



# GRAMPAW PETTIBONE

## Rescue

Day rescues and life-saving have become so frequent to helo pilots these days that a man has to be in really "dire straits" before "they consider it a real save."

While cruising in the Atlantic, the radio watch aboard a CVS intercepted an appeal for help from a merchant ship which had a crewman aboard who was stricken with peritonitis and in need of immediate medical assistance. The big carrier's C.O. decided to steam to the assistance of the merchant ship, transfer the sick man by whaleboat to a destroyer, highline him to the carrier, and then COD him to a hospital ashore.

The OinC of the HU detachment aboard the CVS insisted the sick man's transfer could be done more expeditiously by helo. Since it would be done after dark, an AD5W could launch ahead of the helo and vector him by radar to the merchant ship. The C.O. agreed.

The HUK-1 was launched some 40 miles from the merchant ship and was immediately contacted by the AD5W, which had him on radar, and vectored directly over the ship. The helo pilot

made a careful survey of the merchant ship, using his landing lights, and his rescue aircrewman lowered a stokes litter through the maze of rigging as the helo hovered. A very successful pickup of the sick seaman was made and, again vectored by the ever watchful AD5W, the helo returned to the



CVS. The entire mission was logged as a "Personnel Transfer, Night."



*Grampaw Pettibone says:*

Bust my buttons! An ASW force at sea is a mighty potent fightin' machine. They're so used to workin' as a team that the Commanding Officer has a real job deciding which of 'em to turn loose on a mercy job such as this.

Ol' Gramps sure wonders just how many "saves" helos have made of people in distress. HU-2 alone had around 840 last count I saw. You helo outfits drop me a card, and Gramps will print a box score.

I'll betcha the total will be a dilly.

## Memo from Gramp

Been receivin' so many reports of Gooney birds gettin' in the way of the barrier squadron "Connies" at Midway, that I've been tossin' and turnin' these nights trying to dream up a solution to this fix they're in. Finally hit on the solution one dark and stormy night.

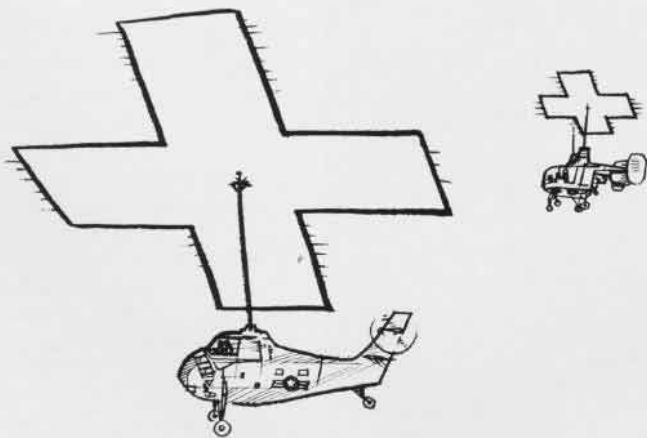
**Solution:** Import some Pensacola buzzards to pass the word to the Goonies. It is a well-known fact that it is impossible to fly an airplane into a Pensacola buzzard, as everyone who has completed flight training at Pensacana attest. I myself have chased them all over north-western Florida and parts of Alabama and never caught one yet.

It is considered that this one action, if properly supervised, will positively eliminate accidents of this nature.

A note of caution, however; only Pensacola buzzards will do, as pilots who have tried to dodge buzzards elsewhere will testify. The result of this experiment might be a new breed of birds known as BUZZOONIES.

**Alternate solution:**

Require all Goonies (estimated population by rough count, 2½ million birds) be equipped with a red rotating anti-collision beacon and be painted a fluorescent orange. These are minimum requirements to improve their being sighted by worried pilots on takeoff and landing. BuWeps safety people oughta get right on this.



## A Slight Case of Vertigo

Four AD-6 Skyraiders were launched at dusk from an attack carrier to run some low visibility intercepts.

It was a particularly dark night with no moon, and the horizon was non-existent. The star-studded sky seemed to blend into the inky black water below.

The flight split up into two sections to begin the exercises, maintaining a 1000-foot separation between bogies and friendlies. Both sections inadvertently flew through clouds from time to time and because of the poor visibility, were on instruments practically all the time.

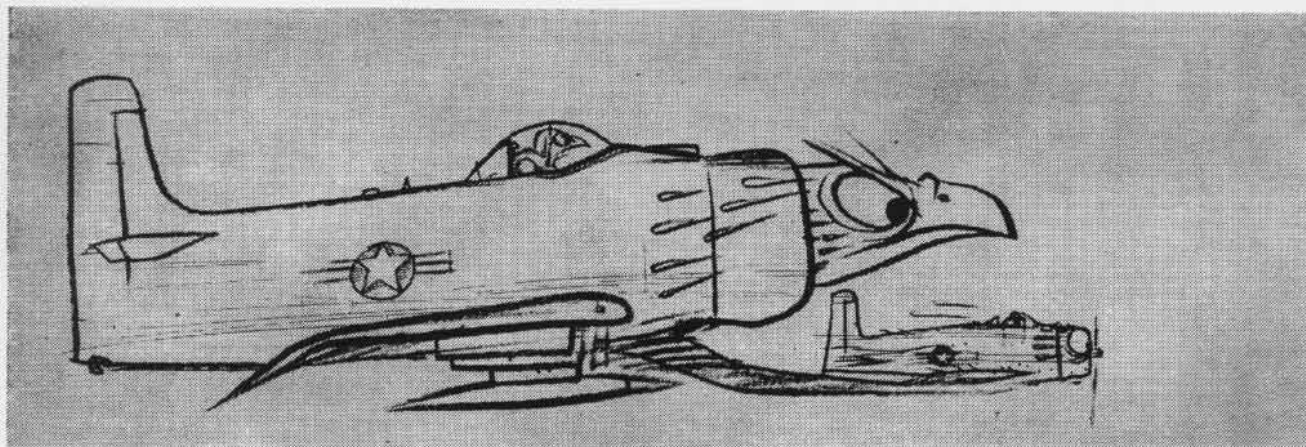
The bogey section, cruising at 5000 feet, was vectored to a new heading, and the leader started into a shallow

meter—3500 feet. Putting his hand on the chute's "D" ring, he crouched in the seat, sheltered by the windshield, and then leaned out. The shrieking wind immediately tore his hard hat completely off, and as he continued to push his way out against the slipstream, the wind caught his right arm and flung it back, "D" ring and all! The pilot chute popped, and the whole cockpit seemed full of white parachute and riser cords. He seemed pinned against the canopy.

Momentarily he thought of gathering the whole thing up in his arms and jumping anyway, but gave that up as hopeless. Falling back down in the seat again, he chopped the power and pulled back on the stick as hard as he could. Watching the altimeter unwind as he pulled, he saw it go through 500

pulled 10 G's, etc., also "If you read me, rock your wings". The other AD rocked his wings and then made a series of very gentle turns back toward the carrier, now alerted to the emergency situation and standing by with a ready deck and every light on bright.

As they came up astern the flight leader started a let-down to the left, and vertigo struck the wingman again. Overcontrolling and pretty wobbly, he promptly went on the gauges this time, turned to a heading of North, where he knew the nearest land to be, and headed out, transmitting in the blind his intentions, heading and altitude. Although concentrating on his instruments, he became aware of a small blinking white light coming in from below him and to one side. This materialized into his flight leader, swinging



right turn. The wingman stated later he felt a little funny, looked around, up and down, and saw nothing but stars. Suddenly an uncontrollable feeling that they were inverted and doing a split S hit him! The leader's relative position on his canopy kept moving up, and the wingman found himself looking straight up at the leader. Thinking his section leader had vertigo, he broke away to the right, afraid they were flying into the water, and then glanced at his own gyro horizon.

It looked like something he'd seen during instrument training and only then in an unusual attitude!

"I've got vertigo" he called.

"Go on your gauges! Go on your gauges!"—this from the flight leader.

"I'm spinning."

"Bail out! Bail out!"

The wingman opened the canopy, unbuckled, and glanced at the alti-

ft. and approach zero! The gyro horizon was showing wings level and suddenly the AD began to shudder and he now noted the airspeed falling below 100 knots.

Jamming on full throttle and easing the nose over, completely on the gauges now, he pulled the risers and flapping pilot chute back in the cockpit and stuffed them under him as best he could. He had just finished closing the canopy when another AD pulled up ahead, lights on bright. His flight leader had arrived to aid the disoriented wingman.

Feeling a need to communicate, the affected pilot remembered his oxygen mask, which should be still in the cockpit as he hadn't been wearing it when the hard hat was lost. It was. Plugging in the mike cord, he called the other AD and told him his troubles; hardhat gone, chute in the cockpit, vertigo,

into a lead position again to take him to the airfield ashore. The rest of the hop and final landing were without incident.



*Grampaw Pettibone says:*

Son, you had me worried! The fog count in your cockpit was pretty high until you finally remembered that the GAUGES are your ONLY salvation in a situation like this! You were darn lucky you were in an AD. Anything else would have come unglued in a 10 G pullout.

Even though we say oxygen is required above 5000 feet at night it sure doesn't hurt a bit to use it at 4000. Sharpens your vision and tones you up, at least Ol' Gramps thinks so.

Your flight leader worked like a mother hawk keepin' you tucked in under his wing at every opportunity, no matter how hard you tried to escape him. I'd keep him well stocked with his favorite brand from now on out.