

EAA Chapter 442 May 2009 Propwash

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The chapter web page is: <http://www.eaa442.com/>

Minutes of the May 31st, 2009 Chapter meeting:

Meeting called to order 2:35, 14 members present.

Treasurer's Report:

Submitted via email, \$851.12 and 24 paid members.

Chapter Membership Renewal Time:

Membership in the chapter is on a calendar year basis and all members should renew their membership at the first of the year. Each chapter member must be a member of the national EAA as well. Annual dues are \$15.00. You may renew your membership by completing the renewal form and sending **1) the dues and 2) your national EAA member number and expiration date** to Vincent Nicely, 2605 Suffolk Street, Kingsport, TN 37660 or you may pay Vince at the next chapter meeting.

Secretary's Report:

Minutes of last meeting read as distributed in the news letter. Correction of the date for the Ulster Project from July to June 27th. Motion made, seconded and passed to accept the minutes.

Young eagles Report:

National YE day is June 13, 2009, the YE event for March 28th will try to make this event. Bob asked for volunteers to fly and ground support. Numerous members in attendance volunteered.

Technical Counselors Report:

Jim assisted with Mike's RV, Mike stated that he expects to have it inspected on Tuesday. Jim has a new Luscombe project.

Old Business:

The Ulster Project, Mike stated that he has been in communication with the contact person and forwarded the forms needed.

New Business:

Ed Martin was able to make the meeting and talked about his accident, and his Blessings. Especially his Dear Wife!

Closed @ 3:07 and did some hanger flying.

Program:

None

A Message from the Editor

Hi **Everyone,**

If you are working on a project, doing repairs take a picture, and send me a short blurb about it. A lot of you take short trips out and about to small airstrips, to lunch stops, and airplane museums. We would like to hear about it and share your story. Also if you hear of an event that is not listed in the newsletter or our web site, please email me with the information. This is “**your**” chapter newsletter, and thanks to those who have sent me material. As you read the articles in this newsletter you can appreciate the articles by fellow members. It sure makes reading the newsletter a better experience for us all.

This Newsletter includes the following Articles:

Message from: Mike Hathaway

The News Bug by: Barry Campbell

Unfortunate accident by Member Jim Pensinger

Calendar of Events

EAA 442 Chapter meetings are the last Sunday of

Each month at 2:30pm RVN

Members are encouraged to bring a dessert and a friend

June 27th at Hawkin's County, the Ulster Project at (RVN) 10AM.

Will let you know if the date changes.

Monday - Friday, June 29, 2009 - July 3, 2009

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Short Wing Piper Club Convention
Knoxville Downtown Island Airport, Knoxville, TN, USA

Marschalk Fly-In on Sunday July 19, 2009 at the Greeneville-Greene County
Municipal Airport (KGCY)
Paul's 70th Birthday.

JULY 23-25 ----- BRODHEAD, WI
EAA CHAPTER 431 HATZ-PIETENPOL FLY-IN
BRODHEAD AIRPORT (C37) - www.eaa431.org

JULY 27-AUGUST 2, 2009 ----- OSHKOSH, WI
EAA AIRVENTURE – WITTMAN REGIONAL AIRPORT (OSH)
MAKE PLANS EARLY -
www.AirVenture.org

DECEMBER 6 ----- -MASSEY, MD
ANNUAL OPEN HANGAR DAY –
MASSEY AIRDROME (MD1) MASSEY AIR MUSEUM
“Hors D’oeuvres” WELCOME – 1:00 TO 4:00 PM
410/928.5270 - - www.masseyaero.org

FEBRUARY 2-4, 2010 ----- SEBRING, FL
U.S. SPORT AVIATION EXPO
SEBRING REGIONAL AIRPORT (SEF)
www.SPORT-AVIATION-EXPO.com

Saturday Event Notice

Seventy!

**YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO
FLY OR DRIVE TO A**

CELEBRATION BAR-B-Q

HONORING



will end on Saturday May 13th at Gilliam-McConnell Airfield 5NC3 in Carthage NC at the Pik N Pig Restaurant during their Fly-In Lunch. Cards will be distributed at many area airports between Rowan County and the Raleigh area. Your job is to show up at the Pik N Pig on Saturday June 13th between 10:30 and 11:30 with a hand of 4 cards from 4 different airports, then get your last one at the restaurant. The other participating airports and final rules will be announced on our web site www.eaa1083.com and by my e-mail list on Monday June 8th. Each hand will cost \$5.00 and all proceeds will be returned as prizes. Hint--you can pick up your first card at our First Saturday Lunch so you only have three more airports to visit, and one of them will probably be your base airport.

Lunch Buffet of all you want Burgers, Dogs, Grilled Pork, and our Famous Fresh Cut Fries,
Still just \$5.00

Thank-You for supporting EAA Chapter 1083

Jack E. Neubacher

President,

EAA Chapter 1083

www.EAA1083.com

Cell - (704) 213-6937

Seventy!

*YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO
FLY OR DRIVE TO A*

CELEBRATION BAR-B-Q

HONORING



PAUL

MARSCHALK

*SUNDAY JULY 19, 2009
NOON TO 3 O'CLOCK PM*

**GREENE COUNTY MUNICIPAL
AIRPORT – “KGCY”**

**246 AIRPORT ROAD
GREENEVILLE, TENNESSEE**

**KINDLY REPLY BY JULY 1, 2009 TO
SUE MARSCHALK 423-968-2090**

Sensational!

Items For SALE or Rent

If you have items for sale or rent, send the info to me. barrya1946@hotmail.com

Message from: Mike Hathaway

RV6-A N698CH took flight on 6-2-09. We will not have any fuel at RVN for the upcoming Young Eagles and maybe for the Ulster kids, please make other arrangements for fuel. We need lots of ground support as well as pilots.

Mike

The News Bug by: Barry Campbell

Recently I forwarded an e-mail from the FAASTeam regarding the News Bug. I have installed it and have used it each day by viewing the synopsis for each article and those that peek my interest, I click on the link to read further. So far I think that it is a very easy way to choose aviation related articles without using a browser. There are various options when you set it up, and a series of buttons at the bottom that let you set preferences and to a hide or an exit button. Here is a copy of the info.

“The free AFASF Aero-NewsBug is a real value, so we’re asking our fellow pilots to forward this notice to all their aviator friends,” said Master Instructors founders Sandy and JoAnn Hill, “so more pilots will see the notices of FAA FAASTeam safety seminars in their area, and realize how much valuable flying safety information that is available to them free.”

The Aero-NewsBug is a small aviation news reader that sits in the bottom right corner of a pilot’s

computer screen and carries aviation news as well as notices of FAA Team safety meetings within 100 miles of a pilot's zip code.

The Aero-Newsbug may be downloaded from the AFASF web page, www.AFASF.org; a click on the AFASF NewsBug tab provides a short tutorial on the Aero-Newsbug.

Unfortunate accident by Member Jim Pensinger

Jim was on his way to the meeting Sunday when he had to make an emergency landing, for more information you can click the link below. Fortunately, He received only minor injuries. <http://www.greenevillesun.com/story/303856>

Items from E-mails

From Al Campbell

Check out this seaplane, it was in CHS this morning, June 1st:

<http://www.dornierseaplane.com/content/about-dornier>

EAA e-Hotline

The 'Maverick' Flying Car

"This is a flying car, not a drivable airplane," Steve Saint says about the Maverick. It can drive 80 mph, navigate rugged terrain, float on water and, with the flip of a switch, fly. Steve and his team at ITEC designed and built the vehicle for frontier areas where traveling by road isn't always an option. It will be on display this summer at AirVenture. [Watch now.](#)

A good story if you have not read it before. From Bruce Campbell and also Bob Mausolf.

Subject: JUD ! YOU ARE ON F-I-R-E ! GET OUT OF THERE !
Needless to say that startling command . . . *Got my attention.*

Our in-flight refueling process was necessary, and routine, because the F-8 Crusader could not hold enough fuel to fly from California to Hawaii. Soon, after plugging-in to the tanker, my fuel gauges stirred, showing that all was well. In my cockpit, I was relaxed and confident.

My thoughts were, *"In a few hours I knew we'd all be having dinner at the Kaneohe O'Club on Oahu. "*

My fuel gauges indicated that the tanks were almost full. Then - **THUD !** I heard the crack of an explosion.

Instantly, I could see the RPM gauge unwinding with the tailpipe temperature dropping. The engine had quit – a flame-out !

I punched the mike button : *"This is Jud. I've got a flame-out !"* Unfortunately, my radio was already dead; I was neither sending nor receiving.

I quickly disconnected from the refueling tanker and nosed over, into a shallow dive, to pick up some flying speed to help re-start the engine. I needed those few seconds to think. I yanked the handle that extended the air-driven emergency electrical generator (RAT) into the slipstream, hoping to get ignition for an air start. The igniter's clicked gamely, and The RPM indicator started to climb slowly, as did the tailpipe temperature. For one tantalizing moment I thought everything would be all right. But

the RPM indicator hung uncertainly at 30 percent . . . Refused to go any faster. Jet fuel poured over the canopy and the **RED FIRE WARNING** light blinked **ON**.

At the same instant, powered by the RAT, my radio came back on. And a great babble of voices burst through my earphones.

Fuel was pouring out of my aircraft . . . From its tailpipe . . . From under the wings . . . The fuel had flowed together, then it ignited in . . .

.. A great awesome trail of fire !

I told my 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, rocketing me upward.

Nothing happened ! The canopy, was designed to jettison in the first part of the ejection sequence. But it did not move. It was still in place.

And so was I. I reached down between my knees for the alternate ejection-firing handle, and gave it a vigorous pull. Nothing happened.

I was trapped in 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.

With great effort, I pulled my thoughts together and tried to imagine some solution, as a voice in my earphones was shouting : “ *Ditch it !* ”

That suggestion must have come from the re-fueling tanker skipper or one of the destroyer commanders, because every jet fighter pilot knows you can’t ditch a jet fighter and survive. Upon impact with the water, it would usually destroy itself. I grabbed the control stick and leveled the aircraft. Then I yanked the alternate ejection handle once again. Nothing. That left me with only one imaginable way out : jettison the canopy manually, release your seat belt and harness, then jump out of the aircraft. 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 fighter. I had been told that this procedure, of bailing out of a jet, was almost impossible. The Crusader's high vertical fin's almost certain to strike the pilot’s body and kill him. My desperation was growing, and any scheme that offered a shred of success seemed better than riding the aircraft into the sea swells.

I disconnected the canopy with my hands. And it disappeared with a great whoosh. To move the tail slightly out of the way of my exiting body, I trimmed the aircraft to fly in a sideways skid . . . Nose high and with the rudder trimmed in a ‘ crab ’ to the right. I stood up in the seat, and held both arms in front of my face. I was harshly sucked out of the airplane. I cringed as I tumbled outside, expecting the tail to cut me in half !

Instantly, I knew I was uninjured. I was going too fast, so I waited . . . And waited . . .

Until my body decelerated to terminal velocity. Then I pulled the parachute's D-ring and braced for the opening shock. No shock. I heard a loud pop above me, but continued falling rapidly.

As I looked up, I saw the small pilot chute had deployed. But the main, 24-foot parachute had not opened !

I was stunned with disbelief and horror as I saw the parachute's neatly arranged white folds, tangled by the shroud lines.

Frantically, I shook and jerked the risers in an attempt to open the main chute. It didn’t do anything. Hand over hand, I pulled the parachute bundle down toward me, then wrestled with the shroud lines, trying to get the chute to billow open. But the parachute remained as a closed bundle with shroud lines wrapped around it. All the while I am

falling like a rock toward the Pacific ocean. I noticed a ring of turbulence in the ocean. It looked like a big stone had been thrown in the water with white froth in the center. I quickly realized, that was my Crusader crashing.

“Would I be next to crash?”

Again, I shook the parachute risers and jerked on the shroud lines, but the rushing air was holding my chute in a tight bundle. I began to realize that I had done all I could reasonably do. I was just along for a brutal ride that may kill or severely injure me.

I have no recollection of positioning myself properly nor even bracing for the impact. In fact, I don't remember slamming into the water at all.

At one instant, I was falling fast toward the ocean. Suddenly, I was very cold. And in an eerie world of half-consciousness, I thought : *“Am I alive ?”*

I finally decided : *“Yes, I think I am . . .”*

The cold water helped clear my senses. But as I flopped around in jostling 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 my mind told me there were some task I was supposed to do next. Then it dawned on me what it was. I need to get rid of the parachute ! It had billowed out underwater, and it was now tugging me down.

I tried reaching down for my hunting knife located in the knee pocket of my flight suit. I had to cut the shroud lines before the parachute 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. As I tried moving my feet, I could feel my broken ankle bones grating against each other.

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

Once free of the parachute, I began a tentative search for my survival pack. It should have been strapped to my hips. And it contained my one-man life raft, canned water, food, fishing gear, and dye markers. Not there.

The impact had ripped it off my body.

“How long would the Mae West sustain me ?”

I wasn't sure, but I knew I needed help fast. The salt water that I had swallowed felt like a rock in the pit of my gut. And, here I was, solo, 600 miles from shore, lolling in the deep troughs and crests of the vast Pacific. And my Crusader, upon which we had lavished such affection, was sinking the thousands of feet to the ocean's bottom. In about ten minutes, I heard the drone of propellers. Flying very low, the pot-bellied, four-engine refueling tanker came into view. They dropped several green dye markers near me, and some smoke flares a short distance away. 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 almost blacked out due to the intense pain. The tanker circled again and dropped another raft closer to me, but there was no way for me to get to it . . then 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 hour and minute hands were 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.

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 too high. And I knew he couldn't

make down, then make a successful take-off. He came in very low and dropped another raft; this one had a 200-foot floating lanyard attached.

The end of the lanyard landed barely ten feet from me. Using only my arms, I paddled gently backward. I caught hold of it and pulled the raft to me. I knew I couldn't crawl into the raft due to my physical condition. But I was able to get a good grip on its side and hold on. And

this gave me a little more security.

The Coast Guard amphibian pilot gained altitude and flew off and found some minesweepers returning from the Far East. He was not able to tune to their radio frequency, but the ingenious pilot lowered a wire and dragged it across one of the minesweeper's bows, then rocked his wings, heading back toward me. The minesweeper captain understood. He instantly veered off and headed at top speed in my direction.

I was fully conscious during the two and a half hours it took the mine sweeper to reach me. I spotted the ship while teetering on the crest of a wave. Soon, its great bow was pushing in close toward me. Sailors in orange life jackets were 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 my back."* I was now very cold and was concerned about increasing numbness in my legs. Perhaps, the imminence of rescue had 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 saying that. But then somebody gave me a shot of morphine. It erased part of my extreme pain. An hour or so later, a man was bending over me and asking questions. A doctor had been 'high-lined' over from the cruiser USS Los Angeles, now stationed along side the sweeper. He asked me : *"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. 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 along-side."* They got me into a wire stretcher, and hauled me, dangling and dipping, across the watery interval between the ships. In the Los Angeles's sickbay, and thank God they gave me another shot of morphine, before they started thrusting all sorts of hoses into my body. I could tell from all their activity, and their 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. Until finally, I threw-up about a quart or more of seawater and my nausea was relieved a bit. By listening to the medical team, I was able to piece together the nature of my injuries. 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 stunned into complete inactivity. The next morning, Dr. Valentine Rhodes told me that the U.S.S. Los Angeles was steaming at flank speed to a rendezvous with a helicopter 100 miles off shore from Long Beach. At 3:30 that afternoon, I was hoisted into the belly of a Marine helicopter, and we whirred off to a hospital ship, the USS Haven, docked in Long Beach. 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.

So I finally let go a few tears of relief, exhaustion, and thanks to God and to all hands. 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 artificial prodding. The Marine Corps discovered the cause of my flame-out, 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 at high pressure, to go beyond its capacity. The tank burst like a rubber balloon, causing a flame-out and very spectacular fire.

We will never know why the ejection seat failed because it is on the bottom of the ocean. The failure of the parachute is a mystery also. Like they say, "Some days you are the dog, but others you are the dog's fire-plug."

Do I feel lucky? That word doesn't even begin to describe my feelings. To survive a 15,000-foot free fall with an unopened chute is a fair enough feat. But my mind keeps running back to something Dr. Rhodes told me during those grim and desperate hours. He said that if I had had one, the spleen would have almost certainly would have ruptured at impact and I would have bled to death, internally.

Of the 25 fighter pilots in our squadron, I am the only one who didn't have a spleen. That always gives me something to think about. Perhaps it does you as well.

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

www.mofak.com/Ron_Knott_fighter_Pilot.htm;

Submitted by Richard Pike

Remnants of a Blue Angels crash pop up 50 years later

MORNING READ: Message from beyond? A Newport Beach family wonders.

By TOM BERG

The Orange County Register

NEWPORT BEACH It's just a small wooden box from Wal-Mart filled with sand and a few artifacts. Nothing much, it seems.

Until you hear of its extraordinary journey; how it found its way to Patrick Glasgow, and what it means to him.

"Is it my Dad saying, 'Hey, I'm still here and I'm looking out for you'?" Glasgow asks, holding the box tenderly.

Or is it more? Much more?

Glasgow, 63, of Newport Beach, last said goodbye to his dad Oct. 14, 1958, before leaving for school.

A few hours later, Navy pilot Robert Nicholls Glasgow, 36, climbed into the cockpit of an F-11 Tiger for his first flight as commander of the Blue Angels. Some 30 miles west of Naval Air Station Pensacola, in Florida, he practiced a loop, the story goes, and didn't pull out in time. For half a century, that was the end of it.

Then, last October, things started turning up on the beach that defied logic. And people started meeting up against impossible odds.

Some call it coincidence; some, **divine intervention**. Whatever, last month it led a stranger to drive 2,000 miles to meet Glasgow. She gave him a small box of sand.

And, now, hope.

DAILY WALK

Debbie Harris says she didn't "decide" to drive to California with what she found. She felt compelled. "It's either him or his angels causing this to happen," Harris says of the downed pilot. "But it's not a human thing. It's more. I'm just a conduit."

Harris was 5 when Glasgow crashed near her family's beach cottage, located in what is now the Bon Secour Wildlife Refuge, on the border of Florida and Alabama.

"(The crash) was always part of the family folklore – the stories Daddy would tell, and now we tell." As a child, playing on the beach, Harris found a handful of jet fragments, but nothing personal. Then, last fall, during her daily walk, a glint of something reflected in the sand caught her eye. It was a small metal emblem bearing Glasgow's: "Fighter Squadron 191."

It surfaced 50 years – almost to the day – of his crash.

"I thought, 'that's weird,'" say Harris, who wasn't looking for anything.

"But I didn't know what was coming next."

Harris tucked the emblem in an envelope and forgot about it. Until Feb. 17th.

For two days, a winter storm had interrupted her daily beach walk. But late that afternoon the winds shifted, causing a lull. Harris stepped outside.

"If there hadn't been a lull, I wouldn't have gone for a walk," she says. "If we didn't have a storm, (the wind) wouldn't have uncovered it."

"And if I had been looking up instead of down, I would've stepped over it."

But, of course, there was a storm. There was a lull. And she did happen to look down.

And there, in her path, lay the crumpled military dog tag of Robert N. Glasgow.

"I held it in my hand as the sun was setting," Harris says. "And I realized I was the first person to hold it since it was around his neck. I just got the chills."

She'd get them again later, when she learned Feb. 17 was the dead pilot's birthday.

NOT DONE YET

Harris immediately called her mother, her daughter, and her Aunt Maye, who offered to stop by the National Naval Aviation Museum in Pensacola to inquire about the pilot.

At first, Maye got nowhere. The director and both curators were gone. And the museum's librarian could find nothing on Cmdr. Glasgow.

But, while leaving, Maye bumped into the museum director getting in his car. She recounted her story.

"You won't believe this," the director said, "but I was with him the day of the accident."

Bob Rasmussen, 79, was not only a Blue Angels pilot; he'd led Cmdr. Glasgow on an orientation flight that morning. They flew in separate planes. Rasmussen elevated to check some new electronic gear, and when he returned, smoke was curling up from the beach.

"Of all the people in the world she might've contacted," Rasmussen says, "I'm the only one who had a personal knowledge of (the crash)."

Rasmussen invited Harris in to tell her story to the press. Within 24 hours, they had the name and phone number of the pilot's son in Newport Beach.

Harris invited the Glasgows to her place, but the cross-country flight proved too difficult for widow Mickie Sue Glasgow, 87, of Corona del Mar.

So Harris, along with her mother and brother, drove here.

The ceremony was small: close friends and relatives in the backyard of Patrick Glasgow, who grew up to fly F-4 Phantoms in the Marines and now is retired from the Orange County Sheriff's Department.

It was almost as if his father had returned after 50 years.

"Logically, it's just two pieces of metal in sand," Glasgow said later. "But I like to think this is my dad saying, 'I'm still watching out for you.' "

Yet if Cmdr. Glasgow was trying to speak, he wasn't done. Not yet.

TWO PIECES OF METAL

A few weeks later, Harris' Aunt Maye was making small talk with a gardener clearing her yard. When he was 8, the gardener said, his family was net-fishing off a deserted beach – and saw a jet crash.

His next words changed everything. Randy Powell saw the jet explode in mid-air – indicating mechanical error.

For 50 years, Patrick Glasgow had lived without a dad. And without an explanation for why his dad tried a maneuver on his orientation flight – and failed. It hurt.

"I always wondered 'What did my dad do wrong?'" he says.
Now he had the answer. All it took was a squadron emblem to appear on the 50th anniversary of the crash. And a dog tag to appear on his dad's birthday. And a crew mate to appear out of thin air. And an eyewitness to appear out of thinner air.
After all that, Patrick Glasgow had his answer: His dad did nothing wrong.
Logically, it's still two pieces of metal in a box of sand. Nothing much, it seems. Until you know how it got here and what it means.
"I take it as my dad saying, 'I'm still here looking out for you. And I want you to know the truth.'"

Some interesting photos about this story in the following websites:

<http://www.oregister.com/articles/glasgow-harris-dad-2420900-beach-says>

<http://www.oregister.com/photos/glasgow-harris-dad-2420900-beach-says/pid2420916>

<http://www.oregister.com/photos/glasgow-harris-dad-2420900-beach-says/pid2420917>

An amazing piece of visual history. We're lucky someone managed to save this piece of flying history.....

This is a film clip from Austrian archives showing the Wright Brothers demonstrating their plane in Italy in 1909.

What is fantastic is there was an on-board camera on the Wright plane and the last part of this film shows it. It's crystal clear. If you haven't seen it, you must see this important film. Wilbur Wright is at the controls on both of the flights

[Www.europafilmtreasures.eu/PY/322/fiche technique.htm?ID=322](http://www.europafilmtreasures.eu/PY/322/fiche_technique.htm?ID=322)

You can enlarge it to full screen. There are a few links to more information about the film.

FREE, interactive online ASF courses, our newest course - *Accident Case Study: Airframe Icing* - will definitely be of interest to you.

TAKE THE COURSE

