



GRAMPAW PETTIBONE

Nerve and Guts

Returning to base after a routine training mission, a *Fury* pilot was making a simulated flameout approach. While at 7500 feet and at an airspeed of 200 knots in his turn, he attempted to lower the gear. Two wheels came down, but the starboard gear failed to extend.

He took it around, and another Tiger in a *Fury* joined up to look him over. He reported that the aft hinge of the starboard wheel was sheared and the twisted door had jammed the wheel in its well.

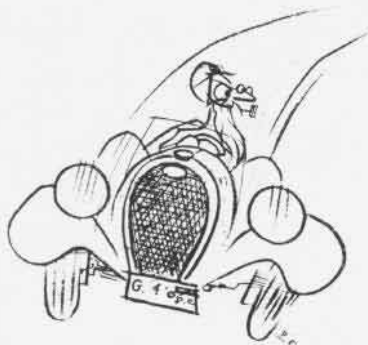
While circling the field, the first *Fury* pilot went through all the proper emergency procedures for lowering the jammed landing gear, but had strictly negative results. Drop tanks were jettisoned in preparation for an emergency landing on two wheels or possible ejection.

The two pilots conferred by radio, and upon agreement between the two, the second *Fury* pilot slid into a close formation position and attempted to dislodge the jammed wheel doors with his port wing tip! His left wing tip contacted the damaged door as planned, but at the same instant, his dorsal fin struck his buddy's starboard aileron. As the aircraft broke free of each other, the jammed wheel door tore off and the wheel came down and locked. Both aircraft entered the pattern and made a normal landing.

Grampaw Pettibone Says:

Great balls of fire! Of three possible courses of action, these lads chose the most hazardous. We coulda lost two real gung-ho boys! It would have been better to land the *Fury* with the jammed gear, rather than risk another aircraft and another life.

In the words of his C.O., pilot number two demonstrated a proper degree of confidence and intrepidity desired of fighter pilots, but displayed a disconcerting lack of judgment in applying it to this particular situation.



Light Buster

A pair of FJ-3D *Furies* were scheduled for a VFR flight from their home base on a simulated hurricane evacuation flight to Columbus, Ohio. The flight was flown as planned and the two aircraft arrived over Columbus without incident shortly after dark. During the let-down, at about 7000 feet, the flight leader ordered his wingman "Go to button 3 for tower."

The descent continued but the wingman was unable to raise either the tower or the flight leader on this frequency. They were swinging upwind for the break at 2500 feet by this time so he decided to go to *guard* channel at the first opportunity. After a normal break and on the downwind leg the wingman tried to dial in button 3 manually, turning the *lights up full* to

do so. Number 3 was still no good so he switched to *guard* and after about three tries finally raised the tower and was cleared to land. By this time he had made a very deep base leg and was about four miles out on final for a straight in.

Meanwhile a commercial airliner reported in above and behind the *Fury*, and the tower advised the airliner to take it around since he had a jet on deep final. The *Fury* pilot misunderstood the transmission, so he called and asked if he was to go around. The tower and he cut each other out on this transmission and the tower then repeated, "Jet on final, cleared to land."

Our *Fury* pilot rogered. Immediately thereafter, the fighter struck a six-foot high set of approach lights at about 130 knots 900 feet short of the threshold of the runway; continued on, cleaning out four complete sets of approach lights. Ground contact was finally made 340 feet short of the runway and the aircraft skidded to a stop about 1000 feet up and to the left of the strip he was aiming for. The *Fury* was a strike, but the pilot unscathed.

Grampaw Pettibone Says:

Sufferin' catfish! Son, you got so all-fired wrapped up in your radio gear that you clean forgot you were in a flyin' machine! Turning the lights up bright probably pretty well destroyed any night vision you



had in the first place. You flew such a deep base leg while you were dialing in button 3 manually, the tower couldn't even locate you in the pattern!

Switching to guard channel immediately is well within the intent of current communication instructions when a failure to the normal channel is apparent. You can make that switch without losin' normal interval on your leader. There comes a time when you should give up tryin' to "salvage a poor landing approach and go 'round again."

Beartrapped

An AD pilot had put in a long day. On a scheduled admin hop he had flown from his East Coast base to Atlanta, Mayport, and JAX, and was returning home on a VFR flight plan. As he approached his home field at dusk, he could see by cloud-to-cloud and cloud-to-ground lightning that he had thunderstorms east, west, and north of the field, so he requested a straight in approach. At 500 feet and two miles from the field, he had to go on instruments as he entered heavy rain and severe turbulence.

The *Skyraider* hit a down draft, 50 feet showed on the altimeter, and the pilot poured the power to it. Just then two distinct solid bumps were felt. Although the AD was hard to control thereafter, a slow climb-out on instruments was made in and out of the storms to about 800 feet. A brief glimpse of the runway was had but then a left turn had to be made to avoid a big storm to the north. As the pilot approached his southerly escape heading, he found the wing wouldn't come up and another 360° turn was made around the field. This time he made it and headed south.

Glancing out to check the damage as the rain diminished, he saw that two or three feet of his starboard wing was gone! Breaking out in the clear, he climbed slowly to 8000 feet and

checked for slow flight at 150 knots, with everything down, and found the AD controllable. A successful, although difficult, landing was made at an alternate field with a long runway.



Grampaw Pettibone Says:

Well, by gum, son! You had me worried, but I guess you're a true believer now. Thunderstorms are mighty peculiar phenomena. They look like they're just hangin' there in the air off the edge of the field hardly moving, but very few people, even in jets, seem to be able to beat one down to the runway. Those three storms really beartrapped you, with a clear look at the runway as bait. Nuff said! I'm sure you've got the message.

right and left, on the climb out to four or five thousand feet, a split S and return passes with repeats on the rolls and split S's.

On his last course reversal at 1037Q he was seen pulling vapor trails as he attempted a pull out from the split S. The *Fury* struck the water at about a 30° angle, and disintegrated. The pilot's helmet, a punctured pararaft, and a piece of the ejection seat were recovered.



Grampaw Pettibone Says:

Jumpin' Jehosaphat!! How a man can deliberately flat-hat in this manner, imperiling over 1000 men on a ship, when he KNOWS they



Someone will have to write his folks....

Show-off

An FJ-3 *Fury* pilot was scheduled for a live missile firing hop from a Caribbean base. The flight leader had decided to cancel out the firing because of adverse weather and to return his flight to base with the unexpended missiles. On the return flight, the wing man requested a look at the USS *Boston*, known to be in the area. The flight leader led him in an orbit well clear of the ship, pointed it out, and continued on in to base for landing.

Break and landing were normal until the flight leader blew a tire on the runway and the wing man took a wave off. He reported 2000 pounds of fuel and was instructed to go up and burn down to 1500 pounds prior to landing. At 1025Q he acknowledged and was last seen heading northeast accelerating to a high rate of speed.

At 1030Q the USS *Boston* reported a *Fury* making a low pass below bridge level, at 30 to 50 feet off the water, crossing the bow, and doing rolls both

have his buno and side number and that he is undoubtedly tossing his hard-earned wings in the ash can, is beyond me. I'll bet that so many people were on the air putting him on report that it sounded like a truck-load of startled turkeys were loose in the control tower at his home base.

It's a direct responsibility of every pilot in a squadron, both from a military and moral point of view, to report to his C.O., any man who exhibits such tendencies. It's better to get a man hauled on the carpet *right now*, than to have to attend his funeral later. Statistics show that most flat-hatters are never punished—they're dead.



When you feel those horns pokin' right up through your hard hat, shove 'em back again and GO HOME!

