

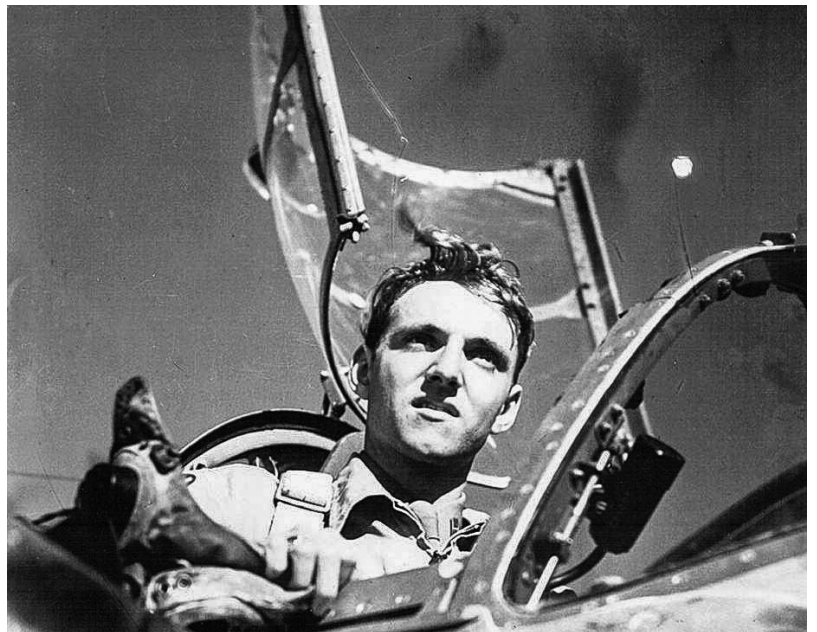
# **Lt. Col. Robert H. Drumm**

## **June 4, 1925 - February 24, 2019**



A loving father, grandfather, great grandfather, and patriot, his ".not bad for a young guy" attitude towards life, and devotion to his family and church were hallmarks of a life well lived and a country well served. His exceptional journey through life took him from the South Pacific to Korea and innumerable stops across our great country with his family during almost 30 years in the United States Air Force. Settling in San Antonio at the end of his distinguished military career and service to our country, he devoted the remaining years of his life to supporting his church and his favorite hobbies such as oil painting, woodworking, and clock building. For his family, an Air Force aircraft traversing the sky, classical music serenading a setting south Texas sun, a drifting of sawdust, or the faint aroma of freshly cut Cherrywood will serve as reminders of his life and legacy.

- WW2: P-38 pilot, 475<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group
- Korean War: Flew C-47s
- Vietnam war
- Worked for USAA after the USAF as an executive trainer
- Public speaker
- Liked to hunt and fish
- Enjoyed woodwork
- Painter



**Robert "Bob" Drumm**  
**Chairman of Ticket Sales**  
**1976 Scout Country Fair**  
**McGimsey Scout Park**  
**San Antonio, Texas**  
**35,000 Attendees**

San Antonio Express, September 5, 1976

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San Antonio EXPRESS-NEWS-



***Country Fair tickets***

MAYOR LILA COCKRELL buys the first two tickets for the 1976 Boy Scout Country Fair from cub scout Ronnie Ridenour as ticket sales committee chairman Bob Drumm looks on. The fair, set to begin at noon Oct. 16 in McGimsey Scout Park, features displays of scouting skills.

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San Antonio Express, October 17, 1976

# 300 units take part in 6th Scout Country Fair

By **MICHAEL  
QUINTANILLA**

Little green men invaded North San Antonio Saturday congregating at McGimsey Scout Park in Castle Hills.

The little green men were about 300 units (packs, posts and troops) of green-uniformed, yellow-neckerchiefed cap-wearing

Boy Scouts of America participating in the sixth annual Scout Country Fair.

In addition to the scout troops, cub packs and explorer posts from San Antonio and the 13 South Texas counties in the Alamo Area Council attended the event.

## Mexicans

One hundred and five scouts from Guadalajara, Monclova and Monterrey also participated in the wide variety of events, exhibits, displays and skills.

At the opening ceremonies of the fair, Francisco Torres, representative for the three Mexican delegations, accepted three Scout Country Fair trophies from the Alamo Area Council of the BSA.

"Our scouts are growing with the same formal training that American scouts receive. Our hearts are full of love because you have invited us to have this opportunity to share scouting with you," Torres said.

After the colorful and patriotic ceremony, the scouts were dismissed to enjoy the day with much enthusiasm.

In different corners of the sprawling 15-acre park, 35,000 visitors enjoyed demonstrations of aquatics, cooking and camping.

Exhibit booths included leather work crafts, decoupage displays, candlemaking lessons and everything imaginable from how to make corn tortillas to how to tie knots.

The Mexican delegation was a favorite of the visitors with their macrame, pottery-making and painting and how to string beads displays.

Another favorite attraction was the Aina Topa Hutsi Lodge Indian dance group of Troop 60, which performed authentic Sioux Pow Pow Grass dances in colorfully feathered and beaded costumes.

But attracting the largest crowd and the longest line was a 90-foot-long, 5-foot high suspension bridge made of rope and floorboards by Troop 463.

"This is what scouting is all about—team effort. My kids put this thing up in two hours," their scoutmaster said.

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forces," Rusk said later, "but we believe that the kind of force being developed in South Korea at the present time could meet credibly the kind of force which the North Koreans have established."



# Almost Catastrophic

Gooney flying in 1947

BY RETIRED USAF LT. COL. ROBERT H. DRUMM, EAA 30946

**IN 1947, THE U.S. AIR FORCE** was a new kid on the block. Those of us already in the military had a choice of staying with the Army or joining the newly created Air Force. Those of us who chose the Air Force, after the exuberance of newness wore off, found an organization in the midst of congressional budget cutting that created a serious shortage of aircraft replacement parts. But, I'm getting ahead of my story.

As a 20-year-old first lieutenant in this newly established organization, I found myself in Kimpo, Korea, with the 475th Fighter Wing of the 5th Air Force. I pictured myself becoming a glamorous fighter pilot hero. My first day on the base and a visit to the operations office punctured my balloon. It seems the Air Force had plenty of leftover fighter pilots from World War II, but a critical shortage of multiengine types. Apparently I was one of a handful of multiengine pilots, and the ops officer pointed out the window to a line of war-weary C-47s and a lone C-46. I would be flying these during my tour.

This brings us to a situation that developed at the end of November 1947. Officer clubs in Korea pooled their money and bought alcoholic beverages from a single broker in the United States at a

considerable savings. This broker was to send the entire shipment via surface vessel to arrive in Korea the first week of December, in time for distribution before the Christmas and New Year's parties.

However, the ship with all the cargo sunk off the southern coast of Japan in a typhoon the last week of November. Now, as an outstanding and imaginative commander of a fighter pilot organization, our boss made contact with the commander of Tachikawa Air Force Base in Japan. He made arrangements for one of our C-47s to pick up a planeload of liquor from their officers club.

Ted Pearcy and I were elected to make the flight. Ted flew left seat to Japan, and I was to fly left seat on the return trip. All

went well during the loading of the aircraft at Tachi. It was a full load. We had to crawl over the cases to reach the cockpit.

It was dusk on a Sunday night, and it started to rain as we took off. The procedure was to fly east out to sea and turn south over a small island. This route was to miss Mount Fuji on our way down the coast. All went well until the sun was on the horizon between the earth and the heavy clouds producing the rain. This was about one hour into the flight.

In the rain and darkness we lost all electrical power. All of a sudden the circuit breaker panel started to smoke, and we noticed a small flame. Pilots who have experience flying at night on instruments with no lights on the panel ask the crew chief to flash the flashlight on the panel to make it glow. Our crew chief did just that and then continued to fight the enlarging fire with the fire extinguisher.

The extinguisher was located behind the pilot seat on the bulkhead. This was a carbon tetrachloride extinguisher. During military training they told us that when you put carbon tetrachloride on a

fire you get phosgene gas. This is the same thing the Germans used to gas our ground troops in World War I. With both side windows open in the cockpit, and with the rain coming in, physical life was somewhat bearable. Mental life is something else.

By now Ted had made contact with the Iwakuni Air Force Base (GCA) radar controller who just happened to be a young airman and a recent graduate from radar school. We were trying to get the airplane on the ground as soon as possible, and the radar operator was vectoring us. He asked that we report passing through each 1,000 feet. Just as Ted reported 4,000 feet a loud noise that sounded like "whop-whop" started. The crew chief flashed the light out the window. We were dragging the tail of the Gooney through the tops of pine trees on the side of a Japanese mountain.

When Ted queried the radar operator he replied, "What are you doing there? Those mountain tops are at 6,000 feet." We had already reported at 4,000 feet.

Just as we were breathing a sigh of relief, the whole cockpit lit up with a

flash that resembled a lightning strike. What happened? An elderly master sergeant was listening to all this banter on the alert shack radio. He went to the center of the field, fired up an old 60-inch searchlight, and pointed it straight up.

We had flown through the light. After we were informed what the light was and its location we used it as a letdown marker. We'd let down at 500 feet per minute, fly through the light, and make a procedure turn. We broke out at about 800 feet. We landed, parked the airplane, and went straight to the bar at the officers club.

It took about four days to rewire the wings where rainwater had shorted out the war-weary wires. The corroded circuit breaker panel was replaced by one from a cannibalized C-47. When the Iwakuni base commander realized what we had on board he immediately put a 24-hour guard on the cargo. For his kind and generous help a few cases disappeared from the manifest.

We arrived back in Korea a week before Christmas. After midnight mass on Christmas Eve, the club officer, in a moment of generosity, gave each member a free bottle of substandard liquor. Our commander had to take this yucky stuff in order to receive the good stuff from the club in Tachikawa. To this day I can't look at a bottle of Cherry Heering without getting nauseated.

And what were my thoughts while the Gooney was scraping its tail through the tops of the pine trees? To be honest, I was wondering if I broke the airplane really bad, and the investigators found all that liquor, would my mother still receive the \$10,000 from my World War II GI life insurance policy? That kind of money was a fortune in those days. *EM*