

WARBIRD FLYER



★★★EAA Warbirds Squadron 2 Newsletter★★★



CO's Cockpit

By Greg Anders

It's good to share....

Over my first term as CO of the squadron we have made some great headway on polishing our already fantastic organization. Now I'd like to turn our energy to sharing this wonderful opportunity that you have taken advantage of.

I often wonder how many people are out there on the cusp of joining the Cascade Warbirds. They stop in to see, or ride, the B-17 and are really interested in the aircraft, and curious about the local group that brought the aircraft in. They see the people working all around it to enhance the visitor experience and keep the required activities flowing smoothly. And their kids are interested but getting antsy so they almost ask about joining but just don't have the time. Maybe if the kids had squadron stickers, that person would know how to join.

Or who did you sit down to lunch with today? Are they "almost" interested in warbirds but just don't know how to get involved? Give them a little lunchtime "salvation" and help them join the organization. One year's membership isn't a whole lot and maybe they will only join for one year. But maybe they will be hooked. And maybe two years from now they will be the marshaller marshalling one of our

fabulous warbirds into the parking spot at Paine Field.

Or maybe, as you're paying the fuel bill for your Navion, it's that flight student you pass in the FBO that says "Hey, nice plane. What is it?" Or maybe you're on the flight deck of your 7X7 and your crew mate laments how he needs

to get back to experiencing the "wind in your hair" flying. And two years from now, they are flying their own Chipmunk, Stearman, Navion, Grasshopper, CJ, or any other warbird, to our functions.

And for all of us, remember that EAA membership can add a dimension to your CWB experience. Some of their long standing programs (like "Warbirds" Magazine) and some of their new programs (like "Oshkosh 365") could prove to be entertaining for you.

We all have those moments where the person next to you may be the unaware that the most entertaining local organization for them to get

involved in is the Cascade Warbirds. Get in the habit of checking by asking. It will serve us all well.

We are all recruiters, and it is good to share.

Sic Tempus Ad Fugit!! ✪



Greg shares his 7' tall trophy at the Christmas party. (John Clark photo)

WARBIRD FLYER

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

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This is the official publication of the Cascade Warbirds EAA Squadron 2. As such, it serves principally as a communications vehicle for our membership. The views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the individual writers, and do not constitute the official position of the Squadron or the EAA. As members you are encouraged to contribute articles, comments, squadron news, and anything else involving Warbirds or associated subjects to the editor. He will gladly work with you and see that your material is put into print and included in the newsletter, no matter your level of writing experience or computer expertise.

Articles can be submitted via e-mail, to the editor's address. Deadline for submission of articles is generally two weeks prior to the next publication, but earlier is always appreciated!

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Editor's Page

By Frank Almstead

Volume 11, Issue 1. I think that it's a fine accomplishment for the *Warbird Flyer* to be over a decade old, and, like a fine wine it just keeps getting better with age. Again, I cannot thank all of you who participate in this endeavor enough.

As we roll into 2010, I'd like to start by laying out some goals for the newsletter this year. We will strive to have a full 4 quarters of 12 page editions this year. We will attract even more new authors and retain past authors. We will focus additional attention on the squadron news. Lastly, we will work with EAA *Warbirds*, Oshkosh 365, and the new Warbirds *Briefings* e-letter to gain further exposure on the national and world scene. It may seem like we have set some pretty lofty goals but I am sure that we can accomplish them together.

In this edition we are already on our way to meeting some of those goals. We have new authors Mac McInay and Lyle Jansma penning stories for the newsletter, and we have returning writer Walt Spangenberg sharing another one

of his hair raising experiences. Of course they are now all eligible for the 2010 Warbird Literary Award. You should issue a challenge with an article of your own!

Also, remember that we publish media reviews, so if you've read a good book or seen a great movie, write up a short blurb and send it in. Lastly, we will continue the CWB Marketplace, if you have something to sell or trade let us know and we'll share that with the membership too.

In closing, we have stopped updating you with website statistics each quarter so I'd like to share some year end numbers. 2009 started out with the lowest page views since our site's inception, however, late-year hits picked up to surpass all other years through November, where the data ended. People from 45 countries visited our website with the United States, Canada, France, Germany and Italy comprising the top five. Lastly, the most popular destinations on the website were the biographies and the photographs. ✪

Let's hear it at editor@cascadewarbirds.org

Correspondence

Dear Editor,

I wanted to share a recent experience that helps highlight the impact we can have to those beyond our immediate community. I recently received an email that contained photos and a story about a B-17 that landed after having the entire nose section destroyed by an 88mm flak shell. The bombardier, SSgt George Abbot, had been killed instantly when the shell detonated and took most of the nose with it. I shared this email with a few friends who, in turn, passed it on to a few more friends. Exactly one day later, I received a reply from a gentleman named Fred Noyes who knew Mr. Abbot as a neighbor from his home town of Mt. Lebanon, near Pittsburg. Mr. Noyes remembered, from

the age of five, the Abbot family's reaction to his death and the outpouring of help from the neighborhood. Yet it took this forwarded email to fill in a puzzle for Mr. Noyes. Sixty five years have passed and it took until just this week for Fred Noyes to learn how SSgt Abbot had died.



Photo: Unknown Source

John Clark ✪

Tribute to Cascade Warbird Marshallers

By Ron "Mac" McIlroy

Who are they? Most Cascade Warbirds (CWB) Marshallers presently in the club are not pilots, nor are they airplane owners or operators. They are regular men and women that have a passion for airplanes (the sight, sounds and smells), or for the mystique of flying, or for what pilots do and what they represent. A few are veterans of a military service, in which airplanes and pilots were a part of their daily lives when they served our country. Some still have hopes of becoming a pilot themselves one day. The rest most likely just choose to serve with a great group of people, and to be a part of the comradery usually associated with a volunteer group that has a mission.

What do they do? The list seems never ending being a marshaller myself. Let's see: When supporting a fly-in or air show, they serve in all weather conditions from bitter cold and wet weather in the spring, to extreme heat, dust and wind present on the tarmac at the height of summer. They direct aircraft and vehicle traffic in their designated area of responsibility, as well as stage and park aircraft. They are asked to control the spectators to ensure their safety, as well as for the pilots and aircraft. They are the first that people approach to ask questions pertaining to information related to a particular aircraft, or directions to a particular place or event. Sometimes they are asked to pick up or deliver everything from pilots, food, tools, supplies or information. Since most don't have aircraft to fly in, they have to use their own vehicles to travel to and from events, and usually absorb the time, cost and expenses. Most of the time, they only have to endure the exhaustion and sore muscles associated with pushing aircraft for staging, parking, setting and removal of chocks. Sometimes they are cleaning oil from aircraft and tarmac, helping pilots and passengers with arrivals and departures, keeping constant safety vigil of the surroundings, including other pilots, aircraft and spectators while aircraft engines are running and planes are moving. When props are turning, marshallers maintain extreme awareness of all that is going on around them. A good marshaller accepts all safety matters in their vicinity as their responsibility, as they do not want any person, any aircraft or any property hurt

or damaged. The human side of a good marshaller is they want to ensure that people enjoy themselves while in the presence of aircraft, whether static or under power.

Why? That is the enigma of the CWB marshaller. Most other group marshallers have a single event responsibility such as EAA Sun & Fun in Florida, EAA Airventure in Oshkosh, Reno Air Races, Arlington Fly-In and Olympic Flight Museum's Gathering of the Warbirds just to name a few. The Cascade Warbirds Marshallers have events scheduled throughout the spring, summer and fall, so they are always trying to prepare for the "next event". They do so usually not knowing the full extent of what is going to happen nor what effort they will be putting forward to ensure a safe and enjoyable event. They are the "grunts on the ground" that usually don't receive praise, a "thank you", or any recognition for what they do. They show up

at functions knowing that they probably won't get much to eat (if any) because they are always last; knowing they will most likely have to do their job at the risk of being criticized for decisions they make (from club members, site officials, and the general public); will be sore and exhausted after the daily event, and cannot wait until they can consume a moment of relief from a hot shower. Some do it because of their own aspirations and amusement; others do it to



The Marshallers at Skagit 2009 (John Clark Photo)

help honor the veterans (pilots, crew and ground support people) who put their safety and lives at risk every time they stepped onto a tarmac. Everyone knows the dangers and risks that pilots and crew take when they fly, especially in "Warbirds" that became targets themselves to their enemies during wartime. However, very few know of the numerous stories of honor floating in the dimness of history that involved ground crew personnel, and why they voluntarily placed their life and safety on the line. Marshallers are ground crew, and in my opinion are some of the unsung performers in the shadow of the honored pilots and air crews who perform in Warbird functions. Therefore, I feel marshallers, along with all ground support groups, are as much of the performance as the pilots and aircraft they fly. So, why do people attend air shows: They come to watch, touch, feel, hear, and absorb the "Warbird Experience". 🌀

Squadron News

A FINE TIME WAS HAD

You may be sorry you missed it – several dozen members gathered together for our annual Christmas banquet on 12 December at the Medallion Hotel in Arlington. The food was excellent, the decorations seasonal, and the adult beverages plentiful. Due to the nature of the guests (aviators), the Happy Hour was 90 minutes in length and that was barely enough time. After dinner – again sumptuously prepared by the Medallion staff – came the drawing for door prizes. Special winners in this category were long-time members Willie and Mary Paterson from Chemainus, BC, whom we hadn't seen in a long, long time. Next came the awards portion of the ceremony. Ed Rombauer, John Clark, and Ron McIlroy were recognized for their continuing contributions to the squadron. Frank Almstead received the Volunteer of the Year award for his efforts in 2009, including acting as Editor of the newsletter and Chair of the Nominating Committee. Following was the Warbird Literary Award. Established and funded by Frank and Susan Almstead, this award goes annually to that member whose newsletter contributions are most noteworthy. Breaking the two-year stranglehold of Walt Spangenberg, who still managed to win a runner-up award this year along with Earl Root, was Fred Smyth. The prize was \$100, which Fred promptly donated to the squadron Scholarship Fund. Finally came the drawing for the B-17 rides next May. This year the lucky winners were Shirl Nadeau and Bud Granley. Even luckier, though, was Sunshine Nimz, good friend of member Al Sauer – Bud gave his B-17 ride to her.

RACE YOU TO RENO?

If you're going to the Air Races in September and you want to sit with other members in our reserved boxes, you should seriously consider getting your deposit in now. The front box is full and half the second box is spoken for. If you're interested, send \$100 per seat to CWB, 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277. Full payment will be due late next month. And, by the way, the front box is already sold out for 2011. Remember, the early dollar gets the worm around here.

MUSEUM OF FLIGHT

Our host for almost every indoor meeting we hold is the Museum of Flight. They also host EAA's B-17 in May each year (our biggest fundraiser of the year) and Cascade Warbird Day as well. As almost everyone of you know, it is a premier and widely-respected facility. You can help support their mission for as little as \$40 a year. You can do it online, and you can do it with a credit card. Visit www.museumofflight.org and help them, too.

CALENDARS AVAILABLE

Do you need a calendar to mark the important events in 2010? Like the Christmas banquet on 11 December? There are squadron calendars available from member-photographers Lyle Jansma, John Clark, and Al Sauer. Only \$10 each, directly from Lyle at lyle@jansmadesign.com. Ask him nicely and he'll even mark that 11 December date for you! Plus, these three photogs are donating the profits to the squadron. Maybe you should buy two.

IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN

January is that time of year for you to renew your membership in the squadron. Have a look at the address label on this newsletter (or, if you're in Canada, on the envelope) to determine if it's your turn to pay up. Send US\$20 to CWB, 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA. Another thought: Your "significant other" can have a separate membership for an additional \$20 – and each new member gets a name tag, shoulder patch, and window decal. Almost like Christmas.

SAVE THE DATE

Don't say you don't have ample warning this time. Mark your calendar now for the next Christmas banquet. We will be gathering on Saturday, 11 December 2010, to enjoy one another's company and celebrate the holiday season. Go to your spouse's calendar now and mark the date there, too – we wouldn't want a repeat of this past season when "other events" took precedence for some folks.

UPDATE YOUR INFO

If you're receiving this newsletter, but not getting any email traffic from the squadron, we might have an old email address (or none at all). Send an email to Fred at fred@fcsmyth.com to get back on track. If you're getting email from us, but not getting this newsletter, well, good for you. For only \$20 a year, you can get both.

Squadron News

NEW MEMBERS

The squadron warmly welcomes the following new members to our ranks. Say "Hello" to them when you meet and make them feel a part of our family.

Michael Adams	Portland, OR
Kerry E. Edwards	Tacoma, WA
Mary Lee Edwards	Tacoma, WA
John Gogol	Snohomish, WA
Jeff High	Lynnwood, WA
Carl Lindberg	Shoreline, WA
Peter Waddington	Surrey, BC

SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE

The Cascade Warbirds scholarship program enters its fourth year in just a few weeks and the committee expects a doubling of students to participate this time around. Already hailed as one of the best programs in the EAA family, the squadron is expanding the program to include other educational opportunities that will supplement what the AirVenture students learn. To accomplish this, a committee of four squadron members annually establishes a budget, receives and reviews applications from interested high school students, then selects those who will attend the various programs. At the conclusion of the experience, the scholars often attend squadron monthly meetings

to share with members the highlights of their experiences. Funding for this program has historically come from general squadron receipts. To complement the expanded educational opportunities, the committee has a nascent fundraising effort and it is headed by Shirl Nadeau. With many years leading various school districts, Shirl is a natural choice for this important role. In fact, if you or someone you know would like to contribute to the aviation education of an area youth, contact Shirl at wsbluemoon@comcast.net or send your check to CWB, 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277.

CWB VOLUNTEERS AND OWNERS – WORKING TOGETHER

In the continuing effort to offer the most engaging experiences to our members, the Squadron will now act as a clearinghouse for airplane owners and volunteers who want to get together to work on airplanes. We'll send emails back and forth, we'll post notices on the web page, and we'll print articles in the newsletter.

To get started, if you are one who would like to help an owner work on his restoration or other airplane endeavor, or if you are an owner who would like to have some volunteer help for your aviation activity, get in touch with Frank at editor@cascaedwarbirds.org or Fred at fred@fcsmyth.com. We'll see what we can do to get like-minded folks together.

VOLUNTEERS

<u>Posted</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Email Address</u>	<u>Airport Availability</u>
11/09	Ron Carper	ron@tecs.com	S50
11/09	Tony Caruso	t-caruso@msn.com	BFI, RNT, PAE
11/09	Jack Allen	jallen5939@msn.com	Portland area
11/09	Pete Jackson	songbirdt50@aol.com	Seattle area

OWNERS

<u>Posted</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Email Address</u>	<u>Aircraft</u>	<u>Location of Work</u>
11/09	John Gogol	jrgogol@comcast.net	T-28 restore	SW Portland garage
11/09	Jack LaBounty	jack.t28@embarqmail.com	T-28 restore	Stevenson, WA garage

Engine Failure on Takeoff and No Way to Go

By Walt Spangenberg

We have all heard the old saw that “Flying consists of hours and hours of boredom interrupted by occasional moments of sheer terror.” Flight testing is no exception, and fuel consumption testing is one of the less exciting parts of the flight test business, but this tale reminds us that any pilot should always expect the unexpected “Murphy moments,” when anything that could possibly go wrong just might go wrong.

The Flight Test Flying Qualities and Performance Branch at the U.S. Naval Air Test Center was a busy place in the early 1960s when both the F-4 Phantom and the A-5 Vigilante were the talk of the town, with Mach 2 speed, time to climb records, and zoom climbs to altitudes where the sky really does turn dark. My primary project was the A-5 Vigilante, which was then undergoing Board of Inspection and Survey Trials, and also a change in configuration to the A-5B version, which added fuel in a “top cap” upper fuselage area just behind the rear cockpit, and required extensive testing to determine the effects of the changed upper fuselage contours upon performance, stability and control. This airplane configuration with extensive reconnaissance equipment added later became the RA-5C.

The A-5 was an unusual airplane in a number of ways which played heavily in the incident to be related, so a little background may be helpful. The airplane was designed as a carrier-based Mach 2/50,000 ft. nuclear bomber, powered with two afterburning J-79 engines set in the aft fuselage on either side of a linear bomb bay of about the same diameter as an engine. A faired tail cone was to be jettisoned in the rearward ejection of the weapon. An alternate weapon delivery method was a high speed low level run-in culminating in an “idiot loop” weapon release which had been incorporated in the autopilot.

Airplane lateral control was accomplished by means of three spoiler/deflector devices on each wing, which opened differentially on both upper and lower surfaces--essentially a spoiler control system with the deflector on the opposite wing to counteract the yawing moment caused by the spoilers. Like all spoiler systems, it was less effective at low airspeeds, and there were no ailerons. Lateral trim was achieved by differential movement of the slab horizontal tail surfaces. The vertical tail was also a powered slab, with no separate rudder, and a deflection range of plus-or-minus six degrees in the landing approach configuration and restricted to plus-or-minus two degrees with landing flaps retracted.

The wing was fitted with both leading and trailing edge flaps, with boundary layer control bleed air over both leading and trailing edges when the landing flaps

were deflected. The airplane had an electric fly-by-wire longitudinal and lateral control system, with reversion to a mechanical linkage backup available as an emergency measure.

The A-5 was designed to accommodate a crew of two, a pilot and a bombardier-navigator, but in our performance test airplane the rear cockpit was taken up by flight test Instrumentation rigged on a sled to be ejected like a crew member if the pilot ejected.

Fuel consumption testing in high performance airplanes is done most economically by selecting arbitrarily discrete values of the parameter “W-over-delta’ (W/Δ) in which W represents airplane gross weight and delta represents relative air density. Tests are then flown at altitudes corresponding to the selected values of W-over-delta and from the test data are derived the curves of fuel consumption which are presented in pilot’s handbooks.

Our project team of Glenn Kollmann (another test pilot), George Patterson (flight test engineer) and I were working our way through the performance portion of the flight test plan with no unusual problems when it came my turn to fly a W-over-delta flight with full external drop tanks. The test airplane and engines were instrumented for performance testing, so the test pilot’s job was to find smooth air in our test area, hit each selected W over-delta flight condition, turn on the instrumentation and fly smoothly for three minutes or so. No big deal. I was cautioned to use the flight test instrumentation judiciously because the fuel load on this flight would outlast the instrumentation records and we wanted to get as much data as possible.

Following strap-in, engine start and pre-flight checks of aircraft and instrumentation, I lined up on runway 6 at Pax River, and because of the external fuel load, elected to make an afterburner takeoff. The takeoff was normal, so at about 150 feet altitude and a little over the handbook-recommended 165 knots, I retracted landing gear and flaps. Gear and flap limit speed was 220 knots, but acceleration was quite rapid in the A-5 during an afterburner takeoff, even with the external fuel.

Very quickly the airplane began an uncommanded bank and turn to the left, toward the station Officers’ Club and golf course, like a ramp rather than a step control input. I put in right stick and then more right stick and then right stick to the stop, with right rudder and then more right rudder and then right rudder to the stop, but the airplane continued to increase bank angle to the left, to 30 degrees or more. With this increasing bank to the left occurred a diverging longitudinal roller coaster oscillation, which had me looking at blue sky on the upswing and golf course green on the downswing. I was exerting every bit

of strength I had on the right stick and rudder, trying to cope with the longitudinal oscillation, and the airplane was still increasing bank to the left and apparently diverging longitudinally. I thought of ejecting, but realized that if I reached for the face curtain I would be inverted by the time the seat fired.

During this wild ride my attention had been outside the cockpit, primarily on the horizon reference to which I was trying to return right side up, and on the fairway I was trying to avoid. At this point a loud bang somewhere behind me saved me from myself. I glanced in the cockpit, and wow!! Lights everywhere, and the rotary Yoke flag (red and yellow diagonal stripes, In the days before the letter Y became Yankee) warning indicators on the glare shield were going like crazy, with a warbling sound like a low-pitched auto alarm--and the left engine tachometer was steady at zero RPM.

I had assumed that I had a flight control problem, but now realized that the left engine had failed and the bang I heard was the subsequent afterburner blowout. I had to stop the roll, so reduced the asymmetric thrust by de-selecting afterburner on the right engine; deferring the question of whether I could keep flying at that weight and airspeed on one engine with Military Thrust. Dropping the external fuel tanks on the O-Club veranda did not seem to be a socially acceptable option, and if I could get myself right side up I could always eject later. Miraculously, it seemed, the roll not only stopped but reversed itself slowly in response to the full right stick and rudder. The longitudinal oscillation stopped too, and I was able to maintain more or less level flight.

Soon I was past the golf course and O-Club, flying level over Cedar Point toward Chesapeake Bay at a most encouraging 300 ft. and 200-plus knots. I even had time to respond to the control tower's urgent calls inquiring whether I had a problem.

It took me a little time to dump the 9,000 lbs of wing fuel over the Bay, transfer the drop tank fuel, and prepare myself and the airplane for a single engine landing. I was able to restore electric flight control, which had monitored OFF in response to my hard-over commands, and also to make most of the warning lights in the cockpit go out, except for those related to the left engine. I had time also to wonder what had caused the left engine RPM to go to zero rather than some windmilling RPM.

What really did happen? Maintenance quickly determined that the left engine had failed as a result of NO.2 main bearing seizure. The asymmetric thrust of the right engine with afterburner had overpowered the lateral and 2-degree directional control moments at the relatively

low airspeed (recall that the engines were separated by the width of the linear bomb bay) and dihedral effect had produced the roll. The longitudinal oscillation bothered us for some time, but Glenn Kollmann took the question to Gifford Bull, who just happened to be on the scene with the CALSPAN variable stability B-26. They simulated A-5 longitudinal flight characteristics in the B-26, reproducing the longitudinal oscillation as a relatively short-period phugoid, which I had apparently excited and reinforced with my all-out effort on the stick, combined with the default of the control system to the poorly harmonized mechanical backup mode.

Now what test pilot would ever dream of being nearly bagged by a phugoid?!

The worst part of the whole affair from an investigative point of view was that I had not turned on all that expensive flight test instrumentation for the takeoff, so we had no instrumentation record of the engine failure and subsequent gyrations. The North American Aviation technical representative happened to see the episode from the O-Club entrance, however, and it was also reported later that the Admiral's wife had vacated the golf course with unusual haste, but her account was never recorded or made available.

Ed Gillespie, a North American test pilot, later tried to reproduce the flight condition and subsequently told me, "The airplane won't fly there!" I think the difference must have been that he tried it at a safe altitude with lower air density. I did not fly the A-5 after my tour at NATC ended, but I understood later that the recommended airspeed for flap retraction had been increased significantly.

Post-flight investigation revealed that the cause of the No. 2 main bearing failure in the left engine was a result of maintenance error in installing the engine. This bearing was a thrust bearing, balanced on the forward side by compressor bleed air when properly installed. The bleed air lines had not been correctly installed, and the airplane had flown for twelve hours in this condition since engine installation. Perhaps if I had used only Military power, without afterburner, for the takeoff the bearing would not have failed... until sometime later.

Note: The designations F-4 for the Phantom II and A-5 for the Vigilante actually came into use about a year after the incident related here, as a result the Department of Defense directive requiring that all U.S. Navy aircraft conform to the system in use by the U.S. Air Force. The original designations were F4H-1 for the Phantom and A3J-1 for the Vigilante. F-4 and A-5 are used here because most people now remember the airplanes by these designations. (NASA Photo) ✪

When We Were Young

By Ed Rombauer

It was a perfect day, the sun was shining, visibility was “severe clear” (as the pilots say) and I was enjoying my three favorite things, eating, conversing and watching airplanes. Doc and I would interrupt our conversation periodically to observe and comment on the flying technique of the student pilots in the closed pattern. It wasn’t that the flying was discernibly bad, but it reminded us of our youthful start, a loong time ago, when our heads were as empty as our bank accounts and we were struggling to learn as much as we could.

My thoughts and conversation turned back to that vigorous start of my professional career when I would study until late at night and then the next morning run an obstacle course several times. I was faster than a speeding bullet, stronger than a locomotive, and could leap tall buildings in a single bound (don’t I wish). I learned quickly that the way to improved learning was with exercise. “Doc, you give a lot of flight physicals to young pilots, what’s the most frequent physical problem that you see in this group?” I asked. I assumed that it would be some disease related to the stresses of modern living. Doc, a senior FAA medical examiner, had been examining pilots for a long time and had seen all the changes that take place with advancing age. He thought for a moment then looking at me he said, “That’s easy, the biggest problem we see now is being overweight, which brings along all of the other related problems. However, being overweight isn’t a disqualifier by itself.”

I found this a bit amusing as being overweight has a wide range of possibilities with no clear definition of what it means. My memory flashed back several decades ago to when I was flying as a flight engineer on a DC6. Capt. Clyde was a very large person, girth wise, and I wondered how he could fit into the pilot’s seat and still operate the controls. When he ate his lunch he would ask me to take his seat, which I was happy to do, while he sat in my seat and used the extra room to accommodate his considerable bulk as well as his lunch tray. On one occasion co-pilot Ralph was landing at a rather high altitude airport while Clyde did what he did best—sleep. As I struggled with the various engine controls to keep everything running and warm in the cold thin air, Ralph expertly flew the approach down to the runway. Upon reaching the approach end of

the runway, Ralph closed the throttles and pulled back on the yoke. My jump seat, which was located between the two pilots, was above the engine mixture controls. As I looked down to verify their position I heard Ralph utter a grunt. Looking up, I saw that we were over the end of the runway just a few feet off the ground; Ralph was pulling back on the control wheel as hard as he could and yet the nose of the aircraft was not coming up. “SUCK IT IN CLYDE,” Ralph yelled. Capt. Clyde sat straight up, with his eyes wide open and took a deep inhalation. The aircraft controls now freed of Clyde’s large mid-section blockage responded and the aircraft settled gently to the ground.

Never again did I get into an aircraft without checking to see if I could get full travel on the controls. But like many of the lessons learned in aviation, it was to be pretty much a onetime lesson as there were not very many pilots like Clyde flying airplanes. As the years went by I wondered

where all of the pilots like Capt. Clyde had gone. In the past there were those that were just overweight, others that were disposed to alcohol, some on drugs and others that chain smoked. Smoking stopped because there were more non-smokers than smokers and the aircraft maintenance costs were higher, although interestingly, the pressurization was tighter when all of that tar from cigarettes plugged up the small holes in the cabin. Drugs and alcohol were eliminated

later with the advent of mandatory testing. That left eating as the only vice. Longer range flights, boredom and high fat crew meals can take their toll, so as the years roll by the pounds add up. Remembering a long ago radio ‘pitch man’, I jokingly said, “I guess you are what you eat.” Doc looked out the window at the student pilots practicing their landings and said, “Well, it’s easy when you are young and active, it’s when you are older and sedentary that problems can show up. However if you don’t take care of yourself when you’re young, it’s a lot more difficult to fix things when you are older.”

As we sat there reflecting on the general health of older pilots, my cholesterol loaded meal didn’t look quite as appetizing. Remembering the ‘you are what you eat’ slogan I said to Doc, “It’s too bad there are no signs on food that say, ‘may cause coronary distress’.”

By the way Doc, please pass me the carrot sticks. 🍌



PAA DC-6 enroute (Photo: www.stinsonflyer.com)

The Bottisham Four

By Frank Almstead

As a young lad, one of the first books on aircraft that was given to me was *Aircraft of the National Air and Space Museum*. Inside the cover was a stunning color picture that captured my interest and imagination for years to come. And was in fact, the first spark in what is now a burning interest in Warbirds.

The picture is of 4 P-51 Mustangs of the 361st FG, 375th FS. Little did I realize, at that time, that this photograph was a staged publicity shot by an Army Air Force photographer and that it had become a classic the instant it was taken. According to Paul Cora, this photograph, an icon for Warbirds enthusiasts today, has had more far ranging consequences for the group's collective memory.

On 26-27Jul44 the "Yellowjackets" had a two day break in the action, and as it turns out, it was by accident that the pilots would wind up flying together for the famous shot. Urban Drew recalled that he, Glankler and Rowlett had stood down that day and were getting dressed to go to London when Col. Christian came in and cancelled the trip. Christian announced that the Air Force wanted some air to air photos of Mustangs. The 375th FS was chosen due to their colorful yellow noses, and that the three of them had just volunteered to do it with him. They suited up and went flying. The aircraft in the photo were (L-R):

P-51D-5-NA, 44-13410, E2-C
"LOU IV" (LH: 4th a/c named for his daughter)
"ATHELENE" (RH: Crew chief's girlfriend or wife)
Flown by Col. Thomas J. J. Christian, Jr., 361st FG
Commanding Officer

P-51D-5-NA, 44-13926, E2-S
Flown by Lt. Urban L. "Ben" Drew

P-51D-5-NA, 44-13568, E2-A
"SKY BOUNCER"
Flown by Capt. Bruce W. "Red" Rowlett, 375th FS
Operations officer

P-51B-15-NA, 42-106811, E2-H
"SUZY-G" (wife)
Flown by Capt. Francis T. Glankler, 375th FS "D" Flight
commander

The aircraft made several passes on the B-17 photo ship in a variety of formations, including finger four, echelon right, line abreast, and closed on the B-17 for several shots.

What nobody realized was that less than three weeks later, on 12Aug44, they would lose 28 year old Col. Christian in "LOU IV" during a dive bombing attack on the marshalling yard at Arras, France.

For Thomas Jonathan Jackson Christian, Jr., great grandson of Confederate General Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson, the photo might have marked a career

milestone, having been assigned to activate and train the 361st Fighter Group on 10Feb43. The group was shipped to England in Nov43 where he led them through 8 months of combat over Europe. Christian flew more than 70 combat missions, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Clusters, the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and the Purple Heart. In

Jan44, while Christian was overseas, his wife, Marjorie Lou Ashcroft, gave birth to their daughter, Lou Ellen. He never had the opportunity to meet her.

Of the other aircraft; 44-13926 was involved in a fatal accident near Stalham, Norfolk, on 9Aug44. 44-13568 suffered engine failure on takeoff and crashed 3Apr45. 42-106811 was written off in a crash landing 11Sep44 after returning from a combat mission.

In closing, as Cora notes, the photograph, which now symbolizes 8th Air Force fighter operations in WWII, will forever have an intensely personal significance to those who served under Thomas J.J. Christian, Jr. I see it clearly now.

References:

<http://forum.12oclockhigh.net/showthread.php?t=17438>
Cora, Paul: Yellowjackets! The 361st Fighter Group in World War II 🌟

The Scorpion's Tale - Part I

By Lyle Jansma

It's likely that all aviation enthusiasts have daydreamed, at one time or another, of stumbling across an intact, long forgotten warbird holed away in an old hanger or obscured by overgrowth on the edge of an abandoned airstrip. An even fewer number actually follow the dream, search for, and retrieve these forgotten sentinels of aviation history. In doing so, they provide an opportunity for others to live vicariously through their endeavors.

Last summer while lurking around the Heritage Flight Museum's maintenance hanger, I overheard Hal Beatty and J.R. Paden trying to work through a problem. The context of the problem had a different tone from other discussions I've overheard, and it appeared that they were talking about a plane that was not in the Museum's collection. I stood there listening and when I heard J.R. mention "the hanger isn't wide enough for the tip tanks" I couldn't wait for the answer to present itself and I asked, "What kind of plane are you talking about?" J.R. answered "A Scorpion." As J.R. walked off, I turned to Hal and he continued "The museum acquired a F-89 Scorpion, it's in Helena, Montana and we'll have to go there, disassemble it and bring it back here." As I stood there listening to Hal describe what was going to be involved with bring the Scorpion to Bellingham, the only thought on my mind was that one way or another I need to be a part of this project!

Here it was finally, my opportunity to fulfill the daydream and be part of an aircraft recovery team. I asked J.R. if I could be part of the team. Not actually having any experience working on aircraft (only photographing them) there was a little concern that I might not be the best choice for the team. The comment as I remember it was "Damn it, we don't need any photographers taking our (insert expletive) pictures... if you want to go, you'll have to ask Greg." After rehearsing my "value of documenting the event" speech and presenting it to Greg I was able to weasel my way onto the team. I was told by J.R. to "be prepared to get your (insert expletive) hands dirty" and to that I replied "You betcha!"



Working by headlights (Lyle Jansma Photo)

Sunday

The F-89 Recovery Team assembled at the Heritage

Flight Museum's maintenance hanger at 06:00 hours Sunday, October 11th. The team was comprised of seven members who were lead by HFM's mechanics J.R. Paden and Hal Beatty. On hand that morning was museum staffer Erica Nonhoff, as well as volunteers Steve Kessinger, Dave Lowrance and myself. Our seventh volunteer, Einar Ketilsson, would meet up with us later that day in Montana. Our caravan of three vehicles would bring most of what would be needed to disassemble the F-89 and make it ready for transport back to the museum in Bellingham. In tow were two trailers. The first was the Mobile Command Center, a 14' travel trailer packed with tools, generators, a hydraulic mule and an array of assorted items. The second was a 26' flatbed loaded with the aircraft jacks and third small trailer.

After giving the trailers a final check to make sure the loads were secured, the F-89 Recovery Team began the 14-hour road trip to Helena, Montana. For several days before our departure date we had been hearing weather reports

of below freezing temperatures and snow from Idaho, East to Montana and beyond. After the sun broke, we were greeted with sunny skies as we made our way South on I-5 to Seattle and then East on I-90 through Eastern Washington and Idaho. As we moved East through Montana, the temperature continued to drop. By the time we made it to Butte the mercury had dropped

to well below freezing, but the weather was holding with no signs of snow. By this time, Einar Ketilsson had joined up with us and the group reached Helena around 22:30 that night. After a quick dinner, the team retired to their rooms to catch a few hours of sleep.

Monday

After a 05:00 wake up call, the team assembled at Perkins Family Diner, which was conveniently located adjacent to the hotel. It was soon apparent that a few of the team members were not morning people. During our five days in Helena, the morning meeting for breakfast and briefing at Perkins became the standard operating procedure. After a week, we were considered part of the regular 6AM crowd. Every morning, several patrons would walk over and inquire as to who we were and what were

planning to do with the “ole’ girl out on the field”.

Helena Regional Airport is situated about five minutes from Perkins and as you approach the field, a smartly appointed Bell UH-1 gate guard greet’s you. J.R. and Hal had made a trip out to see the F-89 during the summer, but for the rest of us, it would be our first time seeing the Scorpion in person. After crossing onto the airfield, the caravan, with amber strobes and hazard blinkers flashing in the early morning darkness, made it’s way to a set of abandoned Air National Guard helicopter hardstands that were situated just South of the runway. As we approached, our headlights began to illuminate the weather-faded panels of the once proud Cold War Warrior. The F-89 had been pulled out to the hardstands for storage and had been sitting for a number of years. Prior to that, the Scorpion was used to train airframe and powerplant students as part the University of Montana’s Aviation Maintenance Technology program. After 9/11, the TSA required that an additional fence be established at the University of Montana’s Aviation Campus due to its proximity to the airport. Not wanting to have to potentially tear down the fence to remove the Scorpion at a later date, the decision was made drag her out to the hardstands.

The Scorpion had seen better days. Nothing had been done to protect her from the elements. The intakes and exhausts were left uncovered and years of grit and grime, as well as quite a few birds’ nests, had found their ways into to the nooks and crannies. Nonetheless, the Scorpion was still an impressive plane. “This bird is big, real big...” was our first impression, as it stood there bathed in the light cast by our headlights.

After a quick walk around, Hal noted the outside temperature that morning; 7 degrees Fahrenheit. It was cold, very cold, but there was work to do! Fortunately, the weather was good with only broken clouds and no sign of snow. After we had donned our cold weather gear, one of the first tasks was to open the cockpit canopy. J.R., Hal, Steve and Einar carefully climbed atop the frost-covered wings, established the best footing possible, and after a few tugs, freed the canopy. Hal then checked to make sure that the ejection seats had been disabled and/or disconnected.

The radar operator’s seat checked out fine and the pilot’s seat was a moot point. The seat was missing and was rumored to be “on loan” to someone’s private collection at an undisclosed location, somewhere in Montana. Hal then checked the hydraulic accumulators, released the landing gear fairing doors and then the work commenced.

J.R. assigned the volunteers their tasks and bodies began bustling in all directions. This possibly represented the most activity seen around the Scorpion in years. By mid-morning, the engine cowls were removed, the various fairings covering the wing attachment bolts were removed, the fuel tanks were verified to be empty, and every marking was photographed for preservation.

Next on the list was the tail, rudder, horizontal stabilizer, and wing attachment bolts. Hal and J.R. teamed up on the empennage as Erica, Steve, Einar, and I started on the wings. The attachment bolts brought new meaning to “repetitive motion” as there were some 40 studs with nuts

on both ends that had to be removed. Given the limited access, regular ratcheting sockets could not be used. A pair of box end wrenches, that had the outside edges ground down, were the only tool that would fit. The wrenches had to be slipped in at an angle, placed on the nuts, and rotated in opposite directions in quarter turn increments. This process was repeated until the outboard nut was removed



Removing the Horizontal Stab (Lyle Jansma Photo)

from the stud. By my best estimates, it took some 50 strokes to remove each nut. Even with four people this took the better part of the day. Hal and JR made great progress on the tail. With the tail design on the F-89, the rudder had to be removed before the horizontal stabilizer could be unbolted and lifted off. As with all things mechanical, it always comes down to the last bolt. This was the case with the Scorpion’s tail. As Hal worked from the top down, the last bolt could not be removed from the bottom rudder horn. Almost as soon as this problem developed, seemingly on cue, the weather took a turn for the worse. After an hour or so of heating, air ratcheting, re-heating and re-air ratcheting no appreciable gains were made in removing the bolt. It was almost 17:00 by now so J.R. pulled the whistle and the day was done. The rudder would be there waiting for us in the morning. ☼



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**Have Your Dues Expired?
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**Cascade Warbirds
Quick Look Calendar**

January

- 9 Squadron Meeting at
Museum of Flight
- 16 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI

February

- 13 Squadron Meeting at
Museum of Flight
- 18-21 National Warbird
Operators Conference
- 20 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI
- 20-21 Northwest Aviation
Conference

March

- 13 Squadron Meeting at
MoF Restoration
Center (PAE)
- 20 Heritage Flt Museum
Open House at BLI

* Denotes Max Effort Event
See Website for Detailed List

Check Six



Gunnery practice over the Gulf in the T-6. (USAF photo)