

# THE LOADER

Professional Loadmaster Association, P.O. Box 4351, Tacoma WA 98438



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**“FRIENDSHIP THROUGH AIRLIFT”**



## Loadmaster Designs A Better Box For Dropping Food To Afghans



10/10/01 - **OPERATION ENDURING FREEDOM (AFPN)** — C-17 Globemaster III loadmasters inspect the Tri-Wall Aerial Delivery System loaded with humanitarian daily rations en route to drop zone in Afghanistan. This is the first operational TRIAD delivery from a C-17 aircraft. (Courtesy photo)

Master Sgt. Donny Brass, a PLA member, was responsible for designing The Tri-Wall Air Delivery System (TRIAD) which the Air Force is using to drop 37,000 packets of food into Afghanistan each day.

The containers, designed for high altitude free-fall air drop, had to be big enough to carry food for hundreds of people, strong enough to be dumped out of a C-17 at 30,000 feet and safe enough to avoid crushing houses or people upon hitting the ground.

The TRIAD System doesn't use expensive parachutes and the dispersed food packets are unlikely to cause injuries when they hit the ground. Dispersal also helps prevent fights over palletized loads as have occurred on some relief drops in the past.

When the rear door of the C-17 opens, the boxes roll out, the static line flips the containers over and pulls off their tops allowing the food packets tumble out. The Humanitarian Daily Rations' yellow plastic packages disperse and float to the drop zone.

Sergeant Brass, 39, from Fort Dix, NJ, designed a refrigerator-size box made of three layers of cardboard, reinforced in some cases with honeycombed cardboard padding. The bottoms were fortified with plywood to help the boxes keep their shape. And the entire package, once packed with heavy plastic food bags, was wrapped with one-inch webbing attached by a "static line" to the aircraft. To prevent the plywood from breaking apart and rocketing down at high velocities, workers glue, staple and strap the wood to the box bottoms. That way, the entire piece tends to remain intact, fluttering down at slower speeds. "You could catch this thing," Sergeant Brass remarked.

"It's not often the president talks about what you do on national television," Sergeant Brass said today as he watched soldiers loading yellow plastic-wrapped food packets into his creations. "This is what you live for; why would I want to quit now?" he said. "The game's on and we're in the thick of it."

It was a small moment of glory for a man who just weeks ago was considering retirement after 20 years in the Air Force



**MSgt Brass**

## A Show of Support at The Second Aerial Port Reunion



L-R LMs Marvin DeArk, Joe Maupin, Harvey Fields, Richard Pellerin, Paul Dextraze (CCT) and Billy Asher display their support for America -- and some rude sentiments for America's adversaries.

The reunion was held at Jacksonville AR and Little Rock AFB, 28-30 Sept 01

## Operation Roving Deposit.

By Tony Street

A Load in the Canadian Air Force for many years flying on C-47s, C-119, C-54s, C-130Bs, Es and Hs and other a/c too small to count. Tony retired in 1977 and lives in Ft. Walton Beach, FL.

In April of '62, I was sent to 435Sqn, Edmonton on temporary duty for a month. We were to fly into the arctic and set up a base camp at Mould Bay (early spring -20-40 Degrees F) From there, we, in Dak 587, and another crew in Dak 200, both on skis, flew missions to various fuel caches around the arctic. My Aircraft Commander hereinafter referred to as The Skipper, was also the Mission Commander. I have not mentioned names for reasons that will become obvious.

Mould Bay is a Joint US/ Canadian weather station on Prince Patrick Island with a normal compliment of six. We upped it to about 60 during our stay. Talk about culture shock!

### "Operation Roving Deposit"

as it was called, was organized to prepare avgas fuel caches for use by the Army engineering Corps who was to come up in summer and re-survey the Arctic, as during WWII, the maps were found to be very inaccurate, as we will see later.

We would roll 45-gallon drums of avgas up two long pipes that formed a loading ramp into the aircraft, secure them and fly off to these caches. The quantity of drums was dictated by the distance to the cache as we always took off with full-fuel (808 us gal?). We also carried a large, heavy (400 lb.), box of canned goods and rations that was substantially over-and-above those found in the standard survival kit. The Skipper: "If we go down, we'll be the best fed survivors in arctic history, we'll gain weight!" As a result, we routinely took-off overweight. (31 -32,000 lb. Maximum authorized weight in those days was 29,500, if I recall correctly).

Upon arrival at the cache, we would land on sea ice (an operation in itself), taxi up onto the shore of the island, I would jump out of the aircraft, shovel down to gravel to ensure that we were, in fact, on the island. Then, with the Co-Jo at the wheel monitoring the engines (we always left the engines running when away from base), the remainder of the crew would untie the drums

and roll them down the pipes onto the beach. There, we would set them bungs-up (so the water would freeze in the bottom), strap them together and erect a red flag so as to identify them when they got covered in snow. (In the Arctic, any fuel cache is "public property." If you needed fuel badly, you would land, refuel, and report it immediately to the appropriate authorities.)

On the 23<sup>rd</sup> of April, we went to Resolute Bay, to "Pickup Standby A/C." We felt that we would rather have it on-hand than have to go and get it in an emergency. A



RCAF Dakota, a "Douglas Racer"

wise move it proved to be!

On the 24<sup>th</sup> of April, we loaded up our Cfort with six scientists from the Defense Research Board (DRB), from Victoria, BC, plus their gear. We took off, weighing 32,000 lbs. and flew straight west for about two hours over the Beaufort Sea until the Nav said we were "There". Wherever "There" was!

Our mission was to land on the ice, drop these twits off, and return in two days and pick them up. Easier in the planning!

First, we had to circle and select a likely looking "Lead" (That's where the ice has formed a pressure ridge, erupted, and the resulting body of open water freezes into a flat, narrow and long "lake." Then, we had to determine if the ice was thick enough to hold us.

This was done in three passes. The first pass was made at full throttle, touching down gently onto the ice and "flying" the length of the lead gradually increasing the weight on the ice and then taking off again. Once in the air, we made a circuit and looked at our tracks to see in they were turning black from water coming up through cracks in the ice. They weren't so onto the next phase. We then came in and "Thumped" the bird down and put full weight on the gear (Skis) for a high speed taxi and

takeoff. We again checked the tracks for changing color. Now, the moment of truth! According to ice studies, we needed a minimum of 16" of sea ice to support our weight.

To determine this, we had a 4-foot stick marked in inches with a hook on the bottom to engage the underside of the ice. How do we engage the bottom of the ice, you may well ask? We had a gasoline driven auger with a six-inch diamond tipped blade. Prior to landing, we fired up the gas engine and installed the auger. We then landed and taxied in to the far end of the lead. With the aircraft still moving, The FE and I leapt from the aircraft, and, while trotting alongside (in full arctic gear, not an easy job), were handed the auger by the boffins. We stuck the tip onto the ice and opened the throttle. The thing went through the ice so quickly it seemed as it was only an inch thick and that we were doomed! We removed the auger and "hooked" the ice...we had 23"...Thank you very much!

Note, "The Plan" was that we were to signal the Dak, which was taxiing about in a "saucer" that moved under it as it continued to taxi (tremendous strength and flexibility of sea ice!) if there was sufficient ice to support the weight of a stationary aircraft. Upon seeing this signal, our Douglas Racer was to take off, circle and drop us emergency gear and then figure out how to retrieve us! As far as we knew at the time, we had set a record of sorts in that we were the heaviest RCAF aircraft to ever land on sea ice.

Finding the ice safe, the aircraft was taxied to one end of the lead and, with the engines running, we unloaded it. We helped the scientists erect their tents, start a generator and set up house. We then drilled another hole in the ice and lowered a hydrophone down into the sea on a 1000' cable. (I have neglected to tell you that this mission was classified. We later found that it was not a scientific "ice" mission, but a cold war operation to test a new submarine detection hydrophone in actual arctic waters.). We returned to Mould Bay.

While returning to Mould Bay from Cache 12, we stopped in Winter Harbor, another radar installation. During the flight, it was discovered that we would overfly it. The Skipper asked, "Anyone for a good lunch?" We all agreed and we landed. We went to the mess hall and found that, as this was a Distant Early Warning line (DEW)

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**Roving Continued from page 2**

radar site, a civilian contractor ran the mess. As us "drop-ins" were a half an hour late for regular lunch hours, it would cost us \$120.00 each to flash-up the facilities (That were probably still warm). The upside was that for \$120.00, we could have pretty much anything we wanted. As we were getting \$6.75 Per Diem allowance, 30 minutes later found us airborne eating, now frozen, box lunches.

About this time we were working 16-18 hours a day. The Skipper was laying on missions one after another. The Navs were particularly stressed as they bore the responsibility of locating the caches by dead reckoning, the sextant and map reading (And we all know the accuracy of those!). One day, a shouting match broke out between pilots, Navs and The Skipper. They quickly retreated to the radio shack where they could yell at each other in soundproof privacy. The bone of contention was the pace being set by The Skipper. "We would not last the distance at this rate!" was one opinion. We took a day off to rest. You'll notice no log book entry for the 27<sup>th</sup> April.

24 hours of sitting around in Mould Bay would drive you nuts, we'd rather fly. It was confided in me later that one of the Navs had observed the Skipper popping No-Doze pills. No wonder he was all gung-ho!

Next day we returned to Polar Pack on a boffin-feeding mission. We flew over and dropped them some gear and fresh rations (so they would have the rations they landed with in case of trouble. A good move, as we shall see!).

On the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, it was time to retrieve the Polar Packers. When we left Mould Bay, it was clear as could be. Half way there, conditions changed and the dreaded ice fog formed. By pre-arrangement, one half-hour before our arrival, they were to turn on their SARAH beacon. Recall them? The Search and Rescue And Homing beacon emitted a cone type signal that broadened with altitude. We locked on to it and made several passes in the ice fog, a couple as low as 50' by our radio altimeter. We saw nothing as we zapped through the zone of silence that marked their position. They told us later that they could "count rivets" as we thundered overhead, just above them.

It was the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May before we could get them out. It proved wise that we had dropped rations earlier. I worked the weight and balance before hand and determined that we would be within weight limits on takeoff out of there but heavy nonetheless. To be sure we could lift off at

our weight on skis, from a short lead, the Skipper ordered a JATO bottle to be hung under the belly of our beast.

We landed, stowed all the gear and started our takeoff run. Just as we hit rotation speed the bottle was fired. We climbed like a homesick angel rivets popping, metal bending, smoke and flame trailing and with a roar and acceleration that drove you to the back of the aircraft! It's something I'm glad I did, but don't want to do again!

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of May, as we were returning from Cache 16 to Resolute Bay, we received a "Mayday" call from the Skipper of Dak 200. He had pranged the aircraft while landing on the sea ice beside an island. Instead of landing along the ridges caused by the drifting snow, he elected to land at 90 degrees to them. In doing so, the vibrations that were set up by the thumping of the aircraft across them, produced harmonics in the undercarriage causing the left hand main



**Hey Load, here comes the stuff Aerial Port said would fit on the ramp!**

gear to collapse. This of course, bent the propeller blades, and ground looped the aircraft. No one was injured.

We acknowledged the call, returned to Mould Bay, re-fueled and took off for the crash site. (This is an example of where the maps were found to be incorrect. The crash site was marked with an X on the map at the mouth of a river. Our Nav took a sextant shot after we arrived and found a five-mile disagreement in the two "fixes." This was the theme throughout the operation so all our Navigation was done using the maps and the Mk 1 eyeball.)

From the air, we could easily see why he made the decision he did. The side of the island where the cache was to be built had a pressure ridge up to 40-ft tall running its length about a quarter mile from shore. This ridge caused the winds to ripple the snow in the manner described above. It would have been an impossible task to move the drums over the pressure ridge, so he

opted to land inside it, with the results as already described.

We landed on the offshore side of the ridge and, leaving the Co-Jo in the right hand seat to keep the engines ticking over, took off on foot for the site.

This became one of the most interesting experiences of my life. Once out of sight of the aircraft, one had no visual reference, such as a telephone pole or house, from which to judge distance or height. You looked at a block of ice sticking up from the ridge and assumed it was as big as a car, it took forever to reach, and to find it 40' tall!

The ice was so pure and clear you could read your ID card through a one-foot thickness.

Probably, the most disturbing aspect was the silence! In the 40 degree below zero cold there was an absolute absence of wind and noise. The air was perfectly still, and the resulting absolute silence was quietly terrifying. The loudest noise was the lub-dub of your heart and the roar of your blood coursing through your skull. For the first instant or two, you felt as though you were having an attack of some sort and you felt a kind of vertigo. It's amazing how much our senses rely on the every day background noises to maintain stability.

When you stood still and exhaled strongly, your breath would immediately form a cloud of crystal-clear ice droplets in front of you. We all agreed later that we could hear them making little tinkling sounds as they collided with each other while falling to the ground.

We walked into the prang site and assisted the crew in taking all the sensitive material we could from the Dak (Morphine in the first aid kit, the survival shotgun and its ammo, a black box that we needed for our machine and other sundry stuff.) Although this is the high arctic, there is a lot of bush pilot traffic. These guys are not above overhearing the "Mayday" and after the rescue, landing their Twin Otter (Twater) and stripping the wreck of all they can carry, especially the instruments.

We placed all the goodies on a rescue toboggan and trekked back to our air aircraft and took off for Resolute Bay.

Upon arrival, we went to the radio shack and called our Squadron in Edmonton. They called us back the next morning with a bunch of technical questions (Was part X broken or bent, Was part Y bent or OK? Etc. etc.) From the answers, the engineers would decide Dak 200's fate.

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## Focus on PLA Members who Have Gone Onward and Upward

### From Loadmaster To Aerial Port Commander

By CMSgt Mike Piasecki



Lt Col David L. Terrell

We each have our own story of success and personal achievement. And we've certainly heard of many others throughout our careers. As loadmasters and individuals, we all aspire to many different things. I'd like to share one of these truly unique successes with you, on one of our own brethren. This story belongs to David L. Terrell, PLA and Liberty Chapter member. Born in 1946 in Mebane, NC, he lived his childhood years in Cedar Grove, NC and later graduated from Central High School in Hillsboro, NC.

The turbulence of the "Sixties" posed many interesting situations, and led him to enlist on 10 June 1965. He joined the Air Force, so he "could be near aircraft and around flying." However, working on aircraft as an Aerospace Protective Coating Specialist wasn't quite really what he had in mind, but he made the best of it. A true sign of the times, the assignment system sent him to Viet Nam in 1966, serving with the 366th Tactical Fighter Wing out of Cam Rahn Bay, later moving to Phan Rang. Later in 1969, during a hard luck tour in Thailand, a friend of his who happened to be a loadmaster was spreading the good word to others about his career field.

The timing was right and it's what he originally wanted, so the now SSgt Terrell, volunteered for loadmaster duty. After technical school, he was reassigned to Pope AFB and the venerable C-130. All the fun at "No-Hope" only lasted a short time, as 1970 arrived with a second tour in Viet Nam, flying with the 39 ARRS, again

out of Cam Rahn Bay. Eighteen months later, it was right back to Pope, where he flew tactical airlift until 1977. In August of that year, he transitioned to the mighty Starlifter, and a choice duty assignment with the 4950th Test Wing at Wright-Patterson. An added bonus was remaining dual-qualified, still getting some quality time aboard the "four fans of freedom". No surprise that TSgt Terrell really made the most of this, especially since he picked up a line number for MSgt while he was there. A bunch of us "older heads" have lots of C-141A model time, but only a select few had the opportunity to fly the unique test-bed models.

He thoroughly enjoyed the flying out of Wright-Pat, but times were changing, and once again, MSgt(S) Terrell made a career impacting decision. Along with all the flying time he accrued while there, he also logged equivalent hours in the classroom. In 1979, he completed the CCAF program earning his AAS in Transportation and Traffic Management, and then continued on earning a BA in Management from Park College. It was time to put his education to further use. At that time, many enlisted people were getting accepted into OTS. Based on a great opportunity, and getting his desired field of Transportation, he completed OTS and was commissioned in 1980.

This highly seasoned aviator, sporting shiny, new gold bars drew duty as Chief, Cargo Movements Division at McGuire AFB. From there, he started a second climb through the ranks. After a short sabbatical, he earned a Masters of Science in Transportation Management from Florida Institute of Technology in 1986. His PME includes SOS in 1983, ACSC in 1994, and the Air War College in 1998. In due course, a variety of assignments followed including Commander, Military Air Traffic Coordinating Unit NAS Norfolk, Chief of ATOC at Torrejon, Spain, 332 ALD, Det 2 Commander at Dhahran, two tours at Lajes Field as Port Operations Officer and Transportation Commander, Staff Transportation Officer at HQ EUCOM, and AFROTC Commander at UCLA.

I had the privilege of meeting Lt Col David L. Terrell last year, when he arrived back at McGuire—this time as Commander of the 305th Aerial Port Squadron. I can't begin to tell you the advantages of having an ex-loadmaster and flyer leading the Aerial Port Squadron. Without question, he brings a whole new flavor to a unit we work with so closely. His background and experience have proven immeasurable. Naturally, we talk often, based purely on daily working is-

### Former Loadmaster Malmstrom Logistics Group Commander



Colonel Jack L. Anderson is the commander of the 341st Logistics Group, Malmstrom Air Force Base, Mont. As commander, he is responsible for the logistical support of 200 Minuteman III Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles and 20 Missile Alert Facilities to include maintenance, supply, transportation, and contracting. These ICBMs and MAFs are dispersed over a 23,500-square mile area, the largest missile complex in the Minuteman fleet and the Western Hemisphere. After serving five years of enlisted service as a C-133A and C-141B Loadmaster, at Dover AFB, the colonel graduated from Louisiana Tech University and entered the Air Force through the Air Force Reserve Officers' Training Corps in 1976. He served in missile maintenance at the unit and headquarters levels. Prior to arriving to Malmstrom Air Force Base, he was assigned to the 90th Logistics Group at F. E. Warren Air Force Base, Wyo., as deputy commander.

sues and relationships. But, the conversation always gets air, and turns to flying and the mandatory war story or two. You can be sure he speaks Loadmaster 101. He's been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, and seven Air Medals. Not to mention two Joint

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Service Medals, six Meritorious Service medals, three Air Force Commendation Medals, and an Air Force Achievement Medal.

Our interview for this article was enlightening and enjoyable. I have to say his flying days are his fondest memories and always at the forefront. It didn't take him long to respond when I asked him about his most memorable flight. He was at Pope on a night Heavy Equipment training sortie. He didn't know he was flying with Murphy until a malfunction occurred. The load stayed in the bird after the extraction chute deployed normally. He and his flying partner initiated their malfunction checklist, and got the load restrained. However, a subsequent connector strap failure initiated main chute deployment -- inside the aircraft. It didn't take long for the two G-11As to deploy and affect the flight characteristics of his C-130. The deceleration force knocked his headset off. As was expected, the Herc started losing altitude. The AC took them around a tight pattern and back across the DZ. They attempted to beat the emergency restraint

loose with 25K devices. It didn't work, the first time. Another quick racetrack and back across the DZ. This time, the chains broke loose and the hung load exited the aircraft with more than the normal clearance between the bottom of the platform and roller system. After a violet pitch up, the AC and copilot regained control and headed for the "home drome"...true story!

He also thinks back to the travel, all the pins he has on his map. Sixty-day "rotes" to Mildenhall and Rhein-Main are high on his list also. But he's still drawn to what he calls the most exciting time, TAC airlift at Pope. The non-stop personnel lines, CDS, HALO, and especially the LAPES put a smile on his face. Things once routine, today never known by a young loadmaster force. He recalls the "Turkey Trots", where he recognized all the cities by their outlying landmarks.

He worked for Chief Willy Williams, one of the original 13 CMSgts, from whom he drew most of his inspiration. Through the years, he cultivated that inspiration and admiration, forming his own life and leader-

ship philosophy. Simply stated, "Treat others as you want to be treated." He believes that mutual respect is the foundation for success. This allowed him to deal with all the changes in the Air Force itself, and adapt to the constantly changing leadership styles. For the record, he has served two Ryan's...is there a third up and coming?

I asked him what he thought was the greatest challenge to the airlift system today. He stated that "Getting and keeping a trained cadre of mobility folks, especially in a Fixed Aerial Port." "Proficiency is the key for us, we can't forget what business we're in!" He stresses "Mobility on a daily basis—deployability, flexibility, and training."

From Loadmaster to Commander, a success story any way you look at it. Just goes to show you what faith in yourself and the institution, perseverance, and having goals can do. His closing comment was "I'm ready to go now more than ever... I didn't spend 36 plus years defending this country to live in fear of terrorism...when I do retire, I want to smell the roses in peace!"

**THE RIDE**

By SMSgt Mark R. Sprenger

I went for the ride of my life in the back of an aircraft a couple months ago. Now, it's not unusual for loadmasters to ride in the back, it's part of our job, we ride in the back all the time. This was a special ride for me because I'd been waiting for over 25 years to do it. I just had to tell a bunch of folks about it. So here goes.

If the opportunity ever comes along and y'all get a chance for a ride in an F-15 Eagle...do it! Do wonderful things around the base, become the Airmen or NCO of the Year; or sell your house, car, whatever it takes. That was amazing! It was worth being in the Air Force for 25 years while not making a lot of money, missing holidays, birthdays etc. Now I've enjoyed my time in the Air Force, don't get me wrong, but this was sure a bonus deal.

The first step in this event began with getting the paperwork signed by the wing commander for the flight. Next, before you ever get in the jet of course there is training to accomplish. I went through the life support briefs and demonstrated my ability to perform basic egress and ejection procedures from a cockpit procedural trainer. It is a life size mock up of the F-15 cockpit. I got fitted the day prior with a G-suit and a helmet without the boom mic so as not to

scratch the canopy. Personally I was hoping my helmet wouldn't get that close to the canopy.

My boss, Lt Col Michael "Dexter" Loughlin, the Chief of Operations Group Stan/Eval, took me up. After a quick review of emergency procedures and a cockpit familiarization we got strapped in. We were scheduled for a BFM (basic flight maneuvers) sortie. It was supposed to be 1 versus 1, but the other jet broke before we taxied. We taxied out as a one ship and requested a quick climb to 10,000 ft. The controller came back and said he was unable to give us the climb to 10,000. I got that sinking feeling for a moment because I really wanted to experience that takeoff climb. Almost immediately the controller came back with "Cheetah One, can you accept a quick climb to 20,000' feet". The boss says sure and I'm thinking this is way to good to be true.

As we taxied into position I looked over and saw a C-130 three ship from the 517 AS getting ready to takeoff on a TAC flight. I waved and then looked over my shoulder as the boss kicked in the afterburn-



ers. It was awesome! We lifted off and flew past a C-17 taxiing down to take the active and a C-5 getting loaded. I remember thinking "I wonder where those guys will be flying to today and where they will be crewresting".

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**New Members Since 6-22-01**

June

**David L. Brown**, C-141As & Bs**William Shank**, Life Member — C-130B, C-130E, C-123, C-141A**Kirk D. Sweger**, C-141s**Stepan Walter**, Instructor Loadmaster on German Air Force C-160s**Karl E. Zapf**, C-141s

July

**Paul J. Broderick**, Life Member — Paul's dad, an AF retiree, made Paul a gift of this membership when he completed Tech School. Paul is now assigned to C-5s at Travis AFB.**Joseph D. Blevins**, C-124 & C-97**Miles G. "High Milage" Penor**, Civilian C-130 Loadmaster with Alaska International Air**James "Jim" Rorie**, Life Member, C-130s**Ernest L. "Lester" Terry III**, C-130H, 156th ALS (ANG)

August

**William L. Adams**, Travis AFB**James J. Baarda**, Life Member, C-130s**Warren H. Bailey Jr.**, AC-47, C-123, C-130, C-141**Louis W. Caton II**, C-130Es & C-124s**Michael D. Edwards**, C-123, C-124, C-130**Doug McLean**, C-141A**Rodney L. "Rocket" Meyers**, C-130E**Edward "Brit" Payne** \* Life Member, C-1A, C-2A (US Navy carrier on-board delivery aircraft), C-131, C-130. A former Navy Aircrewman who retired as a Navy Commander. Payne began his military Career in the British Army.**Gerald L. Pritt**, C-17, C-23, C-130A-J, C-141**Jesse Ritchie** \*, Life Member, C-7, C-47, C-123K (3 V.N. tours), C-5 instructor. Retired from Hq.MAC/docsa (ALCE)**Jim K. Slaughter**, C-130**T. V. Smith**, C-141B, MC-130H**Sven "Stoni" Steinecke**, German Air Force C-160 Load**Spanky Tallent**, C-141B, C-17A**John Wasierski**, C-141

September

**John W. Arseneault**, C-141A/B**Thomas M. "Tommy" McAuley**, C-130 Instructor LM, TN Air Guard

October

**Jack L. Anderson**, C-133A & C-141B. Commissioned in 1976. Now the Logistics Group Commander at Malmstrom AFB, MT. **Photo and Bio on page 4.****R. C. Burroughs**, C-141A**Harry N. Fields**, C-119, C-123, C-124**Clarence Harrison**, C-130, C-141A**Richard P. Pellerin**, C-119, C-123, C-124, HC-130 C-133, C-135, C-141**Frank L. Sullivan**, 84th ATS Flt Chief and Stan Eval.Correction to the roster in the July 15, 01 Loader: Amy Dinsmore is now **Amy Burris**.**Secretary's Corner**

The PLA continues to expand. We have around 1100 members since day 1. This is my 4th year as secretary and because of term limits I will turn over the computer discs after our June 2002 Rodeo/Reunion.

Because our paperwork, banking, tax information, mail etc. is based in Tacoma Washington, I think that it is important that PLA to elect its' next Secretary from the Tacoma local area.

We are looking for a volunteer to handle the job. It's important that he have a computer and be pretty good at it. The job can take a couple of hours per day but is not hard. The position does require a vote of the attendees at the General Membership meeting.

If you are interested in becoming the National Professional Loadmaster Association Secretary please call me or E Mail me at: **wabaade@aol.com**

**Thank You,**  
**Walt Baade**

**In Memoriam**

The Professional Loadmaster Association offers condolences to the families and friends of the following Loadmasters whose death has been reported to our association.

**Ronald L. Hill**, Died May 30, 2001, In Panama City Beach, FL.

**Russell "Rock" Hudson**

**Percy "Pops" Lewis**, Passed away on March 24, 2001. Pops, originally from Lexington, KY; was 76 years old and had retired from the Air Force and Avco Aeronautics. He is survived by his wife of 45 years, Cornelia and stepson, Otis Buchanan.

PLA members names are underlined

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I wanted them to know there was a loadmaster in the back of this fighter screaming down the runway at about 75 feet.

My first real "G" experience came at the end of the runway when the boss pulled back on the stick and my vision dimmed as blood rushed down to my lower extremities. The feeling faded quickly since we were now nearly vertical. We climbed almost 4 miles, nearly straight up, in a matter of seconds. He gave me the airplane at 20,000 ft. I got to hit the afterburners again and break the sound barrier on the climb to 38,000 feet. I always wanted to do that. Instead of dog fighting (since the other guy broke) we just flew around up by Mt. McKinley for an hour.

The boss asked me what I wanted to do once we were in the range. I did a couple turns but he said the jet performed a lot better closer to the ground. He said pointing the airplane straight at the ground was always kinda "fun" to do. I started to nose the airplane over and heard "Whoa, I've got the airplane" as we experienced negative g's. Then he showed me how fighters change direction. We went inverted and then he pulled back to point us straight down. I thought, that's fun, and no negative g's. He gave me the jet as we screamed at the ground from 38,000 ft. I pulled out at about 14,000 and was thinking how amazingly fun this jet is to fly.

We had airspace blocked from 10,000' to 50,000' feet and the boss said he didn't care what I did. I just flew around doing loops, turns, and rolls. I got to fly about 20 minutes or so and was loving it. It was a blast and I did pretty all right (I'd been practicing on my computer flight simulator at home). Then I asked him to do some of his pilot stuff for me so he showed me stalls, vertical climbs with aileron rolls to a stall with a hammerhead turn at the top, classic air show stuff. He practiced like he was dog fighting and defeating missile shots. That can't really be classified as fun; it was a lot like very strenuous work. I only pulled a little over 6 g's in my hardest turn but he went to 7.8 g's. I did a bit of math and that made my body weight the equivalent of just over 1,675 pounds. I was getting the crap squeezed outta me by the g suit, had my muscles as tensed as I could (to keep the blood from going south), was doing the breathing thing they taught me, and still had tunnel vision down to about a 3 or 4 inch circle.

Lt Col Loughlin was flying up there looking over his shoulder to defeat the simulated threat while I was in back wondering what happens when there isn't any blood left in your cranium. It was wild, exhilarating,

**Chapter Reports****Northwest Chapter**

It's been more than four years since this chapter originated, we have over 135 members and they are active duty, Reserves and retirees. I am really proud of their response in both donations and ideas toward our goal in building a memorial gazebo on McChord AFB to honor the two Air Force enlisted Medal of Honor recipients, John Levitow and William Pizenbarger.

Since the dastardly terrorist attacks on 9-11, our project has been put on hold as the base responds to the crisis. But, we will have our memorial in due time.

One thing that is not on hold is the patriotism of our members. Several people called me and said they would like to do something to help out at the base — one guy even took his records and valid heavy equipment operator permits to the Aerial Port Squadron and volunteered to work for free. He was a former Aerial Delivery Section honcho. Others said they were ready for anything, so I gave the Wing C O a letter to let him know we had some old men ready to serve.

Our active guys are gone and we pray for their safe return and successful mission.

Good Bless America

**H. Edvalds, NW Chapter President**

and very stressful. After a bit of that the boss asked how I was feeling and what I wanted to do. I said "Not so good" and "How about fly straight and level". Thankfully he did or I would have had to use "The Bag" for the first time in my career. After a couple minute break we practiced a few more maneuvers and then headed back to Elmendorf.

Thought I'd been in the ring with Hulk Hogan when we got done and I looked like I just came out of the base swimming pool. It was an amazing day that I'll remember the rest of my life. Would I want to be a fighter pilot? I don't think so. Would I like another ride? Anywhere, Anytime, Absolutely!

**Liberty Chapter**

Our membership covers a very large area. It encompasses New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York commonly known as the Tri-State area. At present, our membership consists of 137 members, of which 45 are life members.

August was a busy month for the Chapter. The Chapter had its second annual picnic, with a very large turnout of members from the Tri-State area. Many friendships were rekindled and all had a fun time. The Chapter also sponsored a PLA booth at the Pemberton Township Community Day, with Steve Cooper, Dave Tellers, Lewis Holston and Roger Morris manning the booth and answering many questions from the community residents. In addition to the questions, they also handed out brochures outlining the history of the Loadmasters as well as the History of the PLA and pictures of the C-17 and replicas of the C-17 refrigerator magnets. Thanks to the Boeing Company for their generous donation of the items.

The Chapter was also scheduled to sponsor a booth at the McGuire Air show, but canceled due to the terrorist attack of September 11, 01.

Many of our Reservist and members of the PLA are also NYC Fireman and Policemen, they were all accounted for with no loss of life, but were extremely exhausted from the hard work they were doing. Our hats off to them!

The Chapter is also making a monetary contribution to the LeRoy Homer family. LeRoy was a former Pilot with the 18th Squadron, then becoming a Reservist at McGuire. LeRoy, was one of the pilots on United Airlines that crashed in western Pennsylvania on 11 Sept. 01.

The Chapter is preparing for their second annual Dinner Banquet, which will be in December. Would also like to let all of the PLA membership know of the Liberty Chapters own website, [www.loadmasters.org](http://www.loadmasters.org) Mitch Powell is our web master and computer guru.

The Chapter meets the first Thursday of each month at the Wright Brothers Cafe (NCO Club) at 1700 hrs.

With a final thought: "We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home; nor shall her chosen alter be neglected" — US President Grover Cleveland accepting the Statue of Liberty

Friendship through Airlift...

Yesterday — Today — Tomorrow

**Shem Miller, Liberty Chapter President**

## Chapter Reports Continued

### Golden West Chapter

Golden West members and guests visited the Boeing C-17 plant at Long Beach California on July 21st. Mike Welch, Golden West member and PLA Public Relations Director, coordinated the tour which began with a briefing and brunch in the VIP room. Movies and slides were shown that displayed the C-17 in all phases of operational and tactical configurations. A souvenir gift was given each guest by the Boeing Company.

After the briefing members and guests toured the factory where C-17s in all phases of construction were observed. Moving to the flight line members toured a completed C-17 that was destined for England's Royal Air Force.

One guest Col Paul Green, former Norton AFB commander (74-76) and a Tuskegee Airman, commented that the aircraft was very advanced for a cargo transport. Col Green was particularly impressed with the cockpit layout and the Loadmasters station. Walt Byrns said Mike Welch and his coworkers at Boeing did an outstanding job planning and conducting our tour. Walt said we all look forward to a revisit in the future.

Also, we sent \$100.00 to the New York Fire Fighters Fund.

Paul Pfeifer, a Golden West member and officer of American Legion Post 421, is keeping a two-mile portion of freeway I-30 clean. For two years his crew met the 3rd Saturday of each month to pickup trash. When he was advised that some of the Golden West members would like to join his crew but had a conflict because the 3rd Saturday was their meeting day, Paul moved his clean up day to the 2nd Saturday of the month. Now all are happy and the freeway is getting special attention with new volunteers.



Paul Pfeifer

Tom Neyman, Golden West Chapter Secretary



Photo By Cheryl Pfeifer

### Golden West Chapter Members And Guests At The C-17 Plant :

Left to right Back Row: Craig Johnson, Paul Green (guest), Al Pitts (guest), Mike Welch, Cecil Clark, James Bardaro (guest), Bob Rodemeyer, Paul Pfeifer, Richard Costello, Walt Byrns, Chris Neyman (guest) and Joe Ward

Middle Row: Steve Collins, Bill Tietz, Bill Harrison and John Fabiano (guest)

Front Row: Charles Arrons (guest), Paul Castanedo, Steve Clark, Heck Thomas (guest) and Tom Neyman.

### Denali Chapter

Greetings from the Great White North! If you have passed through Anchorage this October you have seen plenty of "Termination Dust" up on the Chugach Mountains. After a beautiful summer and spectacular fall it's time to get ready for winter, the white stuff has arrived.

After the loadmaster barbecue up at Montana Creek June 23rd, which was a great success, the chapter took a summer break from regular meetings during July and August. Plans to start back up with a regular schedule in September were postponed after the events of September 11th. Increased Threat cons, alerts, and additional deployments will become the norm it seems. Although that day will change forever the way Americans view and do many things, it is important for us to hold onto those things that we deem important. Camaraderie, friendship, and fellowship between loadmasters strengthens our bond. This bond makes us stronger and better airmen and Americans.

To that end, chapter loaders met at Kulis ANG Base in October for an Octoberfest celebration with brats and beer. We joined thousands of Americans in sending monetary support to those directly affected by September's tragedy. Our hearts go out to the thousands of victims and their families.

### Mid-Atlantic Chapter

The summer months have been a busy time at Pope AFB. Our July meeting was postponed due to many of our members being on vacation. In August, we had our annual Chapter picnic with about 40 people showing up. We had it catered once again with BBQ from a local restaurant and those that could attend had a good time. Due to the events of September 11th our regularly scheduled meeting for September was postponed. Our next chapter meeting is scheduled for the 30th of October at the Pope Consolidated Club at 1630L.. We will elect a new Treasurer at that time.

Hope to see you.

**Brian A. Brech, Mid- Atlantic Chapter President**

### Denali Chapter Report Continued

Many in our loadmaster ranks have or will have a large part to play in the events to eradicate terrorism. We wish every loadmaster and all enemies of terrorism God-speed. God Bless America!

**Mark R. Sprenger, Denali Chapter President**

## “Spooky 71” Recreated in Kansas



Squadron 14 of the Experimental Aircraft Association's Warbirds of America group, at Forbes Field, Topeka, KS has turned an old DC-3 into a flying replica of “Spooky 71”, the AC-47D in which Loadmaster John Levitow earned his Medal of Honor. The aircraft, restored, repainted and outfitted with



replica miniguns, is now on the airshow circuit. For more information and some great photos go to: [http://](http://www.squadron14.com/)

[www.squadron14.com/](http://www.squadron14.com/) If you would like to help support and keep “Spooky 71” flying contact; Warbird Squadron 14, 2630 SE Bennett Drive, Topeka, KS 66605

## Preflight Surprises!



## PLA Gear

### PLA COINS (below)

The coins have both **Friendship Through Airlift** and **Yesterday –Today-Tomorrow** around the circle on the back. The Flag is in color. The box is empty so you may have what ever you wish engraved in it.

### PLA PIN (left) and PATCH (left below)

**PLA Coins, Pins and Patches** are available through the National Headquarters. The **PLA Coins** are \$3.00 each including mailing, **Pins** are \$4.00 and the **Patches** are \$5.00. I'm sure a lot of you have seen them by now. If the Chapters are interested in having some, please contact us. e-mail: [Wabaade@aol.com](mailto:Wabaade@aol.com)



**Your Executive Committee:**

As of May 9, 2000



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<b>Vice President (West)</b>	<b>Mark Lewis</b>	<b>(360) 491-6905</b>	<b>malewis@w-link.net</b>
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**Scholarship Information**

To start the scholarship process the following criteria will be used.

1. Two scholarships yearly--one academic for college entry and the other vocational/technical school after high school graduation.
2. Each will be a grant of \$500.00; no further follow-up will be awarded.
3. Each scholarship shall be named after a deceased loadmaster with a different deceased loadmaster each year.
4. Candidates for selection process must be sons, daughters, or grandchildren of PLA members in good standing. Limited to one per family. If exceptional circumstances should arise, the Executive Committee will handle them.
5. Applications may be applied for through:

Jim Engelker  
10925 Cnty Rd 29  
Ovid, CO 80744  
E-Mail: engelker@kci.net

**Timeline For Scholarships**

- \* Selection of names to be honored for upcoming scholarships shall be provided by December of the year before scholarship announcement.
- \* Submission of application to the selection committee shall be no later than March of the year before scholarship announcement.
- \* Announcement of the scholarship award to the individual participant shall be no later than the middle of May of the year before scholarship announcement.
- \* Announcement of scholarships awarded shall be published each year in the July issue of *The Loader*.

**Scholarship "Names"**

A PLA national committee has been formed for the purpose of selecting names of our two annual scholarships. It is our policy to name each scholarship after a deceased loadmaster. This committee will evaluate all names submitted from individual chapters and individuals not assigned to a particular chapter. Each name must be submitted no later than the 1<sup>st</sup> of January annually. PLA members assigned to a particular chapter should submit their nomination to that chapter. Members that are not presently assigned to chapters may submit a name directly to our national headquarters address.

Each chapter will evaluate names submitted and provide one (1) primary name and one (1) alternate name. Names submitted must have a relative or next of kin for the purpose of obtaining authorization for use. Additionally, an address and phone number must be included for confirmation purposes. The selected name will only be used once if selected.

The nominee names must contain a letter describing why the deceased person should be selected over others with a biography of the deceased. There will be no requirements in the selection process for the demise of the person, i.e. combat, aircraft accident, natural etc.

The national committee will evaluate the packages and the two names selected for the two scholarships will be forwarded to our scholarship Committee for inclusion on the scholarship certificates.

### Roving Continued from page 3

We flew back to the site and walked back into the wreck from our parking spot of the day before. This time, The FE stayed to baby-sit the engines. At the end of a half-hour trek across the ridge, we arrived at the site. We were surprised to find polar bear tracks with foot prints a good 12 inches in diameter all around the aircraft where they had eaten the fabric from the elevators, ailerons and rudder. It turns out that they like the taste of the "dope" used to tighten the fabric!

We gathered all the information needed, took more gear from the aircraft and returned to Resolute Bay where an irate CO met us. He chastised us for leaving the confines of the base without weapons which was contrary to "Station Standing Orders" "Why," he cried, "You could come upon polar bears! You know they like to hide in the pressure ridges and stalk their dinner, don't you?" Sheepishly, we said nothing and headed for the mess and a cool Molson's and discussed the wisdom of bringing in the standby aircraft when we did.

Thus ends my account of "Operation Roving Deposit."

*NOTE: A year later, a Mobile Repair Team jacked up the aircraft, welded the gear down and changed the prop. The pilot who pranged it had heard of this rescue mission and asked for permission to fly it out. It was granted. He took off on two engines, feathered number one and flew the damaged Dak to Resolute Bay. There it was repaired to a serviceable state and returned to normal operations in Edmonton.*

One more item to round off this tale. The last part is me as a Loadmaster on C-130, 10303 flying from Resolute Bay-Issacson-Eureka-Mould Bay-Resolute Bay-Edmonton.

We had arrived at Resolute Bay, by coincidence, at the same time that "Operation Boxtop West" was winding up. During this operation the Hercs ferried supplies from Resolute Bay to the joint US/Canadian weather stations listed above. To effect this airlift, the first C-130 took in ground handling equipment and support gear. About 10 days later, the clean-up ship pulled it out.

We were ready to get home after our arctic tour on Roving Deposit, so I approached the C-130's Skipper requesting a ride home for most of the C-47 people. By going on the C-130, we would get home a lot sooner and in relatively more comfort than on the Douglas Racer. We were to leave the pilots and crewmen to fly the Daks back to Edmonton.

As we had the extra help, the plan was to leave Resolute Bay, hit all the bases picking up gear and people stop back at Resolute Bay for fuel, and head directly to Edmonton. Otherwise, as the C-130 boys had been flying heavily, they would have to RON back at Resolute Bay, thus adding another day to the tour. All went as planned.

After takeoff from Resolute Bay to Edmonton, the last leg of the adventure, our Herc's cargo compartment was a jumble of yellow ground equipment and a mish-mash of bodies belonging to slip crews, servicing people and a few odds-and-sods hitching a ride south. All were exhausted from the strenuous work associated with arctic operations. (Everything takes twice as much energy in the cold while working in heavy clothing).

I had volunteered to take the C-130 crew's Loadmaster position, as he was not feeling well. A couple of hours out of Resolute Bay, as I sat in the rear of the aircraft feeling warm and fuzzy, I nodded off (fell soundly asleep, if the truth were known).

I don't know what awakened me, but it did so with a start, sensing something wrong. I scanned the sleeping passengers, got up, checked both wings and engines for any signs of problems and made my way to the flight deck for a cup of coffee, gingerly climbing over sleeping bodies.

I crawled up into the Flight deck to discover the entire front-end crew asleep, dead to the world! In the warm rays of the arctic sun streaming in the windows everyone had succumbed.

Both pilots were slumped forward in their seat belts with the Skipper in the left seat holding an open copy of "Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal," in his lap (I don't know why I remember the title so clearly). The Flight Engineer had his head tilted back on his headrest; mouth open, snoring and catching flies. The Nav' had his head down, resting on his folded arms. The sick Loadie was zizing in the upper bunk while the second Flight Engineer snored on the lower.

I scanned the instruments. The altimeter was holding steady, as was the artificial horizon so we were not in any immediate danger. My next thought was how to handle the situation without alarming and embarrassing anyone.

Knowing what the Skipper took in his coffee ("NATO Standard".... Coffee, cream 'n sugar), I eased silently into the galley and made a cup. I then went forward and put it in his

cupholder and gently touched him on the shoulder and whispered "Here's your coffee, Sir." and stepped back behind the galley. I saw him quickly awaken, assess the situation and reach over and tap the Co-Jo awake. Nothing was said, all was as it should be.

If my estimations were correct, given our course and fuel load, if no one had awakened, we would have made it to the vicinity of Salt Lake City, Utah, before our fuel ran out and we de-skied.

**Tony Street,  
817 Whitrock Lane  
Fort Walton Beach Florida 32547, USA**



**"Keep your eye on that guy, Claude  
— I told him no bringing back pets,  
but he might try to sneak it aboard  
anyway."**

### Money For College

Military.com's education services has a listing of \$300 million in scholarship funds. All personnel in the military community, including dependents, are encouraged to search the scholarship database.

In addition to the scholarship search available, the educational services also provide comprehensive and updated information on educational benefits, such as the G.I. Bill, Veterans Educational Assistance Program (VEAP), and Survivors' and Dependents' Educational Assistance Program.

To access these education services, visit: <http://www.military.com/Careers/Education/0,11754,112,00.html>

Shem Miller sent this in 8-7-01

## Special Mission

By Fred Stark

How many times, has each aircrew member gone to his or her flight squadron operations and been greeted with their mission scheduler's smiling face -- just beaming, as they stated "You're on a Special mission"! WOW! Your inner thoughts race through all past special missions, then review previous comments from flyers that might suggest where, what or why? The new special mission might involve extra travel to new, exotic sights! Yet, the first questions about the new mission are answered with a stern "Classified."

Such an event occurred to me, in the European theater, about April, 1966. As a Loadmaster M/Sgt assigned to the 5th Aerial Port Squadron at Evreux AB, France, I had become accustomed to frequent "Classified" missions due to our overall European theater mission. But my curiosity was aroused when I heard that I had been assigned "by name" by the DCO of USAFE. Of course, other squadron members offered "guesstimates" or "WAGs" about the missions probable purpose, destination, etc.

This was the 'COLD WAR' and we followed the news on the 'Armed Forces network' radio and the 'Stars and Stripes' newspaper for clues about our future.

The immediate concern was centered about our host country, France, having declared it no longer would be a member of "NATO" as of June 30, 1966. The French decision caused political turmoil among the remaining NATO members and a logistic nightmare for the US Forces in Europe -- the total relocation of large bases and all their personnel, equipment, communications, support facilities and dependents families to yet unresolved locations.

I was briefed that I would be the sole Dropmaster on the C-130B's flight crew that would arrive from POPE AFB on a specific date. And that the "special flight crew" had already been trained for a month, on a unique flight tactic, for my special mission!

The C-130B, its' special flight crew, totally smothered in security documents and procedures, arrived on schedule and melted among the other aircraft and flight crews on base. The C-130B's flight officers were flown, by special C-47, direct to London headquarters of the U S NAVY- Atlantic Fleet Command for a "super security" type briefing.

There they were given a route for

this mission from Chateauroux AB, France to the English Channel coast and then west over the Channel, to specific coordinates in the Atlantic Ocean where the ocean depth was charted as over 3000' deep. But they were not told the purpose of the mission. When the crew returned to our base, my first contact with them, (under maximum security measures) was to visually recognize them-but never to know or speak their names! !

After their London briefing, I had my first meeting with the crew under security so tight that we not even allowed to know each others' names or grades. Instead we were given aliases: Pilot in Command: "Top



Driver", Copilot: "Driver", Navigator: "Positioner", Flight Mechanic: "Gas Man", Dropmaster: "Dumper". And we were told no Air/Sea Rescue would respond if problems occurred on our mission!

When the mission was given the "GO"; we took the C-130B, which had its' identifying numbers painted out and using "VIP" security codes as call signs, to Chateauroux AB and parked on isolated corner of the ramp

The mission loads arrived at the aircraft in two US Army, 40' long, closed tractor/ trailers. Each trailer guarded by ten armed MPs. The loads were hidden, but I was told these security items were Cryptographic printers and coders. All of the 'Crypto' machines from France were to be destroyed by dropping them deep into the ocean to avoid any possibility of security compromise.

The US Army personnel hand loaded the machines onto inverted wooden warehouse pallets and rolled them into the aircraft. It surprised the Pilots how quickly the entire load was positioned and rigged with an airdrop 'gate' of cargo straps which

could be cut -- no Tech Order on this simple, functional 'gate'. The cargo weight was about 22,000 lb. "Top Driver" just chuckled when he was given the Form F with the total cargo weight shown as "CLASSIFIED".

With two U S Army Security Officers aboard, to observe the ocean drops and certify that the cargo left the plane and fell into the designated ocean position, we were off 15 minutes ahead of schedule. On the airways route from France to England, at the precise point over the English Channel where France normally turns over control to Britain, "Top Driver" made a sharp left 90 turn, descended to 50' above the water, and headed west towards the open ocean.

As we neared the drop location, we were required to visually scan the ocean on a 10 mile square grid to confirm that there were no ships in the area and then climb to the drop altitude of 20,000 feet. Our aircrew airdrop checklist was minimal: (1) Open rear doors (2) "Top Driver" places plane in a nose up attitude to provide about a 6 degree cargo floor angle (3) "Positioner" confirms when correct location is reached (4) "Dumper" cuts final cargo release gate.

As soon as I reported "Load Clear", "Top Driver" dropped the left wing to 80% vertical and in a tight corkscrew spiral "fell" at maximum structural limitation Airspeed (with rear doors open) down

to 50' above water -- the tight descent spiral with cargo doors open from 20,000' to 50' feet above the water level was the "unique flight tactic" practiced by the aircrew back at POPE AFB -- where the Security Officers were required to look out the open rear door/ ramp to confirm that the cargo had sunk beneath the ocean surface. Then we closed up and headed back to Chateauroux AB for a second load.

Enroute, I reflected that this nameless aircrew had done a remarkable mission in circumstances where security considerations had precluded detailed planning and preparation. A successful repeat flight that afternoon confirmed it. And "Dumper" had done his part to make these missions successful.

When your mission scheduler smiles and says "You're on a Special Mission". Be ready to do what your capable of as an Aircrew Loadmaster/Dropmaster -- even when the flight includes a tight descent spiral -- 20,000' to sea level in a C-130 with rear doors open!

AMEN!!

Fred Stark, CMSGT (RET), 1950 - 1973

## Hey Load! Come To The Pacific Northwest For The Gathering Of Loads 2002

### Rodeo 2002 May Be In Jeopardy, But The Gathering Will Go On!

Team McChord is still hard at work preparing for the planned Rodeo 2002. However, with world events being what they are following September 11th, 2001, the international air mobility event may be facing cancellation or severe curtailment. The decision to cancel or curtail will be made by the Air Mobility Command leadership around the first of the year.

What does this mean for those of us in the PLA? Well, we know that this could mean the loss of many, if not all, of the Rodeo attendees as potential attendees for our Gathering of Loads events. **What it doesn't mean is the cancellation of the biennial meeting of the PLA general membership.** This is an especially critical meeting for us as we will be discussing long range issues with a lasting impact on our association. In addition, according to our by-laws we must have a general membership meeting on a biennial basis.

We of the Northwest Chapter are continuing with our planning and preparations to host the Gathering for June 2002. The inclusive dates of this meeting are 22-26 June 2002. Please, if at all possible, make plans to attend and support your association. To make hotel reservations please contact the Tacoma Best Western at 253.535.2880.

If you have questions or comments for us our POC for this event is Steve Spotts, (253) 875-3890, <mailto:spottss1@aol.com> or [spottss1@aol.com](mailto:spottss1@aol.com)

See You In Tacoma!

**Where: Tacoma Best Western and Copperfields Restaurant  
8726 Hosmer  
Tacoma WA  
Phone: 253.535.2880  
When: 22-26 June 2002**

#### Planned Schedule of Events

Sat 22 June	Rodeo Team Arrivals at McChord and PLA Registration at Tacoma Best Western (Cascade Hospitality Suite Opens)
Sun 23 June	Rodeo Opening Ceremonies and PLA Registration Continues (Cascade Hospitality Suite Open)
Mon 24 June	Field Trip to Boeing Museum of Flight or Pike's Place Market (Cascade Hospitality Suite Open)
Tue 25 June	Golf (AM); General Membership Meeting (1800) (Cowlitz/Nisqually Rooms) (Cascade Hospitality Suite Open After Meeting)
Wed 26 June	Membership Banquet (1800) (Cowlitz/Nisqually Rooms) Official Adjournment (Cascade Hospitality Suite Open After Banquet/Last night)
Thu 27 June	Mariners Baseball Game or Emerald Downs Horse Racing? (For those that want to stay over to Friday for the closing ceremony of the Rodeo)

**Make Your Plans Now To Attend. We Will Be Placing Registration And Planning Information On The PLA Web-Site. Be Looking For It!**

### Williams named Toya Award nominee for AETC

TSgt. Brian K. Williams, 97th Operations Support Squadron, is Air Education and Training Command's nominee for the 2001 Toya Award.

The award, sponsored by the U.S. Jaycees, recognizes 10 outstanding young American men and women from across the United States. They are chosen for exceptional achievements significant to their professions, communities or the nation.

As a loadmaster, Sergeant Williams was lauded for participating in Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm for which he received the Air Force Aerial Achievement Medal for his courage and airmanship under hazardous conditions. He also served in the United Nations' peace-keeping efforts in war-torn Bosnia-Herzegovina. His crew delivered more than 2.2 million pounds of cargo and 342 troops to support peace.

He accepted a short-notice tasking to evacuate 51 United States civilians and dignitaries from impending danger during a Liberian civil war. For those actions, he was awarded the Air Force Commendation Medal.

Sergeant Williams is responsible for establishing the Pilot-for-a-Day program at Charleston, S.C., which he continued and expanded after transferring to Altus AFB.

The purpose of the Pilot-for-a-Day program is to raise the spirits of chronically ill children by allowing them to fulfill their dreams of becoming a pilot for a day. Wearing a child-size flight suit, each child has breakfast in the dining facility and then goes to the flightline for a tour of the C-17 Globemaster III. Later, there is a ride in the highly technical C-17 simulator. The day ends with a special presentation as an honorary pilot for a day; the child receives his own wings and a plaque.

Sergeant Williams coordinates all details with agencies like Children's Hospital and Jackson County Memorial Hospital to provide an unforgettable experience for a chronically ill child.

Pilot for a Day has been featured on "CNN International" in Europe, "Air Force News," Air Force magazine and local newspapers and television stations. The program has already been copied at eight other Air Force bases.



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