

EAA CHAPTER 302

NEWSLETTER



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The June meeting will be Saturday, June 9th at 10AM at Conservair Program: To be announced.
Refreshments: Bill & Lois Lockyer and Wally Tuttle

CHAPTER NOTAMS

Last heard on the acquisition of the hanger in Dallas: 302 is not first up for claiming this prize, and it would not be available until August. Several members were going to get together on May 27th to fly up there and investigate further.

El Presidente made an interesting discovery during a 'simulated' emergency landing during his recent BFR. The landing turned out to be not so simulated when the attempted recovery lacked the needed power. The subsequent landing and take-off was not recommended for freshly washed airplanes, but was otherwise uneventful. It occurred at an unused airstrip north of Montgomery County, which perhaps should be investigated by the Chapter.

Yours truly spent one day at the Baybrook Mall helping Chapter 12 guard their homebuilts from quick-footed 2-to-3 foot high invaders. The Chapter certainly worked three long-and-hard days to bring an excellent display to the public eye, and I hope they are rewarded with many new enthusiastic members.

Stella Anthony and Marcia made a valiant effort to sell some left-over FlyIn goodies at the IAC Airshow at LaPorte on Memorial Day Weekend. The results were not exactly earth-shattering, but at least give them A for effort. The sun-burned pair were joined later in the day by Gloria and Byrdell and Charlie Redford. The show was quality stuff, with Debbie Rihn, George Hartwell and Mike Frey, who dedicated his performance to his late wife, Dianne. The Saturday crowd was disappointing in numbers, and we hope it increased on Sunday.

CHAPTER OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	Wally Tuttle.....	367-2052
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When Push Came to Shove

Deep over North Korea, Robbie Risner's wingman was hit by flak that disabled his F-86. Getting him to safety called for heroic measures.

BY JOHN L. FRISBEE

BRIG. Gen. Robinson Risner's heroism during seven and a half years of imprisonment and torture in North Vietnam is legendary. Less known is the fact that he was a jet ace in Korea with eight confirmed victories. Few are aware, at least in detail, of an incredible feat of flying performed over North Korea by Robbie Risner in an attempt to save the life of another pilot. That courageous act is dismissed with a couple of sentences in Risner's book *Passing of the Night*.

Risner's career as a fighter pilot began in Panama, where he whiled away the World War II years. When peace came, he joined the Oklahoma Air Guard. His squadron was called to active duty during Korea and began transitioning from P-51s to F-80s, but with no immediate prospects of getting into the war. With the bare required minimum of 100 hours of jet time, Risner volunteered for combat duty as a photorecce pilot, arriving in Korea on May 10, 1952. Three weeks later, he wangled his way into the famous 4th Fighter Wing at Kimpo, and into F-86s, the world's best fighter at that time. On September 21, the fast-learning Captain Risner became our twentieth jet ace.

A few weeks later while escorting fighter-bombers in an attack on a chemical plant along the Yalu River, Risner tangled with what he describes as the finest fighter pilot he ever encountered. From 30,000 feet the deck they went, with Risner scoring several solid hits, then across the Yalu into forbidden territory and down the runway of a Chi-

nese airfield where the damaged MiG-15 crashed. All the while, Robbie's wingman, Lt. Joe Logan, stayed with the fight, protecting his leader.

As they climbed back across the Yalu near Antung, Logan's F-86 took a burst of flak. Fuel and hydraulic fluid poured out the belly of his aircraft. With only five minutes' fuel left, he would, it seemed, have to bail out in enemy territory. But Robbie Risner was not about to lose a fine wingman who was also a close friend.

"A typical fighter pilot," says General Risner, "thinks less about risk than about his objective," and Risner's objective was to keep Joe Logan out of enemy hands. Jet ace Risner immediately embarked on an undeniably high-risk venture to achieve that objective. The Air Force had a rescue detachment at Cho Do Island, about sixty miles to the south—and with plenty of flak en route. Risner decided to try something that, to his knowledge, had never been done successfully before. He would push the damaged

F-86 to Cho Do, where Joe Logan could bail out safely.

Risner told Logan to shut down his engine, now almost out of fuel. Then he gently inserted the upper lip of his air intake into the tailpipe of Logan's F-86. "It stayed sort of locked there as long as we both maintained stable flight, but the turbulence created by Joe's aircraft made stable flight for me very difficult. There was a point at which I was between the updraft and the downdraft. A change of a few inches ejected me either up or down," Risner, now retired and living in Austin, Tex., recalls.

Each time Risner reestablished contact between the battered nose of his F-86 and Logan's aircraft was a potential disaster that was made even more likely by the film of hydraulic fluid and jet fuel that covered his windscreen and obscured his vision. It was, one imagines, something like pushing a car at eighty miles an hour down a corduroy road in a heavy fog.

Miraculously, Risner nudged Joe Logan's F-86 all the way to Cho Do, maintaining an airspeed of 190 knots and enough altitude to stay out of range of automatic weapons. Near the island, Logan bailed out, landing in the water near shore. Ironically, Robbie Risner's heroic effort ended in tragedy. Although Logan was a strong swimmer, he became tangled in his chute lines and drowned before rescuers could reach him. But the measure of a heroic act lies not in success. It lies in the doing.

After Korea, Robbie Risner's Air Force career continued to be marked by acts of physical and moral courage, culminating in his leadership of American POWs during those long years in Hanoi's prisons.

The standards of valor, loyalty, and dedication he set for himself, and met superbly throughout his years in uniform, have established a goal to be sought by generations of airmen yet to come. ■



Risner, then a captain, became a jet ace in Korea. Even more dramatic adventures lay in his future.

"TAILS" OF RUNWAY

Let me introduce myself. My name is "Runway", and I am a Gray Persian cat. 'Course there are a few other breeds mixd into my lineage, but my looks and demeanor lean toward Persian. For the past two years I've made my home at Starr County Airport in South Texas, and I'll tell you how that came about.

When I was five months old, my mother and I lived in a small housing development on the other side of the highway from Starr County Airport. In the early mornings, just before the sun rose, we would raid the suburban garbage cans, searching for tasty rejects from the previous evenings' meals. It was after one of these early raids that my mother met her demise with a garbage truck. Frightened and confused, I dashed across the highway and hid in the tall grass. As the sun sent streaks across the eastern sky, I listened to what I later learned was the ascending whine of aircraft magnetos. Creeping over a low-cut field, I proceeded to cross a paved road to reach what I thought was a low-slung house, and perhaps a bulging can alongside. A very large squat bird with wide-swept wings crouched at the end of the road, and just as I started to dash across, a bulky figure in coveralls lept from the side of the road, waving his arms and screaming, "Off the runway, get off the runway, you stupid cat!" The fright of his appearance lent wings to my feet, and I made a beeline for the short house. Lucky for me the door swung open just then, and I dashed through and squeezed under a handy chair, and lay there quivering. A young man's face, friendly, with a thin moustache, appeared at the bottom of the chair.

"Well, good morning. I guess it was you that Chuck was screaming at out there. Can't blame him, 'ya know. Wouldn't be too great if you startled his solo student by appearing in the middle of the runway on take-off."

"You look hungry. When you calm down, you're welcome to join me for breakfast. 'Course, the pickins' are slim around here, and you'd better develop a likin' for packaged cheese crackers."

So saying, he settled down in a nearby plastic couch and waited. Hunger pangs finally drove me out from under the chair, and frankly, compared to some of the things I've foraged out of cans, cheese crackers washed down by coffee with a high percentage of milk, aren't so bad.

Since that eventful morning, I have learned a great deal. Keith, the young man who befriended me at that time, teaches people to fly in the machines that I mistook for large birds. Chuck is an old-time military instructor, who teaches sometimes (When he decides a student is serious enough, and worth his efforts.) but mostly he tinkers with the airplanes and makes sure they are airworthy. It took alot of effort on Keith's part to convince Chuck to let me live here, but he finally gave in, and I am very careful to stay in his good graces. He still calls me "that damn cat", (Keith named me Runway in honor of my first run-in with Chuck.) but allows me to sit quietly in his workshop while he mumbles imprecations at "ignorant students'" and "careless owners" who don't treat their airplanes properly.

After busy days of attending Keith's ground school and debriefing with students, and approving Chuck's A&P work, I retire to my bed in the fuselage of an abandoned J-3 Cub project in the back of the hanger. Now, ordinarily I don't hold by serious neglect of airplanes, but Keith said better it should house the airport cat than be stripped and hauled away in those infernal trucks. He made the even with a pile of clean mechanics rags and hung a small sign under the door, "Runway's Pad."

WHAT KIND OF A MEMBER ARE YOU?!!

A LOT OF MEMBERS ARE LIKE WHEELBARROWS--NO GOOD UNLESS PUSHED!

SOME ARE LIKE TRAILERS--THEY HAVE TO BE PULLED....

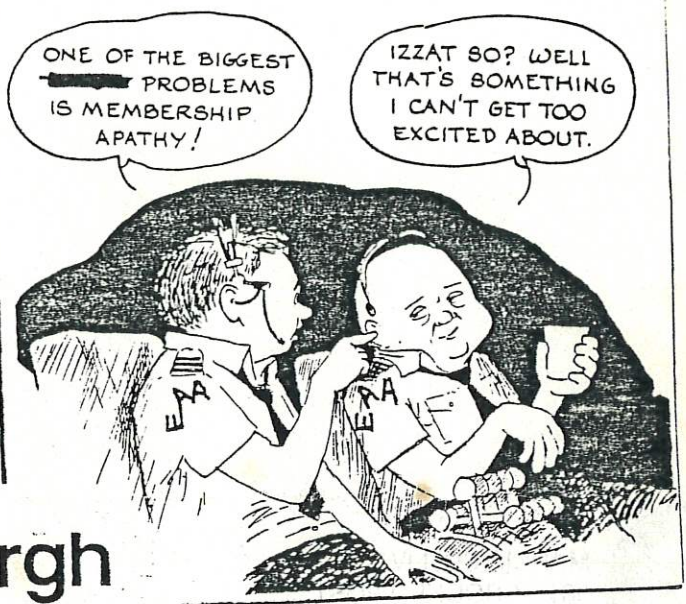
SOME ARE LIKE KITES--IF YOU DON'T KEEP A STRING ON THEM, THEY FLY AWAY.

SOME ARE LIKE BALLOONS--FULL OF WIND AND READY TO BLOW UP!

SOME ARE LIKE FOOTBALLS--YOU CAN'T TELL WHICH WAY THEY WILL BOUNCE.

AND THEN, SOME ARE LIKE A GOOD WATCH --OPEN FACE, PURE GOLD, QUIETLY BUSY,

AND FULL OF GOOD WORKS!



Reminders of Lindbergh can be found in Temple

By KIRK COUCH
Associated Press

TEMPLE— Although the "Spirit of St. Louis" was placed in the Smithsonian Institution in 1928 and Charles Lindbergh has been dead since 1974, reminders of both plane and pilot can be found in Temple.

A 20- to 25-foot scale model of the famed aircraft that completed the first non-stop, solo trans-Atlantic flight in May 1927 may be found suspended from the ceiling at Alford Repair Service, located at 607 S. 1st St.

And an impressive collection — several boxes — of books and magazine articles concerning Lindbergh are the property of Grace Jones.

The model was built and the literature was collected by Mrs. Jones' late husband, Jerome, a man who, according to his widow, "was always a great admirer of Lindbergh."

"From the time he was a little boy he put together a scrapbook on airplanes," Mrs. Jones said. "He also had every book about Lindbergh."

Jones, who died in July 1982, was an Army veteran and a licensed pilot, but took more pleasure in reading about Lindbergh than in flying.

"Lindbergh was his hero until he died," Mrs. Jones said. "There was almost nothing he didn't know about him. He had a great admiration for him."

Jones' lifelong admiration of the famous aviator led to the construction of the airplane, a project which lasted from 1972 until 1974, Mrs. Jones said.

"He went around to junkyards to get parts for the plane," she said. "He bought

the shell of the plane from someone in Temple and the propeller from some man in Salado."

Several lawn mower engines surround the nose of the plane and the door on the right-hand side actually opens and closes. The only thing missing from the replica is the wings, which were only partially built and are now stored in the rafter of the workshop.

The plane closely resembles pictures of the Lindbergh craft and even has "Spirit of St. Louis" painted in black letters on both sides of the nose.

The building, which Jones used as a workshop, was empty for the past year and a half until Mrs. Jones sold it and its contents a few weeks ago.

The new owner of the building and its contents — including the plane — is Charles Alford.

Alford was undergoing tests at the Olin E. Teague Veterans' Center and was looking for a job in Temple when he said he "happened to drive by the building" and became interested in the property. After discovering who owned it, he contacted Mrs. Jones.

"But I wasn't sold on the building until I saw the plane," he said.

The silver aircraft, suspended from the ceiling in Alford's workshop, is about 20-25 feet long. It hangs from pulleys so it can be raised and lowered, if necessary.

Alford is also a flying enthusiast who served in the Marine Corps for eight years including World War II and the Korean War.

"I plan to leave the plane where it is," he said. "People are invited to come by and view it. I'm not looking to get rid of it."



PRIVATE PILOT