight refueling from a C-130 Tanker

Soon, after plugging-in to the tanker, my fuel gauges stirred, showing that all was well. In my cockpit, I was relaxed and confident. As I was looking around, I was struck for an instant by the eeriness of the scene: here I was, attached, like an unwanted child, by an umbilicus to a gargantuan mother who was fleeing across the sky at 200 knots as though from some unnamed danger. Far below us was a broken layer of clouds that filtered the sun glare over the Pacific.

In my earphones, I heard Major Van Campen, our flight leader, chatting with Major D.K. Tooker who was on a Navy destroyer down below. Major Tooker had ejected from his aircraft, the day before, in this same area, when his Crusader flamed out mysteriously during the same type of refueling exercise.

At that time no one knew why his aircraft had flamed out. We all supposed it had been some freak accident that sometimes happens with no

explanation. One thing we knew for sure, it was not pilot error. This accident had to be some kind of mechanical malfunction, but what? Our squadron had a perfect safety record and was very disturbed because of the loss of an airplane the day before.

"Eleven minutes to mandatory disconnect point," the tanker commander said. I checked my fuel gages again, everything appeared normal. My thoughts were, "In a few hours I knew we'd all be having dinner at the Kaneohe Officers Club on Oahu, Hawaii. Then after a short rest, we'd continue our 6,000-mile trek to Atsugi, Japan, via Midway and Wake Island." Our whole outfit - Marine All Weather Fighter Squadron 323 - was being transferred to the Far East for a one-year period of operations.

"Nine minutes to mandatory disconnect."

My fuel gages indicated that the tanks were almost full. I noticed that my throttle lever was sticking a little. That was unusual, because the friction lock was holding it in place and was loose enough. It grew tighter as I tried to manipulate it gently.

Then - thud! I heard the crack of an explosion.

I could see the rpm gauge unwinding and the tailpipe temperature dropping. The aircraft had lost power - the engine had quit running - this is a flame-out! I punched the mike button, and said, "This is Jud. I've got a flame-out!"

Unfortunately, my radio was already dead; I was neither sending nor receiving anything via my radio. I quickly disconnected from the tanker and nosed the aircraft over, into a shallow dive, to pick up some flying speed to help re-start the engine. I needed a few seconds to think.

I yanked the handle that extended the air-driven emergency generator, called the Ram Air Turbine (RAT), into the slipstream, hoping to get ignition for an air start. The igniters clicked gamely, and the rpm indicator started to climb slowly, as did the tailpipe temperature. This was a positive indication that a re-start was beginning. For one tantalizing moment I thought everything would be all right. But the rpm indicator hung uncertainly at 30 percent of capacity and



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refused to go any faster. This is not nearly enough power to maintain flight.

The fire warning light (pilots call it the panic light) blinked on. This is not a good sign. And to make matters worse, jet fuel poured over the canopy like water from a bucket. At the same instant, my radio came back on, powered by the emergency generator, and a great babble of voices burst through my earphones.

“Jud, you’re on fire, get out of there!”

Fuel was pouring out of my aircraft; from the tailpipe; from the intake duct; from under the wings, and igniting behind me in a great awesome trail of fire. The suddenness of the disaster overwhelmed me, and I thought: “This can’t be happening to me!”

The voices in my ears kept urging me to fire the ejection seat and abandon my aircraft. I pressed my mike button and told the flight leader, “I’m getting out!”

I took my hands off the flight controls and reached above my head for the canvas curtain that would start the ejection sequence. I pulled it down hard over my face and waited for the tremendous kick in the pants, which would send me rocketing upward, free of the aircraft.

Nothing happened! The canopy, which was designed to jettison in the first part of the ejection sequence did not move. It was still in place and so was I. My surprise lasted only a second. Then I reached down between my knees for the alternate ejection-firing handle, and gave it a vigorous pull. Again, nothing happened. This was very surprising. Both, the primary, and the secondary ejection procedures had failed and I was trapped in the cockpit of the burning aircraft.

The plane was now in a steep 60-degree dive. For the first time, I felt panic softening the edges of my determination. I knew that I had to do something or I was going to die in this sick airplane. There was no way out of it. With great effort, I pulled my thoughts together and tried to imagine some solution. A voice in my earphones was shouting: “Ditch the plane! Ditch it in the ocean!”

It must have come from the tanker skipper or one of the destroyer commanders down below,

because every jet pilot knows you can’t ditch a jet and survive. The plane would hit the water at a very high a speed, flip over and sink like a stone and they usually explode on impact.

I grabbed the control stick and leveled the aircraft. Then I yanked the alternate handle again in an attempt to fire the canopy and start the ejection sequence, but still nothing happened. That left me with only one imaginable way out, which was to jettison the canopy manually and try to jump from the aircraft without aid of the ejection seat.

Was such a thing possible?

I was not aware of any Crusader pilot who had ever used this World War II tactic to get out of a fast flying jet. I had been told that this procedure, of bailing out of a jet, was almost impossible. Yes, the pilot may get out of the airplane but the massive 20-foot high tail section is almost certain to strike the pilot’s body and kill him before he falls free of the aircraft. My desperation was growing, and any scheme that offered a shred of success seemed better than riding that aircraft into the sea, which would surely be fatal.

I disconnected the canopy by hand, and with a great whoosh it disappeared from over my head never to be seen again. Before trying to get out of my confined quarters, I trimmed the aircraft to fly in a kind of sidelong skid: nose high and with the tail swung around slightly to the right. Then I stood up in the seat and put both arms in front of my face. I was sucked out harshly from the airplane. I cringed as I tumbled outside the bird, expecting the tail to cut me in half, but thank goodness, that never happened! In an instant I knew I was out of there and uninjured.

I waited . . . and waited . . . until my body, hurtling through space, with the 225 knots of momentum started to decelerate. I pulled the D-ring on my parachute, which is the manual way to open the chute if the ejection seat does not work automatically. I braced myself for the opening shock. I heard a loud pop above me, but I was still falling very fast. As I looked up I saw that the small pilot chute had deployed. (This small chute is designed to keep the pilot from tumbling until the main chute opens.) But, I also noticed a sight that made me shiver with disbelief and hor-

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ror! The main, 24-foot parachute was just flapping in the breeze and was tangled in its own shroud lines. It hadn't opened! I could see the white folds neatly arranged, fluttering feebly in the air.

"This is very serious," I thought.

Frantically, I shook the risers in an attempt to balloon the chute and help it open. It didn't work. I pulled the bundle down toward me and wrestled with the shroud lines, trying my best to get the chute to open. The parachute remained closed. All the while I am falling like a rock toward the ocean.

I looked down hurriedly. There was still plenty of altitude remaining. I quickly developed a frustrating and sickening feeling. I wanted everything to halt while I collected my thoughts, but my fall seemed to accelerate. I noticed a ring of turbulence in the ocean. It looked like a big stone had been thrown in the water. It had white froth at its center; I finally realized this is where my plane had crashed in the ocean.

"Would I be next to crash?" were my thoughts! Again, I shook the parachute risers and shroud lines, but the rushing air was holding my chute tightly in a bundle. I began to realize that I had done all I could reasonably do to open the chute and it was not going to open. I was just along for a brutal ride that may kill or severely injure me.

I descended rapidly through the low clouds. Now there was only clear sky between me and the ocean. This may be my last view of the living. I have no recollection of positioning myself properly or even bracing for the impact. In fact, I don't remember hitting the water at all. At one instant I was falling very fast toward the ocean. The next thing I remember is hearing a shrill, high-pitched whistle that hurt my ears. Suddenly, I was very cold. In that eerie half-world of consciousness, I thought, "Am I alive?" I finally decided, and not all at once, "Yes, I think I am . . . I am alive!"

The water helped clear my senses. But as I bounced around in the water I began coughing and retching. The Mae West around my waist had inflated. I concluded that the shrill whistling sound that I had heard was the gas leaving the

CO2 cylinders as it was filling the life vest.

A sense of urgency gripped me, as though there were some task I ought to be performing. Then it dawned on me what it was. The parachute was tugging at me from under the water. It had finally billowed out (much too late) like some Brobdingnagian Portuguese man-of-war. I tried reaching down for my hunting knife located in the knee pocket of my flight suit. I had to cut the shroud lines of the chute before it pulled me under for good.

This is when I first discovered that I was injured severely. The pain was excruciating. Was my back broken? I tried to arch it slightly and felt the pain again. I tried moving my feet, but that too was impossible. They were immobile, and I could feel the bones in them grating against each other.

There was no chance of getting that hunting knife, but I had another, smaller one in the upper torso of my flight suit. With difficulty, I extracted it and began slashing feebly at the spaghetti-like shroud line mess surrounding me.

Once free of the parachute, I began a tentative search for the survival pack. It contained a one-man life raft, some canned water, food, fishing gear, and dye markers. The dye markers colored the water around the pilot to aid the rescue team in finding a down airman. All of this survival equipment should have been strapped to my hips. It was not there. It had been ripped away from my body upon impact with the water.

"How long would the Mae West sustain me?" I wondered. I wasn't sure, but I knew I needed help fast. The salt water that I had swallowed felt like an enormous rock in the pit of my gut. But worst of all, here I was, completely alone, 600 miles from shore, lolling in the deep troughs and crests of the Pacific Ocean. And my Crusader aircraft, upon which had been lavished such affectionate attention, was sinking thousands of feet to the bottom of the ocean.

At that moment, I was struck by the incredible series of coincidences that had just befallen me. I knew that my misfortune had been a one-in-a-million occurrence. In review, I noted that the explosion aloft should not have happened. The ejection mechanism should have worked. The



parachute should have opened. None of these incidents should have happened. I had just experienced three major catastrophes in one flight. My squadron had a perfect safety record. “Why was all of this happening?” was my thinking.

In about ten minutes I heard the drone of a propeller-driven plane. The pot-bellied, four-engine tanker came into view, flying very low. They dropped several green dye markers near me, and some smoke flares a short distance from my position. They circled overhead and dropped an inflated life raft about 50 yards from me. I was so pleased and tried to swim toward the raft. When I took two strokes, I all most blacked out due to the intense pain in my body. The tanker circled again and dropped another raft closer to me, but there was no way for me to get to it, or in it, in my condition.

The water seemed to be getting colder, and a chill gripped me. I looked at my watch, but the so-called unbreakable crystal was shattered and the hands torn away. I tried to relax and surrender to the Pacific Ocean swells. I could almost have enjoyed being buoyed up to the crest of one swell and gently sliding into the trough of the next, but I was in such excruciating pain. I remembered the words W.C. Fields had chosen for his epitaph: “On the whole, I’d rather be in Philadelphia.”

In about an hour, a Coast Guard amphibian plane flew over and circled me as though deciding whether or not to land. But the seas were high and I knew he couldn’t make it. He came in very low and dropped another raft; this one had a 200-foot lanyard attached to it. The end of the lanyard landed barely ten feet from me. I paddled gently backward using only my arms. I caught hold of it and pulled the raft to me. Even before trying, I knew I couldn’t crawl into the raft due to my physical condition. I was able to get a good grip on its side and hold on. This gave me a little security.

The Coast Guard amphibian gained altitude and flew off. (I learned later that he headed for a squadron of minesweepers that was returning to the United States from a tour of the Western Pacific. He was unable to tune to their radio frequency for communications. But this ingenious

pilot lowered a wire from his aircraft and dragged it across the bow of the minesweeper, the USS Embattle. The minesweeper captain understood the plea, and veered off at top speed in my direction.)

I was fully conscious during the two and a half hours it took the ship to reach me. I spotted the minesweeper while teetering at the crest of a wave. Soon, its great bow was pushing in toward me and I could see sailors in orange lifejackets crowding its lifelines. A bearded man in a black rubber suit jumped into the water and swam to me.

“Are you hurt?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said. “My legs and back.”

I was now very cold and worried about the growing numbness in my legs. Perhaps the imminence of rescue made me light-headed, for I only vaguely remember being hoisted aboard the ship. I was laid out on the ship’s deck as they cut away my flight suit.

“Don’t touch my legs! Don’t touch my legs!” I screamed.

I don’t remember it. Somebody gave me a shot of morphine and this erased part of my extreme pain.

An hour or so later a man was bending over me and asking questions. (It was a doctor who had been high-lined over from the USS Los Angeles, a cruiser that had been operating in the area.)

He said, “You have a long scar on your abdomen. How did it get there?”

I told him about a serious auto accident I’d had four years earlier in Texas, and that my spleen had been removed at that time.

He grunted, and asked more questions while he continued examining me. Then he said, “You and I are going to take a little trip over to the USS Los Angeles; it’s steaming alongside.” Somehow they got me into a wire stretcher, and hauled me, dangling and dipping, across the watery interval between the Embattle and the cruiser.

In the Los Angeles’s sickbay, they gave me another shot of morphine, thank God, and started thrusting all sorts of hoses into my body. I could tell from all the activity, and from the intense,



hushed voices, that they were very worried about my condition.

My body temperature was down to 94 degrees; my intestines and kidneys were in shock. The doctors never left my side during the night. They took my blood pressure every 15 minutes. I was unable to sleep. Finally, I threw-up about a quart or more of seawater. After this my nausea was relieved a bit.

By listening to the medical team, who was working on me, I was able to piece together the nature of my injuries. This is what I heard them saying.

My left ankle was broken in five places. My right ankle was broken in three places. A tendon in my left foot was cut. My right pelvis was fractured. My number 7 vertebra was fractured. My left lung had partially collapsed. There were many cuts and bruises all over my face and body, and, my intestines and kidneys had been shaken into complete inactivity.

The next morning [Dr. Valentine Rhodes](#) told me that the Los Angeles was steaming at flank speed to a rendezvous with a helicopter 100 miles from Long Beach, California. At 3:30 that afternoon, I was hoisted into the belly of a Marine helicopter from the USS Los Angeles's fantail, and we whirred off to a hospital ship, the USS Haven, docked in Long Beach, CA.

Once aboard the Haven, doctors came at me from all sides with more needles, tubes, and X-ray machines. Their reaction to my condition was so much more optimistic than I had expected. I finally broke down and let go a few tears of relief, exhaustion, and thanks to all hands and God.

Within a few months I was all systems go again. My ankles were put back in place with the help of steel pins. The partially collapsed left lung re-inflated and my kidneys and intestines were working again without the need of prodding.

The Marine Corps discovered the cause of my flame-out, and that of Major Tooker, the day before, was the failure of an automatic cut-off switch in the refueling system. The aircraft's main fuel tank was made of heavy reinforced rubber. When the cut-off switch failed, this allowed the tank to overfill and it burst like a balloon. This then caused the fire and flameout. We

will never know why the ejection seat failed to work since it is in the bottom of the ocean. The parachute failure is a mystery also. Like they say, "Some days you are the dog and others you are the fire-plug."

Do I feel lucky? That word doesn't even begin to describe my feelings. To survive a 15,000-foot fall with an unopened chute is a fair enough feat. My mind keeps running back to something Dr. Rhodes told me in the sickbay of the Los Angeles during those grim and desperate hours.

He said that if I had had a spleen, it almost certainly would have ruptured when I hit the water, and I would have bled to death. Of the 25 pilots in our squadron, I am the only one without a spleen. It gives me something to think about. Maybe it does you as well.

Cliff Judkins

[Author's Note: Amazingly, Cliff Judkins not only survived this ordeal but he also returned to flight status. He was flying the F-8 Crusader again within six months after the accident. After leaving the Marine Corps he was hired as a pilot with Delta Airlines and retired as a Captain from that position.]





Metric Schmetric

I ran across a handy chart for hardware showing decimal/metric equivalents but it also shows the decimal equivalent of each MM wrench and where they fit with regard to our SAE system. Some of the metric sized wrenches can be used in a pinch to substitute for SAE if they are a few thousands oversized.

METRIC / DECIMAL EQUIVALENTS			
		Decimals	Millimeters
	1/64	.015625	0.3969
1/32		.031250	0.7938
		.039370	— 1
	3/64	.046875	1.1906
1/16		.062500	1.5875
	5/64	.078125	1.9844
		.078740	— 2
	3/32	.093750	2.3812
	7/64	.109375	2.7781
		.118110	— 3
1/8		.125000	3.1750
	9/64	.140625	3.5719
	5/32	.156250	3.9688
		.157480	— 4
	11/64	.171875	4.3656
3/16		.187500	4.7625
		.196850	— 5
	13/64	.203125	5.1594
	7/32	.218750	5.5562
	15/64	.234375	5.9531
		.236220	— 6
1/4		.250000	6.3500
	17/64	.265625	6.7469
		.275591	— 7
	9/32	.281250	7.1438
	19/64	.296875	7.5406
5/16		.312500	7.9375
		.314961	— 8
	21/64	.328125	8.3344
	11/32	.343750	8.7312
		.354331	— 9
	23/64	.359375	9.1281
3/8		.375000	9.5250
	25/64	.390625	9.9219
		.393701	— 10
	13/32	.406250	10.3188
	27/64	.421875	10.7156
		.433071	— 11
7/16		.437500	11.1125
	29/64	.453125	11.5094
	15/32	.468750	11.9062
		.472441	— 12
	31/64	.484375	12.3031
1/2		.500000	12.7000
		.511811	— 13
	33/64	.515625	13.0969
17/32		.531250	13.4938
	35/64	.546875	13.8906
		.551181	— 14
9/16		.562500	14.2875
	37/64	.578125	14.6844
		.590551	— 15
	19/32	.593750	15.0812
	39/64	.609375	15.4781
5/8		.625000	15.8750
		.629921	— 16
	41/64	.640625	16.2719
	21/32	.656250	16.6688
		.669291	— 17
	43/64	.671875	17.0656
11/16		.687500	17.4625
	45/64	.703125	17.8594
		.708661	— 18
	23/32	.718750	18.2562
	47/64	.734375	18.6531
		.748031	— 19
3/4		.750000	19.0500
	49/64	.765625	19.4469
	25/32	.781250	19.8438
		.787402	— 20
	51/64	.796875	20.2406
13/16		.812500	20.6375
		.826775	— 21
	53/64	.828125	21.0344
	27/32	.843750	21.4312
	55/64	.859375	21.8281
		.866142	— 22
7/8		.875000	22.2250
	57/64	.890625	22.6219
		.905512	— 23
	29/32	.906250	23.0188
	59/64	.921875	23.4156
15/16		.937500	23.8125
		.944882	— 24
	61/64	.953125	24.2094
	31/32	.968750	24.6062
		.984252	— 25
	63/64	.984375	25.0031
1		1.00000	25.4000



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IMC Club (850) 572-0288

Newsletter/ [John McKiernan](#) (850) 291-4134
Tech Counselor
Flight Advisor

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. **If flying in, check NAS Pensacola (KNPA) NOTAMS for possible TFRs and the [Ferguson Airport website](#) under the Arrivals tab for important arrival and departure information.**

Driving: From Hwy 98 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 hangars you'll see our building down on the left side. Anyone interested in sharing general aviation, aircraft building, maintaining and restoring is welcome.

For more info contact:
[John McKiernan](#) 850 291-4134

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
[Making the First Airbus 220 Time Lapse](#)
[Jetman Unleashed in Dubai](#)
[F-18 Low Level](#)

Miscellaneous

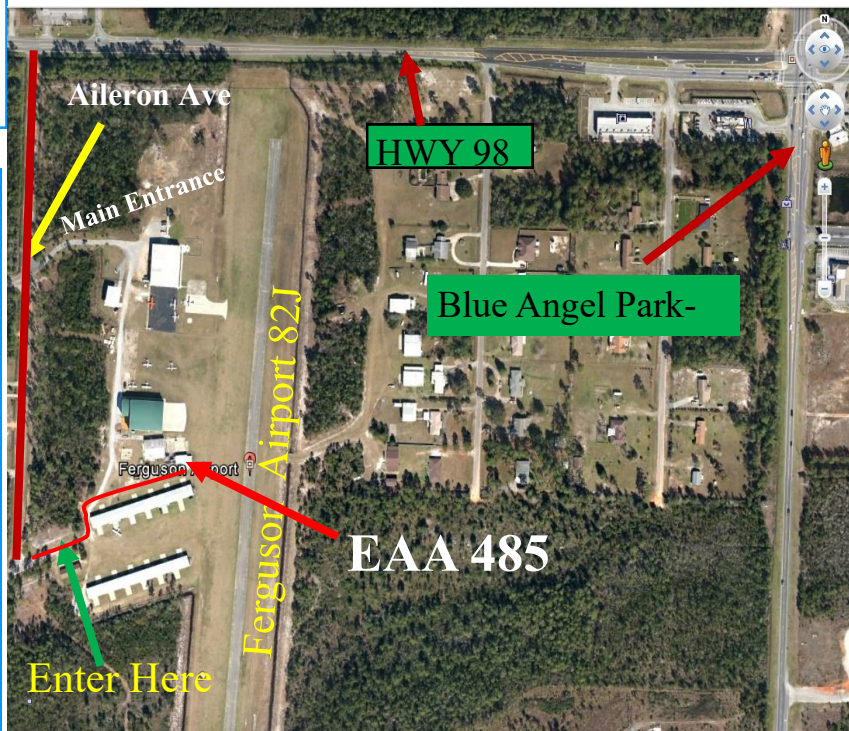
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Located on E street just south of Barrancas
Tell them your from EAA 485



Visit our website at eaa485.org



Home Of The PANHANDLE PELICANS

EAA 485 Pensacola, FL

Get Your Chapter Ballcap

We have ballcaps with chapter logo for sale for \$15. Get yours before the price hike. The next batch will be more expensive so don't wait.

Chapter Dues

Our dues are \$25 and we have a new Secretary/Treasurer, Scott Swanson. Please bring a check made out to EAA 485 or cash to the meeting. If you're bringing cash, please try to have exact change. If you can't attend the meeting send a check to Scott:

Scott Swanson
711 Marlinspike Dr
Pensacola, FL 32507
(309) 267-9710

Army Aviation Launches Autonomous Pack Hunters

Courtesy of the US Army Click [Here](#) for Video



June 11th Events Calendar

VMC/IMC Club at 0830-0915

General Membership Meeting 0915-1000.

Agenda:

Pledge

Guests

Quick Officer Updates

Craig Spoke, Ray #5 Training Update and

Ray #6 Award Presentation

Tanner Matheny, Upcoming Young Eagles

Flying for Chappie James Flight

Academy Graduates.

Adjourn

1000 – All interested depart in cars for Pensacola Airport. Address is 1 Merlion Way, on north side of airport just off Langley Avenue.

1030 – 1130 - ST Engineering Tour at Pensacola Airport

Optional Group Lunch after tour at nearby restaurant (Cactus Cantina? Bonefish Grille? Newk's Eatery?)

Future Meeting Dates:

July - 9th

August - 13th

September - 10th

October - 8th

November - 12th

December – No meeting. Chapter Christmas Party TBA.

Fly Ins:

Rockin on the Runway, June 11th, 51LS, Sunset, LA 1000-1500

Oshkosh (KOSH) July 25 – July 31

Tripple Tree Fly-In Sep 19-25

Thomasville GA (TVI) Oct 14-16