

WARBIRD FLYER



★★★EAA Warbirds Squadron 2 Newsletter★★★



CO's Cockpit

By Ron Morrell

I moved to Washington in 2005. One of the first things I did when I was able to fly my Chinese warbird out to the West coast was to attend Paine Field's General Aviation Day. That was the day that I met a couple of Cascade Warbird members. A relationship started on that day and here I am today in my second term as your squadron commander. Relationships are important in most things we do in life. In an organization like ours they are even more important. The Cascade Warbird Squadron was started by the mainstay of our squadron, Crash Williams and a few of his cohorts, over 20 years ago by creating a relationship with the Experimental Aircraft Association. There are probably hundreds of examples of individuals within our squadron helping create and increase relationships between the Cascade Warbirds and other organizations, between the squadron and distinguished individuals that have

become honorary members, and between individuals within the squadron that have made our organization stronger. I would like to remind us all of a few of these relationships that I think are important and need to be continually nurtured and kept fresh (yes, it was tough to fit those words into an article to a bunch of warbird enthusiasts). The organization that kicked off my relationship with CWB was Paine Field. My use of "Paine Field" is a little impersonal and actually covers the individuals that share the corporate attitude of a true flying organization like ours. All those that run the airport operations, those that help maintain the airfield, and even the secretaries that keep them all organized, help shape the attitude that makes flying, flyers

and those that support warbirds an important part of "Paine Field. A hardy wing rock to all of them.

Another group of relationships we all enjoy is the type that we have with the multiple museums, foundations and collections around the Puget Sound. You all know the ones I am referring to: Olympic Flight Museum, Heritage Flight Museum, Historic Flight Foundation, Heritage Flight Collection, Boeing Museum of Flight, to name a few. At first look most of these relationships can seem to be a one-way benefit, but there are factors that many of us don't take into account. The benefits the other organizations receive

from us are obvious; we bring warbirds and pilots to supplement the ones that they can present. We also benefit by supporting our Squadron purpose of keeping Warbirds in the public eye and using our presence to help educate the general public about our aircraft. The adulation and applause we get is only icing on the cake! We all would like to be

treated like Airshow Acts or visiting "heavy iron" but the reality is that it is up to us to show these organizations our worth to them which will create our importance to their plans. We all know that more incentive creates more participation and it is our job to make that known. One of the squadron's favorite venues has always been the Olympia Airshow and it always shows in our consistent participation. The positive treatment we all receive, to include hospitality and rooms as well as how well the local FBOs take care of us, proves that it is not all about being paid to attend but being felt wanted.

We can't leave out the relationship that the CWB has with many of the smaller, local venues. Many of us value



(John Clark Photo)

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★★★ Cascade Warbirds ★★★
EAA Squadron 2 Newsletter

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CO's Cockpit (Continued)

the times we can make it out to Friday Harbor, Chehalis, Tacoma Narrows and any of the other fly-ins and food-fests that happen to include an airplane or two. I know all of the GA pilots and



(John Clark Photo)

airplanes that show up at these community gatherings are appreciated, but, throw in a couple of warbirds and the locals smile a little more and thank us



(John Clark Photo)

personally before we leave. I hope we can keep that small group and even individual presence whenever possible. One more relationship, which I feel may be the most important, is the individual relationships we all have within the Cascade Warbirds. Within this squadron we have an Executive Board, Board of Directors, general membership, warbird owners, GA pilots, non-flyers and others with

unidentifiable labels. None of these labels or groups are exclusive, many of our members are part of multiple areas of interest and background. This makes us unique and strong

within our larger

organization. Some of the best examples of this strength within our group as a whole, are those that have become members as non-flyers

and over time have become pilots and then Warbird owners. I hope that transition can continue to happen.

In order to be complete, I will finish with the

fact that not all relationships strengthen and grow. There are always some that run into complications and roadblocks. These are very often repairable and, over time, can become better and strong again. I think we should always be open to new relationships, the possibility of strengthening the present ones and the opportunity to rekindle old ties that can become a major relationship in the future. "Keep 'em Flying" ✪

OPS Tempo

By Bob Hill

I joined the Cascade Warbirds 15 years ago and have watched us evolve as an organization. Over the years our squadron mates have come and gone. Far too many of them have sadly “headed West”. It’s definitely been an interesting decade and a half.

Late last year when the opportunity to become Operations Officer was presented I decided that I would like to be a part of a “CWB renaissance”, where we get more participation in a slate of fun events, as well as get the word out about who we are and what we do. We’ve sat on our laurels for far too long and unfortunately have become irrelevant in the eyes of many. With any luck (and God willing) your board, with me included as Ops O, will start to turn this big ship around this year.

We’ve got some great events coming up. While we don’t have a member’s meeting in April we DO have the chance to put together some flights to go up to Skagit Valley and welcome the Heritage Flight Museum to their new home. Paine Field’s Aviation Day returns in May with the CWB playing an even larger part than ever, and afterwards we’ll celebrate with a hangar party for all members and their families. Rumor has it there may even be some rides. Later in May I would like to put together a CWB formation salute to our fallen members of the armed forces with a flyover of several Puget Sound cemeteries. Non-flying members are encouraged to join in this memorial parade and more details

will be coming in a later email. May finishes up strong with the Air Force inviting us to Fairchild AFB to fly in their biennial airshow (the last one was in 2010).

The Olympia Airshow is back on Father’s day weekend for what is sure to be a continuation of a great CWB tradition. Arlington is up in July and the CWB will have a small presence there. We’re working towards restoring the glory days that we used to have at AWO, and last year’s participation was a good first step. CWB day at the Museum of Flight comes mid-July and we’re looking for a big turnout to show our support for the museum. The whole summer is also sprinkled with some interesting community-based events. Everything from biplane gatherings to Oyster fly-ins. There is something on the schedule for everyone. I encourage you to look at the calendar on our website.

Labor day weekend has us participating once again in Vintage Aviation Weekend at Paine Field. This is a full weekend of dancing, eating, flying, getting caught up with friends and more flying. And did I mention eating (and drinking)?

So as you can see we’ve got a pretty full and exciting calendar for 2014. I encourage you to watch for emails from the Squadron about what’s coming up, and please participate. If you should have any questions about any event or would just like to talk about the CWB, please feel free to email me at

cwbopso@gmail.com. I look forward to seeing you all out there this upcoming airshow season. 🌟



Squadron News

MEET OUR SCHOLARS

Our annual scholarship program had another successful season. Each year we send two young adults to EAA's Senior Air Academy in Oshkosh. Alex Yantis is one lad who is going. He's a senior at Capital High School in Olympia and plans a career in aviation, either as an aerospace engineer or as a pilot. He's maintaining a 4.0 GPA and is a member of the National Honors Society. In case you recognize Alex's name, last year he was a winner of one of our Ground School scholarships. The other youth headed for Oshkosh is Mitchell Kisner. Mitchell lives in Bellevue and is a junior at the Raisbeck Aviation High School in Tukwila. He aspires to become a commercial airline pilot or an executive aircraft pilot. Although he attended AirVenture once before, he says he was too young to appreciate the enormity of the experience. Plus, there was way too much noise!

We wish both the budding aviators a wonderful trip and best wishes in their aviation careers. Next issue we'll introduce of Ground School scholars for this season.

LAST FLIGHTS

It is our sad duty to report the passing of two old-time aviators and long-time friends. In January, Dave Toomey took his last flight. We had the honor of meeting him several years ago when we listened to his story as a WWII P-38 photo recon pilot flying out of Italy. And just two years ago, our newest pilot had the privilege of having her wings pinned on by Dave, who was at the time the oldest pilot at our annual banquet. Dave was one of the true heroes; he will be missed. In February, dear friend and long-time

squadron member Warren Nadeau passed away. A pilot most of his life, he was both a warbird owner and a member of the squadron's board of directors, most recently our Executive Officer. He and his wife Shirl also spent several seasons helping make EAA's B-17 Tour Stop in Seattle a huge success. He, too, will leave an empty spot in our lives.

PAY AS YOU GO

We're whittling down the number of you yet to renew for 2014, so here's a gentle push-in-the-back to encourage you to catch up. Still only \$20, you can remain in the good graces of the FO by sending your check to CWB, 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277. You know it's well worth it, so check the mailing label on this newsletter to see if we're talking about you. If you see "DEC 2013" we mean you.

RENO AIR RACES

The Squadron again has two reserved-seat boxes at the races and we have a few more seats available. If you're interested, contact Fred at fred@fcsmyth.com. The \$360 price gets you entry for all 5 race days, pit passes for 7 days, shared cooler space for the event, plus reserved parking with every 2 tickets purchased. If you're a member and attending, you're encouraged to introduce a friend to the experience; guests are welcome.

NEW MEMBERS

It's always a pleasure to welcome new members. Not only do we look forward to meeting them, we are

especially interested to learn about their enthusiasm for what we do. Recent folks joining us include:

Gary Flickinger	Everett, WA
Jim Going	Redmond, WA
Mike Hanten	Poulsbo, WA
Brad Haskin	Burien, WA
Barry Mann	Delta, BC
Mike Maxwell	Silverdale, WA
Mike Mitchell	Langley, BC

As an example of what these folks add to our efforts, Mike Hanten was a member barely three weeks before he was pressed into service to present our Know Your Warbird segment on 08 February. He gave a very interesting account of his SA Bulldog T-1. Not only did these folks decide to join our ranks, but we had a slew of ex-members decide to re-up. We may as well mention them, lest they go away again: Holbrook Maslen, Richard Rombauer, David Watson, Drew Watson, and Ken Morley. Welcome home, gents.



Who is our New Ops Officer?

by Bob Hill

I can't say for sure what my first memory from childhood was, but I do know what my first AVIATION memory is. I must have been nearly 3, and my Mom and I drove my Dad (a young Lieutenant Naval Aviator) to the flightline at NAS North Island from our house in Coronado, California. He was shore-based at the time and was going for a night currency hop in a T-33. I still remember the strange sound the centrifugal engine made as it came to life. As the red rotating beacons and nav lights were switched on soon he was taxiing away as I watched in tears. Seeing my Dad depart in a variety of Navy aircraft would be a familiar part of my life for the next 10 years and several different duty stations. Not too many kids watch their parent (or parents) go to work with the possibility that they may not return. We lost family friends along the way in accidents. Fortunately my dad became one of those fabled "old, bold pilots". He retired from the Navy in 1976.

From an early age my Dad included me in Squadron life when he could. Because

of his mechanical knowledge as well as flying abilities he was usually the Squadron or Base Ops Officer. I would often spend some time in the hangar with him whenever he had night duty, until my Mom would come to pick me up so he could get some real work done. I'll never forget the array of aircraft I was allowed to respectfully climb over. To this day, at an airshow, I'll ask to come aboard a military airplane. The crew thinks it's funny, but that's just the way I was raised.

Fast-forward to my High School years in Coronado. Still with a dependent's ID card I set out on my own on a bicycle to befriend the squadrons at North Island. And other than airplanes what was the common thread that tied us together? As they all do today, aviators LOVE

models! I wound up selling customized models to the S-3, H-3, H-2 and H-46 communities. I built many relationships with the officers and enlisted men and women in these communities. I was allowed access to the S-3A full motion simulator in the evenings and in fact my Wife Robin and I had our first date at that VS-41 simulator complex. She must have had fun because she married me once we graduated from college.

I had always planned to join the Navy. First as a pilot (I didn't have 20/20 uncorrected vision needed at the time), then a doctor (I didn't like dissecting lab specimens) then after a switch to computer science they offered me Supply Corps or cryptography. I passed and entered the civilian world as a programmer.

After a distraction into racing cars I went back to

my love of flying (my Dad said "it's about time!"). A move to Seattle from Denver coincided with a desire to stop renting and get our own airplane..

We wanted something simple that wouldn't eat us out of house and home, but also had a military history. The DHC-1 Chipmunk seemed to fit



Bob Hill and his bird (John Clark Photo)

that bill perfectly. I attended Arlington in 1999 and asked about the Chipmunk at the CWB "So you want to own a warbird" forum. The next year I was a forum member describing my new airplane. "Chipmunk Bob" was born. For the next 10 years we took the Chippie everywhere. We really enjoyed our time together. But speed and payload soon seduced us and in 2010 we welcomed our IAR-823 "Hai Fetito" to the family.

I'm still in computers, love Porsches and Miatas and rotating beacons!

So now you know who that guy is in the Navy G-1 flight jacket covered with S-3 patches that flies an odd Romanian airplane... ✪

The Rest of the Story

by Dan Barry and James Walthers

In nearly 60 years as a licensed pilot I have many aviation memories but one of the most vivid occurred a few days after my 9th birthday in 1944, almost 10 years before I had a pilots license, when I was working with my father on the farm in Oregon. We were irrigating potatoes on a typical Eastern Oregon day with bright blue cloudless skies and my job was to stand at the far end of the field and signal my father when the water reached the end of the rows; however I was distracted from my duties as there were two Navy fighters in a “dog fight”, about 2 miles away. Since the Navy had a training base at Klamath Falls, about 20 miles away this wasn’t an unusual sight but being aviation crazy I locked onto any plane I saw. This time it was different, as I

watched them swirling around in a tight Lufberry, all at once they were replaced by a dirty white cloud and before the sound of the collision reached us, wreckage to include a streaming parachute, began to rain down out of the cloud.

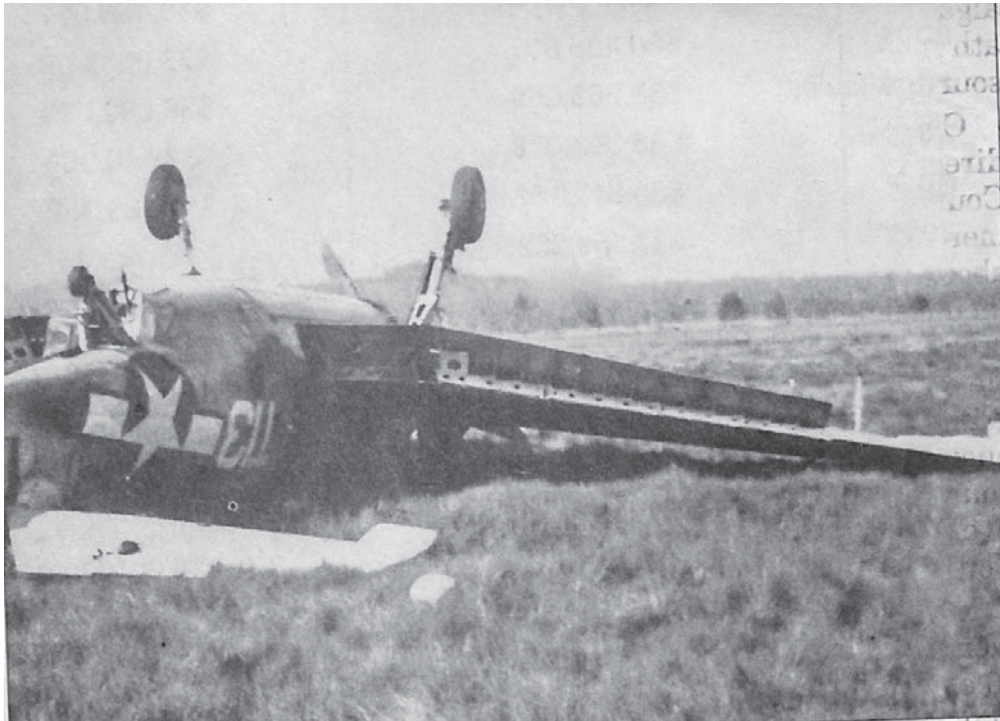
That vision is still imbedded in my memory but in recent years, unfortunately after my fathers death, I began to wonder if maybe I had imagined this scene. I made several inquiries of neighbors and friends from that time and none could remember the event. A couple of years ago I connected with a long time family friends grandson, Ryan Bartholomew, who is now an Air National Guard Captain stationed at Kingsley Field in Klamath Falls. Ryan has an interest in history and as an additional duty handles history for the ANG

at Kingsley. I told Ryan about what I had seen and asked him if he could find any record of the mid-air; although he couldn’t locate anything he told me he would keep looking.

Last September Ryan contacted me to say that while doing some research on another historical project, he had come across a newsp <http://www.afhra.af.mil/shared/media/photodb/photos/080311-f-3927P-006.jpg> aper article on the midair I had witnessed, which

involved two Wildcats that collided on the 9th of August. The article reports the collision occurring near the California State Line South of Merrill Oregon, resulting in the deaths of the two ensigns flying the planes.

Over the years I had related this event to many, including our



The accident TBF Avenger (Dan Barry Photo)

CWB member Bob Jones,

and when I received confirmation it wasn’t a pipe dream I sent the information to Bob. As it turned out he was at the Reno Races and Tail Hook gathering, where he encountered a long time friend, Jim Walthers, who was in the NavCad program with Bob back in 1957 and is now retired living near Klamath Falls. Jim is involved with some volunteer work on a wild life refuge about 50 miles North of Klamath Falls where there is the wreckage of two TBF Avengers and Jim has been looking for some information on the accident, with the thought of erecting some kind of historical marker. Bob connected me with Jim and I in turn connected him with Ryan, who within 48 hours provided the accident report on the two TBF’s. A synopsis of the report follows:

On July 9, 1944 two TBF Avengers were on a cross country flight from Pasco Washington to San Diego CA. At 0930, while flying over central Oregon, Ensign William Gibson noticed his TBF was losing power and that he did not have positive control over his propeller governor. Gibson made his difficulty known to his wingman Lieutenant(jg) Clyde Lee flying the second TBF. The two pilots turned 180 degrees to find a suitable emergency landing spot. Gibson circled while Lee dragged a field. Lee radioed Gibson to land in the indicated field. The two planes started in, in a loose formation, when Gibson's motor became worse and he landed short of the predetermined spot. After a short run, the wheels dug into the ground, causing the plane to nose over and go on its back. With the plane upside down and some of the crew trapped inside, Lt(jg) Lee landed to give assistance.

The crew of Ensign Gibson's plane all received minor cuts and burns, with the exception of Ensign Richard Baker who was a fatality. The crew of Lt(jg) Lee's plane all received similar injuries, except for one who was seriously injured with a dislocated vertebrae in the neck. The Navy gave Ensign Gibson 50% pilot error and 50% mechanical, while they gave Lt(jg) Lee 100% pilot error; as a former military aviator the causes for both seem pretty harsh under the circumstances!

Now for the rest of the story. When Jim Walthers received the report and read the names of the pilots involved, he spotted Clyde Lee's name. Jim knew him as Commander Clyde Lee, who had been CO (Commanding Officer) of his first squadron after completing flight training and it brought back many memories:

"When I was a know it all young ensign, I first met Commander Lee when reporting to my first duty station at NAS Brunswick Georgia. Commander Lee was sitting at his desk in front of a large hanging embroi-

dered tiger. 'Tiger Lee' as he was known in the tailhook Navy had a cigar stuck in his mouth and a scowl on his face. When he looked up, re removed the cigar from his mouth and with a big smile welcomed me. He handed me a copy of a F2H-2 Banshee handbook and said to read it and at 0800 there would be someone in the ready room to answer any questions. At 0800 I reported to the ready room and Commander Lee was there. He asked me some questions to see if I had read the manual or if I had spent the night at the Officers Club as JO's (Junior Officers) had a habit of doing. I answered most of the questions correctly and then was briefed about flying in the area. After lunch, we put

on our flight gear, walked out to the flight line where Commander Lee walked me through an aircraft preflight inspection. I then climbed into the cockpit, started the engines and taxied for takeoff with Commander Lee as the chase plane. Commander Lee always made sure that he flew with all of the JO's who reported in and made sure that us JO's learned how to fly. When Commander Lee left NAS Brunswick, he transferred to NAS Miramar in San Diego as CO of VA-112 an A4D-2 Skyhawk squadron. Shortly thereafter, I was transferred to the

west coast and ended up in VA-112 with Commander Lee once again being my CO. It was an honor to learn under the guidance of a WWII combat pilot. When I saw the name Lt(jg) Clyde Lee. It brought back memories of a CO who was a great teacher and took care of his squadron pilots and crew members."

The aviation community is indeed a small one and we are all fortunate to be part of it. ★



Cold Wings and Warm Beer

By Ed Rombauer

Living in the Pacific Northwest means that we have an abundance of recreational opportunities. From the water activities of summer to the cold weather sports of winter there is something for everyone in this part of the country. For those of us that recreate in the air however, the seasons tend to blend together as a clear day in winter is just as good, or maybe even better, than a fine day in summer. Part of the reason for our more moderate temperatures on the west side of the Cascades is our natural air-conditioning. The warm moist air from the Pacific Ocean flows easterly until it meets up with the Cascade Range and then is orographically lifted up into the cold, freezing higher altitudes where it falls back to earth as either rain or frozen moisture. For aviators trying to cross the mountains this can be a problem during much of the year as cold moisture falling on a cold wing can lead to aerodynamic deficits.

In my many years of kicking tires on airplanes, I must admit to having several encounters with airframe icing. After driving around in aircraft with heated wings and turbine engines it's easy to get blasé about ice when all you have to remember is to keep the wings warm and the beer cold. There was a time however, during the early years of my flying career, when the sight of ice on the airplane was a cause for worry. On one occasion, while flying an A1-E Skyraider on a nice sunny day, I flew through a very light see-through cloud and in an instant the large, double-wide canopy was turned opaque with ice. I was on a radar vector at the time so colliding with something was not a problem, but there was a moment of panic as I realized that I couldn't see enough to land. Fortunately there was sufficient fuel remaining

to allow time for the ice to melt off of the windshield. On another occasion, while landing a fully loaded freighter one night, it took two of us to pull the yoke back enough to keep from crashing as we landed. Due to the darkness, we were unaware of the large coating of ice, until after parking we were amazed to see the tops of both wings covered with over an inch of melting clear ice. Another lesson in the pass—no pass world of aviation.

Like a first love, first experiences in flying are not soon forgotten and thus add to our knowledge base.

The memories of a first romance may fade over time with no regret, but the experiences gained in flying you forget at your peril.

My first encounter with ice started in an unlikely place; the hot desert of Southern California when I was sitting at my desk pondering

what the upcoming Thanksgiving dinner at the B.O.Q. mess would be. It sure would be great if I could be home with my family for the holiday, but no one was going to authorize a cross-country request for an unknown junior officer I thought. Oh well, turkey at the club dining room would be better than nothing. My reverie was abruptly interrupted by a voice at the office door, "Would you like to go to Seattle? I'm going up there to visit some relatives and I need a co-pilot." I looked up to see a Chief Petty Officer that I recognized as the station's helicopter rescue pilot. I had met him only a few times but knew of him as one of the last of the old World War II enlisted pilots in the Navy. "Great," I replied, "when do we leave?" "Tomorrow, 0600, we'll take the station SNB and be up there in the mid-afternoon," he answered. I was not looking forward to a long flight in an airplane with an airspeed one step better than a bicycle, but since I had



US Navy SNB over the countryside (US Navy Photo)

never flown in a Super Navy Bomber before it would be an interesting experience, and would definitely be better than spending a lonely Thanksgiving on the base.

The twin Beech lived up to expectations by being slow, but the Chief managed to keep the airspeed up by planning a mid-trip fuel stop and not worrying about the cost of the increased fuel that we used. My sole job was to keep track of the navigation and make the position reports. Since the weather was clear, there was not a lot of work in navigating as we were flying from one radio range to the next, eating our box lunches and enjoying the slow moving scenery. As scheduled, we arrived at the air station in Seattle in the afternoon and enjoyed a short couple of days at home.

Like all sailors that delay returning to base until the last minute, we didn't leave Seattle until the early afternoon on our last day. The weather was not as good going south as it had been two days earlier on the northbound trip. It would be solid I.F.R. all the way to our destination with thunderstorms along the route in southern California. The workload would definitely increase as at that time there were only low frequency radio ranges and no radar flight following. Position reports were given to the local radio facility via H.F. radio, and were based on accurate times to the next station.

The first part of the flight went well with a routine of checking the ground speed and calculating the time to the next fix. As the sun disappeared in the west, we stopped in the Fresno area for fuel and to check the weather. The thunderstorms were now active along our planned route down the central part of California, but with weather radar still in the distant future their position was approximate at best. Taking off from our fuel stop, we changed our route to angle towards the west coast to avoid the main part of the storm. Almost immediately we were enveloped by the black clouds of the thunderstorm. Identifying the low frequency ranges and communicating with the stations on the ground, was now extremely difficult as the crash static from the storm increased. In the dim red instrument lights of the dark aircraft, I looked over to see the Chief concentrating on flying the plane in what was now becoming a very turbulent flight.

After a couple of hours of skirting the edge of

the storm, I calculated that we were getting close to turning south down the coast and heading towards San Diego. It would be a relief to get out of this weather and back to the airfield. Suddenly we could see moisture starting to freeze on the windshield. "Check the wing for ice," the Chief called over to me. Looking out at the wing I could see a layer of ice starting to form on the leading edge. In a few minutes the ice buildup increased to where it was affecting the airspeed, and the Chief instructed me to turn on the de-ice boots when the ice was thick enough to break loose. Up to then my knowledge of aircraft icing was all out of a text book. I was now about to get my first lesson in the real world of convective thunderstorm activity—and in, of all aircraft, an old well used, overweight, double engine bug smasher.

As I set the timer setting for the boots, it became obvious that we were in trouble: the nav. beacons were unusable due to the static, it was almost impossible to talk to the station on the ground, and now we were losing airspeed and altitude. I was concerned, and as I looked over at the Chief I could tell he was more than concerned. With full power on the engines, our airspeed had dropped to minimum and we were descending at a thousand feet per minute. "What's our position?" he asked as he struggled to keep the aircraft from falling out of the sky. I told him that we were over the coast somewhere south of Los Angeles. As I observed the altimeter unwind I could only watch while, like a bad movie, we waited for things to get better.

It seemed an eternity as the plane descended and the Chief skillfully kept it from falling out of the sky. Suddenly we were below the overcast and the temperature started to rise above freezing. Ice was breaking off the wings and hitting the tail with a loud thud as the airspeed slowly returned to normal. We had survived.

After parking the aircraft on the air station ramp, the Chief asked me to join him for a post-flight glass of beer. As we ordered our bottles of the local Tijuana ditch water beer, the bartender informed us that the beer cooler was on the fritz and that the beer would be room temperature, but he could put some ice in if we wanted. We looked at each other and quickly replied, "No ice please!" ☼



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**Have Your Dues Expired?
Check The Expiration Date Below.**

**Cascade Warbirds
Quick Look Calendar**

April

1-6 Sun'n Fun Fly-In
26 Heritage Flt Museum
Grand Opening@BVS

May

2-4 Planes of Fame
17 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI
17* Paine Field GA Day
31-1Jun Skyfest 2014
Fairchild AFB

June

6-8 Golden West Fly-In
7 Skypark Aviation
Festival, UT
13-15* Olympic Airshow
Olympia, WA
13-15 Warbirds over the West
Aurora, OR
15 Heritage Flt Museum
Warbird Weekend
28-29 Hill AFB Open House

July

4-6 Tacoma Freedom Fair
and Airshow
4 Moose Jaw
10-12 Arlington Fly-In
12 Yellowknife Airshow
19 Cascade Warbirds Day
@ MOF
19 Boundary Bay, BC
19-20 Cold Lake Airshow
19 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI
25-27 Thunder Over Utah
26 Friday Harbor Fly-In
26-27 Tri-City Water Follies
28-3Aug Oshkosh 2014
30 Kelowna, BC

* Denotes Max Effort Event
See Website for Detailed List

Check Six



Enemy aircraft shown in two stages of disintegration under the heavy fire of a XIX TAC fighter-bomber. (AFHRA Photo)