



# GRAMPAW PETTIBONE

## Hot Stuff

A young airman was ordered to change the oxygen regulator in an F2H-4 *Banshee* one raw and cold morning. He had done the job before without incident, so was allowed to work alone. Removing his heavy jacket, he climbed into the cockpit and closed the canopy. (Remember, it was cold outside.) He hadn't disconnected the battery because he had never been told to do so and never gave it a thought. He had also been informed that it was simpler to bleed the oxygen lines from inside the cockpit, although the oxygen supply could be shut off from outside the aircraft.

He therefore bled the oxygen line, the oxygen escaping-into the closed cockpit, and was in the process of changing the oxygen regulator when he dropped it! The regulator fell against a circuit breaker, causing sparks which ignited the oxygen. The whole cockpit erupted in flames.

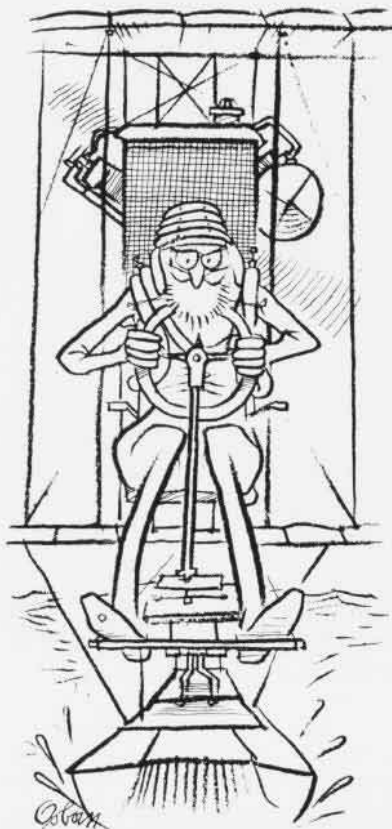
Opening the canopy, the man dove out of the flaming cockpit and rolled on the ground in a vain attempt to extinguish his flaming clothing and hair. Other men nearby smothered the fire with their jackets, and he fortunately survived, although he'll spend about three months flat on his back getting some pretty extensive second and third degree burns treated.



*Grampaw Pettibone says:*

Great balls of fire! This young airman had one of the sketchiest checkouts on his assigned job I've ever run across. The only reason he never started a roaring blaze before is because he was LUCKY!

Regular and liquid oxygen are just about the most dangerous substances we have around an airplane. You've got to treat that system like you were disarming a fuse. This maintenance outfit better GET WITH IT! Give the non-rated men the benefit of the supervision of a good well-qualified petty officer. You may not be able to teach that old hand many new tricks, but remember the new hand has 'em ALL to learn!



## All Up and Locked

A young student pilot was walking across a taxiway using the designated walkway en route to his T-28 when he was run down by a taxiing SNB!

His attention at the time was directed to the control tower "to ascertain the duty runway." He NEVER DID see the Beech, even after he'd been clobbered!

Neither the SNB pilot, his co-pilot, or the clobbered student knew what had happened. Another SNB taxiing along the same taxiway saw the dazed student pilot picking himself up off the ground, but thought he had stumbled or tripped.

The accident was not discovered until the SNB (hit and run type, isn't he?) was informed his radio antenna was broken. He returned to the line, and there a bent pitot tube was found

as well as the smashed antenna. A quick phone call revealed that the sick bay had a dazed student there who had been hit by an unknown object.

He had apparently been hit by the nose of the Beech, knocked down by the pitot tube, raked by the radio antenna, and somehow NOT been run over by the tail wheel! How the prop missed him no one will ever know



*Grampaw Pettibone says:*

Bloody my nose and black my eyes O' Swivel Head, as he is known to the rest of the gang in his flight class, is now as skittery as a hen partridge in the spring when the big lads are drummin' all over the area.

Those Beech pilots musta been workin' on their flight plans as the taxied out. Its pretty hard to see over the nose of an SNB, but even people with channel vision can see down the side. A little old-fashioned S-turnin is a big help too. This was a clear case of ALL HEADS UP AND LOCKED!

## Out Like a Light

A young NavCad had complete several acrobatic maneuvers during regular syllabus training flight. He was flying a T2J-1 and, since he had not accumulated 37 hours in this mode felt very much at ease.

Prior to take-off, however, he had some difficulty with his oxygen mask. A sticking flapper valve made exhalation difficult, and he had to blow forcefully in the mask occasionally to correct what he thought was a minor problem. Other students had complained about similar difficulties with this mask previously, therefore he had not considered cancelling the flight.

The flight proceeded normally. The pilot did loops, barrel rolls, immelmans and half Cuban eights, covering from 12,000 to 20,000 feet in altitude. Suddenly the situation took a turn for the worse. He had a headache which progressively became worse. He also began to feel slightly dizzy and nauseated.

The young man now decided to do one more maneuver and return home.

From that point on, the pilot remembered nothing, either the maneuver he was attempting nor how he ejected, for this he did do. He recalled only that his vision became blurred. He did not know whether he used the face curtain as "D" ring nor even recall the parachute descent.

His streaming parachute, automatic equipment functioning perfectly, and his apparently unconscious descent into a swampy area, where his chute finally hung up in an 80-foot tree, was observed by another aircraft and reported to S/R at a nearby field.

A flight surgeon was lowered by helo hoist into the knee deep swamp water. The pilot was still only semi-conscious, so a stretcher was improvised with small trees, straps, and shroud lines from the parachute. A local fisherman who had been first on the scene helped carry the helpless pilot to his motorboat. The lad was then taken upstream about three miles to the nearest place a helicopter could safely land.

Subsequently, after only 10 days hospitalization, the young man was returned to duty.



#### Grampaw Pettibone Says:

**Jumpin' Jehosophat!** This young man nearly had it! Subsequent investigation disclosed quite a few other Navcads who had defective masks and were only lucky that they were not STATISTICS!

When operating at altitudes above where we normal air-breathin' critters can live and function properly, that oxygen mask is the thread that guarantees you'll remain a member of the livin', breathin' group. Take care of it and just 'cause it's free, government issue and all that, don't abuse it. Remember, an oxygen gripe is a downing gripe.

The problems the Navcads were having with their masks could hardly have escaped the attention of their instructors. Any instructor who wouldn't do something about it or instruct his student to have the mask checked just isn't "worth his salt." These lads are new at our business. With a little guidance we can keep 'em with us for a full tour. Let's not have the blind leading the blind.

#### AOCP Toes

An A3D pilot and his two crewmen were launched in their big bird late

one afternoon, scheduled for a competitive, high-altitude bombing exercise mission of about four and a half hours duration. After passing 5000 feet in the climb-out from the carrier, the pilot noted he had a malfunction in his heating system. The pressurization system was operating normally, but he had no cockpit heat with the control in either the automatic or normal positions.

All three crewmembers were wearing the same type of clothing—summer flight suit, cotton socks, boondockers, and light underwear. None had leather flight jackets or any other heavy clothing whatever.

The pilot briefly considered aborting the mission but decided to continue and fly the last portion at lower altitudes.

The first hour of the hop was flown at 34,000 feet. Outside air temperature was minus 30° Centigrade (-22° F.). All plexiglass was now frosted over except the windshield area immediately ahead of the pilot. The next 45 minutes were flown at 31,000 feet, the outside air temp being minus 20° Centigrade (-4° F.). There was no way of determining the cockpit temperature, but all three men were experiencing severe chills, all were shaking and shivering, and the pilot himself stated his legs were numb from the knees down. The bomber-navigator was able periodically to remove his shoes and rub his feet to stimulate circulation, but the pilot was unable

to leave the controls or exercise at all.

Although he had planned the return flight at 10,000 feet, the pilot had to remain at 20,000 for the last two hours to allow enough fuel reserve for return to the ship. Temperature here was only minus 10° Centigrade (+14° F.).

A normal night approach and mirror landing aboard was accomplished although the canopy remained frosted over and the windshield had to be continually wiped off on the inside to enable him to see the mirror.

During the remainder of the night, the pilot suffered great pain in his feet, his toes turned blue, and he was finally treated and hospitalized for 13 days for severe FROSTBITE!



#### Grampaw Pettibone says:

**Great horned toadies!** It beats me the things some people get away with! Flight jackets, all types of winter flight gear, and poopy suits are FREE and should be utilized. Heavy underwear and heavy socks, if not available for issue, are a small investment but sure bring big returns in solid comfort. In peacetime, long duration high altitude missions SHOULD BE ABORTED if a suitable cockpit environment cannot be maintained.

A half-frozen pilot is pretty likely to make a half-baked approach to the ship, endangering his own life, his crew, the ship, and two million bucks worth of jet airplane. There's just no substitute for good headwork.



*The plucky Boy Scout who will freeze everyone to Death*