

# WARBIRD FLYER



★★★EAA Warbirds Squadron 2 Newsletter★★★



## CO's Cockpit

By Ron Morrell

Welcome to fall in the Pacific Northwest. Some people equate this time of year with the return of school busses, new episodes of our favorite television shows and, of course, football season. Personally, I have a couple of other high priority issues with the coming of fall: my return to the National Championship Air Races in Reno and what “tweaks” should I plan for my airplane while the flying weather is not so stellar. Along with this looking forward, it is a great time to look back at what we were able to accomplish over the summer months. I am hopeful that all of you will contribute to the usual winter meetings we have at the Museum of Flight. Bring your comments and ideas concerning how we did as a squadron this past flying season, and especially how we can do better next year. Your Executive Board has already had one meeting to discuss the upcoming meeting season along with some of the ideas and programs that will be addressed during this winter. From my perspective, we had a very successful summer. During the events I was able to attend, we were very well represented. The Olympia airshow planners were very complimentary and commented on our professionalism. I consider the VAW event to be a strong improvement over the 2011 gathering. I especially want to thank our Operations Officer, Dave Desmon, for stepping in and motivating participation in the events that I was unable to attend. One of the highlights of this year was the success of the Reno Air Races. It

was, at times, a somber event with a moving tribute to the fallen and injured due to last year's accident. Our squadron attendees made themselves proud through the week and hopefully much healing was accomplished. George and Wendy Hewitt were remembered well and I would like to

personally thank Julie, George's sister, for spending so much time with us and letting us share her experience. With the well run and safe races in the history books the American flag was returned from half-mast to her full glory at the top of the Reno home pylon!

Now it is time to go back to looking ahead (if that actually makes sense). I will not be able to attend the October meeting but will do my best to not let it happen again. We will have much to discuss and your ideas are always welcome. We are always looking for more ideas, more help running the squadron and more members to spend time with. Any help you can bring will be welcome. I was able to attend Oshkosh this year and had the opportunity to meet Rod Hightower (the EAA President) for a brief time and I was impressed with the forward

looking attitude I found. We

should remember that all of us can help “spread the word” about our squadron and our activities as well as the overall success of the EAA and Warbirds of America programs. Your Executive Board and Board of Directors is here to help move the squadron forward but we cannot do it alone, your help and efforts are needed. I look forward to the meeting season and to seeing as many of you as possible. Keep 'em Flying! ✪



Cascade Warbirds in formation at Vintage Aircraft Weekend 2012 (John Clark 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

# Squadron News

## MAKE PLANS NOW

Our Annual Christmas Dinner Gala and Awards Banquet is set for Saturday, 8 December. We will again be the guests of the Medallion Hotel at Smokey Point (Arlington). The cocktail hour commences promptly at 5:30 PM and dinner will be served at 7:00 PM. As in past years, we have arranged to "take the elevator home." The Medallion has graciously agreed to provide rooms for squadron members for only \$89; call 360.657.0500 for your reservations and be sure to mention "Cascade Warbirds." But the best part is the price: only \$39 each for dinner, tax, and gratuity. You know the drill: send your money to Fred and you'll have a seat at the table.

## OCTOBER SPEAKERS SET

We have a treat in store for you on 13 October. Our first meeting of the season, due to kick off at 10:00 AM at the Museum of Flight, will feature Wolfgang Czaia. Wolf is a veteran of the German Air Force, trained in the US in F-84 and F-104 aircraft, flew for Boeing as a 757/767 Check Airman, and since 1992 has been the test pilot for the Me262 project at Paine Field. He'll explain that program in detail and regale us with appropriate war stories. You might not want to miss this one.

We'll also hear from Ray Roussy, our Canadian friend of note, regarding the intricacies of transiting the US-Canada

border in civilian aircraft. If you haven't made the trip before and have heard all the horror stories, Ray will explain what it's really like. From the Canuck perspective, that is.

## RENO IN SEPTEMBER

The latest iteration of the National Air Races in Reno is in the books (Steve Hinton won) and plans are even now being made for next year. The Squadron has two reserved boxes and it's time for you to decide on your plans. Why do we mention this now? Because our first box is already sold out for next year! So, if you want to join us (sorry, but that means sitting at the kids' table) send along a \$100 deposit (per seat) to CWB, 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277. If you'd like a list of attendees at this year's event so you can hear how much fun they had, just let us know.

## WE SAY HELLO

It's always nice to welcome new members into our family. Over the past several weeks these folks have joined our ranks:

Richard Costello

Las Vegas, NV

Bob Kryzak

Gig Harbor, WA

Llew Roberts

Seattle, WA

They'll be wearing name tags when you see them, so introduce yourselves and make them feel welcome.



F-15 Eagle in flight. (Stan Kasprzyk Photo)

# Rancher Bob Flies With An Eagle

By Stan "Sundance" Kasprzyk

In the mid-80's, I was involved with an Air Force team developing tactics and evaluating capabilities against the emerging cruise missile threat. One of our efforts involved flying F-15s, F-16s and other aircraft in combination with AWACS to assess our detection capability and missile effectiveness against surrogate US cruise missiles. As the squadron Weapons and Tactics officer, I had deployed with another F-15 Eagle to Hill AFB, near Salt Lake City, Utah to fly against cruise missiles in a major test over the Utah test ranges. The test involved an air launched cruise missile surrogate launched from a B-52, with numerous C-135 support aircraft, an AWACS controlling from the edge of the range, and various fighter assets, including my F-15s, F-16s from Hill, F/A-18s from the Navy, plus support F-4s from Edwards. My mission was to work with AWACS on the best detection strategies, and also assess the onboard capabilities of my APG-63 radar, optimum search and detect modes, and also to assess detection and lock-on ranges of my AIM-9L and AIM-9M Sidewinder IR missiles. We would later conduct live fire exercises over the Pacific using AIM-7F and AIM-7M radar guided missiles, but that's another story.

Today's test involved an early morning launch of the cruise missile surrogate on the edge of the range by the B-52, with an extensive set of waypoints that the missile would follow while AWACS and the fighter forces went through numerous intercepts. Since the airborne time of the cruise missile was measured in many hours, we divided our fighter assets to provide maximum opportunities for intercepts and engagements. I decided to take the first window, and briefed at 0430 for my 0630 takeoff time, with my wingman scheduled for launch at 0830, after the F-16s and F/A-18s made their attempts.

The sun was just rising as I blasted off from Hill AFB in the crisp fall air into a gloriously clear Utah sky. I turned westbound and began building my situational awareness of the aircraft already in the airspace, and quickly acquired the AWACS in its orbit, the B-52 positioning to the north, and the C-135s in their observation orbits. I also acquired a few low/slow tracks, most squawking the VFR traffic code of 1200 in their Mode 3 transponder, but they were well outside the restricted area. Except for one...

Just inside the restricted airspace on the western edge was a slow track at 7500 feet, not squawking, but definitely in the area. Just as I was acquiring the track, AWACS called: "Eagle 01, you're now cleared into the airspace, and we're wondering if you could give us a hand." "Go ahead", I replied. "Eagle 01, the launch is still on schedule for 20 minutes from now, but we have an unknown track now entering the western edge of the airspace that we'd like you to check out for us". I confirmed the bogey that I had at 7500 feet and about 50 miles out was the same contact, and noted his airspeed at about 125 knots. "That's the one", AWACS replied, as I started a descent from my current 37,000 feet altitude to a better altitude to ID the track.

My F-15 was also equipped with a simple rifle scope that we had mounted on the right side of our HUD for better long-range visual acquisition, and as I descended I slowed from my 500 knot speed to a more reasonable rejoin speed, in case I had to get

close to the target. Coming from the east out of the rising sun, I was able to make out a high-winged light aircraft through the Eagle Eye scope as I rejoined, still about 8 miles out. "AWACS, it looks like a Cessna 180, heading about 030 degrees, level at 7500 feet", as I rounded the corner on the intercept to the target's six o'clock. "Eagle 01, thanks. Can you get his N-number for us?" No problem, I thought, as I continued to slow and rolled out about 1500 feet behind and to the right of the Cessna. As I got closer, I had a hard time picking up an N-number, expecting the typical 10-inch N-number along the side. I remembered, however, that the FAA had allowed 3-inch N-numbers recently, and I was realizing I had to get in VERY close to get the N-number on this Cessna.

I closed to about 50 feet out on the right aft of the Cessna, lowered my flaps, and finally saw and read out the N-number to the waiting AWACS. They asked me to shadow the target for a bit longer, but my 150-knot minimum speed was causing me to pull abeam the Cessna on his right side. As I flew slightly forward, I could finally see into the cockpit of the well-worn Cessna 180, now only 25 feet off my left wingtip. Inside the cockpit, the sole occupant, Rancher Bob, was visible in his flannel shirt, with his left hand on the yoke, and his right hand bringing a large thermos of coffee up to his mouth. Just then, the shadow of my F-15 blocked out the rising sun, and I saw Rancher Bob slowly look to his right... as all hell broke loose in his airplane!

With my AIM-9 missiles only a few feet from his right wingtip, Rancher Bob's eyes and mouth opened in shock, and I saw his thermos bottle drop down into his lap as his wings started rocking and the Cessna began gyrating while Rancher Bob reacted from the joint shock of my Eagle and the hot coffee! I eased out to the right, lit my burners and executed a climbing chandelle over the still-rattled Rancher Bob, keeping him in sight as he finally stabilized his aircraft. With my last view into his cockpit, I saw him reaching for a handheld mic, and within a minute he started a left turn to the west and began beating feet, as fast as he could, to get out of the restricted area.

I rolled out again at his six o'clock, and noted he was had started squawking Mode 3/1200, and I tracked him until he exited the restricted airspace. About that time, AWACS passed their thanks for the N-number, and stated "Oh, by the way, Eagle 01, that Cessna is squawking and talking to center right now, thanks for the help".

With the airspace sanitized, the cruise missile testing proceeded without a hitch, and I was even able to aid the visiting Edwards F-4s as their "Seeing Eye F-15", since they could not acquire the cruise missile on radar or visually without some handholding.

After the mission debrief, we summarized our top lessons learned and outcomes. I couldn't help but picture Rancher Bob, probably now also on the ground at his 'debrief', thinking of his top lessons learned:

1. Do much better at map reading and flight planning
2. Don't try to sneak through the edge of restricted airspace
3. Buy a better lid for my coffee mug! ☘

# Doing the Limbo Rock: Or How Low Can You Go

by Ed Rombauer

In the early 1960's the tourists to Trinidad were introduced to a new party game and dance called the "Limbo." In the game, the participants are required to dance to the beat of calypso music under a horizontal bar without knocking it off its supports. As the dancers shout "how low can you go" and the bar is lowered closer to the ground, more and more dancers fail to pass under the bar cleanly until there is only one dancer left standing. In its purest Trinidadian form, the limbo dance, which was performed at funerals under a bar of fire, became the transition of a dead soul from life to the afterlife. If the dancer could pass easily under the burning bar, the departing soul was thought to make an easy transition from the living to the afterlife. I suspect that the tour companies, in trying to entertain their boat loads of tourists, found a good way to sell more adult beverages to the beat of the local music. The burning bar was probably deleted due to liability concerns.

Low flying in airplanes (it's called flat-hating in the navy) is something that every young (and sometimes old) red-blooded pilot loves to do. I think it

has to do with the sensation of speed at a low altitude and the adrenalin rush that accompanies it. Also, the pilot is much more visible to the ground-bound spectators when flying at near ground level. Mach 2 at fifty thousand feet has much less visual effect than 200 knots at fifty feet. The tendency to want to show the paying guests on the ground what a skillful aviator you are tends to lower your personal minimums to what may become a dangerous altitude. However, like doing the limbo dance, there is always the desire to see "how low can you go."

In my younger years I will admit to being seduced by the show-offishness of the low-pass and the attendant accolades from the other pilots and viewers. All this came to an end one summer day in Japan over fifty years ago when my duty brain cell woke up and showed me that I was chasing a fool's record. Like the limbo dancer moving under an ever lowering bar, there comes a point where skill alone will not keep you off the floor.

It was decided at the highest levels of the Pacific Forces Command that it was time for the first air show since World War II to be held on the mainland of Japan. This would be an all forces show that would include the Air Force, Navy, and Marines as well as the Japanese Self Defense air units and would be held at a large base in the southern part of the island. As in most military operations, this one tended to be over planned, with the Admirals and Generals communicating through ever lower chains of command until finally the orders arrived in the hands of the pilots who would fly in the air show. I received orders from my C.O. that I would represent my squadron in the show. At the same time there was a message from some Admiral that there would be a

mandatory briefing before the day of departure. On the day of the briefing I was amazed to find that the officer giving the briefing was none other than the Admiral himself! This was the first time I had attended an operational briefing given by a two star Admiral and I was curious as to why this high ranking officer would take the time to tell us how to fly from our base near Tokyo down to the airfield where the air



A P-47 of the 64th Fighter Squadron, struck the ground during a low level strafing run. The pilot nursed the Jug 150 miles home to Grosseto. (Hebb Russell Photo)

show would be held. The mists of time have erased all memory of that briefing except for the one reason the Admiral had wanted to talk to us. It seems that a small rural town with lightly built buildings was next to the air show base and it would not stand up to the noise of supersonic flight. Under threat of disciplinary action, we were under no circumstances to exceed Mach while in the vicinity of this town. Message received. Since we were only participating as a static display in the show this would not be a problem.

Several days later on a fine sunny weekend, I joined up with a large gaggle of aircraft that would guide us down to the air show. The airbase where the show was being held had been built during the war for the Japanese Air Force and was quite large; however as the crowd of about two hundred thousand eager Japanese spectators began to arrive, the ramp area where our planes were on display became quite crowded. Every family had a

camera and everyone wanted a picture of their children in front of an American aircraft with an American pilot. Standing in front of the hottest fighter on the ramp with my sunglasses and youthful smile I felt like Joe Cool. The only dark clouds on the horizon were a few Chinese Communists who were busily photographing all the parts of the aircraft in detail. We didn't know then that they were preparing for a war that was fast approaching.

At the end of the show we all gathered for a departure briefing. One of the Marine pilots asked about doing a low pass over the air base and adjoining town, and since there was no one to say no, it was unanimous. We departed the field in single file with each airplane turning back to make their low pass over the runway and then on over the small farm town at the edge of the base. Since I was following a large group of aircraft with different speeds, I kept my speed down on the pass over the field.

However, turning back towards the town it was "Katy bar the door." With the town's main street lined up in my sight, I pushed the nose over and accelerated quickly to .95 Mach. I could see some of the other airplanes that had completed their pass were circling at a higher altitude watching the show and grading the aggressiveness of each low pass. I was determined not to be outdone.

When you are whizzing down Main Street at fifty feet off the sidewalk, just under the speed of sound, things

tend to go by in a hurry. At the edge of town I pulled the stick back hard, tapped the burner and rolled the aircraft up to twenty-five thousand feet. "Beat that" I thought to myself, confident that no one had. There was a lingering thought that at the speed I flew through the town there was no way of knowing what dangers I had missed.

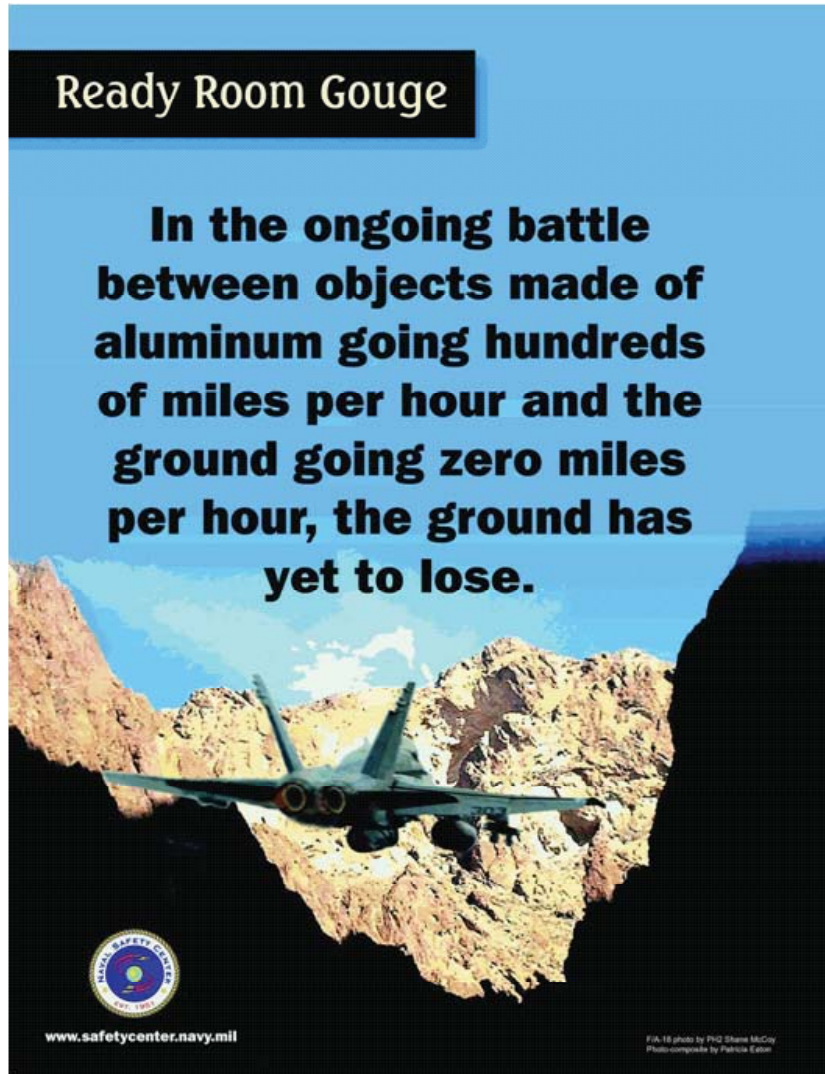
Two days later, after telling all my fellow pilots

about my super low pass, one of the photo recon. pilots called me to tell me he had some photos of me at the air show. When I picked them up he explained that he was doing a low pass through town at the same time as I was and as I flew by he took a series of pictures of me with the aircraft's camera. As I looked at the very nice large glossy photos he handed me, I could feel my balloon and my ego slipping away. The pictures clearly showed me well above the photo plane. I thanked him for the photos and as I left the building I realized there were two things wrong with that pass through the small Japanese town: 1. I didn't see the photo plane as I roared down Main Street and 2.

he was taking pictures

from an aircraft that was lower than mine. I should have remembered the old adage that the record for low flying can only be tied, never broken.

In case you're interested, the Limbo dance record is held by an eighteen year old girl with the Limbo bar set at eight and a half inches. If you want to try to better that in your airplane, let me know and I'll meet you with my lawn chair and camera. Remember, "How low can you go" is for the tourists. 🌟



# Ops Tempo

By Dave Desmon

Well, we've just returned from the 49th Annual National Championship Air Races in Reno, and the 1st Unlimited Gold Final we've seen in 3 years. It was a great week, really terrific to see all of our "Air Race Family" which was quite a bit bigger (and unfortunately 11 people smaller) after the tragedy of last year. I think it was exactly the week that we all needed. The weather was perfect, the Reno Air Race Association (RARA) folks, right up to CEO Mike Houghton, went out of their way to produce some very fitting and touching memorials, we had a week of nice, clean, safe racing with as one wag put it "Just enough Drama to keep it Interesting!"

The greatest thing was reuniting with all the folks who were there last year as the Galloping Ghost, an unlimited Gold Racer with great potential, lost control, and crashed right in between our two adjacent Cascade Warbird Boxes. We lost our members and great personal friends (and one of the finest wingmen ever) George and Wendy Hewitt. Each box around us with the exception of the one immediately to our West, A-40, also lost at least one member. Last year the box seating area was a scene - well a scene you never want to see..... This year, it was a whole different story. It was a place of reuniting, healing, remembrance, respect, and unbridled joy. Joy at seeing one another again, at being able to remember, with a little less pain, at seeing those most affected doing better, and at being able to tell each other what they mean to us, and being able to raise a glass to our friends who were "Still There". (or two glasses, or 17, or 42... - But who was counting??) In what will likely become a new standard motto - "Hey, It's Reno!"

That new saying comes from our friend and box neighbor in A-42, Larry Cruz. When we picked ourselves up off the ground last year, Larry was the first one we saw. Larry had lost his right arm, had both legs crushed, his head split open, and had someone else lying on top of him. We attempted to raise Larry, and got no response, and were sure that our friend was dead. Fortunately, our illustrious CO's wife, Anne, is an Emergency Room M.D., and checked more thoroughly. Anne discovered Larry was still alive, and she worked on him for the next hour to save him. When she finally got him to respond to her, she asked the standard E.R. Doc questions to keep him with her, as well as to get information - "What's your Name?" and "Have you been Drinking?" to which Larry responded from near death - "Hey, It's Reno!"..... (Really!) I think that's when Anne decided that somebody that eloquent must be saved!!

And saved he was - Larry refused to use his wheelchair the 1st day we saw him at Reno this year, and he came WALKING into the Boxes on his own, no crutch, no brace, no cane, no nothing - Just Larry, still grinnin'. MAN was it GREAT to see him!! Before long he was showing off how he could open a beer bottle with his hook, and that he still makes a MEAN Margarita! Larry also has a new sign for his Box, promoting Eddie Haskell for President! (If you don't remember Eddie Haskell from "Leave it to Beaver" - ask your Parents! If you DO remember, but don't want to admit it..... join the club!!)

The gentleman in the Box behind us, B-41, Chuck Elvin - lost his Wife, and one of his legs last year. Both of his sons and his daughter-in-law lost legs as well. He and his Son were back, sitting in the same box, with a sign remembering their wife and mother. The Parachutist who jumped the (HUGE) American flag into the opening ceremonies each day was the 1st double amputee ever to be allowed to Re-Enlist in the Army, SFC Dana Bowman, a former member of the Army "Golden Knights". When Sgt. Bowman landed the flag right in front of their box, stood up on his two prosthetic legs, and walked smartly over to the Elvin's box, standing there talking with Chuck for quite some time - Man.... it was powerful.

One of my favorite moments was the Tribute on Thursday, when a certain UH-1 Huey Helicopter sat right at show center for the opening ceremony. The Huey had been there before under vastly different circumstances. They had been participants in the Heritage Trophy Invitational competition last year, sitting all spiffed up with the finest airplanes in the Country, waiting to be judged, when the crash happened. As the debris was still raining down, they pushed the barriers out of the way, fired up the Huey, and put her back to work doing what she'd done in Vietnam nearly 45 years before - saving severely wounded people. I remember hearing the unmistakable "Wop-Wop-Wop" of the Huey and wondering where the @#^#\* It came from so fast.... Now we know. As they took off with the 1st load of 10 or so survivors (to the Lifeflight Helos' TWO each), they had to grab a Flight Nurse to tell them where the Hospital was! I wonder how many they saved that day. This year, the 25th Infantry Division UH-1 Huey owned by Mike Haus and Chris Miller, took not only the Adm. James Stockdale Trophy for the "Best Military", but the "People's Choice" Trophy as well. As it should be. AND, they were the only aircraft NOT roped off all week, instead allowing anyone who cared to climb in the helicopter! "BZ",

guys, “Well Done”!

Another of my favorite moments was the Tribute Ceremony on Sunday. Conceived by the Reno Fire Dept On-Scene Commander as he surveyed the scene, he went to one of the on-site flag vendors, and got 11 American Flags and a flag pole donated. Each of those flags was flown at ½ staff over the scene, with the pole affixed to his Command vehicle. The flags were then flown in F-15 Eagle Fighters by the Oregon Air National Guard. On Sunday, 9/16/2012, one year later to the day, 11 First Responders who had been there a year before – members of the Fire Department, Paramedics, Ambulance Drivers, Police – Stood solemnly, each holding one of those flags and a white balloon. As each victim’s name was called, one Responder walked forward, placed their flag on the table, and released their balloon.

Each and every balloon headed right for Pylon 1 on the Race Course – Not a single pylon cut – and not a dry eye on the field..... Afterwards, RARA CEO Mike Houghton and the Fire Captain took the flags and presented them to the family members or representatives in the Box Seats.

ANOTHER of my favorite moments was when someone decided that George and Wendy needed to have front row seats for the Gold Race. As the Fastest Piston Engine airplanes in the world were forming up for the start, they took George & Wendy’s Flags and placed them out on the tarmac in front of our front-row box. And there they sat to watch the Gold Race (see photo).

Yet ANOTHER (dare I say it?) favorite was when

June Hewitt, George’s Sister, asked to have her picture taken with the 2012 and 2013 F-22 Raptor Demo pilots, “Schadow” and “Man-Bear”, who “just Happened” to be hanging out with us in the Cascade Warbirds Box. Of course, they agreed, but they asked June if they could have the honor of holding George & Wendy’s Flags for the photo.... Class Act, Gentlemen!

Do you get the impression that there were a LOT of favorite moments? Like when we finished the Go-Kart Race that we had been planning with George last year seconds before the crash? Like the “Belly Flop Contest”

into a wading pool (YES, a Wading Pool - in the Box seats...) conducted by our intrepid Canadian friends in C-101 - the “Voodoo Lounge”. There was at LEAST 6 inches of water in the pool! (BEFORE the Contest!) Like when all the members of the NW Airlines box, the Georgia



Cascade Warbirds at the Reno Air Races 2012 (Dave Desmon Photo)

and Oregon Warbirds boxes came down just before the gold race, and passed around a bottle of tequila “to our friends”, and said the bottle BETTER come back Empty (and that they had another one if we ran out!) - “Hey, It’s Reno!!!”

Oh, Yeah – and we saw an Air Race, too!

Next year, I plan to be back, standing once again on that very same spot, with LOTs of Friends - Old and New. Come join me! 🌟



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

**Cascade Warbirds  
Quick Look Calendar**

October

- 13 Squadron Meeting at  
Musuem of Flight
- 20\* Heritage Flt Museum  
Open House at BLI
- 25-27 Copperstate

November

- 10 Squadron Meeting at  
Musuem of Flight
- 17 Heritage Flt Museum  
Open House at BLI

December

- 8\* Annual Christmas  
Dinner Banquet  
Arlington, WA
- 15 Heritage Flt Museum  
Open House at BLI

January

- 12 Squadron Meeting at  
Musuem of Flight
- 19 Heritage Flt Museum  
Open House at BLI

\* Denotes Max Effort Event  
See Website for Detailed List

## Check Six



A nice formation of T-6/SNJ's at Vintage Aircraft Weekend. (John Clark Photo)