



Serving the Port Angeles & Sequim Area

EAA 430 FLYER

July 2019



Dedicated to having fun with airplanes and promoting General Aviation

CHAPTER CHATTER

With Ken Brown



Like the saying, **GO WEST YOUNG MAN, GO WEST** is exactly what I am doing along with Skip, Ernie, Ray and Lisa. It will be more like **"North by Northwest"** to be exact.

As clouds abound and the wind is at our six we anticipate starting this adventure on July 1 looking for a window of good weather. Our goal is to get us from Sequim to Fairbanks Alaska.

The first part of the trip will take us to Abbotsford to check into Canada and up the Alcan Highway to Northway Alaska to reenter the US.

Fairbanks will be our hub as we adventure out to various and glorious locations in the huge state of Alaska. A full and complete trip debriefing is scheduled as the presentation at the August 31, 2019 gathering and Burger Bash.

What will be the legacy for EAA Chapter 430?

Interesting question. Over the years, we have been very involved with Young Eagles, flying over 3200 youths. As a Chapter, we have promoted and supported students through our college scholarship program. These programs have costs, which to date have been replenished in dribs and drabs. Our recent "Pave the Way to the Future" program, which is still in development, has had a good response from the initial announcement last month. Dedicating Pavers are one form of putting money in a scholarship or building fund, but not the only way.



Our vision, based on the responses of the membership survey, is for the chapter to own its own dedicated space for general gatherings, educational meetings and aviation-related activities for both youth as well as adults.

As a 501(c) 3 non-profit charity, we are in a position to accept funds from you, our members. Have you considered donating your RMD (required minimum distribution) and in return receive a tax deduction? For those of you who are in a position of not wanting to pay taxes on your RMD, designating EAA Chapter 430 as the recipient will not only eliminate your need to pay taxes on this amount, but more importantly add needed income of this chapter and its programs.

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JULY 2019

- VMC Club Meeting **CANCELLED**
- EAA Chapter 430 Board Meeting
CANCELLED
- EAA Chapter 430 Chapter Gathering
July 27 10:00 - 12:00
Speaker: Jerry Stiles
AC-130 'Spectre' Gunship Presentation

Speaker: Jerry Stiles

"I flew 213 combat missions in Viet Nam of which 96 were flown in the AC-130 'Spectre' Gunship. The Gunship is highly accurate and lethal--enemy troops designated as the most feared weapon in the air."

August 2019

- VMC Club Meeting **August 14 7:00 pm**
Mariner's Café JC Penny Plaza
- EAA Chapter 430 Board Meeting
August 23 9:00 am
Mariner's Café JC Penny Plaza
- EAA Chapter 430 Chapter Gathering
August 31 10:00 - 12:00
Presentation by our members: North to Alaska

The following is the link to the two topics Dr. Kintner discussed in the June 29th EAA Gathering.

[Click here for the documents from the gathering](#)



EAA 430 Young Eagle Events

July 6 at W28

Rain date of August 17

Airplanes R Us

by John Meyers

Imagine, joining the U.S. Cavalry in 1933... then (much later) retiring as a General in the U.S.A.F. This is not so much of an airplane story as a WW2 Soldier Story. I pass it on here mainly because of an officer & gentleman who was our neighbor when we lived in the Denver area, 1990's. I have a little first-hand knowledge of his stories ... and was more recently mentally refreshed as I Googled his name, confirming my recollections.

Wayne O. (Sage) Kester was born in a sod house near Stockville Nebraska in 1906. He graduated from Kansas State Agricultural College as DVM in 1931 then joined the Army as a vet in 1933. It happened that Lt. Sage Kester became an officer assigned to Honolulu Hawaii ... and was directing his cavalry troop in training exercises on the morning of December 7, 1941. As we all know, the day begat destruction from Japanese aerial attack around Pearl Harbor. Obviously, Lt. Kester and his troop charged back to Wheeler Army Airfield near Pearl Harbor where they surveyed and directed recovery efforts on horseback. There are many imbedded stories of heroism and chaos associated with this event but I do recall Sage Kester telling me that he liked to reflect that he was one of the last US Soldiers to go to war on a horse.

Moving the story along to July 1949, Brig General Sage Kester was assigned to the recently formed military branch, US Air Force. His job was Director of the USAF Veterinary Service, which was similar to his Pacific Theatre service during WW2. As best as I can determine, this job related to logistics of feeding the troops (good quality food delivered to the right places), especially meat and dairy products.

Moving the story to the 1990's, Sage Kester and his wife were neighbors of ours on Lookout Mountain, Golden Colorado (horse properties)... just west of Denver. Sage and some his Army / Airforce buddies had settled in this area during the 1960's. They were all retired Generals and equestrians for as long as their bodies would allow. General Kester died in 1999.

For some additional information about Dr. Kester, click on this link:

<http://veterinarymedicine.dvm360.com/mind-over-miller-remembering-dr-wayne-o-kester>



Brig General Sage Kester (USAF RET)

If Faced With An Engine Failure, Remember Your ABC's

Author Eric Radtke (Reprinted April 22, 2019 Sporty's Student Pilot)

While complete engine failures are not common, the stakes are high which is why pilots train extensively for such occurrences and why they get evaluated as part of a checkride. If faced with an engine failure, or training for your next engine failure with your instructor, act quick and decisively by remembering what you learned in kindergarten – your ABCs.

It was Fulghum who authored the New York Times bestseller, *All I Really Need to know I Learned in Kindergarten*. The simple and beloved creed has guided many in their personal and professional lives and offers a valuable lesson in efficiency and effectiveness. Its wisdom has been applied to everything from home life to business dealings and has its place on the flight deck as well.

When an emergency strikes, seconds matter. Indecision is the enemy and reduces your options and likelihood of a positive outcome. My advice is not to say one can't alter plans in a dynamic situation such as an engine failure; however, the new choice should be obvious as evaluating any new plan will cost precious time.

While complete engine failures are not common, the stakes are high which is why pilots train extensively for such occurrences and why they get evaluated as part of a check ride. If faced with an engine failure, or training for your next engine failure with your instructor, act quick and decisively by remembering what you learned in kindergarten – your ABCs.

A – Airspeed. Establish best glide speed. Do it quickly. If you can gain precious altitude in the process of slowing to your best glide speed even better. Altitude affords us more options and perhaps an opportunity for some trouble shooting. Trim for your best glide speed so that your focus can quickly shift to B (best glide) and be strict in your adherence to speed. There are many options to lose altitude quickly, but nothing you can do in an engine failure to gain it back.

B – Best place to land. Pilots should always be considering adequate landing locations so maybe some of your work is done. If not, scan the entire area around you for preferably, an airport, but if not, a location that will best ensure your successful outcome – ideally, a flat, open field absent obvious approach obstructions such as trees, powerlines or structures. Remember, your best landing location could be behind you so don't ignore natural blind spots in your search. If you're flying with a GPS navigator or charting app, familiarize yourself with the emergency functions to assist in locating an emergency landing area.

As basic as it sounds, pilots can become paralyzed or reluctant to accept the dire circumstances. An obstacle that can be overcome through good training. But don't delay or move on to our next checklist item until the aircraft is flying toward your landing area at best glide speed.

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C – Checklist. Your aircraft checklist includes memory items. Needless to say, if a manufacturer has identified an item as being so critically important it should be committed to memory even as seconds matter, not only should the items be rehearsed, but a flow around the flight deck should also be committed to memory to increase your lowlihood of accomplishing these items. In a low altitude situation such as just after takeoff, you are fortunate to even make it through the memory items.

An emergency at altitude, could offer a window to consult a written checklist. This will offer a double check of the appropriate memory items and allow you to explore other potential causes for the failure in an attempt to regain power.

There are some universal elements of the emergency, engine failure checklist some of which are covered by our ABC checklist.

- Best glide – establish best glide

- Landing site – identify your best site AND fly towards that site

- Fuel – switch tanks (if able), check fuel shutoff, enrichen the mixture

- Master – if executing a landing, ensure electric is off to reduce fire risk

D – Declare. Declare an emergency. If unable to raise Air Traffic Control, provide as many details of your location as possible so that help can be provided. Even if speaking openly on the local frequency or emergency frequency, another aircraft may hear the transmission and be able to call for additional ground assistance.

In the case of ATC, you could ask or even be provided with information on available landing locations. Take extreme caution in the natural tendency to second guess your chosen landing location. Only if absolutely sure you can make a better location for landing, should your original plan be altered. As a matter of standard course, ATC may ask certain questions such as the nature of your emergency, fuel on board and number of souls on board. Don't feel pressured to respond. Your first obligation is to maintain positive control and FLY THE AIRPLANE. Navigation comes next in the hierarchy of pilot duties and a distant third is communication. In other words, you're in charge as the PIC. Respond only if able and don't hesitate to ask for information you may need.

E – Execute. Continue flying the airplane throughout the approach and landing. If time is available to maneuver, consider wind direction, slope of the chosen field and any obstacles. When compromises must be made, opt for the wind and obstacle combination that permits additional margin for error on your final approach.

Positive control is essential throughout so that you can minimize damage to the cabin structure which will increase your odds at escaping injury free. Don't become obsessed or fixated on salvaging the aircraft itself – only the cabin structure.

Flaps are recommended if they can be deployed so that you can minimize your forward speed. Minimum forward speed lessens the severity of the deceleration process. Avoid low level, aggressive maneuvering and minimize sink rate.

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Much of what we have discussed relates to complete engine failure at altitude. In the case of an engine failure after takeoff, options are greatly reduced. It is usually NOT advisable to turn back to the runway, but instead, to select a landing location directly in front or slightly left or right of your flight path.

The decision to continue straight ahead versus turning back is often difficult to make due to the variables involved such as wind direction and altitude lost in the turn which can be affected even further by other atmospheric conditions, technique, and reaction time. If you've not trained for a simulated engine failure with a return to the airport, this would be a valuable exercise so that you can make more informed decisions about what altitude you would need to reach before considering a return to the airport.

No matter the event and no matter the circumstances, these fundamental aviation principles apply:

Aviate

Navigate

Communicate

2019 BOARD AND OFFICERS

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OFF TO THE WAR**(Pearl Harbor)**

Note from the Editor: I was privileged to spend several months interviewing Lee Embree and subsequently writing his memoirs. We would sit in his Port Angeles home, drinking coffee and eating cookies, while he told me stories of his career as the official photographer in the Army Air Corps. Many of his photographs were featured in Life magazine and in the news reels viewed in the movie theatres. One of my favorite stories he shared is the trip in one of several B-17's to Hickam Field in Hawaii, on their way to the Philippines, arriving at the same time the Japanese were bombing our Navy ships in the harbor...December 7, 1941. Lee passed away on January 24, 2008 at the age of 92 years old. The following is an excerpt from his memoirs.



Each B-17 aircraft of the squadron was assigned a permanent flight crew. In addition to the regular crew, two aerial photographers, a communications officer, and later a flight surgeon were added to the air echelon PCS (permanent change of station) flight. Other squadron personnel were to travel by surface transportation.

As an aerial photographer, I was assigned to Capt. Raymond T. Swenson's crew on a B-17B, (Serial number 38-212). On November 19, our crew departed on an extended cross-country in our assigned aircraft for a shake-down flight. First we flew to Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama, then Langley Field in Virginia. At Langley we exchanged our "B" model for a "C" (Serial 40-2074); then we left for Bolling Field near Washington DC. Captain Swenson had arranged for a staff car, and he had one vacant seat. For what reason I don't know, but he invited me to go along. This was to be a sight-seeing trip around the capitol and other famous places. This was my first trip to DC, and I was simply overwhelmed by everything.

Early the next morning we departed for Middleton Air Depot in Pennsylvania for a few minor repairs and parts. Now for the shakedown flight to Albuquerque, nonstop by way of Chicago, Denver and over Albuquerque to El Paso; then we returned for landing at Albuquerque. Our flying time was approximately fourteen hours. It was a good airplane and a very tired but happy crew. We had just completed the simulated flight from San Francisco to Hawaii, the longest single over-water flight en route to the Philippines.

It was a late night landing in Albuquerque on November 24th. Betty was there at the flight line to meet me in our '38 yellow Studebaker. To my surprise, so were my parents and brother and sisters. They had driven down from Iowa to see me off to Hawaii. It sure was nice to see them. We had a nice long visit the next day; then they headed home.

The next day I received another surprise. Our Squadron Commander, Major Truman H. Landon, asked me to change crews for the upcoming flight to the Philippines. Field." He said, "I want you on one of the two new B-

17E models which the squadron will receive at Hamilton Field." (Hamilton is located at San Rafael, California, on the north part of San Francisco Bay.) He added, "These new "E" models have a 24-volt electrical system which will be compatible with the aerial camera you will be taking on the flight." The "C" and "D" models were 12-volt systems; therefore, the need was obvious for my crew and aircraft reassignment. Major Landon also told me, "On our flight to the Philippines, we'll be flying over some islands occupied by the Japanese. I want you to get some good aerial photographs because we think they are up to something we are not supposed to know about."

When Captain Swenson's other crew members were informed of my reassignment, I remember a comment by the Crew Chief, M/Sgt. Leroy Pouncey. "Well, that's too bad, because now you'll miss some of that good fruitcake my wife is making for me to take along." My new assignment resulted in changing places with the Flight Surgeon, 1st. Lt. William R. Schick. Prior to this, I was not aware that we would have a medical officer accompanying the flight. The pilot of the new plane to which I was assigned was 1st Lt. Karl T. Barthelmess.

Early on the morning of December 4, 1941, Betty drove me to the squadron flight line, then headed for Los Angeles in our trusty '38 Studebaker with another crew member's wife. Betty would be staying with her father and mother. It was a day of very mixed emotions for me. On that day, our air echelon was scheduled to depart from Albuquerque. I would not want to relive that day again - ever. On the one hand it was very difficult for me to realize that I would not be seeing Betty for probably a very long time. We were married on February 22, only about nine months earlier. We had enjoyed the Albuquerque life, and it was there we had our first home. On the other hand, I think most of us were looking upon this as a new and exciting adventure. After all, flying in a B-17 to the Philippine Islands was not something very many twenty-six-year-olds had an opportunity to do. Later on, Lieutenant Schick was overheard to say, "I wouldn't take a million dollars for this trip!"

Later that morning we flew to Hamilton Field. Since our crew was scheduled to receive one of the new "E" models, three of our crew were ferried to Hamilton in a B-18. Besides myself, there were Sgt. Vance Spears, S/Sgt. Nicholas Kahlefernt, plus a plane load of equipment. Upon arrival at Hamilton, crew members spent their waking hours checking and double-checking equipment - both personal and the aircraft.

The next day I located our new model "E" on the flight line. T/Sgt. Roy Coulter and Sergeant Spears were giving it a good check-out. How different it looked with the dull olive drab paint job and no markings on the tail - not even an identification number. It was eight feet longer and had twin .50-caliber machine guns in the tail. The crew entrance door was farther back and much easier to enter. Bomb bay fuel tanks were in place to provide the extra flying time needed for the long haul to Hawaii. All fuel tanks were being topped off to the last possible ounce. I heard a sergeant remark after filling one tank, "There isn't room for another teaspoon of gas in this one." There were, of course, changes and updating modifications, which made this plane, Number 41-2408, a really formidable Flying Fortress. (Many years after the war, I learned that this same B-17E was one of the three used to fly General MacArthur and his staff out of the Philippines during March 1942.)

We were all processed for overseas duty and final inspections were made. It was quite a sight to see those B-17's lined up on the flight line. There were also eight from the 88th Reconnaissance Squadron out of Salt Lake City, which were being reassigned to the Philippines.

An hour or so before we were scheduled to depart, I phoned Betty in Los Angeles. She had arrived safely from Albuquerque. After we talked for a while, I could hear her mother saying something in the background. So I asked, "What is she saying?"

"You tell Lee to be careful because those Japs are going to cause trouble," was the message my wife relayed.

I said, "You tell her not to worry and don't believe everything you read in the newspapers."

Little did I know how wrong I was and how right she was. That conversation took place about 8:00 p.m. on Saturday, December 6, 1941.

Shortly after the telephone call, all flight crew members were summoned into a rather small room (for 144 men) for a final briefing and flight plan. A briefing officer (I believe it was Brigadier General Fickel) walked in, and the door was closed. He talked about the route and stops we would make enroute to the Philippines. He especially emphasized the care and precaution necessary to safely complete this first, long, over-water flight to Hawaii. He explained that we would not take any machine-gun ammunition along on this first hop because of the distance and the need to keep our weight down and thus conserve fuel. Numerous other items were discussed. Then he closed the meeting by saying, "Good luck and good bombing." As we were leaving the room I overheard him telling one of the

flight crew officers that plenty of machine gun ammunition would be ready for us when we arrived at Hickam Field. I also noticed on leaving that the Chief of the Army Air Corps, Gen. H. H. "Hap" Arnold was standing at the base operations counter talking with someone. He had arrived earlier in a C-39, apparently also to see us off.

About 9:00 p.m. we were told to load up. As I climbed into the aircraft, I made sure my two pieces of luggage were on board. The GI B-4 bag was crammed full of clothing and other personal effects. But more important to me was my own personal camera, a 4x5 Speed Graphic. I planned to use it in the Philippines for taking pictures to send home to my wife. It was pretty much a standard camera used by news photographers at that time.

Lieutenant Barthelmess asked me to go up forward in the greenhouse for the takeoff and part of the flight. With the heavy load of fuel, tool boxes, luggage and machine guns on board, it would help a little to have my weight up there to help correct the center of gravity. I don't know what our take-off position was; however, since we were crew number two, I assumed we also were number two to roll. With the brakes locked, those four engines began to thunder. The pilot released the brakes and we started rolling down the runway. It was about 9:30 p.m. Being up in the nose of the plane, the ground seemed very close, especially after the tail elevated. What disturbed me most was the row of red lights, dead ahead, marking the end of the runway. After what seemed to me like many minutes, I felt the main landing gear wheels still on the ground. To this day, I believe those wheels rolled between the red lights. Then the nose lifted, and we were over the water of northern San Francisco Bay, still low, but gradually gaining altitude. Finally, we were over the Golden Gate Bridge. Nothing but black night lay ahead.

Each B-17 was scheduled to leave Hamilton Field at five or ten minute intervals, then fly and navigate individually to Hickam Field. The reason for this was that on such a long night flight, formation flying would be extremely dangerous and very tiring. It would also have increased fuel consumption considerably.

The crew of this new model "E", in addition to Lieutenant Barthelmess, our Pilot, included 2nd. Lt. Larry Sheehan, Co-Pilot; 2nd. Lt. Charles E. Bergdoll, Navigator; Air Cadet John C. Adams, Bombardier; T/Sgt. Roy H. Coulter, Crew Chief; Sgt. Vance H. Spears, Asst. Crew Chief; S/Sgt. Nicholas H. Kahlefent, Radio Operator; Corporal Raymond R. Joslin, Asst. Radio Operator; and me, S/Sgt. Lee R. Embree, Aerial Photographer.

As the hours ticked by, I tried to cat nap a little, but without much success. Our Navigator was working constantly and, of course, we tried to keep out of his way. Radio contact with other crews was limited to each pilot reporting in to Major Landon at scheduled times. We learned later that sometime around daybreak, we apparently passed a Pan American Clipper which was scheduled to land in Pearl Harbor at 9:30 a.m. I have no information on where it finally landed, but I think it was diverted to Hilo.

I stayed up in front all night because the engine noise wasn't quite as loud. It was a very long and tiring night, but uneventful - so far. At the appointed time, after daylight, our Navigator said we should be sighting the island of Oahu. Minutes ticked by and still no sight of land - only dark cloud formations on the horizon that looked like mountains. Finally Lieutenant Barthelmess asked Nick, our Radio Operator, to check the compass indicator in the Navigator's position to see if it was synchronized. Nick said it was okay. Next, the Pilot told the Navigator he would do a slow 360-degree turn to give him time to take another "fix" and recalibrate our heading. This we did, and Lieutenant Bergdoll insisted we were on the correct course. Shortly after that, we sighted land. Real land! What a relief to see something besides water. We were getting worried about the gas supply because when we sighted the island of Oahu, we had about one hour supply left.

We headed for the west side of Oahu which brought us around Diamond Head. As we approached the islands, I left the greenhouse and crawled back through the pilots' and crew chief's compartment and along the bomb bay catwalk to the radio compartments. This is where Nick and Ray had spent the night. They looked beat. I told them I was going on back to unpack my camera. I wanted to try with my own camera to get some good pictures of the famous places I'd heard so much about: Diamond Head, Waikiki Beach, Royal Hawaiian Hotel and Honolulu.

With my Speed Graphic in hand and loaded with a film pack (12 shots), I headed for the rear waist gunners' positions - one on each side. There were no machine guns in place at the time and no Plexiglas in the window openings. It was perfect for photography! I saw Diamond Head and then Honolulu. I thought, *Wow! We really have made it to the Hawaiian Islands!* For an Iowa farm boy, this was living. I took a shot out the right window.

By now we were about a mile off Waikiki at about 2,000 feet altitude. This was in keeping with a normal over-water approach for landing at Hickam Field. Suddenly I saw large clouds of black smoke rising from Hickam or beyond. It was similar to a huge oil well fire. But there was more intense smoke from different locations. I wondered what was

going on. By this time, we were farther out from the shoreline, almost ready to turn right for the final approach to Hickam. Next, I observed hundreds of small black puffs of smoke above Hickam and Pearl Harbor. Then I recalled seeing the same thing back home on the movie theater screens of newsreels showing the war in Europe, including the anti-aircraft firing. I began to sweat, and not just because of the warm tropical air whistling in my face. As we turned right on final approach, I remember jumping over to the left side window opening, camera still in hand. Something really crazy seemed to be going on out there. Up ahead I saw airplanes going in all kinds of directions. Then I noticed considerably more black smoke. We were now down pretty low and flying directly over the entrance to Pearl Harbor. Suddenly I saw and felt the bomber pull up with a surge of power and start to gain altitude.

I was alone back in the tail section, and I didn't have the intercom headset on, so I didn't know or understand what the heck was going on. Later, after we landed at Hickam, I was told the pull-up was because of intense Japanese aircraft activity over the Hickam runway and hangar area. As we flew over the runway, I got a good close look at some of those wild flying airplanes and saw the red meat ball painted on them. Were they really Japanese airplanes? It still hadn't soaked in. We made a go-around, turning left around the outside edge of Pearl Harbor. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Many ships in the harbor were burning and exploding. Airplanes were climbing, turning and diving all over the place.

During the years since that morning of December 7, people have said to me, "Why didn't you take more aerial photos of all this?" I don't really know why, but I believe it was because I was so flabbergasted at what was happening that I momentarily forgot the camera was in my hand. I have wished many times since then that I had banged away with all that film in my camera. Reminded of the newsreels I'd seen back home, it took time to soak in what was really happening.

We continued our slow left turn, coming out over the water again just east of Barber's Point. Lieutenant Barthelmess turned left just off the shoreline for another final approach to Hickam. As we passed over Pearl Harbor entrance again, I saw a Navy ship of some kind coming out of the harbor. It was firing, all guns almost straight up. Just then I saw something that looked like a bomb fall in front of our left wing. I looked up and saw an airplane with those red meat balls on each wing. The pilot of that plane was obviously trying to bomb the Navy ship just below us, and they in turn were trying to hit the Jap plane. And here we were, flying right between the two! We were lucky this time and didn't take any hits. I remember saying to no one in particular, "Please, Lieutenant, get this crate on the ground, fast!" We had guns in the plane, but they were not mounted.

Again I heard and felt that surge of those four powerful engines. I couldn't believe this. As we passed over the runway, I saw a B-17 on the Hickam flight line with its tail-end burned off and its nose pointing upward at about a 45° angle. The stabilizer and control surface part of the tail end was several yards off to one side. We did another go-around, using the same flight pattern as the first time. The anti-aircraft fire had become more intense. It seemed like all of Hickam Field was burning. Heavy black smoke poured from many of the Navy ships, and there were repeated explosions on some of them. On this second go-around, Lieutenant Barthelmess followed pretty much the same route on his final approach, flying just off the shoreline. I was still hanging on at the left window opening. This time around was more turbulent. I had been bounced around quite a bit back there in the tail section by both the turbulence and, I suppose, our pilot trying to avoid other aircraft. During some of this rough treatment, I remember trying to protect my camera. Then it hit me. Hey! I should be taking pictures from this vantage point in the air!

At about the same instant, I heard what sounded like hailstones falling on a tin roof. I looked back and saw two fighter-type aircraft right on our tail. The hailstone noise was, of course, their machine gun fire hitting the sheet metal of our tail surfaces. That was getting a little too close for comfort because I was in the tail section. Then for some reason, they stopped firing and passed us on the left. I heard later that some of our shore batteries with .50-caliber machine guns saw them on our tail and opened fire. Maybe it got a little too hot for them, and they decided to leave. They passed so close I could see the Japanese pilots. They were grinning from ear to ear. Looking out over our left wing, I took a shot of those two and heaved a sigh of relief. We were now on final approach and slowing down considerably, so they disappeared very quickly - but not for long. Moments later, the same two appeared under our left wing, diving and flying in the opposite direction. A third aircraft was in front of them, which crashed and burned. It was not possible to identify this third aircraft; however, I did take a shot of the two and of the one burning.

Then Nick opened the radio compartment door and yelled to me, "Lieutenant Barthelmess says on intercom we're going in to land this time, regardless, because the fuel gauges are showing empty." I hoped they could stretch

the glide path to the runway, and sure enough they did as the landing gear tires squealed on the runway surface. After attempting to land at Hickam Field three times, we were down at last!

All four windmills were still turning, so we taxied off to the right, over to what they called the dispersal area, and stopped. The pilots shut down the engines, and for the first time in about thirteen hours, everything was quiet. But not for long. A man driving a tow tug came racing up to the left side of the plane where I was still at the gun turret window and yelled, "Get out of there fast! We're being attacked by the Japs!" That cinched it. His words immediately erased any remaining doubt that may have lingered in our minds. We were in a war!

T/Sgt. Coulter, our Crew Chief, came back through the plane and said, "Let's get out here! But first throw out anything that might burn in case some incendiary strafing comes our way!" So we started throwing luggage out the door - fast. I jumped out the door with my camera and began moving luggage and other gear out and away from the plane. Just then I heard the sound of planes approaching from somewhere. Somebody yelled, "Duck!" I hit the dirt. I think there was only one plane that came over, strafing.

When I picked myself up off the ground, I noticed that two brass buttons at the bottom of one leg of my GI fatigue coveralls were missing. I couldn't believe it (and probably no one else would either), but they apparently had been shot away. With that, I sort of checked out myself, but not a scratch anywhere. I showed this to Roy. His comment was, "That's getting pretty close." He was more concerned about his plane because he was a darned good crew chief. He then stripped off his shirt and went about checking the "E" for any damage.

The plane had been hit several times while in the air, but there was no serious damage. I took a photo of the vertical stabilizer which showed only one hit. I then walked around to the front of the plane and took a photo of the nose and left wing engines, with a large black smoke plume showing under the wing in the background. It was later determined that the smoke was from the crippled battleship, Arizona. In the background was also another B-17, but I didn't know to which crew it belonged. Next, I came back near the right wing tip and took a photo of the rear part of the plane, with our luggage and equipment out on the ground. My open camera case would be seen nearest the open door.

The attack seemed to be over now. At least I didn't see any more Jap planes flying around; however, there were still quite a few explosions taking place around Hickam and back in the Pearl Harbor area. They wanted us to go back up and try and find the Japanese fleet; however, they could not find any gasoline or bombs for our airplane, so we did not go. That night, before sundown, a truck came out with some coffee and sandwiches for us. It was cold coffee, but so what if the coffee was cold? After flying all night and arriving for this Jap reception, any kind of food was most welcome.

After eating, I picked up my camera again and took a shot of the Hickam hangars and flight line. The hangars were smoking and in ruins. A B-18 had taken a direct hit in the crew compartment. It was burning fiercely when we landed and taxied past. I didn't see any planes on the flight line that were not damaged or destroyed. This scene reminded me of some news photographs of the war in Europe. It really was very difficult to believe that this was for real, here in the middle of the beautiful Hawaiian Islands.

In the hangar line photograph showing the black smoke billowing from one hangar, is the B-17 I mentioned earlier, which had burned apart at the radio compartment. It is not very clear in the flight line photo; however, just below where the smoke is emerging, it is visible with no tail section. I didn't know at the time that it was Captain Swenson's B-17C. This was the same plane to which I had originally been assigned back in Albuquerque only three days earlier. It was quite a shock when I learned about the plane's identity.



(Editor: The Squadron Commander later told Lee, "I have some bad news. The flight surgeon you changed places with was the only one killed." The strafing from the Japanese fighters got him. He was the only one from our squadron who was killed. It still hits me pretty hard.)

EAA Chapter 430 Monthly Gathering Minutes

Date: June 29, 2019

President Ken Brown opened the meeting at 10:15 with the Pledge of Allegiance. Ken then introduced our numerous **guests** including Jacob Kirschbaum, Cynthia Gase, Stephen Clark, Madeline Patterson, Brigit Lewellyn, Lisa Ballantyne, Jim Kuhlmeier, Larry Sweetzer, and Dale Hilderbrand.

Skip Brown introduced our current **scholarship award recipient, Jacob Kirschbaum** and he explained his hopes and dreams at the U of ND and beyond! He is very active at the Pt Townsend Air Museum youth program, and thankful for the scholarship award.

Program Introduction – Deb Cox introduced **Bill Kintner MD. AME** who spoke about **Basic Med** and **Meds and flying per the FAA**. It was a very interesting and engaging presentation covering the history of Basic Med, as it was an initiative from Congress directing the FAA. Pilots with Basic Med must have had a previous FAA medical, a state driver's license, complete the online course every 2 years, and receive a medical from a state certified physician every 4 years. He discussed a variety of medical conditions that could be acceptable or disqualifying. Although Basic Med is only recognized in the US, Canada is looking at it. Dr. Kintner was thorough addressing various issues with Basic Med. He also went into detail concerning Allergy meds, Antidepressants, ED, Diabetes, and sleeping pills.

Board of Directors Meeting Summary:

Financial reports are on the EAA430 web site under the About Us Menu, then submenu Chapter business pages The Bank account summary- total of \$6176.00

Membership is currently 99 members (one joined during the meeting!)

Tracy Bolton was welcomed as our New Board member as web editor

The **Memorial Paver Fund** is a fund-raising program for scholarships. Pavers will be offered in two sizes & 4 colors: 4x8 for 250.00 and 8x8 500.00. Orders will be processed and paid to the chapter. A sample PAVER was provided for display. More information will be coming shortly.

Young Eagles: Ernie Hanson said we flew 90 Young Eagles Saturday, June 22, 2019. Everyone did an awesome job especially on the ramp.

The 90 YE were flown by 9 pilots:

Dan Ramberg -	21
Tanner Mathney -	15
Jim Rosenburgh -	15
Gordon Tubesing -	14
Ray Ballantyne -	6
David Orr -	6
Stan Hall -	6
Stephen Baldwin -	5
Jim Bettcher -	2

The **Next YE Rally will be next Saturday, July 6.**

Fly Out Coordinator: Barry Halsted said 11 people flew out last Tuesday to Bremerton for the "last Tuesday of the month buffet". He plans to continue this next month. He also said the Concrete fly in on July 13 is very popular, so plan to arrive early.

(Continued on next page)

EAA Chapter 430 Monthly Gathering Minutes (continued from previous page)

Project Reports:

Collette Miller said after a 4-year delay, she is starting on her aerobatic Sonex.

Norm Coote reported how tough it was to wire the panel in his Q2. But it fired up!

Ken asked Jacob what was going on at the museum, and he said they were working on a **Staggerwing, GeeBee, and a Prowler Jaguar**. What the heck is that?

NOTAMS:

NOMINATING committee is looking for a treasurer, membership chair, and program director. You can recommend someone else to Ernie Hanson.

We need your picture taken for the directory see SKIP

No VMC Club in July – gone flying

No Board Meeting in July – still flying

Next Gathering will be July 27, 2019

The 50/50 Scholarship raffle of \$48.00 was won and donated back by Ray Ballantyne.



WHAT: VMC - Visual Meteorological Conditions (flying VFR - visual flight rules)

Discussions involving flying airplanes visually led by Ray Ballantyne

WHERE: Mariner's Café 609 W Washington St. Sequim, WA

Food and beverages are available for purchase during the meetings.



WHEN: 2nd Wednesday of the month starting at 7:00 pm.

WHO: Anyone interested in flying is welcome to attend. It is a great place to meet new people and have some fun!

WHY: The one hour meetings use real-world scenarios to engage members and allow a free exchange of information that improves awareness and skills. Designed to provide organized "hangar flying" focused on building proficiency in VFR flying. We hope to create a community of aviators willing to share practical knowledge, nurture communication, improve safety and build proficiency.