

TCRC

Triple Creek Radio Control Aviation Club

January 2014
Issue 13

Holiday Party and
Fly-in Photos

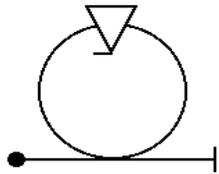
*Member Introduction;
Newton CobbNewt*

P-51 Mustang
Info and Photos



Photo by Greg Karpey





Editors Note

By Keith Hall

Can you believe it's 2014? Seems this year has flown by. I feel the older I get, the faster time passes. I wish I would have appreciated life's experiences as I do now. I remember flying RC with my father as if it was yesterday. I see some of the guys at the field with their kids. The kid(s) is usually complaining about something but they still keep their eye on what's happening. Trust me, years from now those same kids will treasure those days. So, punish them guys! Make them come out to the field and enjoy themselves.

Speaking of Fathers and Sons; I am very privileged to share a story in this issue of Mark Cobbs Father, Newton. (AKA Newt) Mark and his father wrote the story of his father's experience as a World War Two fighter pilot. Newt flew P-51's during WWII and ...Well, I'll let you read the story. I can't express enough appreciation to Newt and Mark allowing me to share his story. I know there are a lot more stories our members have and we would love to hear them.

After reading Newt's story you'll understand why Tom Brokaw called this the "Greatest Generation."

We had our December Holiday party and fun fly. By the looks of it, they had a blast. There was fun, flyin, gifts and a casualty. I added some photos from the event. Thank you to Greg Karpey for the photos! Along with that meeting were the nominations for club officers. Currently the people running for the positions are:

President; Gene Garand

Larry Hudson

Vice President; Joe Mustion

John Lentis

Secretary; Steve Sciuga

Treasurer; Scott Smith

Safety Officer; Greg Karpey

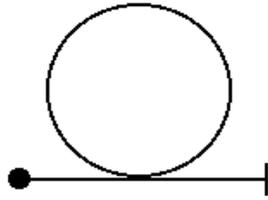
Larry Hudson

So come out to the field and vote and then do some flying. I hope you all have a great New Year!

Fly safe and we'll see you at the field.

**Next club Meeting:
Saturday Jan. 11, 2014
10:00 am At the field**

In the Loop



Holiday Party and Fly-in



Raid on Tarnewitz

How I Became a POW And a Guest of the Luftwaffe

Date: Friday April 13th 1945 Mission/Target: Strafe the German airfield at Tarnewitz Germany on the Baltic Sea. It was one of the Germans experimental test facilities much like our Wright Patterson field. Objective was to destroy as many German aircraft as possible.

The 385th Fighter Squadron, four flights of four aircraft left Honington Army Airfield on that fateful morning Friday the 13th of April 1945. The G-2 briefing had stated that the base was not well protected and only had small caliber weapons around the periphery. So much for "Military Intelligence," they could not have been more wrong.

Blue Flight was selected to make the first strafing run at the target and to assess the situation while White, Red and Yellow flights remained at altitude circling the target.

Blue Flight consisted of;

Blue 1 – Capt.

Blue 3 – F/O Glas-

Blue 4 – F/O Cobb

The ceiling was less

line abreast and

clouds and hit the

the field all hell

as well as heavy

4th of July and I

cash in. I couldn't

there fast enough.

the enemy fire sub-

Made It" now we



Hayden Head Blue 2 – Lt. Robert Boydston
so

than 3,000 ft. and Blue Flight spread out began their attack. We broke through the deck at about 350 knots. As we approached broke loose. There was 20 and 40 mm flack caliber automatic weapons fire. It looked like remember thinking this is it, this is where I get close enough to the ground or out of As we cleared the far side of the field and sided I remember thinking "Thank God We can go home.

Not so fast, Blue Flight was ordered to make another pass. This was insane. The war was almost over and everybody knew it. So why risk the lives of these four pilots to take out a handful of aircraft on the ground? That's when I remember Cpt. Hogan saying "One Each F/O Cobb You Are Expendable", and at that moment I felt just that.

We came back around and attacked from out of the Sun, but the Germans were ready and the anti-aircraft flack was even heavier than on the first pass and I didn't think that was possible. I found out later that all four of our aircraft had been hit and that Hayden, Glasso and I had been shot down.

On the second pass we were line abreast and as soon as we cleared the tree line at the field a German 40 mm Flack Gun locked onto my aircraft and I could hear the Flack and see the black puffs of smoke getting closer and closer with each explosion. I was zig zagging across the field, racking

the aircraft right and left as hard as I could but I couldn't shake those guns. All of a sudden I heard a loud explosion and the sound of tearing metal as flack ripped off 1/3rd of my right wing. It was immediately followed by the horrendous sound of another round coming up through the belly of my aircraft and ripping through my left leg breaking the fibula and tearing through the muscle. I am fortunate it didn't break the Tibia as I had to hold full left rudder to keep the aircraft from doing a snap roll on the deck and rolling into a big ball of fire.

The round that came up under the belly of my aircraft tore through my left leg leaving it a bloody mess riddled with fragments of the round and pieces of my aircraft. Some of these fragments are still in my leg. Had it not been for the G-Suit I was wearing I surely would have bled to death while the aircraft was still in the air.

But that was only the beginning. Unable to bail out, my mind raced back to a briefing in Bartow Florida where we were told "You can fly the P-51 into the ground at 150 knots wheels up (Belly Land) and it will destroy the aircraft but you will survive and walk away."

I could feel my boot fill up with blood and knew that if I didn't get this aircraft on the ground soon I would bleed to death. I also knew that I didn't want to be captured by the civilians as they would most likely lynch me as the allied air forces had killed at least one member of every family in Germany. I circled back towards a farm near the airfield we were strafing, locked my Sutton harness, turned into the wind and flew that beautiful stallion into the ground at 150 knots. It was a real shame because it was a brand new Mustang on its first combat mission.

As it hit
dug into the
I had hit a
shoulder. My
dislocated
a tourniquet;
mass of met-
As I climbed
by four in-
holster with



the ground that huge air scoop
ground pushing me forward as if
concrete wall and dislocated my
leg was bleeding profusely and the
shoulder made it difficult to apply
much less get out of the tangled
al that was my aircraft.

out of the P-51 I was approached
dividuals. I removed my shoulder
my 45 service pistol and held it

out to let them know I was surrendering. They were captured French & Russian soldiers pressed into working on the farm. They laid me down on the road, took off my belt and applied a tourniquet to my leg. Part of a round was still protruding from the leg.

As I reached down to pull it out one of them said nix, nix and pushed my hand away. He then took a handkerchief removed the piece of metal from my leg, cleaned it up and put it in his pocket for a souvenir. A British Florin had fallen out of my pocket and he picked it up and put it in his pocket as well.

About this time a young boy (in Hitler Youth uniform) came up on a bicycle and I signaled to him to call the Luftwaffe and he rode off on his bicycle towards the airfield.

About this time an Ox cart full of hay came along. They put me in the cart and took me to a nearby barn and set me down on a pile of hay inside. I had a map and some papers on me and managed to tear them up and stash them in the hay. The youngest of the four had given my 45 to the big man who appeared to be their leader and started talking to him but I could not understand a word he was saying. The big guy got angry, came over to me and in a loud voice said “vo ist das papia?” (Where is the paper?) I was young and dumb and acted like I didn’t understand what he was saying. Why, I don’t know because the war was almost over. It was Friday April 13th 1945 and the war ended May 7th 1945.

At this point the big guy came over with a piece of newspaper and said “vo ist das papia?” He got extremely hot under the collar and started shouting orders to the others, and then cocked my 45 and put it up to my forehead. The next thing I expected to hear was the 45 going off and meeting my maker.

Instead I heard a young man shout “Achtung”. The big man stepped back, lowered the 45 and stood at attention. We were all so involved in what was going on that no one had noticed the German Staff Car that had pulled up with a Luftwaffe Captain and his aide.

The Captain came over to the big man and took the 45 from him. At this point I figured he would be the one that was going to shoot me. He walked over stuck out his hand and in a very heavy British accent said how do



you do? I am Doctor Straub. You are a Canadian Soldier. I said no, I am an American Soldier. He said there are no Americans in this area you must be Canadian Soldier. I said no I am an American Soldier and I reached into my flight suit and got out my military ID and handed it to him.

Ah he said, you are from Panama, I was in Panama before the war. I thought it was an interrogation strategy and he was just trying to soften me up so I would talk. He then went on to say that he was the ship’s Doctor on the SS Bremen when it docked at Pier 18 in Balboa. The hair stood up on the back of my neck as I had boarded and been given a tour of that ship when it was at Pier 18 in Balboa.

The Captains name was Dr. Kurt Straub. He had his aide put me in the staff car and they took me to the hospital at Tarnowitz where I remained until the end of the war.

The Commanding General of the Hospital came in to meet me and he was very polite. He said I am a Doctor and you are my patient. I am also a soldier and you are my prisoner. As long as you act like a patient I will treat you like a Doctor. If you do not behave like a patient I will treat you like a prisoner.

Shortly after arriving at the hospital Dr. Straub came in to visit me with a tall strapping young man in a German uniform with a Silver Flack Gun hanging around his neck. Dr. Straub asked me to describe what I was doing when I was hit and as I began to tell the story the young man got very excited, started jumping up and down, pointed at me and then his chest saying "I Shot You Down".

My leg was in such bad shape and the hospital so short of medicine (they had no Penicillin) that gangrene had set in. I remember a nurse Monica coming in one day lifting the blanket, making an ugly face, gagging and saying Das Stinkt! Every time there was an air raid at the field a guard named Kurtz would carry me down three flights of stairs to the basement until the all clear sounded.

As I was a prisoner, the German wounded got priority treatment. At one point the German Doctors discussed cutting off my leg and then decided not to. They told me that I would probably prefer my people take it off but to make sure that once the allied forces arrived to tell them it had to come off immediately. Fortunately the end of the war was near and when the allied forces arrived they had penicillin which is what ultimately saved my leg.

There were numerous times that SS officers came to the hospital to take patients to the prison camps but Dr. Straub always looked out for me and would not let me go. I have a picture of him on my dresser and we would exchange Christmas cards every year until he passed away.



Upon Release as a POW:

When the allied forces (Canadians) freed me I was taken to Lübeck Germany and then to Liege Belgium where they attempted to stabilize my leg and then I was sent to Oliver General Hospital in Augusta Georgia.

At that time Oliver General Hospital was a plastic surgery hospital treating the seriously wounded and mangled bodies of our returning wounded from Europe. Most of the returnees were burn and extreme disfiguration victims. I felt out of place there and my heart went out to

all who gave so much for the freedom we now enjoy.

I was young and thought I was bullet proof but found out otherwise on that fateful day. Fortunately God was my Co-Pilot or I would have never made it home!



Newt Cobb at Wattfest Fly-in 2013



Newt's Son Mark Cobb

P-51 Mustang

“Dutch” Kindelburger’s Plane

The Mustang resulted from a British fighter requirement that specified the construction of the prototype within 120 days. The NA-73 prototype was produced under the overall control of North American’s president, J.H. “Dutch” Kindelburger, and was rolled out after 117 days. Fitted with an Allison V-1710 engine, the aeroplane first flew in October 1940 and was soon ordered by the British and Americans as the Mustang and P-51 respectively.

From Allison to Rolls-Royce

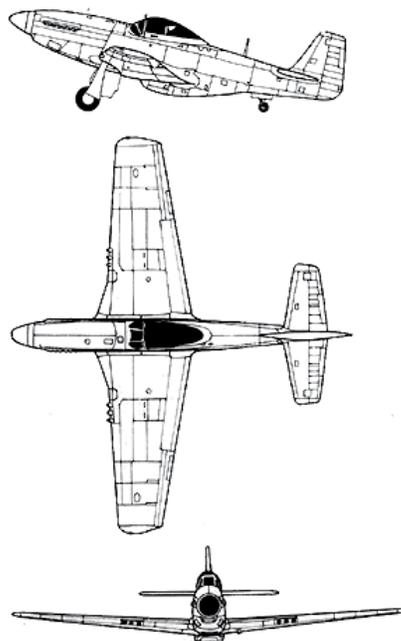
The initial P-51 and P-51A variants proved only moderately successful. To improve medium high-altitude performance the British suggested use of the great Merlin. This produced the P-51B with four machine guns and the P-51C with more power and a bubble canopy. The definitive fighter was the P-51D with a number of refinements, and this variant amounted to 7,966 of me 15,469 Mustangs. The P-51D was the classic multi-role fighter of the Second World War, and was the main escort for US bombers flying deep into Germany.

Principal versions

Mustang Mk I (reconnaissance fighter), Mustang Mk IA and P-51 (cannon armament), Mustang Mk II and P-51A (longer-range version of Mk I), P-51B/C and Mustang Mk III (Merlin engine), P-51D and Mustang Mk IV (definitive fighter), P-51H (lightweight version), and P-51K (P-51D with different propeller).

Principal users

Australia, China, Great Britain, the Netherlands, New Zealand, South Africa, and USA.



TECHNICAL DATA

Type: North American P-51D Mustang single-seat fighter.

Engine: one 1,510-hp (1,126-kW) Packard V-1650-

7 (Rolls-Royce Merlin) inline piston engine.

Performance: maximum speed 437 mph (703 km/h)

at 25,000 ft (7,620 m); climb to 30,000 ft (9,145 m)

in 13 minutes 0 seconds; service ceiling 41,900 ft

(12,770 m), range 2,300 miles (3,701 km).

Weights: empty 7,125 lb (3,232 kg), maximum take-off 11,600 lb (5,262 kg),

Dimensions: span 37 ft 0.25 in (11.89 m), length 32 ft 3.25 in (9.85 m), height 13 ft 8 in

(4.16m); wing area 233.2 sq ft (21.65 m²).

Armament: six 0.5-in (12.7-mm) fixed machine guns, and up to 2,000 lb (907 kg) of bombs or six 5-in (127-mm) rockets.