



# The One Claw

Boston Retired Pilots Newsletter

Editor: George Chaudoin

4th Edition; 1999

ISSUE # 30

## • LAST Fly-In of this Century

Brrr!! The collective chatter of 100 pairs of bridgework (original and bionic) announced the eighth fall Fly-In at Bill Grady's Pemi River Airport in Ashland, NH. 50°F., brought in by a 15 kt. Montreal express had a lot of people hanging over Bill Alby's grill in front of the hangar for more than the food! I arrived in my Lake Buccaneer with Lloyd Ricker and Jack Hofbauer from Long Lake, ME. Jack had planned to fly down from Greenville with his J-3 Cub but looked out on a winter wonderland when he raised the shades. Six inches of snow! What to do? Crank up the Cessna 180 on floats then hitch a ride with Pete and Lloyd. The AN-2 Russian biplane was our biggest attraction; (Mike Farrey's NE DC-3 had a dead battery). While we're on that subject, how about sending a \$25 check to Dakota Aviation Museum, Inc. 492 Old Ashby Road, Mason, NH 03048. You'll be a member and we will see Mike wheel the old Gooney Bird on to the sod again next June. Did you know the Russians saved a lot of money on parachutes with that AN-2? It would fly at 30kts. Five feet above the snow into a 15 kt. Wind and the paratroopers would bail out sans chutes! Bob Trinqué was next heaviest with his C-45, and everybody looked when the round engines went by. We all got our neck exercises out of the way when John Fleurent made his appearance in the Cub. Loop de loop, and roll and spin— Geez--! That looks like a little negative G there--. Keith Parker sported about in his new Varga Kachina, it looks like a miniature PT-19. Lots of kit planes are going together. Don Champagne says all the parts of his RV-6 are about to fly in close formation, and Bud McClellan is joining the wings to the fuselage of

his Glasstar. Now we know why he built a hangar 12' wide and 30' long. The wings are detachable. The one thing I regret after these get-to-gethers is that I didn't have enough time to talk to everyone. Logistically it's impossible, though theoretically, if I talked for three minutes to each of 100 people for five hours--S'cuse me I feel the hook of our illustrious leader around my neck. George Chaudoin is on a Med. Cruise with Ann this week. Its a long hook. Pete

## • Counter of Planes

I knew you would ask and I wondered if I should have been running around with the clipboard kicking asses and taking names. I arrived by car late (1pm) due to iffy wx in LEB. It was a lot better east of Mt Cardigan. I counted 26 airplanes which included the twin Beech, the Russian AN 2, 2 C185 on Amphib floats, Ken Perkins Old Stinson from Hampton, No motorcycles, no campers but the cars were lined up back almost to the intersection. Although I didn't count people, it didn't look as big a crowd as June. Grady can probably say by the amount of food consumed. Lorna was there helping as usual, Bill Alby cooked and there was lots/plenty of hot air from other sources (Mike Sheehy, Don Champagne, etc) which helped take the chill out of the cool fall air. Lots of coffee drinking caused a line at times outside the chief pilot's office (port a john). There were sign in sheets on the table which were utilized. I don't know who was in charge of that. Art Holmes couldn't make it due to business...best year ever he said. He hopes to be able to get back to George's RV4 in a few weeks. Oh! the DC3 didn't make it due some minor maint items. Dino Vlahakis

• **Retired Pilots that Attended Fly-In**

Dick Barnes, Carl Beatrice, Don Champagne, Dick Chickering, Mike Cloutier, Dick Cumming, Bill Danaher, Frank Davis, Bill Donahue, Paul Donoghue, John Duell, Bill Dustin, Dave Dutton, Mike Farrey, John Fleurent, Lou Fradette, Ron Gargalowitz, Ray Gosselin, Bill Grady, Roger Green, Tom Guyer, Dave Hancock, Don Hesselbach, Norm Houle, Dan Hurley, Walt Illingworth, Pete Kallander, Bob Kelley, Arni Kenneson, Bob Lebewohl, Bruce MacGilvra, John Maloney, Charlie Marcin, Bill McCarthy, Jack McCarthy, Bud McLellan, Dan McCue, Jack McWalter, Dave Newkirk, Alex Nofstger, Chuck Nyren, Charlie Osborn, Tom OBrien, Guy Paris, Keith Parker, Bob Patrick, Maurice Picard, Warren Price Jr, Pete Radasch, Lloyd Ricker, Mike Sheehy, Bud Shorey, Bob Smythe, John Stumpf, Jim Tagg, Bob Trinqué, Tom Tutton, George Voedisch, Dick White, John Wojas, Mike Wood, Bob Ziminsky and Mike Zompetti,

• **Active folks and more at the Fly-In**

Creighton Gray, T Pasilard, Mike Conaboy, Sam Patellos, Dick Sabbagh, Art Kontor, Ken Magill, Ron Kratt, Bill Johansson, John McKeil, Al Speckman, Dino Vlahakis, George Schumacher, Ken Perkins, Tom Henigan, Leroy Letendre, Wes Lundquist, George Clark and Rand Peck.

• **The stamp fund thanks you**

Bob Campbell, Dick Shreve, Bob Mudge, Jack French, Pete Ehmann, Jack Grove, Clark Willard, Bud Shorey, Lou Balestra, Norm Bishop, Ed Holland and Bert Russell.

• **We get letters & E-Mail**

George, I got the latest "One Claw" and my son and I were at our first Fly-In in June! We had a great time trading stories (lies) with everybody ... I'll try to make it to the one in October! Here's some stamp money and a couple of jokes you might use in the next CLAW!!. Bob Campbell

A lady in a new BMW is pushed into a gas station. The mechanic says, "What's the matter?" She says, "It just conked out." After he worked on it a few minutes, it's purring like a kitten. She says, "What was the matter?" He says, "Just crap in the carburetor." She says, "How many times a week do I have to do that?"

Thanks George for all the hard work and welcome informative news etc. Enclosed for stamps. Thanks. Dick Shreve

Hello Pete & George, thanks for the One Claw. Will make age 84 ( 9/30/15). Cash enclosed for postage. Clark Willard

The One Claw Guys, I'll just add my congratulations and thanks for a great job being done, A drop in the bucket for the E-Mail expenses. Fun to read and a great way to keep in touch with a wonderful group. Thanks. Bob Mudge

Dear George & Pete, Sorry we missed you in FL last winter. It was nice to have a long conversation. Happy birthday Ann. Welcome to the "Club". We are having a busy summer mostly with the appt. Happy to say we are both well with no new major health problems. Jack will be 80 in Jan. and still going strong. We really look forward to getting the One Claw. Don't think we will ever get a computer, but between Karl Wallace & Donna Blanchard we get copies if their E-Mail hot off the press. Have a great trip & if you get to FL this winter – please call. Take care, Jack & Elaine French

Dear George & Pete, Please find enclosed a check for the stamp fund. Many thanks for the newsletter I've enjoyed every issue. Best regards thanks for keeping us posted. Pete Ehmann

Hi Pete & George, Address change and a few bucks. Thanks guys, Jack Groves

Dear George, I just don't have enough time to get everywhere and I will be in Kansas City for the Fall Fly-In, please give all my regards and just for future reference, approx. Sept 15, my new address will be: 5113 Martin Farms, Lane, Powder Springs, GA 30127. Fortunately, my phone number will stay the same 770 943 6552 Thanks, love, and have a great trip. Pat Malone

It was a good Fly-In George...wx was iffy... I iced up a little at six thousand feet but no probs. John Duell

George: Thanks for adding me to the list. Unfortunately I probably missed out on a lot of information by not having the correct E-mail address. I now have you with correct name in my address book. Sorry I missed out on the New Hampshire get together. I do make the ones at Bill Donahue's each spring in Jupiter, FL. Usually fly my O-1 Army Bird Dog down and sometimes Mary goes with me unless she's

attending the Flight Attendants' get together in Miami which usually falls around the same time. Now that I'm on your list will look forward to future information. Thanks again. Bob Sommer

No info on the missing folks, George. Please change my email address to "tbobrien@earthlink.net. Thanks. See you in October. Tom O'Brien

Dear George, always happy to hear from you. My e-mails are all getting through and my current address and info is; Sergio Rodrigo 8315 Roswell Rd ( 124 ), Atlanta GA. 30350, phone 678 461-6113 res, 404 218-0202 mobil, 678 461-0375 fax as a foot note I might add you have misspelled my name wrong in your e-mails, but no problem I answer to anything close warmest regards Sergio Rodrigo

George, 19 Oct 1999, Sorry about sad news about Walt Byers. Hancock's had a successful flight SFM DAB Spruce Creek. Let winter begin. Dave Hancock

Hello everyone! Just a short message to tell you we are back in our home in Jupiter, Florida. With my usual fine planning we arrived right at the start of the hurricane. Sure glad we had the motorhome to stay in as all the power went off. It was a great welcome home!.....Tom & Deanna

Hey Guys Thanks for a super newsletter. Norm Bishop

Hello George, New E-Mail address; dave@neaccess.net, Thanks Dave Jansen

A little something for the "Kitty", sorry Andrews's picture came out off center, but you shouldn't have any trouble cashing it. Bert Russell

Hi George & Pete, Really enjoy the One Claw. Quite late with this check. Actually since I get One Claw on e-mail, I kind of forget that you still have snail mail to send out. Saw Betty & John Plack at church last Sunday. Bump into Ken Aiken once in a while. That's all for now. Best of health to all, Ed Holland

- **Breaking up**

Delta/ Swissair, Sabena. Austrian to end code share by August 2000 and Air France will be Delta's new code share partner.

- **Two bags full**

Now this message for America's most famous athletes: Someday you may be invited to fly in the backseat of one of your country's most powerful fighter jets. Many of you already have -- John Elway, John Stockton, Tiger Woods to name a few. If you get this opportunity, let me urge you, with the greatest sincerity, Move to Guam. Change your name. Fake your own death. Whatever you do, do not go. I know. The U.S. Navy invited me to try it. I was thrilled. I was pumped. I was toast! I should've known when they told me my pilot would be Chip (Biff) King of Fighter Squadron 213 at Naval Air Station Oceana in Virginia Beach. Whatever you're thinking a Top Gun named Chip (Biff) King looks like, triple it. He's about six-foot, tan, ice-blue eyes, wavy surfer hair, finger-crippling handshake -- the kind of man who wrestles dyspeptic alligators in his leisure time. If you see this man, run the other way. Fast. Biff King was born to fly. His father, Jack King, was for years the voice of NASA missions. ("T-minus 15 seconds and counting...." Remember?) Chip would charge neighborhood kids a quarter each to hear his dad. Jack would wake up from naps surrounded by nine-year-olds waiting for him to say, "We have a liftoff." Biff was to fly me in an F-14D Tomcat, a ridiculously powerful \$60 million weapon with nearly as much thrust as weight, not unlike Colin Montgomerie. I was worried about getting airsick, so the night before the flight I asked Biff if there was something I should eat the next morning. "Bananas," he said. "For the potassium?" I asked. "No," Biff said, "because they taste about the same coming up as they do going down." The next morning, out on the tarmac, I had on my flight suit with my name sewn over the left breast. (No call sign -- like Crash or Sticky or Leadfoot -- but, still, very cool.) I carried my helmet in the crook of my arm, as Biff had instructed. If ever in my life I had a chance to nail Nicole Kidman, that was it. A fighter pilot named Psycho gave me a safety briefing and then fastened me into my ejection seat, which, when employed, would "egress" knocked unconscious. Just as I was thinking about aborting the flight, the canopy closed over me, and Biff gave the ground crew a thumbs-up. In minutes we were firing nose up at 600 mph. We leveled out and then canopy-rolled over another F-14. Those 20 minutes were the rush of my life. Unfortunately, the ride lasted 80. It was

like being on the roller coaster at Six Flags Over Hell. Only without rails. We did barrel rolls, sap rolls, loops, yanks and banks. We dived, rose and dived again, sometimes with a vertical velocity of 10,000 feet per minute. We chased another F-14, and it chased us. We broke the speed of sound. Sea was sky and sky was sea. Flying at 200 feet we did 90-degree turns at 550 mph, creating a G force of 6.5, which is to say I felt as if 6.5 times my body weight was smashing against me, thereby approximating life as Mrs. Colin Montgomerie. And I egressed the bananas. I egressed the pizza from the night before. And the lunch before that. I egressed a box of Milk Duds from the sixth grade. I made Linda Blair look polite. Because of the G's, I was egressing stuff that did not even want to be egressed. I went through not one airsick bag, but two. Biff said I passed out. Twice. I was coated in sweat. At one point, as we were coming in upside down in a banked curve on a mock bombing target and the G's were flattening me like a tortilla and I was in and out of consciousness, I realized I was the first person in history to throw down. I used to know cool. Cool was Elway throwing a touchdown pass, or Norman making a five-iron bite. But now I really know cool. Cool is guys like Biff, men with cast-iron stomachs and Freon nerves. I wouldn't go up there again for Derek Jeter's black book, but I'm glad Biff does every day, and for less a year than a rookie reliever makes in a home stand. A week later, when the spins finally stopped, Biff called. He said he and the fighters had the perfect call sign for me. Said he'd send it on a patch for my flight suit. What is it? I asked. "Two Bags

• **Not doing well**

George, Walt Byers not doing well. He had cancer in the neck, with surgery and radiation seemed to have been under control about three or four years ago but it recently showed up in both lungs and liver. Will keep you posted. Walt Schneider

Claude Cox had a stroke in late October and is in the Exeter hospital. Claude will be operated on this week (11/14) keep him in your prayers

• **More new E-Mail address**

Larry Eccard, Desertratt@aol.com  
Jack Groves, jabongro@aol.com.  
Ron Morin, pinewood@gis.net

Dave Jansen, dave@neaccess.net  
Jim Tagg, Ajimsr@prodigy.net

• **A little poor humor**

A man from Boston dies and goes to hell. When he gets there, the devil comes over to welcome him. The devil then says, "sometimes it gets pretty uncomfortable down here". The man says, "No problem, I'm from Boston".

So the devil goes over to the thermostat, turn the temperature up to 100 degrees, and the humidity up to 80. He then goes back to the Boston man to see how's he doing. To the devil's surprise, the man was doing just fine, "No problem! It's just like Boston in June", the man says. So the devil goes back over to the thermostat, and turns the temperature up to 150 degrees and the humidity up to 90. He then goes back over to see how he's doing. The man is sweating a little, but overall looks comfortable. "No problem! Just like Boston in July", the man says. So, now the devil goes over to the thermostat, turns the temperature up to 200 degrees, and the humidity up to 100. When he goes back to see how the man is doing, the man is sweating profusely, and has taken off his shirt. Otherwise, he seems ok. The Boston man says, "No problem ! Just like Boston in August." Now the devil is really perplexed. So he goes back to the thermostat, and turns the temperature to MINUS 150 DEGREES ! Immediately, hell freezes over! All the humidity in the air freezes up, and the whole place becomes a frigid, barren, frozen, deathly cold wasteland! When the devil goes back to see how the Boston man is doing, he is shocked to discover the man is jumping up and down and cheering in obvious delight. The devil immediately asks the man what's going on. To which the Boston man replies.....

"THE RED SOX WON THE WORLD SERIES !!!"  
"THE RED SOX WON THE WORLD SERIES !!!"  
(NOT THIS YEAR), Dick Barnes

• **Delta Christmas Party, Last of Century!!**

The end of the century Delta Wives Christmas party will be held at 18 Sea Rd., Rye Beach, NH. The date is December 5<sup>th</sup> at 1500 (3 PM) BYOB. Call Ann at 964-5656 with what you plan to bring. Hope for good weather and bring your happy faces.

• **Last Flights**

Bob Johnson; passed away Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> 1999,  
after a battle of 2 years with cancer. There will  
be no viewing, but a memorial service will be  
held on Sat. 13 - 99 at the NAS Brunswick

chapel. More info can be obtained from Mayo,  
Curtis, and Hill Funeral Home, tel. 207-443-3061

From:

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TO: