

# PETERSON AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER

## *PRESERVING THE HERITAGE*

VOLUME 4, NO. 15

APRIL 2010

### FROM THE DESK OF THE PRESIDENT

WES CLARK

Occasionally, I have a thought that surprises even me. It occurred to me that I have been writing this column now for over a year, always reporting about the good things that are going on at the Museum. During that time, however, I haven't bothered to ask our members, docents, or volunteers what they think needs to be changed or improved about things that are taking place at the Museum. I've just been reporting.

I got a dose of some new thinking this last week during our monthly Volunteer meeting. At the conclusion of the meeting I innocently asked if anyone had anything to add. Col (ret) Charlie McCarthy did. He asked why the Museum didn't put more focus on the early aviation history of Colorado Springs, since our current Museum was actually the home of the early days. We have put a lot of focus on the military history of the Museum, but not enough about our Museum being the birthplace of commercial aviation in this area. I suspect our focus has been on the military history because we sit in the middle of an Air Force installation, but Charlie was absolutely right and we need a program to correct that.

All that aside, it led me to think about how many other good ideas are out there that we should be thinking about – and I believe there are probably many. So, with this issue I'm asking for inputs from our members, docents, volunteers, and, yes, even our Board of Directors, as to what we should do to make our Museum represent what you want it to represent. We will then vet those at our monthly meetings, and give you feedback on those that pass the tests.

I'm looking forward to hearing from you.

Wes Clark

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### FROM THE DESK OF THE DIRECTOR

GAIL WHALEN

I've made it back from in time for the newsletter! I was lucky enough to participate in the annual memorial of the World War II Bataan Death March of 1942.

My friends convinced me to participate this year. I'm sadly out of shape and was quite frankly afraid I'd drop out at some humiliatingly early part of the course. But the opening ceremony changed my mind more than any encouragement by my freakishly fit pals. "Lest we forget," said the narrator, "remember the sacrifice." At dawn, 12 survivors were there to encourage all 5,700 of us marchers. At day's end they were still there, greeting everyone who came across the finish line.

I normally don't need to be reminded of the sacrifice our veterans have made and continue to make for our country. I'm lucky enough to work with active duty service people and veterans every day. Our Museum Foundation is full of the men and women who have shaped the Air Force I was a part of, and who continue to shape it today. However, nothing has made me more aware of the selflessness of the military, than seeing an 86 year old veteran of the Bataan Death March stand up and salute an Iraqi Freedom veteran (running on two prosthetic legs), or watching an active duty Army soldier in full battle dress and 40-pound backpack, slowing down so his two toddlers could hold his hands and lead him across the finish line.

I was equally impressed with the volunteer effort that supported the memorial march. Registration, information, opening ceremonies, event day activities from dawn to dusk—all were conducted by volunteers. Along the route, volunteers encouraged the marchers, offered water or oranges, or were ready with medical assistance. Their presence reminded me just how lucky our Museum is—our volunteers are equally committed to the success of Pete Museum, and just as proud of the people we serve. I ask everyone to pat themselves on the back and acknowledge your efforts here at the Peterson Air and Space Museum. Thanks as always!

## IN MEMORY OF LT GENERAL ALBERT P. CLARK



(The following is from the USAFA website)

Lt. Gen. A.P. Clark was the U.S. Air Force Academy's sixth superintendent from Aug. 1, 1970 to July 1974. During World War II, he was shot down over Abbeville, France and spent 33 months as a prisoner of war. A resident of Colorado Springs, Colo. General Clark died on March 8, 2010 at the age of 96

A resident of Colorado Springs, Colo., General Clark was the sixth superintendent of the U.S. Air Force Academy, from Aug. 1, 1970, to July 31, 1974.

The general was a 1936 graduate of the U.S. Military Academy, and went on to a flying career after graduation. He went to England in June 1942 with the 31st Fighter Group, the first American fighter unit in the European Theater of Operations. He was shot down over Abbeville, France, in July 1942, and spent 33 months as a Prisoner of War.

After World War II, he progressed through key staff assignments with Tactical Air Command, Continental Air Command and Air Defense Command prior to a tour of duty at Headquarters U.S. Air Force. General Clark commanded the 48th Fighter Bomber Wing at Chaumont Air Base in France, in 1955-1956, and then served as chief of staff of the U.S. Air Forces in Europe.

His next assignment was as chief of the U.S. Military Training Mission to Saudi Arabia. He was director of military personnel at Headquarters U.S. Air Force for four years beginning in 1959 and was then assigned to Okinawa as commander of the 313th Air Division. In August 1965, he was named vice commander of the

Tactical Air Command. He assumed duties as commander of Air University in August 1968, and in August 1970, he was appointed superintendent of the U.S. Air Force Academy.

His military decorations and awards include the Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit with oak leaf cluster, Air Medal, Air Force Commendation Medal, and the Purple Heart.

After retiring from active duty, the general stayed active with the Air Force Academy. He headed up the Friends of the Library, which benefits the Cadet Library, concentrating on the library's Special Collections. General Clark on was instrumental in creating an extensive collection of materials and histories from his POW days in Stalag Luft III. Memoirs and histories from an escape from Stalag Luft III became the basis for the film, *The Great Escape*.

We are grateful to General Clark for his contributions to the Peterson Air and Space Museum. Many of the materials in our POW exhibit were given to us by him. His compelling experience has helped us create a richer story to relate to our visitors about the experience of captured Airmen who were trained at Peterson Field during World War II.

More than just his historic artifacts, General Clark's experience, as with other former POWs who've contributed to our Museum, allows us to understand the power of human endurance. Survivors of war and combat, whether as POWs or not, share a unique experience that colors their lives and informs their actions, their families, and their comrades forever. We salute General Clark and his family for their service.

## AIRMEN LEADERSHIP SCHOOL LEND A HAND WITH THE TIGERS

Peterson Air Force Base's April ALS Class assisted the museum staff on two successive Saturdays to work with area Tiger Cubs and Wolf Packs. These young airmen are preparing for supervisor and leadership duties with the USAF. Most are stationed here at Peterson AFB, but students from Schriever AFB and Cheyenne Mountain AFS also attend the 6 week course.

This is a great opportunity for the young Cubs to interact with our Airmen. It's especially meaningful to them because March is "Flight Month." During March, the tiny Boy Scouts engage in activities that teach them about aviation, the principles of flight, or occupations that are related to aviation.

Our Airmen have a chance to share their personal experience and teach the Cubs a little about the history of the Air Force. This is a neat service project for the Airmen, and it really helps the Museum staff. One of the hands-on activities the Airmen assist the Cubs with is the popular "Animals in the Airpark" scavenger hunt. In this activity, the Cubbies have to find the cartoon mascots painted on the Museum's static display aircraft. The kids also try on the historic WWII, Korea, Viet Nam and Cold War uniforms, further reinforcing their lessons about Air Force history.



## ASTRONAUT VISITS MUSEUM

Dr. Thomas Jones, former NASA astronaut and veteran of four space shuttle missions, poses with retired Col. Gustav Freyer (left) and Jeff Nash (right), Peterson Air and Space museum assistant director and curator, Feb. 27 at the museum. Dr. Jones spent about two hours interacting with staff, visitors and signing copies of his book "Hell Hawks," the story of a P-47 "Thunderbolt" fighter group in Europe during World War II. (Photo by PASM Foundation Board member Lt Col (Ret) John Brown)

## WHO AM I?

I was born in 1942 in Louisiana, and was inducted into military service at a pretty young age, some say barely weaned. My trip to Pete Field was my very first experience in an airplane—but sure wasn't my last! I quickly made a name for myself at the base—scaring off rattlesnakes and keeping my buddies in the barracks entertained. My days were pretty much the same as most any other G.I.—meals at the enlisted mess, digging out air raid shelters, training during the day, and having a ball at the Enlisted Club on Saturday nights! I have to admit, I really enjoyed the rum and cokes they served there. Some nights I ended up "howling at the moon," as Hank Williams used to sing. I'm a little ashamed to tell you, some mornings I'd wake up and realize I'd slept under my bunk all night! I pretty much had free range of the base and especially in the training buildings of the 11<sup>th</sup> Photo Recon Squadron.

I was the smallest little guy in my unit, and even though I wasn't a pilot, I was fitted up with specially designed flying gear so I could accompany the guys on their missions around the area. I flew in F-5s (the Recon version of the P-38 Lightning) and B-24s. The guys even made me a special oxygen mask so I could fly high altitude missions. Some of the guys started calling me their mascot. I didn't mind, because I was really pretty popular—a real crew dog—which sort of earned me my reputation and nickname. I don't mind telling you a lot of the airmen recognized my natural good looks and charm. With all the photographers and graphic artists on base, I guess it was just natural they took lots of pictures of me and made lots of drawings of me too. Some said I was a natural model, and maybe a little stuck up, but I worked like a dog every day. It paid off, too, because I earned my dog tags AND my First Sergeant stripes very quickly.

I gave most of my military mementos to my best friend, Chief Warrant Officer Bill Chastain (now retired and living in Utah). He made sure all that got to the Peterson Museum, so I could be remembered for all my wonderful exploits. You've probably seen my picture on display at the museum's Terminal building.

I suppose you may have figured out my name is Master Sergeant Photopopulas, nicknamed "Photopup," or "Photo" for short. I was the mascot for the 11<sup>th</sup> Photo Recon Squadron at Pete Field from 1942-1945.

At right, Photopup is seen in his specially designed harness and goggles, ready for a recon mission.



# CANADIAN AIRCRAFT DEDICATION

## April 1, 2010



Pipe Major Sam Swancutt leads the official party to the ribbon cutting site. Guests followed behind them.



L - R: MWO Darrell Leavitt, Brig Gen Robert Chekan, and Col Stephen Whiting cut the ribbon in front of the Canadian NORAD fighters.



Active duty Canadian Forces personnel and Air Force Association of Canada members enjoy themselves at the aircraft display after the ribbon cutting

On a very blustery but sunny Thursday morning at the Museum's airpark, active duty members of the US Air Force and Canadian Forces, Air Force Association of Canada members (971 Marshall Slemmon Wing), Peterson Museum Foundation volunteers, members and guests attended the rededication ceremony for our representative Canadian fighters, the CF-100 Canuck and the CF-101 Voodoo. A joint operation between the 21<sup>st</sup> Space Wing, NORAD, the Marshall Slemmon Wing and Peterson Museum Foundation, the ceremony called together everyone on the anniversary of the founding of the Royal Canadian Air Force on 1 April, 1924. The impetus for the ceremony came from the Museum's good fortune to have both the Canuck and the Voodoo completely repainted within a year of each other.

Col Stephen Whiting, commander of the 21<sup>st</sup> Space Wing hosted the event. Joining him in the official party were Brig General Robert Chekan, Deputy Director of Plans, Policy and Strategy, North American Aerospace Defense Command and US Northern Command; and retired Canadian Forces Master Warrant Officer Darrell Leavitt, the Ceremonial Advisor to the 971 Wing, Air Force Association of Canada (based here in Colorado Springs). In honor of the tradition of both the Royal Air Force and Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF), Pipe Major Sam Swancutt was invited to perform the bagpipes for the ceremony, and led the official party and our guests to the aircraft display site. Both Col Whiting and Brig Gen Chekan stressed our shared history and responsibility both countries have for the defense of North America. Brig Gen Chekan even slipped in a good natured dig about the recent Olympic hockey match-up. But MWO Leavitt really tied the event together with a very traditional, yet sentimental reminder of the personal sacrifice all military members must face: giving their lives in service of their country. Leavitt's moving recitation of the poem, "High Flight," by John Gillespie Magee, Jr was a very poignant reminder that not just Airmen, but also citizens of the US and Canada share a unique relationship among modern nations.

We were very fortunate also to have a number of historical RCAF uniforms on display at the ceremony. Retired RCAF Lt Col Chuck Nesbitt, and the National Air Force Museum of Canada in Trenton both supplied us with uniforms in time for the dedication. Although these historical artifacts were meant for use in the Air Defense, Missile Warning and Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center exhibits, they made a smashing display beside the 409 Squadron's (Comox, British Columbia) CF-101 Voodoo. (Go Nighthawks!)

Our sincerest hope is to continue to have more warm ceremonies like this one, and to continue to work with the Canadian Forces—active and retired—at Peterson AFB and Colorado Springs.

**VOLUNTEER APPRECIATION DAY**

## JACK MCKINNEY

On February 22, 2009, the Peterson Air and Space Museum volunteers were honored at a function held in the Old City Hangar. The Peterson Club, sponsored by the Peterson Air and Space Museum Foundation, catered a great spread of foods. Hosting the proceedings were Foundation President Wes Clark and Museum Director Gail Whalen.



(L – R) Maj Gen (USAF Ret) Wes Clark, Jane Newman, Chief MSgt (USAF Ret) Ernie Newman

Selected as 2009 Volunteers of the Year were CMSgt (USAF Retired) Ernie Newman and his wife, Jane. Jane is the lead for establishment of the Special Collections area of the Museum, while Ernie is involved in public relations and other special projects. Both have been volunteers at the Museum since 2002. Wes Clark made the presentations.

While family members looked on, awards were presented to 21 volunteers. Additionally, more volunteers who were unable to attend were given awards for their service.

Altogether, 67 volunteers provided 8,795 hours of service to the Museum during the 12 months of 2009. Ed Weaver and Jimmy Bowden amassed more than 500 service hours, while John Brown, Jack McKinney and Erv Smalley contributed more than 400 hours each.

## ONE OF MANY STORIES FOUND IN THE PETE MUSEUM SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

JANE NEWMAN

The following story was found hidden in an old binder in Special Collections and certainly warrants telling. The author of this story was a member of the 17th Photo Reconnaissance Squadron, once assigned to Peterson Army Air Field.

"I am going to tell you about a tour I took years ago as I

want everyone to know what can happen if you don't plan your trip well.

"It all started on Sunday afternoon, August 26, 1945 (hostilities had ceased 12 days earlier). Shortly after lunch I was reading a mystery novel in my tent on the island of Morotai when my best friend showed up from Palawan and asked if I was ready to go to Australia. I wasn't, but all I needed was to pack and get orders. My CO was off the island so we conned the Exec into cutting the orders and at 3pm seven of us were on our way to Sydney in a C-47 (although our orders said Brisbane).

"Our first stop was at Biak for fuel and 40 minutes later we were airborne with 8 hours of fuel for a 4 ½ hour flight to Merauke. We expected to arrive there around 11 at night. We flew south across the neck of New Guinea, hitting our check point, the Aru Islands, right on schedule. Just after we altered course for Merauke, we were notified by radio that the generator was inoperative at Merauke and we were instructed to proceed to Higgins Field on Cape York, Australia. We replanned our flight and estimated that it would require another hour which would leave us plenty of fuel, so we altered course and proceeded on. It was a dark night and when we hadn't found our destination by our ETA, we were a little concerned but continued on course while we rechecked our figures (they were OK). After an hour we decided we must have gone past our destination and started a search. Unfortunately there were no radio beacons in the area that we were able to receive (Merauke had no power, and we later learned Cape York had the same problem). We had our radio operator send out an SOS and finally some station answered. He reported that it was Townsville and said we were east of the barrier reef (this also was incorrect) so at 2:45 in the morning we ditched the C-47 (landed in the water) while we still had fuel and control.

"All went well during the ditching except that the Flight Engineer was not in his proper position and when the tail hit the water he was jarred loose and then, when the nose hit, he flew into the bulkhead and was knocked unconscious (several months later it was determined that he had fractured his skull). When the plane came to a rest we tossed out the rafts and inflated them. However, only one had enough CO<sub>2</sub> to do the job. At this time the back door was about 3 to 4 feet above the water so we jumped into the water and grabbed the raft. One of the fellows however couldn't swim and leapt into the raft bouncing like a trampoline and then we passed the unconscious engineer into the good raft with the emergency stores. The rest of us spent the rest of the night in the water taking turns at blowing up the other raft. About daybreak we had enough air in it to support us, but barely. When we took inventory we located a hand pump in the good raft and used it to finish pumping the other one.

"We had an emergency radio, with a kite and a balloon to raise the antenna – no one ever heard it. We had flares, a sail of sorts and paddles (or oars), repair kit, fishing line and hooks, zinc oxide, a survival booklet, some canned water and charms, and K rations. There were 7 of us in two 9x4 rafts where we would spend the next 11 days. We estimated that if we allowed each person 2 ounces of water a day and split 1 K ration among the seven of us we had enough for 21 days. However, as things progressed we found some of the water contaminated, and continually lost other items as we were frequently upset by the sea. The kite wouldn't fly; the balloon broke loose so we tossed the radio to give us more room. After having the rafts tied together loosely we decided to lash them together as one. This made for a more comfortable ride – when tied together they stretched then bounced together due to the action of the waves.

"We managed to catch one fish, and one bird, but neither was very tasty raw. Aside from the dimming hopes of rescue our biggest problem was with sharks. They usually circled the rafts like Indians with wagon trains and would get so close you could grab them. Every so often one would take a shortcut under the raft, bumping the low spots (us). Fortunately they left us alone during most of the day, but always showed up in the late afternoon. One of those taking a shortcut got his fin caught between the two rafts and had difficulty getting rid of us. It was wild ride while it lasted.

"On the eleventh day two of our crew died and shortly after burying them at sea we sighted land ahead. It was a long slow journey to the island, but finally sometime in the early morning hours of September 7<sup>th</sup> the sea spit us out on shore. We were unable to walk, but managed to crawl on the beach pulling our rafts and gear far enough that they wouldn't go back out with the tide. Then we passed out until the sun was well up in the sky.

"It was decided that two of us would look around and try to find water. We didn't but we bumped into a native walking the beach. We said good morning and so did he. We continued on several yards before realizing he spoke English. We called to him and then when we asked where we were he told us that we were on the island of Tanimbar, approximately 300 miles north of Darwin. He climbed a palm tree and cut coconuts then opened them and we had our first good drinks in a long time. As we talked to him he dropped the news that although there was a Mission on the island, about 3,000 Japs were in control. We asked him to contact the Missionary for us and he left.

"Several hours later we were greeted by a motley group of Japanese soldiers. At that point all we wanted was food, water, and return to our units, so we settled for food and water. Thru one of the Japanese, Nagamori.

He was born in Seattle and raised in Berkeley and being the oldest son had been sent to Japan in the spring of 41 for a visit. He got off one ship and on another and had been here ever since.

"They offered to help us if we would accompany them – all this was very formally done – so as they were armed and outnumbered us, we agreed. After a short walk which didn't seem short we came to an old Ford truck and were driven to their main camp. Along the way we stopped at one of their outposts where we were given a tea kettle of boiled water which burnt our lips as we drank from the spout.

"During this stop the Japanese were having a spirited discussion and it turned out that none of them knew the proper procedures for our surrender so the decision was made that we close our eyes and pretend to be asleep (typical military). We did close our eyes but the sleep was not feigned. I came to on the back of a heavy set Jap going down one slope then up another to a shack where we were to spend the rest of our stay with them. We told them that Japan had agreed to surrender on August 14<sup>th</sup>. They had received leaflets dropped from planes informing that it was all over.

"We had lost about 30 pounds each and our bodies were covered with salt water sores. The Japs fed us and treated the sores. Treatment consisted of sitting astride our back and lifting off the scabs then washing with sterile water. Food was grass soup and biscuits for breakfast, yams and tomatoes for lunch, then rice and more soup for dinner. Not very filling, but much better than we had become used to.

"After several days they shaved us (with a straight razor and no soap). We weren't sure at first what they were going to do with the razor. Then later when we had gathered strength, they took us for a ½ mile walk to their bath house. What a great experience, soaking in extremely hot water.

"All during this time we kept asking when they were going to turn us over to the Allies. Their standard answer was as soon as we were well enough to travel. That turned out to take 15 days, but finally on September 22d we were advised to pack up and get ready to leave. They put us back in the Ford truck and drove us to a bay where we saw an RAAF PBY waiting. Overhead two other planes circled as protection. As we left this beautiful South Sea island we waved goodbye and thanked God we were out of there.

"We were flown to Darwin where we spent another week putting on some of our lost weight and gaining strength then instead of sending us south to our original destination we went back north to our starting point. While in Darwin we talked to many Australian soldiers who had been prisoners since the fall of Singapore and I

remember one in particular. He had spent 18 months in a small cubicle and was having difficulty learning to walk again. Our trip was a breeze compared to what they went through.

“The only redeeming thing about our trip was that we got to fly home instead of going by boat, and I got a month’s detour in Sydney.”

### **SPRING IS HERE -- WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BLACK GANG?**

The warm weather will surely bring the visitors! Last year’s 17,000 plus people took its toll on our facilities and exhibits. The Black Gang has been very busy cleaning and upgrading during the cold January - March days. The City Hangar now sports a new coat of paint on its floor; plastic glass enclosures now protect most mannequins; the Operation’s Building reception area has been significantly upgraded; new chairs and table have vastly improved the conference room; several new panels have been added to the Defense of North America exhibit; and the maintenance shop area has been totally reorganized. We also had time to clean our golf clubs to get ready for a bit of R&R and enjoyment this summer.

### **CONCERT IN THE PARK**

Just in! We’ve confirmed that the USAFA Band’s Blue Steel will again perform at 1200 NOON Saturday, August 7th, 2010 in the Museum’s Air Park. The event is free to all base personnel. As in past years, the event is held to recognize their service to the United States of America Hamburgers, hot dogs, chips, and bottled water are provided free by the Museum Foundation. The Museum will open all facilities and exhibits that morning at 9:00 am. Food will be served at 1100 am. We hope you will enjoy a picnic in the Park. You may want to consider bringing lawn chairs or blankets to sit on for the concert. This event is open to all DoD active duty and retired members, DoD civilians, and DoD contractors and their families or guests. More details to follow.

## **NEWS NOTES**

### **PETERSON DONATION**

The Peterson Air & Space Museum Foundation acknowledges the generous donation of 1,000 dollars from Col (USAF, Ret) Robert Peterson Bob Peterson recent retired as the VP, Space Programs, Lockheed Martin and currently is a member of the Foundation’s Board of Directors.

### **NEW BOARD MEMBER**

IAW the Foundation’s By-Laws, Henry D. Baird (Director of Strategy and Business Development, ATK Launch Systems), has been appointed to replace Col (USAF Ret) Lamberth Blalock. Mr. Baird will serve the remainder of the term (through 31 December 2010). Mr. Blalock resigned as a result of taking a position in Utah. We bid a farewell and thanks to Mr. Blalock for his service and welcome Mr. Baird to the team.

### **NORAD-NORTHERN COMMAND DONATES DOLLARS FOR VOODOO RENOVATION**

Our static display aircraft F-101 Voodoo will be fully restored this year, thanks to the generous donation from outgoing commander General Gene Renuart. Details to follow, but our aircraft display fall under the category of base quality of life issues, and the commander’s understanding of the role of our historical jets has helped us in the past, too. You may remember that Gen Renuart helped fund the restoration of our F-104 Starfighter and P-40 Warhawk a few years ago.

## **MODELING UPDATE**

### **LT EDWARD J. PETERSON’S F-4-1-LO (#41-2202)**

TERRY GALBREATH

I was asked to build a model of a P-38 for the PASM main lobby. It would have to be 1:10 scale to match the B-17 that is there already. It would have to be “museum quality” and sturdy enough to survive many years of display. Research showed there were no kits or plans available in the appropriate size - that meant the model would be “scratch built”. We decided that **Lt. Peterson’s** plane would be the most appropriate plane to model.

This model will be a 1:10 scale of **Lt. Peterson’s**, being exacting as we can. Unfortunately, of over the 10,000 P-38s and variants built, we have yet to find (after LOTS of

research) a picture of 41-2202! We've narrowed it down to a 10 plane group of planes that came out of Lockheed. **Richard Faulkner**, who runs 'The 34th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron Online' (<http://www.34thprs.org/> ) from Lilburn, Georgia has been an invaluable resource in assisting me on research, creating decals and serving as critic and sounding board.

doors to open and to view the complete camera bay. The structure will also be beefed up in general and will include "hidden" hanging points. The nose profile will change to the F-4-1-LO configuration. All control surfaces will be separate but non-functional to enhance "survivability". We'll attempt to replicate every panel and exterior detail, including all the decals, markings and placards that the original plane had. The canopy will be built of brass, replicating the original. We are looking at having all external lighting working (nav lights, IFF marker, landing lights). Plus lights in the cockpit.

The wingspan will be 62.4 inches. The main plans are a set of giant scale R/C plans rescaled to 1:10 (from about 1/4.5). The parts normally available for such kits are not available in 1:10. For those parts (cockpit, canopy, radios, superchargers, nacelles and various details like scoops and inlets) I enlarged a 1:33 scale cardstock model plans and reproduced the parts needed in cardstock. The model will be 'gear up', with stationary scale props. The cockpit will be complete, and the camera bay will open to show scratch built (cardstock, balsa and plastic) cameras. We plan to try and hide micro video camera in one of the cameras. The original R/C model had the entire nose of the fuselage pod come off for access to R/C gear. From the nose wheel doors forward, the model will be completely restructured to allow at least one of the camera bay

Comments, critiques, questions? Please, I need them all!

**Terry Galbreath**

NOTE: Due to a lack of space, we weren't able to list all of the modeling projects with which Terry needs assistance. We'll send out a special bulleting devoted just to that. Thanks Terry!

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