

VC-12 VOICE

Volume 4 Issue 1

November 2001

Special Points of Interest

- *If you didn't make it to the reunion in Charleston, SC, see what you missed by reading the cover story.*
- *You can now receive the newsletter on line. See details on page two.*
- *On page three is the WELCOME MAT where you will find the names and addresses of four newly found members. We need your help in locating more.*
- *MAIL CALL on pages three and four has some good stories that some of you may remember. Why don't you send in some of your stories!*
- *Pages four through seven has the "Most Memorable Character" stories. Thanks so much to all who took the time to write. Everyone will enjoy reading them.*
- *The VC-12 Accident and Crash History from 1948-1954 is on page eight. It will be continued in the next issue.*

OUTSTANDING REUNION FOR 2001

"Outstanding" was the word used to describe the 2001 reunion of the VC-12/VAW-12 in Charleston, SC on September 6-9. The biggest concern was that more crewmembers were not there to share in the fellowship and good times. More must be done to get the word out to everyone that they are missing a great time by not attending the reunions.

The official start of the reunion was the welcome reception on Thursday evening. Here the group had a chance to get acquainted with old and new friends.

Following breakfast on Friday, the tour of Charleston's historic district began. The guided tour gave everyone the opportunity to learn about Charleston and to see the lovely homes of Rainbow Row and the other historic buildings in the city. The group returned to the hotel for the delicious Charleston "Low Country" dinner.

Saturday was an exciting day for all—a tour to Patriot's Point was one of the many highlights of the reunion. All the men enjoyed touring the YORKTOWN and other ships on display at the museum. Lunch on the YORKTOWN was quite a treat! After lunch the tour headed for Fort Sumter where Park Service Rangers held an information session before letting the sightseers visit the famous fort and museum. The cruise there and back was also memorable in that it allowed everyone to view the beautiful homes along the Battery from the harbor.

The event that everyone was looking forward to—the banquet—brought out everyone in their finest.

Pictures were taken for the reunion book, *The Sentimental Journal*, and then the 2001 banquet began with twenty-seven members and guests in attendance. Those attending were as follows:

John & Cathy Amrine
Claudius Bortner
John Eckberg
James & Miel Ehret
Charles & Pat Fondaw
Edward Harmon
Andrew Higbee
Larry Martin
Robert & Rose Marvin
Richard & Lorraine Minetti
Frank & Barbara Moynihan
William & Lawana Ritzmann
Edward & Karen Seykowski
Donald & Fran Stephens
Gregory Vickers & Margret Sasse
William & Mary Ellen Wrenn

The Memorial Service held during the banquet was a moving experience as each name of those known to have passed away since the last reunion was read. A bell tolled for all those deceased comrades of the VC-12/VAW-12.

On Sunday morning came the good-byes, farewell handshakes and hugs. Charleston lived up to the its name for Southern hospitality, and all in attendance hope for more participation in the reunions in the future.

Next year's reunion will be in Newport, Rhode Island, and Ed Seykowski will continue as the reunion coordinator. Hopefully the thoughts of returning to the "old stomping grounds" will lure many to attend the 2002 reunion.

NEWSLETTER NOW AVAILABLE ON LINE

We are pleased to announce that future issues of the newsletters and registration material will be available to you electronically should you choose to subscribe. You will need the Adobe Reader 4.0 in order to view the pages once you have downloaded them. Adobe 4.0 is available to download or upgrade for free at the following web site:

<http://www.adobe.com/products/acrobat/readstep.html>

To subscribe to the electronic VC-12 VOICE newsletter please send an e-mail to MLRSNEWSLETTERS@aol.com, put the phrase SUBSCRIBE VC-12 VOICE in the Subject line and type your name and e-mail address in the body of your e-mail. You will be placed in the e-mail roster. This means all future mailings from ML&RS, Inc will be sent to you via e-mail. (You will either receive an e-mail from us directing you to our web site for the latest mailing or an e-mail with the file attached.) If your e-mail address changes you will have to let us know of the change.

Your name and postal mailing address will remain in our computers and will appear on all mailing lists, etc distributed to other members of your group.

2002 VC/VAW-12 REUNION IN NEWPORT, RI DETAILS IN A LATER ISSUE OF V-12 VOICE

FROM ANDY ROONEY'S WISDOM

I'VE LEARNED...

That the best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.

That when you're in love, it shows.

That just one person saying to me, "You've made my day!" makes my day.

That having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.

That being kind is more important than being right.

That you should never say no to a gift from a child.

That I can always pray for someone when I don't have the strength to help in some other way.

That no matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.

That sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.

That simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

That life is like toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

FINANCIAL REPORT

Balance after 08/01 issue

Minus \$89.48

Funds received since 08/01 issue

\$435.00

Total available for 11/01 issue

\$345.52

Expended for 08/01 issue

\$217.29

Balance for 11/01 issue

\$128.23

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The VC-12 VOICE is the official publication of the VC-12/VAW-12 Association. From now on it will be published quarterly in February, May, August and November, *subject to receiving sufficient funding*. The Newsletter is funded by voluntary contributions from the membership. All members are encouraged to support the voice of the VC-12/VAW-12. A financial statement appears in each issue of the newsletter.

The newsletter is intended to be a vehicle for the members to express opinions, make suggestions and especially share experiences.

Unless otherwise stated, the views and opinions printed in the newsletter are those of the article's writer, and do not necessarily represent the opinion of the Association leadership or the Editor of the Newsletter.

All letters and stories submitted will be considered for publication, except unsigned letters will not be published. Letters requesting the writer's name be withheld will be honored, but published on a space available basis. Signed letters with no restrictions will be given priority.

Letters demeaning to another shipmate will not be printed; letters espousing a political position will not be printed.

The editor reserves the right to edit letters to conform to space limitations and grammar.

You are encouraged to actively participate in the newsletter family, by submitting your stories and suggestions.

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Our Reunions Work So You Don't Have To

WELCOME MAT



The following shipmates were just located. Welcome aboard. If we missed anyone, please accept our apology. Let us know and you'll be listed in the next issue. We want to urge all of you listed to become contributing members of the group and hope to see you at the 2002 Reunion in Newport.

William S O'Epagnier
1235 Abion Rd
Boulder, CO 80303

Ralph Carey (1964-66)
3724 Lexington Ct
Gainesville, GA 30504-5778

John Urban (1962-66)
Edison, NJ
732-494-4946

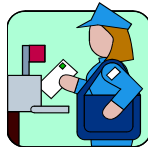
William S Speaker, Jr
848 Partridge Ln
West Chester, PA 19382



TAPS

The Voice has learned of the following shipmate's death since the last newsletter. Not all deaths are recent, but they were just learned of. Our deepest sympathy goes to the families and friends of the deceased. Anyone who knows or learns of a shipmate's death, you are requested to notify the newsletter so that person can be listed in TAPS.

Lt. Broncho Kosanovich
Died December 14, 1993



MAIL CALL

Gentlemen:

Thank you for the August issue of VC-12 Voice. I enjoyed it very much. Keep up the good work.

I would also like to report the death of a VC-12 member, Lt. Broncho Kosanovich, Electronics Dept., on 14 December 1993 from a heart attack at Annapolis, MD. He was only 67 and is buried in his home town of Aliquippa, PA. He was a member of VC-12 "52-55.

I found another item that you might find interesting. Everyone knows that VC-12 was a carrier based squadron. In the early '50s, Lt. Stan Dohrer was the squadron landing signal officer (LSO). It was his job to make sure that us fly boys could safely land aboard a carrier.

Accordingly, he conducted field carrier landing practice (FCLP) at Quonset Point and at the closed NAS Charleston, RI, Naval Base located on Block Island Sound, about 20 miles south of Quonset Pt.

The North-South runway at "Charleytown" started on the beach. This meant that the approach was made over the sound. There were no obstacles to run into but water.

One mid-afternoon in the summer of '54, I was returning to Quonset Pt. from a "familiaration" flight, when I switched to squadron radio frequency I heard Stan (LSO) conducting FCLP at "Charleytown." He was chewing out a couple pilots because they were too wide on their downwind leg. In fact, Stan was having trouble with all the pilots, getting them to move closer to the runway on downwind.

I don't remember how we made contact, but he asked me to come down and enter the pattern and try to straighten it out. I entered the pattern and made an approach and the rest of the planes followed.

Very shortly thereafter, the pattern was too wide again.

On my next downwind, I told Stan that I was going to swing wide to see what the problem could be.

I started about two hundred yards wider than usual. I had wheels and flaps down, about 85 kts and about 150 ft. altitude. I could see nothing unusual. When I crossed the beach and started my turn, I looked down. I saw a young woman stretched out on her back on a large towel or blanket. She had something in her hand and was waving at me, and—she was also completely naked!

I was so surprised and startled that I forgot to be a gentleman and did not return her wave.

I continued my approach, but took a wave-off and told Stan about the sunbather. Very shortly thereafter, Stan cancelled FCLP for the afternoon.

There was lots to talk about in the readyroom that afternoon. I do not remember the names of any pilots involved in this incident, maybe someone does?

We never learned the beautiful sunbather's name.

Regards,
George Loftus

ML&RS,

This summer I had a visit from Stanley Allen who lives on coast 2 and visits his family on coast 1 for their reunions in New Hampshire. He is originally from this area and we were able to get to see him for lunch at the Village Restaurant in Essex.

He was staying with his sister in Stoneham, only a stone's throw from here in Burlington.

Believe me, Stanley is "the voice" of VC-12 as we know it. He was with Jack Sauter on the "Champ" world cruise to Korea and back and kept us, my wife Madeline and I, riveted with sea/life stories of his 30-year tour. He retired as Lt.

He could fill your pages to overflowing if you can get his attention.

Sincerely,
Ed Tkacs

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(Continued from page 3)

781-272-9588

Editor's note: Mr. Allen, I would love to have some of your stories. Please send some in!

Dear Editor,

I wish to describe my short stint with VC-12.

Not having but three months left in my enlistment, my squadron (VF-71 in CAG-7) was headed for an extended cruise to the Med, hence my transfer to VC-12. Having been a plane captain, the natural assignment would be the Skyraider flight line. My first experience was night flying. Not having been experienced with "wind mills" and scared out of my wits of invisible propellers, I requested a post haste transfer to a more user friendly department. I began work in the educational department under LCDR Chownes. My duties entailed preparations for lectures, training films etc. for returning detachments. Most lectures were taken up by showing 26 films of Victory at Sea. I showed so many films that I still hum those familiar refrains. In writing, I feel the need to apologize to all past members of VC-12 for my short affiliation and still be included as a member in good standing with one great squadron.

I am presently the vice president of the Quonset Air Museum and as such I consider it important to maintain the long and outstanding exploits of VC/VAW-12. In this context, I would like to appeal for whatever memorabilia is out there to support the museum's efforts to establish proper recognition of VC-12's history at Quonset Point.

Find enclosed a crash and accident record of VC-12 while flying out of Quonset. I'm sure these descriptions will bring back a lot of memories. (See page eight for some of these descriptions.)

Cordially,
Stan Essex

MOST MEMORABLE CHARACTERS

Thanks so much to all of you who took the time to write to us about your most memorable character from the VC-12 days. Read and enjoy!

During one of the times I was stationed at NAS Jacksonville, a third class petty officer had been transferred back to Jacksonville about eight years before, to be mustered out in his home town at the end of his enlistment. Mustering out was a three day process, during which the duties of the person being mustered out consisted mostly of showing up for muster every morning and then being dismissed for the rest of the day. This third class was not the smartest sailor in the Navy, and he probably reached the peak of his ability to advance. On the third morning, when this character was supposed to attend muster and then proceed immediately into the adjacent building to receive his discharge and his mustering out pay, he failed to show up. When he had continued not to show up for two weeks, he was listed as a deserter. His picture was posted in the post office, the court house, the base theater and various other places where public bulletin boards were displayed. The local police, state police and FBI were brought in on the search and "all points bulletins" issued. They were looking all over for this guy. His picture was still stuck on the bulkhead of the guardshack at the gate when Marine second lieutenant, was put in charge of the gate guards and took note of the photographs of wanted men in the guardhouse. Soon after his assignment to the gate, this young Marine officer drove into a filling station on the south side of Jacksonville one Sunday afternoon and recognized the station attendant as being the man he had seen pictured as a wanted deserter in the guard shack. He promptly called the Shore Patrol to come get

him. The man was arrested and thrown into the brig. Since it was a cut and dried case against the poor fellow, none of the JAG officers would agree to defend him. They really hate to lose a case in court, you know. About that time a class of brand new Ensigns had completed Aviation Ground Officer School and were awaiting their assignments. One of the unassigned graduates, who had no legal background at all, was selected to defend this hapless deserter. Since he knew absolutely nothing about the job he had been assigned to do, the Ensign headed for the brig, interviewed his defendant at length and then spent the rest of the 3 days he had to prepare for the court martial in the JAG office, with his nose thrust into borrowed law books. At the court martial, he brought out the fact that his client had not been ordered to come back the next day to pick up his mustering out pay and his discharge. He had simply been told, "You can come in here to pick up your discharge tomorrow about 0900." He also brought out the fact that the man had been working in his mother's filling station on the morning he was to have picked up his discharge and mustering out pay, and that he had worked there ever since without making any effort, whatsoever, to hide or conceal his identity. Therefore, there was no reason, nor willful intent, on the part of his client to desert; he had simply served out his contract for enlistment and been given poor instructions. Desertion involves willful intent. The man did not understand that picking up his discharge was obligatory and he had obviously expected his mustering out money to be sent to him by mail. Since the discharge was of no importance to the client, who had actually satisfied the full term of his enlistment contract and the prosecution had failed to prove intent in its charge of desertion, the Ensign's client was innocent of the charges. The court agreed. Since, from a technical standpoint, the man had still been

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on active duty during the more than eight years following his failure to pick up his discharge and had received no pay from the Navy during that time, the Navy now owed him back pay with interest, which amounted to several thousand bucks! The court agreed. The case was dismissed, the man was given his back pay and mustering out pay with interest, his honorable discharge and a free ride back across town (courtesy of the shore patrol) to his place of employment at his mother's filling station. The JAG Office preferred not to discuss it.

Another time, while I was at NAS JAX, a Lt(jg) who was assigned to one of the fighter squadrons there experienced a flame out about 0700 one Sunday morning, immediately after take off over the Saint Johns River. Following the prescribed low altitude emergency procedure, he held his F2H Banshee on a straight course with the gear up, which brought him down on the golf course directly across the river from NAS Jacksonville. Two elderly ladies, who were playing their usual early morning round, were on the green at the number 9 hole, when the Banshee hit the ground and flew into a multitude of small pieces, most of which could be picked up in one hand. By far the largest piece of the aircraft was the cockpit, which still contained the pilot and bounced along like a football, until it came to rest about 20 feet from the two lady golfers. The pilot, who was completely unscathed, calmly unlatched his safety harness and crawled out of the mangled cockpit, which rested on its left side. He stood up, removed his helmet, bowed gallantly to the two women and, with a bright smile, said, "Good morning Ladies! Beautiful morning, isn't it? Could you please direct me to the nearest telephone?"

In shock, they each pointed silently towards the club house. "Oh, thank you!" he exclaimed, as he tucked his helmet under his arm and strode of toward the club

house to make his telephone call. Early morning golfing became somewhat less popular, for a while over there, after that.

Don Stephens, Lcdr., Retired

SILENCE IN THE NIGHT

I was an "Officer Controller" about to depart with VC-12 detachment 17 on a "Med Cruise" in the fall of 1955. After completing carrier qualifications off Jacksonville, just before the cruise, each pilot and crew headed for Quonset Point to load our gear and aircraft board the Ticonderoga, but we didn't go back as a group; we went all together, one at a time. As usual, I was in number 12 with my friend Lt (jg) Frank Sequiera, who was one of the coolest and most difficult to shake pilots I ever knew. Since we were flying mostly over land as we went up the coast, we didn't bother to wear our exposure suites, even though the sea water temperature was already well below the temperature where we would normally wear them. I was worthless at instrument flying, but Frank had no problem with it and we were in one of the thickest fogs I ever was at 7500 feet over Norfolk. The fog was so thick we couldn't see our wing lights except for an occasional faint colored glow in the direction of a wing tip. Then the engine quit. Frank calmly switched tanks and punched the primer button, but the engine did not start. Frank grunted, "Humph" and switched tanks again, but it was still deathly silent up front where the engine was supposed to be making noise. MAN it was quiet! Things were starting to tighten up considerably in the cockpit. We could see a luminous white glow from below, like we were over a huge florescent bulb. The area was too populated down there for us to jump and too large for us to glide out from over the population. The only other option was to turn east and go out to sea, where the water temperature would have done us in within about 2 or 3 minutes when we came down. Eventually, at 3000 feet, the engine caught and I never heard an engine sound so good. Frank had switched tanks, though in the wrong direction, and thereby selected all the empty ones before finally at the full

main tank we had left. As we began climbing back to 7500 feet we both laughed like idiots and flew on to Quonset Point without further incident.

THE NIGHT THE "BLUE MOON SALOON" CLOSED

The Blue Moon Saloon was a landmark in Newport, Rhode Island. It was a small gray clapboard structure that sat on pilings and extended out over the water, but the door opened directly onto the narrow sidewalk that bordered a cobblestone street. I always figured that old saloon had been a waterfront dive for a century or two before I ever saw it. It was located just east of the north end of Turo Square about two blocks east of where the old battleship with a ram bow was tied up.

The Blue Moon may well have been the toughest waterfront dive on the eastern seaboard. It had survived many a Saturday night brawl and several hurricanes through the years and if you placed a hand on it on Saturday night, you could actually feel the thing throb. Brawling wasn't my thing, so I stayed well clear of the place.

VC-12's detachment 17 was about to leave for the Med on Monday morning, so the crew of the Ticonderoga was making that last Saturday night in the States something to remember.

Unlike most young aviation officers, I had been a white hat for 18 months before I went to OCS and, unlike most brown shoes (aviation officers) I mixed easily with the black shoes (ship's officers) and I had several good friends among the officers on the Ticonderoga, who told me this story about one of his best men, who happened to be a man I knew well.

The coxswain who operated the "captain's gig" was a sharp little second class petty officer named Gunar Grey. Gunar must have been about the minimum

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height required to get into the US Navy; I doubt if he stood more than 5 feet tall. He was very blond with big innocent looking blue eyes and a face that looked too young to shave. I never knew anyone who didn't like Gunar; he was one of the most unassuming, mild mannered and likeable people I ever met; always very polite and respectful around officers.

Gunar had never been on report. His Viking bloodline, whether Nordski, Dansk, or Svensk, had endowed him with natural ability to handle a small boat with unusual skill. That's not all his Viking bloodline passed along to him, as I'm about to disclose.

On that fateful Saturday night, Gunar walked up to the bar in the Blue Moon at the height of its rowdiness and ordered a beer. Three big tough Marines at the bar allowed as how this rosey cheeked sailor wasn't man enough to be drinking beer in the Blue Moon with big tough Marines like themselves and attempted to throw him out. Within minutes these three big, tough six-footers were in an ambulance on the way to the hospital. Several more big Marines felt duty bound to do something about that and soon joined the first three in the hospital for two or three weeks. Then the shore patrol arrived; big burley ones. The first big gunner's mate went to the hospital with a dislocated shoulder and a broken collar bone. The next one got a broken arm and a fractured skull. The shore patrol officer got in Gunar's way and went to the emergency room with a broken jaw. Then, when the local fuzz show up to stop the riot, several of them got hurt before Gunar was subdued and jailed. All in all, as I remember, Gunar put about 15 military personnel in the hospital that night. I never was informed about the number of police officers he hurt.

The Blue Moon Saloon was completely devastated. It was closed down for repairs for more

than a month. Bright and early on the following Sunday morning, Gunar's division officer sent a jeep down to the local Crossbar Hotel to bring him back to the ship.

By midmorning the next day, the USA had dropped below the horizon behind us and the skipper of the Ticonderoga was holding mast. Every division on the ship had one or more men before the Captain at that mast. It had been an unusually fine Saturday night.

"GUNAR GREY, Bosn's Mate Second Class, front and center!"

Since Gunar was the Captain's own coxswain, the skipper knew him well and held him in very high regard. "Gunar, you seem to accumulated quite a stack of charges here!" There were 3 1/2 pages of legal sized paper, with the charges typed singled spaced on both sides of three of the sheets. The Captain would read two or three charges aloud and then stare at Gunar in astonishment. Finally, about half way through the first page, he stopped cold, glanced through the charges before him a time or two and exclaimed, "Gunar, I just don't believe all this!"

Gunar, standing at rigid attention and almost completely unscathed, burst out with, "Oh, yes sir Captain, it's all true!"

Of course every division officer on the ship was present and almost blew their eyeballs out of the sockets trying not to laugh.

"Gunar, you leave me no choice! This sort of behavior simply can not be allowed to take place without appropriate punishment being administered! I therefore find you guilty on all charges and confine you to this ship for the next ten days!" We pulled into Genoa on the morning of the 11th day.

Lcdr Donald M Stephens,
Retired

In 1950, VC-12 sent a detachment to the Pacific Coast for ASW support in the Korean area. I was an unmarried AT1 and one of the assigned crew. Most of the names

have been long forgotten, several recalled vaguely, but two are indelibly remembered.

E.V. Eney was an intelligent, humorous, young, tall and handsome AT3. He had a positive outlook on life and disposition to match. I remember his magnetic personality and ability to weave interesting stories over the smallest occurrences. He was APS-20 operator/technician. The Detachment stayed together for 2 Korean cruises—one on the USS Boxer and the other on the Valley Forge. Both were CVs. When we came back from the second trip our hopes to return to Quonset were dashed with permanent transfer to VC-11 (the VC-12 of the West Coast). Recently married, I took a discharge (March '52) and headed for New York to reenlist. The next duty station was with CAG-2 at Cecil Field, FL and all further contact with the VC-11/12 people was lost. Sometime later I heard that Eney was lost in a flight out of San Diego and only floating debris was ever found of pilot, plane and Eney.

A tragic loss of a shipmate that had such potential. It left a life-long impression.

Ensign McGluckie was one of our 4 pilots. While on a training exercise (still assigned to Quonset) he had a cold catapult shot and one of the two crewmembers went down with the plane. It was rumored that he would nose the aircraft over on the deck if he ever had another one. During the winter of 1950, we flew only the operator due to the capability of the helicopters to pick up only two in case of a dunk. The water temperature was cold. We wore rubber survival suits on those flights. McGluckie and I had an early AM flight. It was cold and pitchblack. We were the last scheduled to go off the port catapult. We rolled into position, and the engine was revved up. Thumbs up and off we went. There was the initial acceleration and suddenly...the acceleration was gone. We were in trouble! Cold Cat! McGluckie nosed the Skyraider Guppy over and we bumped our

way down the deck. Then silence. No noise! No crash horn! Nothing! Quickly opening the operator's side hatch, I looked out to see the catwalk a few feet away. Close call. I have Ensign McGluckie to thank for saving us from a possible watery grave. We never spoke about it. Enlisted and officer personnel didn't fraternize. He'll always be remembered, not from a character viewpoint as was Eney, but rather for his cool, quick action as a professional.

Robert Hokkanen
Discharged April 1956 (AT1)
VC-12 Duty (1949-51)
VC-11 Duty (1951-52)
hokkanen@webtv.net

I reported aboard VC-12 during the autumn of 1951 as a Ltjg. I was much impressed with all the CDRs, LCHRs & LTs that were in the squadron. Everyone there was senior to me. It was my lot to address everyone there as "Sir."

All this rank was just a little intimidating until the Operations officer's wife called a reporter with the *Providence Journal* asking for them to print something or other pertaining to the Officer's Wives Club. The reporter she spoke to was a friend of mine and related the conversation to me. He was reluctant to give the affair much space or a prominent positioning in the paper and this attitude was unappreciated by the lady, so she let the man know in no uncertain terms that he was speaking to "Mrs. LCDR (name withheld)" and that he had best do as she was demanding or there would be serious consequences to him.

To me, she was the Most Unforgettable Character.

George Markovits
LCDR USN (Ret)

The most unforgettable character from my VAW-12 AND VAW-121 days would be hands down, Lt. Ken Ilgenfritz. He arrived at VAW-

121 in early 1979 as a jg fresh out of flight training and RVAW-120 and was assigned to Det 11. He quickly was advanced within the Det from Maintenance Control Officer to Maintenance Officer. He was a '67 USNA grad who had paid attention to all that was being taught there. Mr. Ilgenfritz was without a doubt, the finest Naval Officer that I ever served under during my 23 year career. He was fair, listened to his men, especially his Chiefs and then had the ability to make a quick and well informed decision. He was well liked by Officers and Enlisted alike and was on the fast track to the top. That, however, was not to be. After being assigned to RVAW-120 and being promoted to LCDR, he was subsequently transferred to VAW-125. It was during a flyaway to homeplate from USS JFK that he and his entire crew were lost during a crash near Supply, NC on Jan. 15, 1978. The accident investigation and voice communication from the plane indicated that they had no elevator control over the aircraft. Seems that the decision to bail out was made too late. A real decent human being and totally unforgettable.

FC Bogler
ADRC USN-Ret

I met several unusual characters during 1950-55 and again 1958-60 in this squadron. One was Studs Loneragon, ATI. Most of the AT's worked down in the shop and flew as technicians, however a few stayed topside and flew as operators. At the time that I knew of Studs, he was the latter type. One weekend Studs went down to Philly on liberty, got lucky, and did not return on Monday. The group was a small tight knit group so the chief mustered him as present. Tuesday same, Wednesday same. The chief was getting nervous. False muster is a serious offense. Studs called in Wednesday afternoon. The chief said, "Get your ass up here. I have been covering you all week." Studs showed up Friday morning. No problem. Later, I believe that Studs was transferred to a training squadron on base.

Edward K. Harmon

I served in VC-12 from 1950 to 1954, made some cruises with the squadron and enjoyed every day I served. So much time has passed that I've forgotten the names of most of my comrades, but I do remember events and activities that I will never forget. These were four of the best years in my life.

A sailor I remember well was Charlie Wright, AK3, from Nashua, New Hampshire. When I was an airman working in the VC-12 snack bar (Quonset hut next to and outside the hanger), I met Charlie. He helped me become a striker in aviation supply in VC-12 and he was the best. I'll never forget him. My being without a high school education would not allow me to get into any school after boot camp. I got discharged in 1954 from VC-12 as a Aviation Storekeeper Second Class (AK-2). Charlie gave me a career while in the Navy.

I am retired now from civilian life, almost had the plug pulled once recently, have five daughters, nine grandchildren, did go on to finish high school, got a BS and MBA from Boston University and Northeastern University. Charlie not only gave me a chance to be a storekeeper striker, but built up my confidence so I could do more with my education and personal life. Many good men were in VC-12 when I served, and outstanding among them was Charlie Wright.

Good luck,
Thomas Smith

NOVEMBER FACTS

November's special flower is the chrysanthemum.

The birthstone for this month is the topaz.

November's full moon is the Trapper's Moon.

VC/VAW-12 ACCIDENT AND CRASH HISTORY

January, 1948 through March 1962
Flights from NAS Quonset Point
and NAAD Charlestown, RI
*From the archives of the Quonset
Air Museum*

1-11-48

TBM-3 BU#8511
Switzer, George D., LT. . No inj.
FCLP; LG collapsed on rollout; Hy-
draulic failure

1-15-48

TBM-3 BU#85282
Switzer, George D. No inj.
Engine failed; F/L in water, pilot
rescued

12-22-48

TBM-3E BU#53580
Maloney, Joseph F. LTJG No inj.
Nosed up in snow bank taxiing to
take off R/W5

1-4-49

TBM-3E BU#85860
Brown, Robert H LTJG No inj
FCLP; Forgot to lower landing gear
on 3rd pass

4-9-49

TBM-3E BU#83836
Smith, H.L. Ens. Minor inj.
Engine failed; did not bail out. Pilot
book.

9-4-49

TBM-3
Crew not identified. Engine failed,
pilot book; crew did not bail out

2-27-50

SNB-5 BU#51135
Cornel, Leland B LT No inj
Tail landing gear failed, frozen, col-
lapsed on landing.

10-9-50

AD-3W BU# 122895
Bassett, Henry, B LCDR. No inj
Unintentional wheels up landing;
Radar damaged.

11-2-50

AD-4 U#124077
Flaird, LT No inj
Nose up; Two prop blades damaged.
R/W 23.

7-24-51

AD-4W No BU#
Reed, Thomas, Chauncy. ENS
USNR KIA. NCQ; Mid air in down-
wind, CV pattern.

7-24-51

AD-4W Wagner, John, Robert Ens.
USN, KIA. NCQ; Mid air in down-
wind, CV pattern

7-26-51

AD-3 BU@ 122763
Kuball, Edward, Donald ENS. USN
No inj. Fam; G/L off runway on first
leg, Nosed up.

8-25-51

AD-4W BU # 124766
McGuane, John, LT No inj. Fam;
Landing gear retracted on second
touchdown.

11-15-51

AD-4W BU # 124077
Randle, David L. LTJG. USN No inj
Night FCLP; Engine problem, Flew
into water.

12-29-51

AD-3 Pickler, Roy Charles ENS.
USN. KIA Crashed in FCLP circle;
Died of exposure.

5-9-52

TBM-3E Milner, Robert L. CDR USN
Injury. Nosed up; Prop, engine ss
damage; braking.

6-15-52

AD-4N BU # 124130
Matthews, George Foster, ENS.
USNR. Inj.
Green, Ellis, F. AT1, No inj.
Ditched after engine failed at 1200 ft

10-24-52

AD-4W BU# 126852
Thorpe, R.F. LT USN. No inj.
Fantasia, N LT. USN No inj.
Smoke in cockpit; Ditched OK, rescued.

12-19-52

AD-4 BU # 124078
Marion, LT No inj.
LH landing gear collapsed, fire un-
der wing, RW34

6-2-53

AD-4N
Vankluyve, Robert A ENS. USNR
Minor injuries. FCLP end fld; ex-
ploded, F/L woods

6-25-53

AD-5W
Baring, Michael J. LCDR. Injured
Kepple, Joseph K AN injured.
Engine failed after takeoff at 2000 ft;
ditched.

11-17-53

AD-3 BU #124766
Loftof, LT. No inj.
LG collapsed, landing gear door
damaged. RW/23/34

4-1-54

AD-3 BU #122901
Babbitt, JN ENS. No injuries
Landing gear collapsed during
FCLP; RW/34

4-7-54

AD-3W BU # 122893
Godney, G ENS. No injuries.
Landing gear collapsed; Taken to
salvage yard.

7-20-54

AD-4W BU # 126065
Litwin, LTJG, No injuries. Aircraft hit
water; crashed off RW/34

8-13-54

AD-3W BU #122901
Paradis, WB LT No injuries. Tail LG
collapsed during emergency land-
ing; Hyd Failure.

54 ?

AD-4W
Olmstead, LT No injuries. Took off
with wings folded. C/L off RW end.

*To be continued in the next issue
of VC-12 Voice.*