Interceptor

OCTOBER 1979

Final Issue

Interceptor

FOR THE MEN AND WOMEN RESPONSIBLE FOR AEROSPACE DEFENSE

VOL 21
NO 10

SPOTLIGHT

Doing what you like is freedom.
Liking what you do is happiness.
Frank Tyger

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

OUR COVER

ADCOM—A proud heritage!

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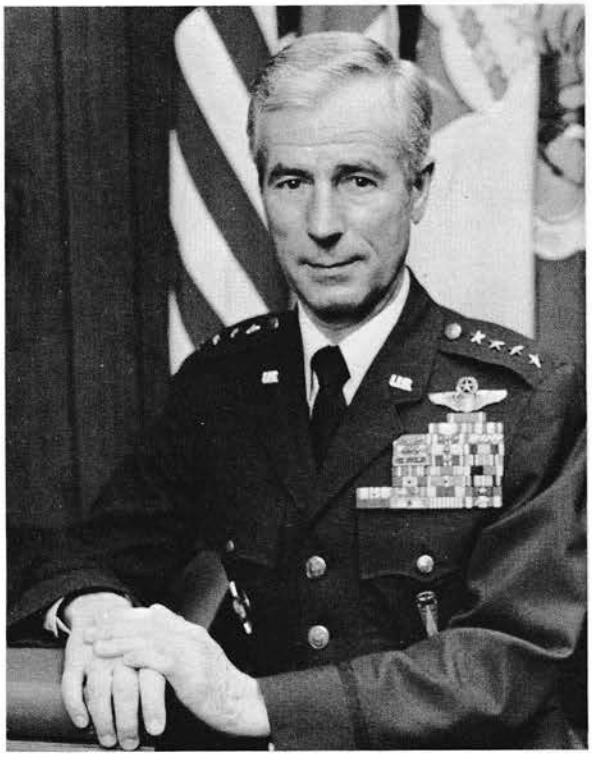
IN THE INTEREST OF SAFETY
PASS ME ALONG TO A FRIEND



"The end of one era and the beginning of another."

With the transfer of the management responsibility of the air defense resources to the Tactical Air Command, we have reached the end of one era and the beginning of another.

The Air Defense and later Aerospace Defense Command has provided both active and Air National Guard fighter interceptor squadrons to the operational control of the Commander in Chief, North American Air Defense Command, for more than 22 years. During that time, thousands of dedicated, professional skilled men and women have insured the readiness of an interceptor and control force capable of meeting the air defense needs of North America.

Under the reorganization plan, the requirement will continue to exist for that same degree of skill and attention to duty. The only change will be that you individuals who man that force will be wearing the Tactical Air Command patch.

I commend every one of you for the loyalties demonstrated over the past years. I also challenge you to meet your future responsibilities with the same enthusiasm and devotion that have made me proud to serve with you in a mission that is so vital to our nation's security.

Good luck and Godspeed.

James E. Hill, General, USAF
Commander in Chief

HOT LINE

LAST ISSUE. As we close down the presses on the final issue of INTERCEPTOR, the staff would like to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to you folks for supporting the magazine over the past years. Speaking for all the people who have worked on the INTERCEPTOR over the past 20-plus years, we thank you for the articles, stories, photos, and most importantly, your interest—the life-blood of a magazine of this nature. We print this last issue with a bit of nostalgia in our hearts and, in this vein, have included some history provided by Roger Crewse, one last Coolstone reprint, and a salute to all of our Miss Incerceptors. In the future, we in the ADTAC Safety office will be providing material pertaining to air defense to TAC ATTACK. Please continue to assist us in this endeavor with your articles. You can send them to us at ADTAC/SE or direct to TAC ATTACK. With the discontinuance of INTERCEPTOR, everyone that has been receiving the magazine will automatically begin receiving a like number of TAC ATTACK, beginning with the October issue. We thank you again for your support and wish you the best of luck.

AN FSO WRITES: To many of us who have spent our careers in ADCOM, the forthcoming reorganization and absorption of our flying mission by TAC are viewed with mixed emotions and more than a trace of nostalgia. As we change patches, however, we should do so with a feeling of pride in knowing that we bring to our new command a sense of professionalism and the ability to fulfill well our air defense/air superiority missions with equipment which is somewhat less than "state of art." Despite the age of our fleet, we managed to have our best mishap record ever in 1978, and we're still looking good in 1979. This despite 0-dark-30 scrambles, an aggressive ACT program, deployed alert detachment operations, and regular deployments to RED FLAG, COLLEGE DART, COMBAT PIKE, etc., etc. Why? People! It's our people who make the difference—from commanders down to the newest wrenchbender on the flight line who take pride in their ability to do the job and do it right. Maybe that's one advantage of being a member of a small command where the feeling of camaraderie is strong and just doing a job is tantamount to putting your signature on it to signify that it's been done well. It's our aircrews who have learned to maximize training realism without placing themselves or their aircraft in jeopardy by pressing beyond the limits justified in peacetime operations. It's our supervisors who have developed channels for open communication in such a way that people are not made to feel like "non-hackers" when they voice qualms they might have about being overcommitted with respect to a given task or mission. It's our maintenance personnel who have refused to become complacent and take for granted aircraft which have been with us since the zebras were in basic training. Finally, it's our controllers who complete the team by getting our fighters on target and back again safely despite the increasingly crowded skies in which we operate. This, then, is the really valuable resource which TAC will be gaining—our people, and the wealth of experience which they represent. It is, therefore, incumbent upon each of us to ensure that we take, intact, to our new command the high degree of go-for-it professionalism which we know to be the trademark of the Aerospace Defense team. (CAPT SHELBY WILSON. AFI/SE)

F-102 PILOTS. Reunion plans have been finalized for November 9 and 10, 1979, at Sheppard AFB, TX, in conjunction with dedication of a pedestal-mounted F-102. Anyone interested in attending should contact Col John M. Franklin, 4300 Shady Lane, Wichita Falls, TX 76309; AUTOVON 736-2603/4495; Home Phone (817) 692-6081.

How the INTERCEPTOR was born

by Roger Crewse • AFISC/SER

Just about this time—October 1958—21 years ago, I had been at Palmdale as the F-106 project officer attending a contractors' technical compliance inspection (TCTI). A group of people, all experts with the exception of myself, were buying the aircraft by observing whether the contractor had complied with the specifications or not. My contributions were mainly limited to unsupressed "gee whizzes" every time one of the contractors' group told us about a specific aircraft system and how it performed. After we got to where we could fly the airplane in weather, two or three years after delivery, it has never disappointed us. In fact, right today that still is a "gee whizz" bird, one of the true Cadillacs of the world's flying community.

But that is not what I set about writing. It was on my return from this particular TDY that my story really starts. My wife and I had a cabin on the Old Stage Road and she and the kids had gone up there early in the week. I was to meet her there that Friday evening when I got back from Palmdale. I went by the Safety office after duty hours to check my mail and couldn't find my desk. It just simply wasn't there. The implications of course weren't good. When a fellow loses his desk in the bureaucracy, chances are someone is trying to tell him something.

I went on up to the cabin and met the wife and kids there. The next morning about 10 o'clock a car comes scratching its way up the little old mining road to our cabin. It turned out to be Col George Orr, who at that time was Chief of Safety for ADC. He had his family with him—his kids and my kids were about the same age—and he had brought a picnic lunch and some beer, which our wives were sorting out while Col Orr and I sat on the porch soaking up the Colorado sunshine, and I might add, in view of my recent California experience, soaking up a lot of good Colorado air. In the course of conversation I happened to mention to him that I had not been able to find my desk. He said, "Roger, I have been meaning to talk to you about that. You know we got authorization for a command safety magazine and we have been looking for an editor." I said, "Yeah."

He said, "Well, we found an editor." I said, "Yeah", knowing full well what was on his mind. He said, "You are the editor of the INTERCEPTOR." I said, "But I am your F-106 project officer, the first and only, and I haven't even flown the aircraft yet." He said, "the INTERCEPTOR is a more important job." I pled my case as best I could; that I had flunked every English class I took, that expletives made up 40 to 60 percent of my vocabulary, and that I was pilot-oriented to the degree that it was extremely difficult for me to believe that there was such as thing as a dumb pilot—just dumb airplanes designed by dumb people, maintained by a dumb support system —and that pilots had to make up for all the dumb things everybody else did. He thought that over a bit and suggested that the facts hardly bore that out. I told him right there —him with his feet up on my porch rail—that I never let a fact stand in my way. My head was made up. He said, "That's good enough for me, I'll go with that. You dedicate that magazine to reducing the opportunities for the pilots to make mistakes and I'll support you."

When I got to work the following Monday I found my desk and I found that I had Craig Schafer as ån art director, SSgt Rolf Docterman as his assistant. TSgt Nick Zetta as a managing editor, and the promise of two pilots for assistant editors, as well as a gal to help us put it together. There was just one major problem—not a one of us—not any of us—had ever put out anything vaguely resembling a magazine. We didn't know how you did it, how to contract for it, what the production stages were. None of that, or anything vaguely resembling it, had ever been within the scope of our experience.

Nick Zetta and I took a crash course on magazine publication. We got a T-bird, and since Nick didn't have an altitude card, flew at 18,000 to SAC and looked at the way they put their "AIRCREW" together, and MAC to see how they put their "FLIER" together; then came back to Colorado Springs knowing more than we really wanted to know about magazine publication. The reason I remember the 18,000 ft is I had to go through a TSTM on the way back. During the month, Captains Harry Tyndale and John Lane showed up as the assistant editors. During this same time frame we had our first experience in hiring a Civil Service employee (everyone should go through that at least once) and finally settled on Ann Malcolm, whose only qualification as far as we knew was that she always wanted to work on a magazine. We kept our record pure—no experience. In fact, not a one of us even had a college degree—unless it was Nick or Craig. In the midst of this, a printing contract was let and Harry, John, and I began figuring out departments, specialties, and the first series of articles that we would run in the January 1959 INTERCEPTOR edition. I wrote my first Coolstone then—not because of a burning desire to publish Coolstone—but because we were desperate for three pages. It concerned a very real problem at the time, which was in essence trying to get out of a military airport under IFR conditions when the name of the game was to give you climb instructions just as your wheels were in the well—a very aggravating experience.

Harry Tyndale, who has written with tremendous insight some of the most penetrating material on pilot mistakes in stressful conditions ever written, gave us a hint of his capabilities when he wrote "Too Modern for Legends" in that first issue. John Lane scrounged material from Convair, The Defense Forces (Western, Central, and Eastern). And a weather man by the name of Everson came up with one of the best treatments of weather information for fighter pilots that I have ever seen any place. Craig and Doc put together the cover, laid out the pictures, and created real attractive formats for our departments which we could live with for a long time. As I recall, during 1957 or 1958 ADC had 240 plus accidents and our editorial efforts were limited to just deciding which one we were going to brief—and fill two pages.

We learned a lot about typesetting, proofs, and photo-ready copy. I also learned as editor that there is a law of diminishing returns. There comes a point when as you try to take two mistakes out, you get three more back, and that is when you should quit. We ran five proofs on that first issue and there were still lots of typos in the final copy. We finally got the whole wad to the printer in photo-ready condition, and we practically lived with the presses until the first copy of that first issue was put together. It even went into the mail on time. Nick boxed it himself and pasted on the labels.

We had a party at Harry's place after Christmas. Harry had the paper hanging all around his party room showing each stage of the magazine, from the rough drafts of the articles to the final sheets that made up a completed magazine. We drank and giggled a lot about the agonizing we had gone through to get that issue out. Everybody in Safety was there—Harry, John, Nick, Ann, Craig, Doc, and I sat around smiling smugly, proud of our baby, until I had a horrible thought. We just spent 3 months putting together the first magazine and had exactly 21 days to get the next one together. It took all the fun out of the party. We didn't have the first word

for the next one, other than the departments we set up. We didn't even know what we were going to write for the next one.

I was a member of the Aerospace Defense Command from February 1951, when our Guard unit was called up, to November 1974, when I moved to my present job. I was, and still am, extremely proud of our command. We pioneered fighter weather flying; we provided a defense capability second to none in the world, whether the threat was real or imagined; and our pilots, WSOs, and maintenance personnel, were second to none in their capabilities and dedication. We made breakthroughs in our attitudes toward safety that were copied by all the rest of the Air Force. I still tingle a bit when I think of the first time I ever read "a job well done is inherently safe" hand and glove with its companion, "safety is a by-product of an efficient, effective operation." Those words came from a study made by General Casey Vincent, and the findings of that study impacted the entire Air Force. We were all privileged to fly some mighty fine airframes. The 94s, 86Ds, 89s, 101s, 102s, 104s, and 106s span the growth in this nation's fighter development. The Air Guard's contributions to the air defense forces were immeasurable. They came right along, hand in glove with the command. Our IG teams found them as good as any, and better than most. The INTERCEPTOR, through the years, has been a reflection of the command's policies, problems, and its imaginative approach to those problems, which reflected the excellent, top-notch folks that we have all been privileged to know in the air defense business.

Well, that's how the INTERCEPTOR was born—three fighter pilots, a damn good admin technician, a gal who could type, and two really top-notch illustrators. The goal of that magazine, and as far as I know it has never changed, was to help the men—and now women—responsible for air defense to do their mission better, and we know a natural by-product is a reduction in accidents. I'm proud of the magazine, proud of the contributions that we who started it might have made, as well as being tremendously proud of the men and women who have made ADC go. They did a superb job under the most harrowing of circumstances.

Again, happy landings,
COOLSTONE ONE—OUT! ★

Lt Gen J.H. Atkinson, Commander, Air Defense Command, receives the first copy of INTERCEPTOR from Col George W. Orr, Chief of Safety (center), and Capt Roger G. Crewse, Editor.

Interceptor's Editors

1. **Capt/Maj Roger G. Crewse,** *Editor Jan 1959 - April 1961*
2. **Capt Harry Tyndale,** *Assistant Editor Jan 1959 - April 1961, Editor May 1961 - Sept 1962*
3. **Capt John E. Lane,** *Research Editor Jan 1959 - Nov 1963*
4. **Capt/Maj Monroe Blaylock,** *Assistant Editor Aug 1961 - Sep 1962, Editor Oct 1962 - Jan 1965*
5. **Capt James H. Aikman,** *Engineering Editor Nov 1961 - Jan 1965*
6. **Capt Bill Richardson,** *Assistant Editor Feb 1963 - Oct 1964*
7. **Capt/Maj Stanley J. Pytel,** *Research Editor Mar 1963 - Jan 1965, Editor Feb 1965 - Sep 1965*
8. **Capt Cy Minett,** *Assistant Editor Nov 1964 - Sep 1965, Editor Oct 1965 - Jul 1966*
9. **Capt Joseph W. Buchanan,** *Engineering Editor Apr 1965 - Feb 1967*
10. **Capt/Maj Harland Teskey,** *Research Editor October 1965 - Apr 1968*
11. **Maj Edward G. Cleary, Jr.,** *Editor Jan 1967 - Apr 1969*
12. **Maj Philip A. Tague III,** *Engineering Editor Apr 1967 - April 1969, Editor Jun 1969 - Jan 1971*
13. **Maj Richard P. Coulter,** *Research Editor Dec 1967 - Apr 1969, Assistant Editor May 1969 - Jul 1970*
14. **Capt/Maj Raymond H. Armstrong,** *Research Editor Oct 1969 - Apr 1971*
15. **Maj/Lt Col Don Windrath,** *Assistant Editor Aug 1970 - Jan 1971, Editor Feb 1971 - May 1973*
16. **Maj/Lt Col David C. Hubert,** *Research Editor Dec 1970 - May 1973, Editor Jun 1973 - Jun 1974*
17. **Capt Donald H. Hammond,** *Research Editor Jun 1971 - Nov 1972*
18. **Capt James T. English,** *Research Editor Dec 1972 - May 1973, Associate Editor Jun 1973 - Aug 1975*
19. **Maj Mel Anderson,** *Associate Editor June 1973 - Dec 1975*
20. **Lt Col Lee Crock,** *Editor Jul 1974 - Feb 1977*
21. **Capt Gene Bricker,** *Associate Editor Sep 1974 - Jan 1975 and Aug 1975 - Nov 1975*
22. **Capt David V. Froehlich,** *Associate Editor Jan 1976 - Jan 1978*
23. **Maj Richard E. Henderson,** *Editor Mar 1977 - Jul 1977*
24. **Maj Lionel P. Johnson,** *Editor Aug 1977 - Oct 1979*
25. **Maj Wayne E. Griffith,** *Associate Editor Feb 1978 - Jul 1979*
26. **Mr. Craig T. Schafer,** *Art Director Jan 1959 - Oct 1979*

HOLIDAY AT DELTA DUMP

By Roger Crewse

Reprinted from May 1964

"Tann, this is Pete, how's it going, boy?"

"Fine, Pete. How goes it with you at Bombers' Roost?"

"Oh, so-so. Say, the reason I called — did you see the paper this morning? Our PIO types had a little news in . . . thought you might be interested."

"Not really, Pete. What was it about?"

"Well, heh, heh." (A real nasty note to that laugh, thought Tann.) "Well, one of *our* bombers landed at one of *your* fighter bases down the road a piece, and you'll never believe this, but they kidnapped one of *your* personnel right out of *your* max security area."

"What's this?" said Tann, coming out of his seat. "Who was it?" he shouted into the phone, "and where is he now?"

"It was a Lieutenant Curtiss LeMoose, and he's in our max security area right now."

"What do you mean, LeMoose? What kind of a name is that?"

"That's what the boys call him. Actually he's just an old moth-eaten moose head, but we've got him. Pretty funny. It just confirmed what we always knew about you fighter types — a little light-headed. Short of a gas attack, you couldn't get it away from us, no matter what you did. We've got security, boy, security with a capital 'C.' But you're welcome to try any time — if your pilots have any esprit, that is."

Tann was reduced to a quivering eagle; he was choked with rage. He had to wait a moment before he could talk; then, with his voice carefully controlled, he said, "You mean that moose is on your base right now, just next door to us?"

"Right, Tann. In fact you can read all of the details in this morning's paper. As I said, our PIO had a lot of fun with the item. Even mentions your name as commander of the wing that got robbed. Kinda offsets that PIO release your people made on the Community Chest — you 100%, us 70%, and with the fact left out that we gave 15,000 bucks, and your small group just gave twelve hundred. I had to wait a little while, but I think we're even now."

The line was silent.

"Are you still there, Tann?"

Again there was a silence. Then Tann said, "We'll get that moose, Pete, right out of your mole hole if necessary, and we'll do it within two weeks."

"Sure you will, Tann, sure you will. When I capture your troops trying, don't write me; write the Pentagon for their return. Heh, heh, heh."

Tann slammed the receiver down.

"GET ME A MORNING PAPER," he roared to his secretary.

* * *

The Colonel had called him and told him that he wanted to see him *immediately*, and Coolstone knew this to be an ominous portend. His fears were further confirmed when the secretary told him to go right on in, that Colonel Tann was waiting for him.

He entered the room, threw a salute, and started to report, but Colonel Tann said briskly, "Shut the door, sit down, and listen real good."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said Coolstone.

The Colonel dropped his voice, leaned across his desk, and his steel blue eyes pierced Coolstone's, as he said, "Have you ever heard of Lieutenant Curtiss LeMoose?"

The Rock shook his head wordlessly, but the small hairs on the back of his neck raised slightly.

"The enemy has it," whispered the Colonel. "He is gloating about it, and you have exactly two weeks to get it. Use all of the resources of this command you need, *but get LeMoose.*"

Coolstone wanted to ask questions, but from the Colonel's attitude he could see that he had just been dismissed.

Back at the squadron the Rock called for all the pilots. When they were settled in the briefing room and the doors were closed, he looked at them and said quietly, "What goes on in this room during this meeting is highly classified. Now, do any of you know a Lieutenant LeMoose?"

There were a few snickers, but no one looked real enlightened. A voice from the back of the room said, "I know a General Le . . . ."

"Never mind," said the Rock. "It's a lieutenant I'm talking about. Colonel Tann is somewhat disturbed about this young man, and he wants him, wants him real bad." But to

himself Coolstone wondered for the first time, didn't the Colonel use the word "it" in conjunction with the "lieutenant?"

"Look," said Coolstone to the pilots. "I'll lay it on the line. I need help. He gave me just two weeks to get LeMoose back. He said the enemy had *it*."

There was a moment of silence, while the pilots looked at him as if he had lost his mind. Then one of them jumped to his feet, knocked over an ashtry, and said, "I've got it; I've got it. It was in the paper this morning. The boys from the Wobbler Squadron across the way stole some moose head from one of the fighter squadrons. They made a big issue about it — PIO releases, the whole bit."

"You mean the bomber squadron got a moose head, and now it's over at their base? Well, we have two weeks to get it out of there. Boy, we are in trouble. We don't even know for sure where it is."

One of the captains got up. "Say," he said, "One of those Wobbler Squadron commanders lives right across the street from me. I'll work on him. Maybe I can find out where old LeMoose is."

"That would help," said Coolstone weakly. "We should at least know where he is, if we're going to get him." Then he added, "We've got to come up with some ideas, fellows, and I'll be the first to admit I don't have any. The Colonel gave me access to all of the resources of this command to get that moose head back."

Now, the Flight Surgeon was also attending the meeting, and this was a very fortunate occasion, because the Doc was extremely intelligent. In fact, he had the only real idea that the 17 or 18 of them could come up with. "Look," he said, "I've got kind of a plan. It's still a little sketchy, but let me run it by you."

"What, what, what?" said Coolstone, ready to accept anything.

The Doc briefly outlined what he had in mind. Then he said, "It will take four or five of us, but once we find out where old LeMoose is, we can give it a try."

"Terrific idea," said Coolstone. "Now, I'm looking for volunteers. Let's face it, fellows, if we get caught, we are going to be in serious, dire, deep trouble. From what I have heard about their security, we might even get shot, so I can't tell anyone to take this trip with me. I'll just have to ask for volunteers, preferably single men."

Coolstone was pleased to see that to a man the squadron pilots all raised their hands. He picked out three of the single ones, and then said, "O.K. As soon as we find out where that moose is, we'll work out the details of our plan."

It was three days later that the captain who was attempting to locate the moose reported back to Coolstone that he had found it. "It's hanging on the wall of the aircrew lounge in the max security area," he said. "It looks like an impossible deal. We'll never get it out of there. I almost got captured going in, and I was with the squadron commander."

Coolstone groaned. "Worse than I ever suspected," he said. "Draw me a map, show me exactly where it is, and how we get there."

He then called the select little group together — three of his pilots, the Doc, and himself. "Look," said Coolstone. "This is going to be a little harder than we orginally thought. The first thing we've got to do is quit using names. As of right now, we're Stoned One, Two, Three, Four, and Five. We'll always call ourselves by our numbers from now on."

"How about using Tombed?" said one of the men.

"No; that gives it a nasty connotation." Then the Rock continued. "All right, fellows. Here's where LeMoose is — right in the middle of the max security area."

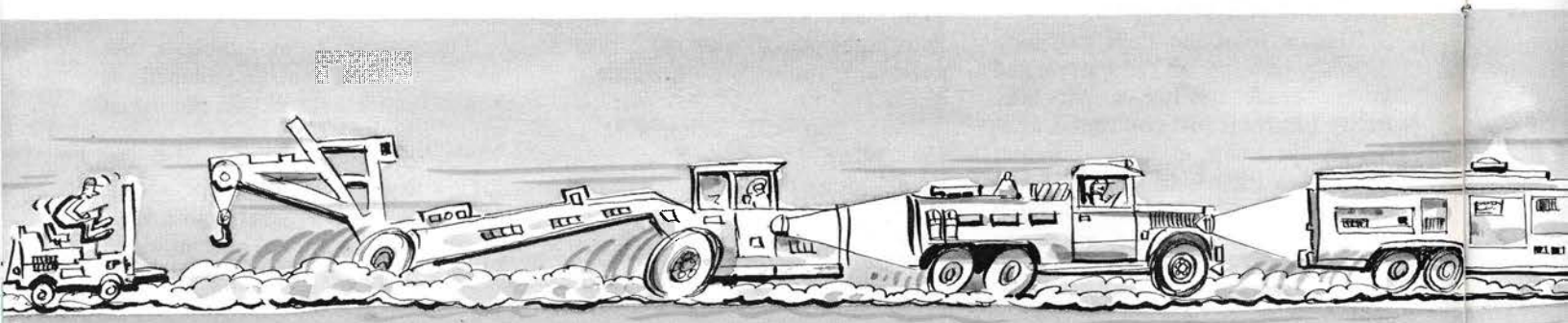
"I quit," Three, Four, and Five said as a man.

"Come on now; we've at least got to try." He discussed the details of the plan and the physical layout of the bomber base security area. "We'll do it at night at about 12:30, so it will be dark."

The group quailed as they heard the details. "We'll never make it," one of them mumbled.

Coolstone continued, "Leave all personal effects at home — rings, watches, billfolds, shot records, prayer books, dog tags, and so on. We'll get flashlights from Supply, and Doc'll take care of the uniforms."

At the end of the discussion it was noted by some that Coolstone was tending to talk out of the side



of his mouth, slouch his shoulders, cast his eyes about furtively, and assume some of the other less desirable characteristics of the pocketbook secret service heroes. The Doc also noted the phenomena and identified it as a "Bond" syndrome.

Midnight Wednesday the group individually and quietly gathered at the infirmary. Not a light was showing. Coolstone checked each one in as he arrived — Stoned Two, Three, Four, and Five. They were all there. Doc was "Two."

"Look, Two," said Coolstone. "Are you sure the uniforms will fit?"

"No sweat," said Doc. "We've got about 25 to choose from here."

The uniforms they were talking about were obviously medical jackets, shirts, and so on.

"Now, look," said Coolstone, as he saw Three, Four, and Five putting their rank on their jackets, "we can't all be Docs. Somebody is going to have to be corpsmen."

There was a little grumbling, but finally they convinced Three, Four, and Five that they were going to have to be the corpsmen.

They went out the back of the infirmary, got in an ambulance, started it up, and headed for the nearby bomber base. With just the red light flashing, they were waved through by the AP at the main gate.

They turned off the flashing light and cruised slowly, while following the map provided to them by their undercover agent, until they approached the first security gate to the flight line. At this point they took a deep collective breath, turned on the flashing red light and the siren, and headed for the gate. They were waved through, to their great relief, without any hesitation, but they still had almost two miles of driving to go yet before they would arrive at the max security area, and there was something about sneaking around in the middle of the night with the siren on and a red light flashing that was very trying.

While they were driving along parallel to the taxiways and parking areas, Five, who was at the wheel, glanced in the rear-view mirror and gasped. "They're forming a convoy behind us."

Sure enough, when they looked out the back window, they saw that a convoy was indeed forming behind them.

"How many cars?" squeaked Coolstone.

"It looks like two trucks full of men, a staff car, a couple of Air Force pickups, and, yep, just now one of those great big cherry pickers joined up."

"We've had it," said Coolstone.

"Had it," echoed Three, Four, and Five in unison.

"Do you suppose they'll let us smoke before they shoot us, or get a last meal at least?" said Four.

But the Doc wasn't quite so willing to give up. "Look," he said, "This could be SOP. Let's stop. Let me do the talking, and you four don't let a word out of you."

He stopped the ambulance and got out. The staff car drove up beside them, and a bird colonel got out of it.

"Where's the crash?" asked the colonel excitedly. "What kind of aircraft is it? I'm the Base Commander."

"Crash?" said the Doc. "There was no crash, sir. We just had a report that there was a man injured near the readiness building. We haven't been able to get that confirmed, but we started down immediately."

"Fine," said the colonel. "I like the way you medics operate — fast and timely. I'll lead you down there." He bounced back into the staff car and raced off, with the ambulance behind him, two AP vehicles behind the ambulance, two trucks full of men from the crash squadron behind the AP cars, and one large mobile crane behind the two trucks. Numerous red lights were flashing and all vehicles with sirens were using them very well.

"You're a genius, Two," said the Rock, "a real genius. This way we'll get led right into the area."

"And then what do we do?" said Three. "How are we going to shake this convoy? I wish I was home."

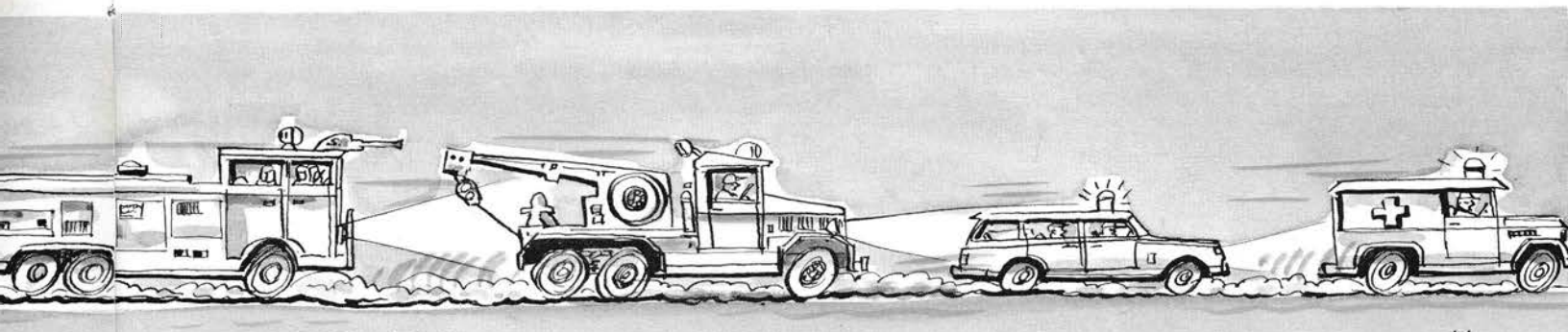
They arrived at the max security gate and stopped. The guard told the colonel, who in turn told the Doc, that no one required an ambulance thereabouts. "It might have been over at the shops," said the colonel. "We'll head for there."

They went over to the shops — the whole convoy — but for some strange reason they were also unable to find anyone who was in need of medical attention.

At this point, the colonel apologized to the doctor. "Apparently it was just a false alarm," he said, "and I'll tell you one thing, Doctor. I'll see that it doesn't happen again. I run a tight base here, and I'll trace this down."

"Yes, sir," said the Doctor. "You are really on your toes; I can tell that."

Without incident, but with considerable high pitched conversation, Coolstone and his group returned to their base. Back at the infirmary once again, they discussed their failure.



"Our basic plan is solid enough," said the Doctor, "but apparently the bomber boys make up a convoy at the slightest sound of a siren, so we've got to work something else out."

"You mean do it again?" gasped one of the members of the raiding party. "Not me; I've had it. Find yourself another boy."

"Oh, come on now," said the Doc. "That wasn't so bad."

"No, no," said Coolstone, trying to muster up some strength to his own voice. "It *was* close, but it wasn't so bad."

They were all quiet for a moment.

"I've got an idea," said the Rock, and he outlined his plan. Even the two or three who had become rather cool to the operation had to agree that this new modification to the original plan was indeed brilliant.

"Tomorrow night then, fellows; 2330, same place. Our diversion will take place at 0130, which will allow us time to get in position."

The next night there were few words as the group formed up and changed uniforms — not even an argument about who was to be the doctor. They knew what to do; they were well trained, experienced, cool. Their actions were quick and limited to only those absolutely necessary. It was an efficient group, with obvious confidence in their ability and their plans.

They moved the ambulance quietly off the base and proceeded as they had done the previous night. Only this time after they had entered the bomber base, they proceeded to a warehouse area near the first flight line security gate. There they parked behind one of the warehouses, turned off their lights and waited. At precisely 0130 over the emergency radio they heard the crash alarm sound. They saw the crash trucks and ambulances come out of the barns, form up, and start for the flight line.

As the convoy pulled past them and entered the gate, they tacked onto the rear. Coolstone's group couldn't help but admire the efficiency of the bomber crash rescue operation. After moving through the gate, the convoy turned left and headed for the flight line, where obviously an aircraft emergency was in progress. As Coolstone and *his* group went through the gate, they turned right with their lights off.

"It must have been some emergency he declared," said Coolstone.

"He said he was going to tell them he had a fire in the cockpit," said Two.

"It's working, whatever he said, and I told him to keep airborne as long as he could, so that crash convoy would stay in position and out of our hair," said the Rock. Then he added, "every time they look at one of those Sixes, they think it's going to explode anyhow, so they won't be paying much attention to us."

They drove along in silence until they reached the maximum security area. As they neared it, they turned on the siren and red light. To their relief, it was a different guard from the night before. He took a quick look at them, then waved them through without comment.

The Doc got out of the ambulance, two of the pilots followed him with the stretcher, and Coolstone followed the stretcher carrying an impressive looking medical kit with red crosses all over it. Five remained in the ambulance driver's seat. Although the guard watched them curiously, he made no effort to stop them or even question them.

Following their map, they entered the building, went upstairs, and found the lounge, which was totally black. With judicial use of their flashlights, they examined the walls. Sure enough, there was LeMoose, motheaten, scarred, and obviously the victim of many wars, but to them it looked beautiful. They went to work. In less than two minutes they had removed the moose from the wall. They put it on the stretcher, covered it with sheets, and started out of the room. But to their extreme horror the horns wouldn't go through the door. There was a moment of supreme panic. They turned it sideways, they turned it backwards, they turned it slaunchwise and diagonally, but the horns would not go through the door.

"Get a saw," said Coolstone, "Or break them off." And he wasn't talking out of the side of his mouth now.

"Wait a minute; wait a minute," said the Doc. "Let's not panic now. We're in too deep."

"Too late," said one of the pilots. "I'm panicked."

"Now, look," said Doc. "Let's

take the door off the hinges, and maybe it will go through then."

Coolstone fished out a screwdriver, and the job was accomplished in just 30 seconds. With a slight turn, the moose head came through the door. Carefully they put the door back on its hinges.

"Cover him up now, fellows," said the Doc, "and kind of walk to the side of him when we go by the guard, so he can't see that rack."

Downstairs they went out of the building, quickly loaded the moose, and as they passed through the gates with the light flashing and the siren on, Coolstone shouted to the guard, "He hurt himself going through a door."

They headed for the first security gate, and the guard waved them through, obviously thinking that they were part of the earlier emergency. They turned off the light and siren, and successfully passed through the base entrance and out on the highway. Not a word had been spoken since they left the max security gate.

Finally the Doc lit a cigarette, exhaled a great cloud of smoke, and said, "You know, I didn't sleep too well last night."

* * *

Colonel Tann had been invited to attend the morning briefing. He had just entered the room and all the pilots were still standing at attention.

"At ease; at ease," he said, and walked purposefully to the front. As he approached the briefing platform, the group of five standing on it moved apart so that LeMoose was visible. The Colonel stopped in midstep. A smile slowly manifested itself across his features — some said later that they never seen him smile before.

"You got it!" he shouted. Then doubts possessed him for a moment. "Are you sure it's the right one?"

"Yes, sir," said Coolstone. "Are we ever sure. You can't imagine what we went through — but we didn't get caught."

The Colonel threw back his head and roared with delicious laughter. No one had ever heard him do that before. Tears ran down his face. "You got it — I can hardly believe it." He turned and addressed the group in general, "Fighter pilots are fighter pilots. I was pretty sure you'd think of something." Then he said to Coolstone, "Tell your hot room to get the Bomber Base Commander on the phone and put the call on the debriefing squawk box, so we can all hear it."

There was a second or two of delay, then Coolstone told the Colonel, "He's on, sir."

"Pete, this is Tann. How's it going, boy?"

"Fine, Tann, fine. And how goes it with you at Delta Dump?"

"Oh, so-so. Say, we have a friend of yours over here — thought you might be interested. Heh, heh."

"Is that right? Who is it?" said Pete, mildly curious.

"LeMoose is ours," said the Colonel dramatically.

"Sure he is," said Pete. "This is a figment of your imagination. What are you trying to do, use psychological warfare on me, or something. Tann, you couldn't get that moose, no matter what you tried. It's in our max security area."

"We got it, Pete. We got it. I'll hold the line, and you just check with your boys."

"Only to humor you, Tann, I'll call, just to humor you, but you couldn't possibly have that moose. Hold on a second."

The line was silent, and then in the background they could hear Pete yell, "What do you mean it's gone? It can't be."

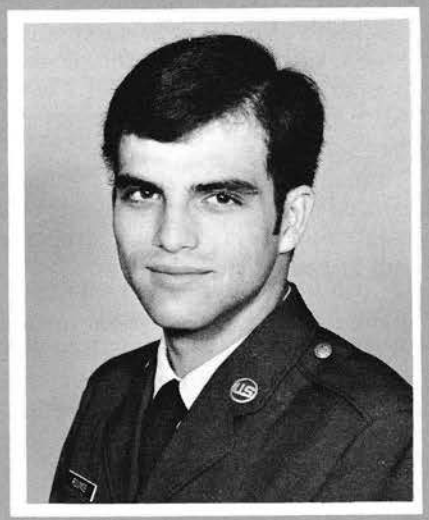
There was a delay of two or three minutes. Then he came back on the debriefing line. "Look, Tann, I'll call you back. I have an emergency developing here." He hung up the phone.

The Colonel turned around and spoke to Coolstone, "Get the PIO types going. And keep that darned moose in the vault unless you check with me." Then he said, still laughing, "Take the rest of the day off, boys; it's a holiday at Delta Dump."

We Point With Pride 1979

Heads Up Award 1979

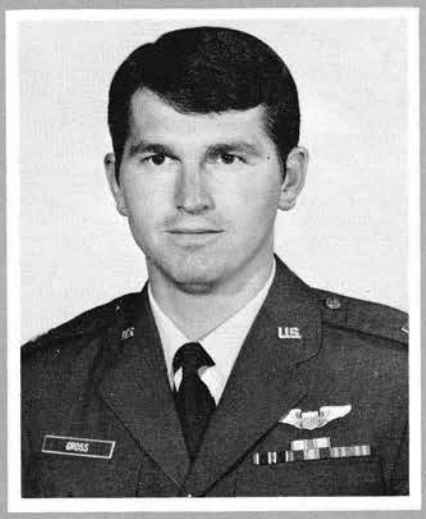
A1C Rase D. Heinrich
318th FIS



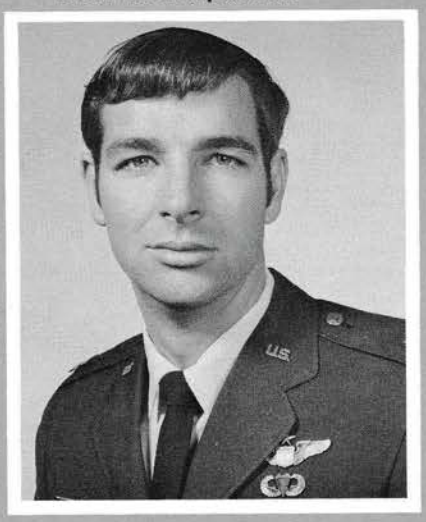
A1C James K. Rounds
84th FIS

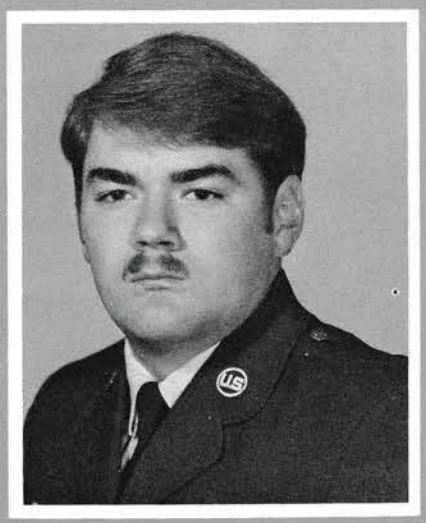
Capt Don W. Hoover
17th DSES

Capt Weseley M. Gross
17th DSES



Capt Gerard L. Rifenburg
475th Test Squadron





A1C Patrick G. Sandwith
318th FIS

TSgt Carl E. Steinberg
102d FIW

TSgt Theodore Williams
46th CAMS

TSgt Barry L. Morton
84th FIS

TSgt Wilbur Chaney
84th FIS

TSgt Gerald J. Umina
102d FIW

INSPECTOR'S VIEWPOINT

THE EFFECTS OF TRAINING UPON COMMUNICATIONS-ELECTRONICS MISSION PERFORMANCE

by CMSgt Kenneth R. Polley

What key factors are involved when some units are performing in a superior manner, and why is the performance of other units less than desired?

As a technician, work center supervisor, and for the past four years an IG Communications-Electronics Maintenance (CEM) inspector, I have been involved in many inspections, both as the inspectee and the inspector, and have observed varying degrees of unit performance.

One of the most important factors in unit performance boils down to the effectiveness of the training program. In order to fulfill our responsibility to support the mission, we have to provide reliable and optimal operating equipment and ensure that quality maintenance is performed in a timely and professional manner. These goals can only be achieved if our people perform in a competent and skilled manner with positive and aggressive attitudes.

How does this involve training program, you ask? Every unit I have observed with less than satisfactory performance was found to have problems in one or more of the following training areas. If you will review them objectively, they may be an eye-opener with regard to your training program.

a. The first steps to ensuring an effective training program were not taken by supervisors, i.e., establishing sound training objectives and training requirements. In most cases, this was due to the supervisor's unfamiliarity with training directives and requirements.

b. Training schedules were not effectively planned or logically used, and equipment downtimes for hands-on training were not scheduled or used as planned.

c. Weaknesses in training programs were often recognized by supervisors and higher management, but corrective actions were either not initiated or were insufficient to eliminate problems in the program. Was this a result of inadequate management, control, and administration of the training program?

d. Job performance was affected in many cases by the technician's attitudes. Known equipment problems were not identified to management for corrective action. People performed in a "so-what" manner and effectively degraded equipment and work center performance as a result of their nonprofessionalism. Technicians often accepted minimums during equipment checks rather than striving for optimal operation. Were these attitudes a direct result of improper training, or the lack of training?

e. Quality maintenance was not realized due to inadequately trained technicians. CEM personnel were unfamiliar with required maintenance tasks and could not satisfactorily perform them. In far too many cases, people were certified as qualified on tasks when, in fact, they were not proficient. Is this a fault of the training program, trainers, and adequate follow-up training? Did the supervisor get out from behind the desk and analyze the work center's program and technician qualification on a continuing basis? Could quality maintenance be ensured in these situations?

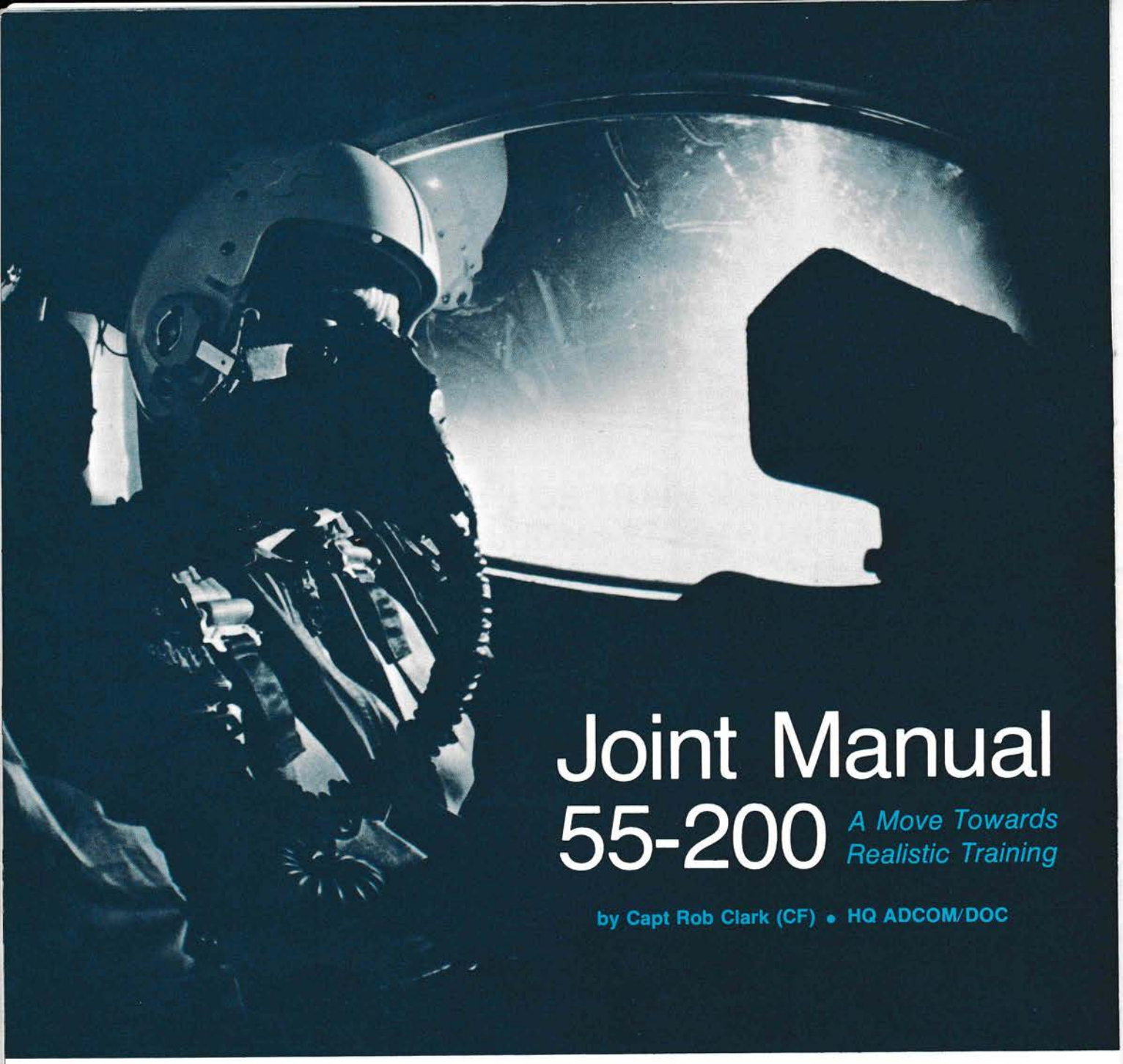
f. Insufficient numbers of technicians were certified to satisfy required maintenance tasks. As a result, the potential for noncoverage of maintenance requirements due to illness, PCS, and TDYs existed and the inability to ensure continuous and reliable equipment operation could occur. Was this situation due to improper identification of required tasks and ensuring the availability of personnel?

g. Evaluations of technicians were not in sufficient depth and failed to identify training program deficiencies and overall program effectiveness. Maintenance task training in several cases was never evaluated and the proficiency of technicians in these areas was never verified.

h. And last, but not least, training progression was not satisfactorily monitored to ensure timely training.

Do any of the above situations apply to your present training program? Each situation illustrates conditions which you should not accept and which can be reversed by supervisor/management involvement in the program. The unfortunate aspect of the above situations is that these weaknesses in the unit's training program resulted in less than desired performance.

The common denominator of unit performance is, in reality, your training program! Units which perform in a superior manner have established and promoted their training programs to ensure that a skilled work force exists. It takes leadership, sound management practices, plenty of elbow grease, and involvement to have a cadre of proud, skilled workers who produce top-notch results. If you, the supervisors, have properly addressed your programs, then you'll have few problems; if you haven't, reread this article and take action. The net result in mission performance may surprise you.



Joint Manual 55-200

A Move Towards Realistic Training

by Capt Rob Clark (CF) • HQ ADCOM/DOC

"In the early days of the war, the enemy's ECM and its assault on the NATO radar stations seriously degraded the Alliance's capability for close-controlled interception. But the weather favoured the defence, with good visibility beneath the cloud layer at around 3,000 metres. The inability, or reluctance, of the Warsaw Pact pilots to fly quite low enough offered the defending fighters many skyline sightings as enemy aircraft crossed ridges and hills. The Russians' strong suit was their numerical superiority and not surprisingly they wanted to preserve it—so in the main, their preferred tactics on interception were to evade. On balance, their air combat skills were shown up as inferior to those of the NATO pilots."

(from *The Third World War, August 1985*, by General Sir John Hackett)

General Sir John Hackett in his work, "The Third World War, August 1985," presents the thesis that world events and the shift in the balance of power will bring about World War Three centered around a conventional European conflict. General Hackett's predicted war and his belief that the allies can triumph in such a conflict with the introduction of several defensive enhancements in the near future, is a matter of conjecture. However, one must consider what our chances would be today in the air-to-air arena if his book was retitled "The Third World War, October 1979" and his prediction became a reality.

T.E. Lawrence has rightly said that we of the twentieth century have two thousand years of experience behind us, and, if we still must fight, we have no excuse for not fighting well. Yet, in the air-to-air environment, whether it be in USAFE, PACAF, or North America, we have traditionally trained in a sterile, canned environment despite the lessons of recent aerial conflicts. Obviously, many air defenders have seriously questioned the rationale behind several fighters queuing up in a confined airspace to pop off at a straight and level B-52 target or the rationale behind scheduling large scale exercises where predictable high level targets work within severely restricted ECM, weather, and evasive criteria. Of course, FAA constraints on airspace and ECM employment are widely recognized. However, in many respects we have been our own worst enemy in this regard as several of the constraints within which we operate have been self imposed. It should be recognized that the removal of these selfimposed constraints is definitely a workable project.

Fortunately, the conservative trend in training has been reversed in recent years by the introduction of realistic training initiated in the USAF's Red Flag and the CF's Maple Flag exercises. The practical lessons demonstrated to our crews by TAC's aggressor squadron have surfaced the need for all major air commands to reassess the adequacy of their present training programs. Consequently, when the participating MAJCOMs to the rewrite of Joint Manual 55-200, Intercept Training Procedures, sent representatives to attend the Joint Manual 55-200 conference convened at HQ ADCOM in January of this year, several refreshing ideas were presented with a view toward injecting realism into our training.

One of the major conceptual problems addressed by the representatives from AAC, PACAF, TAC, SAC, ADCOM, CF AIRCOM, and USAFE was the problem of differentiating between Aerial Combat Tactics and close controlled intercepts. All participating representatives agreed that in view of excessive evasive or aggressive action that can be expected from Soviet bloc aircraft, ACT and close controlled intercepts should be meshed somewhat closer together. To this end, a new transmission, "TEN MILES," made by the weapons controller has been introduced in place of the existing "MINIMUM RANGE" call.

For those of you who may have reservations concerning the adoption of the transmission "TEN MILES" versus the minimum range concept and its associated 6, 4, and 2 NM minimum range points, this is understandable as the minimum range concept has been utilized in air defense operations for a number of years. The historical use of the call "IF NO JUDY, SKIP IT" and the latter condensed call of "SKIP IT" once held substantial meaning when the onus was placed on the weapons controller to terminate an intercept at the minimum range specified by type of attack if the fighter failed to acquire a "JUDY." This responsibility had been placed on the weapons controller by previous versions of Joint Manual 55-200. However, the November '73 version deleted that requirement. In fact, the minimum range point is now used strictly as a position to transfer sole responsibility for flight safety to the aircrew.

With this in mind, it was decided that the transfer point was no longer a critical factor since aircrews are no longer automatically skipped out at minimum range without a "JUDY" but maintain appropriate minimum vertical separation between fighter and target until "JUDY." Therefore, it was decided the use of the call "TEN MILES" would standardize the point of transfer of responsibility for flight safety and also be meaningful in an initial ACT/DACT setup where close control can be provided up to ten miles from which point the aircrew would be responsible for flight safety and having been placed in the ballpark, enter the ACT/DACT engagement. Obviously, one comment that will be raised concerning the ten mile concept will be that ten miles is too great a distance in a stern attack to transfer responsibility for flight safety. However, it should be noted that if we conduct our training realistically, an evasive target will quickly turn a stern attempt into a nose-to-nose cutoff attack.

Of the numerous additional changes to Joint Manual 55-200, four will have a major impact on present USAF and Canadian

Forces training procedures. These are the reduction of the minimum altitude for low level interception training, increased emphasis on conducting autonomous, self-setup intercept training, greater flexibility in conducting weather intercepts, and standardized evasive target criteria.

At present, the minimum altitude for low level intercepts is 500 feet AGL. Basically, the new version of JM 55-200 will establish the minimum altitudes for low altitude training as 100 feet AGL for Day VMC operations; the area's Minimum Safe Altitude for IMC operations; and the area's Minimum Safe Altitude for night VMC operations unless visual reference can be established and maintained with unlighted terrain and obstacles. If visual reference can be maintained, 500 feet AGL is the Minimum Altitude for night VMC. It should be noted that while these criteria are established as minimums, it will be incumbent upon FIS commanders to evaluate both unit and individual aircrew currency, proficiency, and experience with a view toward adjusting the minimum altitude upward, if required.

This move to lower the minimum altitude for low level intercepts was motivated by a requirement identified by several participating MAJCOMs to standardize their low altitude operations with host-nation rules in their theater of operation. The rest of the participating MAJCOMs viewed this proposal as an opportunity to remove a restriction that has had to be repeatedly waived in order to allow units to participate in exercises such as Red Flag and Maple Flag. Additionally, all participants viewed this proposal as a vehicle to inject realism into our present training in line with Air Force policy that combat units will train realistically to meet the predicted threat. All MAJCOM participants saw this as the correct direction in which to move, in view of the fact all MAJCOMs can expect to engage Soviet bloc aircraft at extremely low altitudes.

To adequately prepare to meet this threat, it is widely recognized that there are significant differences between the 500 feet AGL minimum altitude employed in our present training versus the proposed 100 feet AGL minimum. First, operation of the interceptor fire control system is much more difficult, except for those lucky enough to have look-down shoot-down capability, at the lower altitude and must be practiced regularly to maintain proficiency and readiness. Secondly, low level flying in itself requires frequent exposure to develop expertise and confidence.

Now, having elaborated on how the minimum intercept altitude has been lowered, many individuals must be asking themselves how do we practice this when we are entering the post SAGE, ROCC/JSS era with its limited or nonexistent low level capability in the CONUS. To date, we have been practicing interceptor operations down to 100 feet AGL since we began our initial participation in Red Flag exercises in August 1976. In other words, we have been doing this regularly for three years. Of course, the airspace structure in Red Flag and Maple Flag exercises permits such operations which are conducted in restricted areas where the airspace extends from the surface to high altitude. This differs significantly from our military operations areas with their published floors where the majority of our low altitude activity takes place.

However, as we enter the ROCC/JSS era, it is the headquarters' position that low level intercepts can be accomplished. Obviously, the prime method of accomplishing this will be to require the E-3A to provide an increasing proportion of close control support for low level missions. This is only practical in view of the E-3A's look down capability and its projected wartime role. Accordingly, each FIS will have to demonstrate flexibility in adapting their mission schedule to the available control system. Additionally, a second form of control can be provided by the RCC or ROCC controller if the E-3A is not available. Procedures are already in being for aircrew and controllers to adhere to when search and/or SIF radar is lost at low level. These procedures allow the aircrew to continue an intercept without ground radar by the aircrew taking responsibility for separation yet provides a vehicle for the aircrew to receive MSA calls, advisory transmissions, and close control in the event of an emergency.

Further, if either the E-3A, the RCC, or the future ROCC cannot provide control, JM 55-200 has always had a provision allowing for autonomous training and self-setups in a VMC, visual environment without radar monitoring provided appropriate airspace can be established, safe vertical separation can be maintained, and airspace boundaries can be adhered to. These procedures will be detailed in Chapter 4 of JM 55-200 under MAJCOM procedures and in Chapter 5 of the manual under local unit procedures.

In light of the low level intercept training methods described, it will be essential for all NORAD/ADCOM regions to commence immediately to recuce their low level Military Operations Areas (MOAs) to 100 feet AGL or as low as possible. Indica-

tions are that if the proper ground work is laid, many MOAs may be improved to accommodate our training needs. However, in the interim, it may be necessary for our units to deploy to regions possessing adequate training airspace in order to fulfill our low level requirements.

Turning to our present weather intercept training procedures, a significant change has been introduced to the manual to permit crews to experience realistic training in weather. At present, weather intercepts can only be performed against prebriefed straight and level targets in a non-ECM environment. However, the aircrews are permitted to reduce the minimum vertical separation during a weather intercept with a "JUDY" and steer the dot in elevation. This procedure will continue to be practiced under the new version of JM 55-200 only if the target is *not* employing ECM, chaff, or evasive countermeasures. However, to provide aircrew's exposure to countermeasures in weather, a change has been introduced to allow the fighter to engage in ECM, chaff, or evasive target providing the fighter maintains at least the required minimum vertical separation throughout the attack and steers in azimuth only after taking a "JUDY" and not in elevation.

Finally, in reviewing the changes to Joint Manual 55-200 not elaborated upon, you will find standardized evasive target criteria, increased flexibility in pre-mission briefing by allowing airborne mission briefings, standardized communication jamming countermeasures, changes in terminology, an expanded glossary, reduced restrictions for SAC targets, and a thorough restructuring of the contents of the manual to consolidate various procedures. These changes and the major changes elaborated upon have all been introduced to provide more realistic training within a safe flying environment. To ensure the maximum training is realized from our present resources and to ensure flight safety is maintained, it is incumbent upon each and every one of us to study and execute the procedures introduced in Joint Manual 55-200. It is only through professional, realistic training that aircrews of the various participating MAJCOMs to Joint Manual 55-200 can make General Hackett's prediction concerning a future conflict a reality not only in a potential European conflict but in every operational theater.

"As far as air-to-air battles were concerned, over 10,000 air-to-air engagements were registered over the battle area in the first seven days. As had been predicted, the Warsaw Pact threw their mass of aircraft into battle in successive waves—like the allies—they supported their operations with every kind of electronic measure. Although the enemy's air offensive achieved successes and caused moments of great concern at the War Headquarters of Allied Command Europe, it can now be seen that it never succeeded in gaining complete domination of the air."

(from *"The Third World War, August 1985"*)

About the Author

Captain Rob Clark, an Air Weapons Controller, is a Canadian Forces exchange officer presently assigned to HQ ADCOM as a training and standardization staff officer. He is a graduate of the Royal Military College of Canada with a BA in history obtained through the University Training Plan for Officers. Captain Clark's previous assignments include a tour as an instructor at the Canadian Forces Air Weapons Controller School.

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Heads Up Award

TSgt Gerald J. Umina
102d FIW

Quick Action Prevents Aircraft Damage

TSgt Gerald J. Umina, a 102d FIW Security Policeman, was on foot patrol observing Alert Force personnel changing over alert aircraft. While the Alert Force personnel were occupied with backing the replacement aircraft into the cell, Sgt Umina noticed the overhead door began to close. Recognizing that the door would contact the aircraft nose section, Sgt Umina rushed into the Alert Cell and selected the "up" position on the door control panel, stopping the descent of the door. Investigation as to the cause revealed that a leaking hydraulic line allowed pressure to bypass the uplock mechanism, resulting in the uncommanded door closure. Sgt Umina's alert and quick response to this potential mishap prevented costly damage to an alert aircraft, and the alert commitment was not compromised. Sgt Umina's actions are worthy of recognition and a well-deserved "Heads Up" award.

THE WAY THE Ball Bounces

CLASS A 1979 MISHAP RATE	ADCOM	ANG
1 Jan - 31 Aug	4.5	10.2

RATE = MAJOR ACCIDENTS PER 100,000 FLYING HOURS

CLASS A MISHAPS	ADCOM	ANG
August 1979	0	0

EJECTIONS	ATT	SUC
1 Jan - 31 Aug	5	4

COMBINED ADCOM AND ANG

ON TOP OF THE HEAP

MO	ADCOM	MO	ANG
93	84 FIS Castle	85	191 FIG Selfridge
79	57 FIS Keflavik	66	102 FIW Otis
59	46 AERO Peterson	62	177 FIG Atlantic City
32	5FIS Minot	41	158 DSEG Burlington

CLASS A MISHAP FREE

CUMULATIVE STATISTICS

	20 AD	21 AD	23 AD	24 AD	25 AD	26 AD	ADWC	AFI	46	ANG
F-101										3
F-106			1							1
F-4										
T-33							1			
T-37										
B-57				1						
OTHER										

Note: ANG rate is estimated

check points

Old song, 'nother verse. Sometimes it requires a lot of time for an antidote to take. Sometimes it just will not take. Occasionally, the victim is negatively reactive to the cure. For whatever reasons, we keep on killing people and destroying resources — for the same old illness, crew rest. Every year we see several accidents that were caused by fatigued crew members. It is perhaps a sorry thing, but everybody involved — within or peripheral to — such an accident gets dirty, including supervisors, controllers, schedulers, crew members, and passengers. It is reasonable to assume that the numerous mishaps of the past would be enough to inspire all of us to take better care, yet those lessons are still violated in units throughout the Air Force. Re:

- A mishap of a single seater was fatal. During a ground-attack mission the pilot flew into the ground. The day prior to the accident he put in 13-½ hours that included several air-to-ground sorties, ending at 2200 hours. Then the next day, the day of the accident, he briefed at 0800 hours!
- Shortly after a night takeoff a "heavy" crashed and killed all crew and passengers. The accident occurred after 20 hours of crew duty. Additionally, the crew had complained of fatigue brought on by inadequate rest facilities the previous night.
- The pilot of a two-seater had been nauseated the previous day and slept little prior to the 0100 briefing. On the subsequent night low-level, he flew into the ground, killing both men.

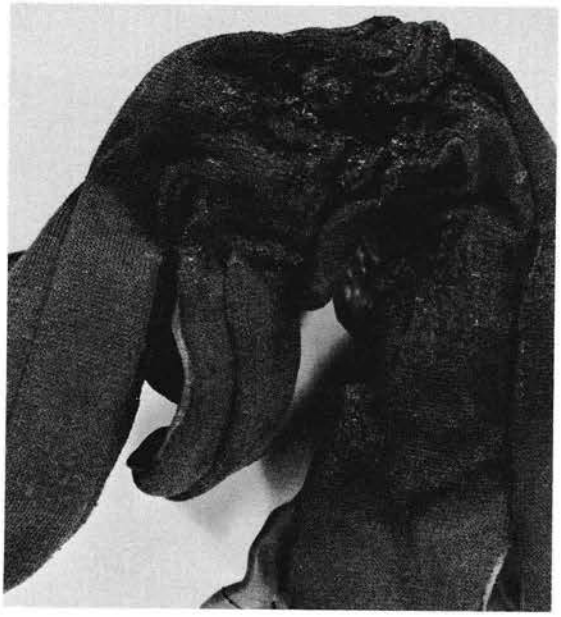
In all cases, the aircraft were operable and functioning. AFR 60-1, "Flight Management", adequately covers sensible crew rest requirements. If adhered to, those rules are adequate to prevent a recurrence — ever again. Very few, if any, peacetime missions are worth sacrificing people and airframes. Crewmembers can decrease flight duty day and increase crew rest periods, but they cannot lengthen the duty day without proper waiver authority. (TIG BRIEF/ SEOD)

Just a minor discrepancy!
CAUSE: Operations Factor, Operator. The aircrew elected to continue the mission at night in instrument meteorological conditions with known attitude indicating problems.
CAUSE: Operations Factor, Operator. The aircraft commander accepted and flew the aircraft (at night) without proper illumination of the attitude director indicator, in violation of USAF and MAJCOM directives.

Have you ever flown an aircraft with a minor discrepancy? I doubt if there is anyone among us who can truthfully answer *no* to that question. In fact, most flights are probably completed with a few little aircraft "gripes." Once in a while though they turn into a major discrepancy as in the mishap findings cited above. Read them again, pretty similar, huh?

How can a seemingly innocuous discrepancy turn into a bucket of worms? One answer is that we fail to consider all the factors involved in flying the aircraft in its present state; e.g., what the mission is and what weather conditions could be encountered. In the future when you find something wrong during preflight or when something goes out after takeoff—take a few minutes to weigh *all* the factors involved. A ground abort or air abort might be the most appropriate course to follow. You can always fly the mission tomorrow in a mission-capable aircraft! Aborts are much easier to explain than mishaps. (SEOD)

WARNING! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Your Health! Now, we feel confident that the Surgeon General was primarily concerned about cancer, heart, or respiratory disease when he issued the foregoing warning. But, looking at the photos below, I'm sure you'll agree with one F-106 pilot that it also covers smoking in an aircraft with an oxygen mask dangling beside your face. The F-106 pilot was sandbagging in the backseat of a "B" model while the front-seater was shooting an approach. He removed his oxygen mask, put his glove in it to hold the noise level down, and lit up. On his second puff the mask burst into flames which burned the pilot's right hand and wrist (and probably the hair out of his nose). The 100% oxygen, that had not been turned off, caused the mask to burn hot enough to melt the Nomex glove. Fortunately, the fire did not persist and the extent of the damage is what you see in the photos. Think about them the next time you have the urge to "light up" during flight.



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Since this is the final INTERCEPTOR, we are presenting our last Miss Interceptor selected for the year. Diane is a member of the 144th Fighter Interceptor Wing, Fresno ANG, CA. She's a supply technician who enjoys swimming, water skiing, and horse racing during her off-duty time. We're as pleased as the members of the 144th to have Diane as our final Miss Interceptor.