

WARBIRD FLYER



★★★EAA Warbirds Squadron 2 Newsletter★★★



CO's Cockpit

By Ron Morrell

Just in case some of our squadron members haven't noticed, the flying season is in full swing and we seem to have been fairly well blessed by the aviation weather gods so far. Even the Olympia event going back to Father's Day weekend seemed to work out fairly well (except of course those few who still got stuck behind the clearing line on Saturday. The pace has been hectic and thanks to a hefty airline schedule and the consistent Cascade Warbird events, I have very little time to do anything but fly, clean, fly, and clean again... the joys of an aluminum airplane. I want to thank everyone for their participation at Paine Field, Fairchild, Olympia and the latest adventure in Grangeville Idaho. It is not without regret that I didn't have the time or scheduling flexibility to join those of you who made it to Tacoma and Arlington. One part of this great squadron that can be regretful is that we can't all make it to every event that we want to participate in and enjoy. It can be a difficult task to prioritize the events we can make it to and also remember that sometimes we just need to stand down occasionally and recharge...of course, some of us have a spouse or other internal voice to remind us of this fact. You would think that our lives have something else to consider besides warbird flying and the camaraderie that is involved with airshows and fly-ins. It can be a hard reality to admit but we need to keep some balance, or at least keep the lift vector pointing in the right direction. I want to also thank all of our members for keeping the pace and priorities such that we can still remember to concentrate on the important tasks that involve safety and discipline. These traits are required to keep each other out of harm's way,

keep our aircraft in the proper condition to fly and remind each of us that without a safety attitude, we will stumble in ways we may not see coming and that can mean bad things happen. Keep up the good work.

One special event I would like the rest of the squadron to know about was the trip some of us took to Grangeville, Idaho. This was the closest thing to a good old fashioned

barnstorming event I have ever attended. We were treated like friends and family by the small town of only 3800 people. The kids and parents that came out to crawl around our airplanes seemed genuinely happy that we brought out airplanes to their small airfield. We met veterans, farmers and enthusiastic ranch hands. We were able to put all of our airplanes in the air during Saturday and Sunday and made plenty of loud noise and even some well-intended prop wash to cool off the 98 degree heat...I need an air conditioned flight suit for next year. My thanks to the planners and generally the whole town for their hospitality and warm welcome.

I'm sure that we don't need the reminder that we are not all made of steel, iron, fabric and aluminum

like the aircraft we fly. This last months have been a stark reminder of the fragile nature of our existence. In spite of our safety attitude, good weather, and diligence to our machines, we have lost some dear friends. We will all miss the great friends and colleagues that will no longer be at our events or greet us at our meetings. There can never be true replacements for Warren, Tony, Rod or Eddie. Personally, and for our squadron, I ask that everyone keep the families of our friends that have flown west in their thoughts and prayers. Keep 'em Flying. ☺



Missing man formation for Rod Richardson
(Barbara Wien Photo)

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

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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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EAA Cascade Warbirds Squadron 2 is a tax-exempt charitable organization as described in section 501(c)(3) of the IRS Code.

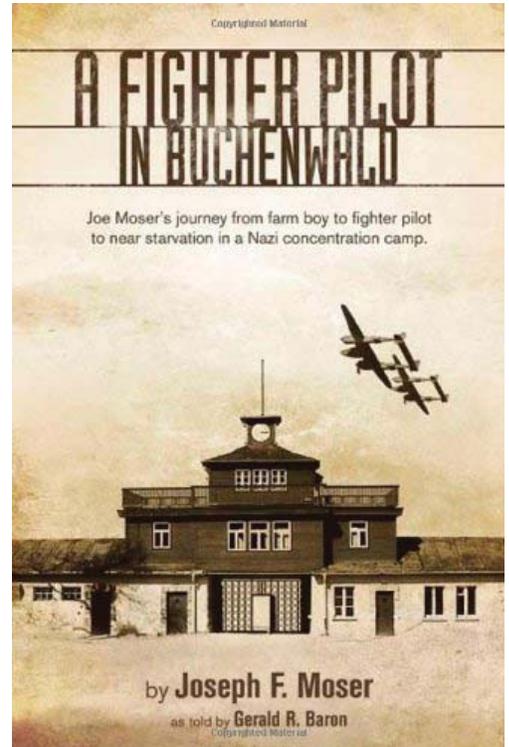
Annual Newsletter Value: \$2.00
Published Quarterly

Book Review

By Fred Smyth

A Fighter Pilot in Buchenwald – The Joe Moser Story

Joe was a youngster growing up on a farm in northwest Washington when he decided he wanted to become a fighter pilot and fly the P-38 Lightning into combat. Joe realized that dream and was sent off to Europe where, on his 44th mission, he was shot down and captured. Because he was a "terrorflieger," he was shipped in an overcrowded cattle car to the infamous Buchenwald. Learn how Joe, just days before his execution, was rescued and eventually returned to US control. Cascade Warbird members had the honor of meeting Joe in person ten years ago when he told us firsthand his amazing story. For those of you who were not in attendance, this is an amazing story. ☼



B-24 Ride

By Michael Hanten

In April 2013, shortly after I returned home from my latest deployment to the Persian Gulf with the Army, I attended a fundraising auction where I successfully won the bid for a ride on one of the Collings Foundation's WWII bombers. I received a certificate redeemable for one flight on either the B-17G "Nine O Nine" or the B-24J "Witchcraft". During this year's "Wings of Freedom" tour, to the Pacific NW region, I scheduled a flight on "Witchcraft."

I chose the B-24 for a couple of reasons. First, there is only one B-24J in the world flying while there are 8 to 10 B-17's of one variant or another flying. I figured I would have more opportunities in the future to get a ride on a B-17 so opted to go with the scarcer airplane. Additionally, I had read a story years ago in a book titled "Hit the Silk" about members of the "Caterpillar Club", people who have had their lives saved by bailing out of a plane and parachuting to safety. There was a story about a tail gunner from a B-24 who was not able to be in the Club because, though he had bailed out, he had no chute. The story described how the plane was hit and how he had opened the turret door to go forward to the parachute storage rack and get his chute, only to find the area forward of his turret fully involved in flame. So, he shut the door of the turret, jettisoned the guns, spun

the turret around 180 degrees, and opened the door and jumped out the back with no chute rather than be burned to death. He fell about 17,000 feet, crashed through some thick evergreen foliage, and landed in a snow bank in Germany, with relatively minor injuries and was subsequently captured. Ever since reading this story I was fascinated with how this scenario would have played out and how the aircraft was actually configured. (The turret had doors???) The B-24J actually has turrets on the nose and the tail so I really wanted to see how they worked.

I drove over to Boeing Field on Sunday afternoon 22 June for my scheduled 5:00 flight, planning to arrive there around 4:00 so I could look around the other aircraft and still make my check in at 4:30. I actually got checked in at about 4:10 and then went on a walkthrough of the Nine O Nine. They were in the process of shutting down the static tours to start flying so it was a fairly quick walk through, but I had been through B-17s on two other occasions so it wasn't a big deal. I was wondering where "Witchcraft" was though. At around 4:45 I was informed that "Witchcraft" was headed down from Burlington, where she was stuck with an engine problem requiring two cylinders to be replaced. She was expected to arrive in about 45 minutes. It was

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WARBIRD FLYER, July 2014

Squadron News

SCHOLARS

Last issue we introduced you to our young lads headed off to AirVenture at Oshkosh this summer. Mitchell Kisner and Alex Yantis will be attending the Senior Camp that is part of the fly-in. Their scholarships cover their tuition at AirVenture plus a significant contribution toward their travel expenses.

The other half of our scholarship program is the Private Pilot Ground School with Introductory Flights. In concert with our partners – Avian Flight Center at Bremerton (KBFI) and Galvin Flight Training School (a division of Landmark Aviation) at Boeing Field (KBFI), our scholars receive the tuition for the ground school class and, upon successful completion of those requirements, get two instructional flights.

We currently have three young adults registered:

Shirahn Pathy lives in Medina, WA, and will be a junior at Eastside Preparatory School in Kirkland. Shirahn is currently a busy volunteer at the Museum of Flight in Seattle and is looking forward to obtaining his college degree in mathematics or physics.

Hanna Riley is from Burien, WA, and will be a junior at Raisbeck Aviation High School. Her stated goal is to become a commercial airline pilot and would like to earn an Engineering degree at either Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University or Arizona State University.

Thomas Bui, of Federal Way, WA, will be a senior at Thomas Jefferson High School. He's been fascinated by airplanes from age four and hopes to become a pilot. Toward that goal, he hopes to attend U of W, enroll in the Air Force ROTC program, and earn a degree in Aviation Engineering.

Our mission statement includes the phrase “. . . to inspire today's young people to become the aviation pioneers of tomorrow.” This writer would suggest that we are doing just that.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Our Finance Officer notes for the record that we are at nearing 100% membership renewal rate. With membership still only \$20 per year, he's hoping to see the final few of you “cough it up” and make his day complete. If you know you're in arrears or if you get a reminder email from him, send your check to CWB, 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277. If you're uncertain regarding your status, send him an email – fred@fcsmyth.com. ‘Nuf said!

RENO, BABY!

The 51st running of the National Championship Air Races are 10 – 14 September this year and the squadron does have a few seats remaining. If you've attended with us in the past, you can stop reading here. But if you've never been, this is one of the most fun and, certainly, loudest event on our calendar. Just \$360 gets you a week of racing, pit passes, reserved seating in our box and even reserved parking (one spot per two tickets). Contact Fred at fred@fcsmyth.com if you're interested.

UPDATE EMAIL ADDY

Have you recently changed your email address? If the only time you hear from us is through this quarterly newsletter, then we're probably using a discontinued address of yours. Update us at Fred at fred@fcsmyth.com. But, of course, that's only if you want to hear from us.

SIGN ON TO FACEBOOK

Your stodgy old squadron is making its way into the mainstream social media. Log on to our web page, scroll to the bottom of the framesindexnew.html page and register on our members-only FB page. You can keep track of members comings and goings, opinions, comments, likes and dislikes, etc. But more importantly, you can either offer an empty seat in your airplane if you're headed to one of our events or you can search for an empty seat in members' airplanes if you'd like to attend one of our events. We're trying to spread the wealth as well as the joy. Be sure to join us.

WELCOME ABOARD

We particularly like introducing and welcoming new members into our midst. In recent weeks we've had these two gents join our rank:

Steve Hewitt	Auburn, WA
Dave Lednicer	Redmond, WA

Steve owns a C45H and Dave is quite a well-known aerodynamics expert. Be sure to introduce yourselves to these folks and make them a part of our group. In addition, we welcome back two lost souls who decided to renew their memberships after prolonged absences: Dave Arnold and Charlie Coulter. It's nice to have you home.

B-24 Ride (Continued)

a fairly long wait but eventually “Witchcraft” appeared in the distance over downtown Seattle and entered right traffic for 31L at Boeing Field. She was a very impressive sight on final and after a nice landing taxied into the Museum of Flight ramp for a quick refuel and the commencement of experience flights. As she was being refueled, the passengers were brought in through the gate for a quick safety brief clustered around the right main gear. We were briefed that she was an Experimental Aircraft but had been slightly modified with some seat belts in various

places and we were all required to be in these positions for landing and takeoff. Basically, there were no good seats for landing and takeoff. However, as soon she was out of the pattern, they would ring the bailout bell one time, and we would be free to explore the entire inside of the airplane. About a half hour later, the bailout bell would ring twice and we would need to go to the nearest seats available and strap in for landing. They specifically said we were allowed to

enter into the nose and tail gun turrets. However, the mid upper gun turret (unlike the B-17 mid upper gun turret) was a Martin A-3 turret and was too complicated to mess around getting people into and out of. So it, and the Sperry Ball turret, would be off limits. There were three landing and takeoff positions forward in the radio operator’s compartment aft of the flight deck, and six or seven positions aft in the ball turret/waist gunner’s area just aft of the bomb bay. The three people who were forward would be able to go forward into the Navigator/Bombardier compartment and nose turret area first and then others would rotate through as they left the forward area.

After the brief, we had a few minutes for some exterior photo shots while they finished refueling, and then it was time to load up. As I was near the nose when they said it was time to load up, I volunteered to load forward. We boarded by crouching under the bomb bay doors and stepping up onto the 9 inch wide catwalk through the bomb bay. After climbing forward out of the bomb bay, we were in a small alcove where you could kneel down on your hands and knees and crawl forward alongside the nose wheel to the Navigator/Bombardier compartment forward of the flight deck, or climb up into radio operator/flight

engineer’s compartment aft of the flight deck, and right under the Martin mid upper gun turret. Up a short ladder forward of this compartment was the flight deck, and before we had to belt in I was able to stand there aft of the flight deck and get a look at the cockpit area. I missed an opportunity here to climb up aft of the flight deck and stick my head and shoulders out of the crew egress hatch aft of the pilots seat and forward of the mid upper gun turret. Would have been a great picture, but I didn’t see that until the flight engineer came in and I had to sit on the floor with

my back toward the flight deck and strap in along with about a ten year old kid and his Grandfather who sat in the radio operator’s chair aft of the flight deck. The flight engineer then climbed up into position in the hatch for engine start, with his upper body sticking out overlooking the whole aircraft from above. He observed engine start from this position and then came down and secured the hatch while we were taxiing to runway 31L for takeoff. As we were taxiing to



B-24 Witchcraft (Michael Hanten Photo)

the end of 31L, I had some time to reflect on my impressions so far. From where I sat, you couldn’t see anything outside of the aircraft, although there was a small window on the port side of the aircraft above my head. I could also see down into the bomb bay and found it interesting that there was such a wide gap where the bomb bay doors met, probably about an inch, that you could see the taxiway moving by under the plane as we moved along. The other observation is that it was LOUD. There was virtually no insulation or sound suppression on the interior fuselage walls and the Big Pratt and Whitney R-1830 engine Number two was probably only about 10 feet away on the other side of some thin aluminum. I figured out that if I held my camera up I could video the takeoff through the window, so as I felt us turning onto the runway and then as the engines came up to REALLY LOUD, I aimed my camera out the window and shot the takeoff.

Shortly after takeoff, the flight engineer nudged me and signaled we could unstrap and go explore. I apparently missed the bailout bell due to the NOISE. My two companions lowered themselves down into the alcove and crawled forward under the flight deck to the Navigator/Bombardier compartment. I was last up and they had both gotten a look around and sat on the little

Bombardier's stool over the bombsight and looked down at the scenery flashing by under the chin. That was a very cool view, though somewhat blocked by the bombsight. After my turn, I stood up and they were departing. What they had missed, and I couldn't convey to them due to the noise, were the red painted doors forward above the bombardier position leading into the nose turret. The door was about 2 feet wide and maybe 3 feet tall, hinged on each side and latched in the middle. Since I distinctly had heard them say in the briefing we could get in the turret, I reached up and unlatched the door. It opened with a blast of air and about a 5 decibel increase of LOUDNESS. And, another door on the other side of an air gap about an inch or so further in from the door I had already opened. So I reached up and opened it as well. Another increase in decibels and before me was the interior of the turret I was so interested in seeing. Reaching in past the door frame I found a handle inside at the top so reached in with both hands, pulled my upper body up and kicked my feet forward and down into the turret past the small seat just inside the door, ducked my head under and I was in. What a view! I got some great pictures and video from the nose turret and then decided I had better extricate myself so the next guy could get in. Since I had opened it up others were able to see how it worked and appeared eager to get in and check out the view. So I extricated myself and decided to climb up and see what I could see out of the Navigator's astrodome. That was a pretty neat view as well. You don't often get an opportunity look back into the cockpit windows from outside and see the two pilots looking out at you while you are flying along a couple of thousand feet in the air. I got some great video of this view as well. Then I decided I should head aft so crawled back to the alcove by the bomb bay. I had to go back up into the radio operator's area as there was a bit of a traffic jam in the bomb bay with two other people coming forward. Once they cleared, I entered the bomb bay and walked aft through the bomb bay along the nine inch wide catwalk while watching the ground hurtling by two thousand feet below through the crack between the bomb bay doors.

I arrived at the aft bulkhead of the bomb bay and looked through the opening to where the retracted ball turret was hanging. I could once again see the ground hurtling by through about a two inch space around the ball turret. Looking up and aft of the ball turret I could see the two waist gun positions, approximately 2 by 3 foot rectangular holes staggered on each side of the fuselage, each with a single M2 .50 cal protruding out into the slipstream. It occurred to me that this plane is just full of holes. I am not talking about damage holes, but just designed-in openings and gaps. Moving through the dark interior, every crack, opening, and window leaked light in from the exterior giving a great indication of how many openings there were and I could not help but think that, though it was not bad on this 70 degree day here in June at two thousand feet, it must have been incredible in December over Germany at 20,000 feet and 50 below zero! As I went back aft, I stopped off at the port waist gun position and swung the gun out and practiced aiming it at different things. Another great view and I took some pictures sighting down the gun overlooking Puget Sound. I also noticed

that the gun did not have any stops that would prevent a gunner from shooting the vertical stabilizer aft or the port wing forward and could not help but wondering if that was just missing with these inert gun mounts, or if these were accurate to the way they were set up back then. If so, I wonder how often a gunner got fixated on tracking attacking fighters & fired into their own plane!

Working my way further aft, I found the way back to the tail turret to be much roomier than the crawl way back to the tail gun on the B-17. I continued back to the tail gun, the scene of the fortunate tail gunner from "Hit the Silk", and could see how the scenario could have occurred. I then attempted to enter the tail gun turret the same way I entered the nose turret. No hand hold over the turret door! Without that, entering the turret was a major exercise in contortionism. I finally got in and found the view to be just as fantastic as the nose turret. Got some great video of downtown Seattle looking out the side of the turret Plexiglas. This turret seemed to be in slightly better condition than the nose turret, with the hand grips for the turret controls, including the firing buttons in place. It did not appear to me that either turret was functional, but they were still very cool to sit in. According to the ticket taker, the ball turret is functional but they seldom operate it as it is so difficult to obtain parts and they don't want to break anything. As an engineer it intrigues me as to how difficult it would be to refurbish one of these turrets with modern programmable logic controllers instead of relays, and using 3D printers to CAD/CAM replacement parts. Maybe something to look into after I retire and am looking for something to do. As I was watching downtown Seattle go by on my right, I was facing aft, it occurred to me we must be getting close to Boeing field and sure enough, one of the crew tapped me on the back and told me I needed to extract myself out of the turret and get back to strap in for landing. Apparently I missed the two bell signal of the bailout bell. He conveyed this to me via hand signals. It was LOUD!

After extricating myself from the rear turret, I went forward and found a seat on the floor at the base of the waist gun positions. Once again, after strapping in, it was impossible to see out, but I was able to reach up and video out the waist gun window as we rolled into base leg and then final for 31L. After landing, we taxied back to the Museum of Flight ramp and exited back out the bomb bay and were herded towards the gate through the fence while the next group moved towards the airplane.

Overall, I thought it was a fantastic experience and I am glad I held out for the "Witchcraft." I will probably take another ride in a B-17 in the future, but this was well worth the wait. I have a couple of suggestions if you are considering a similar ride. Bring hearing protection! My ears were still ringing a couple of hours later. My noise canceling headset would have been nice. I don't think there is anywhere I could have jacked in to the intercom, but just using the noise cancellation for sound suppression would have helped a lot. Additionally, I would have shot more video and less still shots. The video is really interesting stuff and still shots can be captured from the video via software if you want to print a particular image. Other than that, I highly recommend the experience and if you get an opportunity in the future, don't pass it by. 🌟

Dancing with the Devil

By Ed Rombauer

As a young child, one of the first things you learn to do is color inside the lines. One crayon mark outside the boundaries of the picture and you were subject to an admonition from the teacher to do better. When starting, the first few attempts are filled with scribbling that invariably slops over the lines, however with time and practice the coloring inside the lines becomes an acceptable, if not perfect, job of artistic ability. Well... Mom liked it.

Flying is like coloring inside the lines. However with coloring, when you go outside the lines of the picture you can throw your initial attempts at artistry away and start again. Whereas in flying you must always stay within the lines defined by the aerodynamics of the particular aircraft you are operating. When learning to fly, you explore, with an instructor, those boundaries that define the limits of your aircraft. Although, I have read about some younger pilots that have never practiced things like stall recovery at all! While they never colored outside the lines, they never got close to the lines and thus they had no picture. I guess you could also say that they didn't have a clue.

All aircraft are designed to fly within certain limits. Fly too slow and you fall out of the sky, fly too fast and you fall out of the sky (in pieces), fly too high and you fall out of the sky, fly too low and you—well you get the picture. That is why it is imperative that the pilot make a correction to get back inside the lines as quickly as possible. When you do find yourself outside the box that the lines define, it takes either skill or luck to get back inside. As over 70% of aircraft accidents are caused by pilot error, my money is always on blind luck. Should you find yourself outside the box, coloring over the lines, depending on luck to get you back inside—that is what I call dancing with the devil.

Now for the moment you've all been waiting for—story time.

I was going through training in the Replacement Air

Group, or the "RAG" as the cognoscenti called it, where our air group C.O. was an officer by the name of "Zeke" Cormier. Cdr. Cormier was a local man who became a navy pilot during WWII. Serving in both the Atlantic and Pacific, he flew 161 combat missions where he distinguished himself by shooting down 8 to 10 enemy aircraft, thus becoming a double ace. With a chest full of medals, including five DFCs, a Silver Cross and eight Air Medals, Cdr. Cormier was a legend, a true naval aviation

hero. Cdr. Cormier was also legendary in one other respect; he had just come off a tour of duty as the C.O. of the Blue Angels during the time they transitioned from props to jets. With a leader like that, our squadron was infused with the desire and the incentive to fly like the Blue's. We took every chance we got to fly showy formations around the air station. Diamond formation take-offs and crisp breaks for landings were practiced. We were into image. This was also promoted by the senior



CDR. Richard "Zeke" Cormier (USNI Photo)

officers in our squadron. The only trouble was that all of us J.O.s were just a bunch of low time learners.

It was against this cultural background, that one day I found myself on the flight schedule with another slightly senior pilot. The other pilot (let's call him Dilbert) would fly lead and I would fly on his wing. The briefing was simple; fly out to the practice area for some basic formation air work and then split up on our own to do some individual practice. Only the government would give a bunch of twenty-something year olds the keys to a new supersonic jet fighter, fill it with fuel and say, "have a good time."

After takeoff I realized why the other pilots called Dilbert "klutzy", as I had to work hard to anticipate his every move. His altitude and attitude control were erratic, especially for a formation leader and there was no smoothness to his flying. After practicing a few basic formation maneuvers and break-ups and re-joins, he called on the radio and said that we should try some more advanced show type maneuvers and to stay with him. I

called him back and said that I'd certainly try. In my mind I thought, "as long as you don't plumber it up." Immediately, he lowered his nose a little and picked up airspeed leaving me to guess what was coming next. What was coming next was a sudden pull-up as Dilbert entered into a loop. When you are flying an overhead maneuver in formation, plenty of airspeed and a smooth leader are essential—we had neither. As we started our vertical ascent my heart rate increased rapidly when out of the corner of my eye I got a glimpse of the airspeed—too slow! Half way up Dilbert realized that he was in a can of worms. With the airspeed dropping, Dilbert, instead of calling for a breakup, called on the radio for "burner now."

Other than increasing the noise level, the application of afterburner had little effect as we were too slow and too high to make any appreciable difference.

With only our

momentum taking us up into the thin air of the higher altitude, and with the airspeed at zero, it grew very quiet. Fortunately, our two aircraft separated as our airspeed dropped to nothing—and then the devil signed my dance card.

I looked up over my shoulder and my heart almost stopped. There we were, back to back with Dilbert's canopy only inches from mine, his aircraft pointed straight down while mine was pointed straight up. Gravity was beginning its inexorable pull and I was now sliding backwards towards earth while only a few inches from Dilbert's airplane. I was definitely coloring outside the lines, in fact I was so far out that it was difficult to even see where the lines were that bordered the area of aerodynamic safety. The devil was next up and he was ready to boogie. My aircraft was now rapidly picking up speed backwards as I moved the controls in an attempt to separate the aircraft from my leader—nothing made any difference. I could see Dilbert sitting unmoving in his cockpit while he wondered

what to do next. As the devil drew closer to claim the last dance, I gave one last kick on the rudder pedal. The fighter abruptly flipped end for end and with the extra push of its engine, and with the nose pointed straight down, the airplane started an even faster descent towards the ground. I breathed a sigh of relief as the plane accelerated and I neared the safety of once again flying inside the lines. The relief was short lived however, as I looked out to see people and buildings rapidly filling my view out of the windshield. Dilbert had unwittingly placed us over a large city to do our pseudo imitation air show.

You would think that going too fast in an airplane

wouldn't get you into serious trouble, but when you are headed straight down, going very fast, and Planet Earth is close—you are in serious trouble. Power off, speed brake out and pull back hard enough to put the "G"



VA-113 Stingers A4D-1 Skyhawk (US Navy Photo)

meter on the edge of blackout. Slowly the nose came up and the vertical speed was once again readable. It was good to get back inside the lines that form the box that all airplanes fly safely within. I once again joined up with Dilbert and followed him back to the base. Needless to say, that was the end of his trying to emulate the flying of practiced air show performers with more ability and experience than he had.

Occasionally pilots find themselves in situations where through mechanical malfunction or pilot error they are coloring, or flying, close to the lines. An engine failure on takeoff, a load of ice, or maybe flying too close to a thunder storm is all it takes to be invited to the dance. There, a beautiful dance partner will whisper in your ear that you have the skill and the ability to land safely and get back home to family and friends. Skill takes practice, if you have not practiced, and are depending on luck, then it becomes easy to go over and stay over the lines—and then you are "dancing with the devil." ✪



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

Cascade Warbirds **Quick Look Calendar**

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 BVS
- 25-27 Thunder Over Utah
- 26 Friday Harbor Fly-In
- 26-27 Tri-City Water Follies
- 28-3Aug Oshkosh 2014
- 30 Kelowna, BC

August

- 2-3 SEAFAIR
- 9-10 Abbotsford
- 16 Heritage Flt Museum Open House at BVS "Props and Ponies"
- 16-17 Chilliwack Flight Fest
- 22-23 Madras, OR
- 29-31* Vintage Aircraft Weekend @ PAE

September

- 6-7 Hood River Fly-In
- 10-14 Reno Air Races 2014
- 19-21 Oregon Intl Air Show
- 20-21 Mountain Home, ID
- 20 Heritage Flt Museum Open House at BVS
- 27-28 Redding Airshow, CA

October

- 3-5 MCAS Miramar
- 10-13 San Francisco Fleet Week
- 11* Squadron Meeting at Museum of Flight
- 18 Heritage Flt Museum Open House at BVS

* Denotes Max Effort Event
See Website for Detailed List

Check Six



B-24 Tail Gunner Position (Michael Hanten Photo)