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WARBIRD FLYER

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Stan "Sundance" Kasprzyk flying Justin Drafts' Nanchang CJ-6A
Photo: Karyn F. King/PhotosHappen.com

✪ Cascade Warbirds Squadron Newsletter ✪

CO's Cockpit

By Ron Morrell

"Serious Fun!" That has been my personal attitude toward warbird flying since I first strapped on my Nanchang and "slipped the surly bonds of Earth" over 15 years ago. Sometimes, those of us who fly for recreational purposes tend to lose sight of why we fly airplanes, and especially why we have decided to join the much smaller and more elite group of warbird pilots. The Cascade Warbirds Squadron membership is one of the most diverse groups I've ever been part of and I welcome all the opinions and varied points of view. Every one of us, whether a pilot and warbird owner or an enthusiast, who helps make our squadron work has their own reasons for being here. My biggest goal for our squadron is to keep those reasons relevant and to keep reaching out to others who may share our motivations and join with us to support warbirds and their histories.

I'd like to speak from my personal experience and give everyone my perspective of why I am here and where I think we need to grow. As most of you know, I started out my flying life as an Air Force attack pilot. But how I got there isn't the usual story of military history in my family or specific heroes who may have motivated me. I saw a really cool college recruiting catalog cover and decided that the Air Force Academy Chapel with the Thunderbirds flying over the top was just too cool to pass up. And that started my dream of flight, right after I survived my first time in an airplane on the way to Colorado Springs. Obviously, making it through the Academy and my time as a Warthog pilot cemented my love of flying and created the motivation to find a way to extend that love of yanking and banking at low altitude and firing the GAU-8… OK, you get the picture!

The decision to become a commercial pilot and fly the heavy metal straight and level for hours at a time was not an easy one. At the time I was to make that decision, all my time as a fighter pilot promised that I would get to spend a great amount of time NOT flying fighters for the foreseeable future. So, I traded in my flight helmet and gloves for a bag full of approach plates. That was just the initial journey from the dream to the passion to the practical flying career. It didn't take long to start looking for a way to get back to my roots and find my flying passion again.

Then I found out about warbirds and made the leap to buying my Nanchang. I spent a few years applying the "Fun" part of my first statement in this message. Flying my way with friends in the back seat and getting to explore the envelope again with no one looking over my shoulder (as long as I stayed away from the FAA) was my mission. I suspect that this initial return to the stick and rudder flying and military style airplane kept me looking for more, which brought me to the Cascade Warbirds.

Things have evolved since those days and I have realized that the "Serious" part of my statement was required in addition to having fun. I have been through plenty of experiences and training opportunities to recover much of the seriousness that was required while I was flying fighters and that I use while doing my day job. This "seriousness" that we are required to adhere to when flying airplanes as a job is in a totally different category then the "Serious Fun" that we need to adhere to when we strap on our warbirds.

This leads back to one of my previous articles pertaining to "professionalism" in our activities. We have a great amount of flexibility and leeway in how, when, and why we fly our warbirds. This flexibility can lend itself to an attitude of not having to conform to other's ideas of the rules. I would like to propose that all of us who operate our aircraft keep in mind that we are the last line of defense protecting our

Ron doing a low pass "at pace" in his Nanchang CJ-6A. Photo: John Clark

WARBIRD FLYER
✪ Cascade Warbirds ✪

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This is the official publication of Cascade Warbirds. The views expressed in this newsletter are those of the individual writers, and do not constitute the official position of Cascade Warbirds. Members are encouraged to contribute any matter related to warbirds, which the editor will gladly work with you to publish.

It is the goal of Cascade Warbirds to promote the restoration, preservation, operation and public display of historically significant military aircraft; to acquire and perpetuate the living history of those who served their country on these aircraft; and to inspire today's young people to become the aviation pioneers of tomorrow.

All correspondence to the squadron may be submitted via the e-mail or mailing addresses below.

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flying privileges and the perception of those who see and experience our flying activities. There have been instances in our recent past that punctuate the need for us to consider a rebalance of the fun versus seriousness of what we do when we prepare, practice, and perform using our aircraft at an airshow or fly-in.

This is not a plea to lessen or eliminate the fun; quite the contrary, I have found that more serious preparation makes for more fun when doing the performing. I have also found that I have evolved to remember, every time I strap on the airplane, that we, as individuals and as a group, have our future in our hands. Additionally, we have the warbird community and histories of our aircraft in our hands. We are the stewards of the histories of the warbirds we fly and we bear the responsibility to keep this moving forward. A major mistake or accident can put all that in jeopardy.

To wrap all this up: our backgrounds and experiences are all different and we all bring our own backgrounds, training and hangar stories to the mix. Learn from each other and use your experiences to help each other be safer and better prepared to do what we all love most…"Keep 'em Flying!" ✪

Squadron News

Scholarship Report

We are just closing out our eleventh year of "…inspiring young people to become the aviation pioneers of tomorrow." From our very first award of $500 in 2007 so that Sebastian Hill could attend the EAA's Air Academy during Oshkosh, we have since contributed some $24,000 to area youth for their aviation education. Of our many scholars in the intervening years, at least three are now employed in aviation careers and another is enrolled at Embry-Riddle to finish his certificate.

We received a nice surprise a couple weeks ago – a letter with a check. The donor wrote, "I am favorably impressed with the Scholarship Program of Cascade Warbirds..." and included was a donation of $3,000! That's half a year's award total and very welcome. We will be happy to pass along any of your comments.

Finally, the 2018 Scholarship applications are online at www.cascadewarbirds.org. The deadline for submission is 28 February 2018. Help get the word out to any area youth you may believe to be interested. We're again teaming with Galvin Flying to provide tuition, all books and supplies, and two instructional flights.

Save the Date - We're Serious!

Don't say you weren't warned – the 2018 annual Christmas Dinner Party and Awards Banquet will be held at the Renton Red Lion on Saturday, 8 December. Reserve your seat now by sending US$40 to CWB, 1066 Yates Rd, Oak Harbor, WA 98277.

New Members

It is so much fun to welcome new people into our midst, because, for the most part, they have no idea what they are getting themselves into. This month we'd like to introduce **Tom Jensen** of Auburn who, with his wife Marian (who's been a member for some time), owns two N3N-3. Then there's **Mark Deaton** of Gig Harbor who owns a Stearman, **Harold Smith** of Tacoma who owns a P-51 replica, **D'ann Gidos** of Arlington, **Joe Griffith** of Anchorage, and **Jason Osburn** of Puyallup. Be sure to make these folks feel welcome when you see them along the flight line.

Oshkosh

Anyone wishing to stay in the Cascade Warbirds house during the Oshkosh Fly-in, please contact Dave Desmon ASAP. The spots are nearly gone. Our house is the best deal for Oshkosh – right on Lake Winnebago, 4 miles from the airport, and 1 block from the neighborhood bar! Air conditioning, kitchen privileges, fellow squadron member camaraderie. $550 per person for the week, July 22-29, 2018.

55th Reno National Air Races

We're back for another exciting year of airplane racing, front-and-center in our reserved-seat boxes. Still five (5) seats remaining in B-40; the price has been

confirmed at $370 per seat for the entire week. The dates this year are 12-18 September. Send your full payment no later than 31 January 2018 to CWB, 1066 Yates Rd, Oak Harbor, WA 98277. If you'd like your tickets sent to you via certified mail, add $5 to your check. For those of you who have previously deposited money for your seat(s), if you need a current amount due, please contact the Finance Officer (you know who he is).

What a Blast!

Over 70 of us gathered at the Red Lion in Renton early last month for our annual Christmas dinner party and awards banquet. This was our first year at this facility and we were suitably impressed. It looks like we have found a new home for this shindig.

Of special note were our honored guests: B-17 pilot **Dick Nelms**, B-17 ball turret gunner **Emery Blanchette**, and B-17 waist gunner **JW Roundhill** were all in attendance. The fact that they took the time to say a few words was especially meaningful. And for some icing on the cake, we had WASP **Betty White Dybbro**, class of 44-W6, join us. She was a special treat. We then said goodbye to WASP **Margaret Neyman Martin**, class of 44-W7, who passed earlier this year.

Finally, we got to the awards portion of the evening. The Susan and Frank Almstead Literary Award went to author **Peter Stekel** for his January article *Getting Started with Researching Fallen Soldiers*. The Volunteer of the Year Award went to **John Haug** for the seamless way he stepped into the breach and assumed the editor role of our squadron newsletter. Lastly, the Search for Excellence Award was presented to our CO **Ron Morrell** for his six continuous years as our fearless leader (and we've got two more to go with him!).

We hope to have you join us this year on 8 December. It will be fun!

It's That Time of Year Again

Have a look at the address block on the envelope that transported this newsletter to you. If you see DEC 2017 following your name, it's time to send in your 2018 dues. Still only $20, we'd be pleased to receive your check at CWB, 1066 Yates Rd, Oak Harbor, WA 98277. If you want to do the PayPal thing, get in touch with the FO; he can help you out.

Airplanes For Sale

Winter snow and rain may mean less flying, but it could mean getting a great new-to-you warbird ready for the summer season. Two of our members are looking for the right people to next take on stewardship of their fine aircraft. Do you have the right stuff??

Steve Hewitt's C-45H started life in 1943 as an AT-7 Navigator trainer. He would be happy to tell you more. Contact him at *snjhewitt@gmail.com*.

Daniel Sallee owns a beautiful CJ-6A that's ready for a round engine lover. His ad on Barnstormers has information about the aircraft. You may also e-mail him at *danielsallee@gmail.com*.

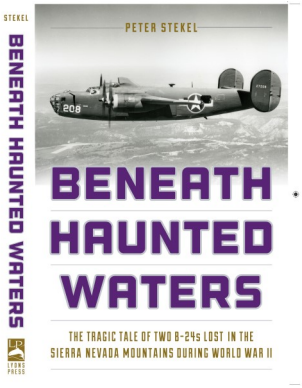
Log onto *cascadewarbirds.org* for more information about each. ✪

To the Editor

Dear Editor,

What a surprise it was to open my mail in mid-December and discover I am the 2017 Cascade Warbirds Almstead Literary Award winner! My thanks go out to the award's initiators, Frank and Susan Almstead as well as to Cascade Warbirds for providing a venue for my article.

My article for CWB was about my book, *Beneath Haunted Waters*, the story of two WWII B-24s lost during training in December, 1943, over California's skies. The central theme of the book is that our country lost more aircraft and crews to training accidents during the war than in combat against the Japanese, at a ratio of 3:1! And, though combat losses in the European Theater of Operations (ETO) were around 80,000 killed, wounded, missing, or captured, losses due to accidents continued when air crews reached their combat stations. Half again those American ETO numbers were lost in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations (MTO). And these ETO and MTO numbers were matched or exceeded by the Brits and Germans. Imagine!



Books are a lot like children and when you finish a book, something that may have taken years to research and write, it feels akin to sending a child off to college or attending your child's wedding. You wish with all your heart and soul for that child's success. They will win a Nobel Prize or graduate first in their class or

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What's Good for the Goose

By Steve Hewitt

[First published in different form in AOPA Pilot.—Ed.]

In Alaska, in the late 70s, I had an opportunity to use my CRM, cockpit resource management, skills before the FAA made a big thing about it.

I had just taken off from the Skagway airport when I thought, "Darn it, something's not right," as I gave the last crank on the gear handle.

I was flying N327, a G-21A Goose manufactured by Grumman in 1939, on one of our scheduled flights from Juneau to Skagway, then to Haines and back. I had been flying for the air taxi operator for about four years.

The Goose is a great airplane, a twin-engine, ten-place, amphibious flying boat with a pair of Pratt and Whitney 985 radials putting out 450 horsepower each. Normal gross weight is 8000 pounds, but in Alaska we could operate at 8920. It handles great on the water, with no tendency to porpoise. If the water is nice and there is plenty of room, you can do graceful step-taxi turns, rolling from one tip float to the other, and even take off in a turn with the tip float the last part to leave the water.

The Goose can handle 3-foot waves and rough-water takeoffs can be dynamic. Especially the transition from slow taxi to on the step. With takeoff power set and full up elevator, until gaining some speed and getting a little higher in the water, the props are chopping the wave tops and the bow is plowing through with green water flooding the windshield.

The engine and flap controls are located on the overhead panel. On a rough-water takeoff, if you want to get off short, make sure the throttle friction is set snug. On the step, now with the elevator about neutral, as soon as you see 65 to 70 mph on the airspeed indicator, move your right hand from the throttles back to the flap lever and select the first position, 30 degrees, on the vacuum operated split flaps. At the same time, haul the big control wheel back to your gut. The boat is now airborne hanging on the 900 horsepower of the two Pratts. At the 2300 rpm redline, the noise is deafening. Make sure your right hand went immediately back to the throttles, because you are now flying about 20 mph slower than V_{MC}.

The Grumman Goose in its natural habitat in Alaska. Photo: Steve Hewitt

On the ground, the Goose isn't too bad for a tailwheel airplane with fairly narrow main gear. Just keep in mind that with the engines mounted on the high wing, the center of gravity is also high and moves rearward as the tail comes down during landing. There is no connection between the rudder pedals and the tailwheel so steering is done with brakes and differential power.

Raising the gear in a Goose is a multi-step process. Upon reaching climb speed after takeoff, 110 mph indicated, and reducing to climb power, you drop your right hand from the overhead throttles and reach behind your right hip to move the small gear selector lever up. Drop your hand further down to the gear manual crank handle located below the hatchway between the cabin and the cockpit and select up on the handle ratchet pin. Crank about three or four turns to get the gear headed in the right direction, then put the handle in the down position and select neutral, or free-wheeling, on the ratchet pin. Reach forward to the bottom center of the instrument panel, raise the guard on the gear motor switch, flip the switch up and wait there as the gear comes up (about 5 seconds) and then release the guard, returning the switch to off. Be careful during this part because sometimes friction in the system can overcome gravity and spin the gear handle around ten to twenty times in these few seconds. Make sure the passenger riding in the co-pilot seat doesn't get his left hand beat up.

Steve flashing a well-earned grin from a glacier. Photo: Steve Hewitt

The gear is now up but not quite tucked all the way in the wheel wells on the sides of the fuselage. So, again select up on the ratchet pin and crank the handle about three revolutions until it comes to the stop. Verify the gear is up by seeing the gear knuckles through the sight glass on either side of the hatchway. Or, more commonly, check for the right gear knuckle through the glass and look down through the cockpit bubble side window to see about four inches of the left tire protruding from the

wheel well, which is normal.

(As a side note, the company got a couple of Beech 18s later on and I flew one a little. For a while, every time I raised the gear after takeoff, I had the feeling I was forgetting something. Just move one lever and look for three lights?)

The problem was the gear handle didn't come up nicely to the stop but sort of eased into it, and you weren't sure exactly where to stop cranking.

This was not the first time this had happened; it had been going on for a few flights. I had told our mechanics but nothing had been done. You've heard the maxim, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Well, the Alaskan corollary is, "If it ain't broke down completely, don't fix it." But in fairness to the mechanics, they had plenty to do and a comment about the gear crank not feeling right wasn't much to go on.

But the gear was up and we made the short flight to Haines, lowered the gear manually with forty turns on the handle as we normally did, and landed uneventfully. With mail and freight exchanged and six passengers aboard, I set 36.5 inches of manifold pressure on the 985s and with 2300 screaming rpm, we took off and headed to Juneau.

Natural and Art Deco beauty juxtapose well. Photo: Steve Hewitt

It was during the gear motor step of retraction that I noticed something different. About halfway through, the motor seemed to speed up more than normal and not take quite as long. The right gear knuckle was in view through the glass, fine. Looking out my side window I saw the problem; the left gear was stuck about halfway up. Without much hope, I lowered and raised the gear again. No change.

It was a typical gray Southeast Alaska day, with a two-thousand-foot ceiling, visibility twenty miles or more, and the usual ten to fifteen mile-per-hour wind out of the southeast. Juneau was about a half hour away so I had about twenty-five minutes to figure out what to do.

One option was to leave the right gear up and land on the runway on the keel of the flying boat. The left gear was high enough that it wouldn't be a factor. The only damage would be the grinding down of the aluminum keel on the asphalt runway and maybe some on the tip float. Of course, the runway would be blocked for a while getting the airplane off it.

Views—and flying—to tug at any pilot's heartstrings. Photo: Steve Hewitt

Maybe I could land on the tide flats that the runway was built on. The sand would be easier on the hull but I wasn't sure there was a long enough smooth stretch. Unloading could be difficult. A water landing was out of the question.

I twisted around to look at the gear through the left sight glass. Without the gear in the way, there was plenty of light and I could see the gear shaft. It was in two pieces instead of one. The break was a few inches from a round coupling flange. It must have started as a crack and kind of spiraled around until it failed. It was probably the crack opening up while coming up on the crank that gave the soft feel. One piece of the shaft was jammed against the side of the shaft-way.

Maybe I could get it loose. I looked around the cockpit and found a three-foot piece of broomstick. Why it was there, I don't know. I took out my Buck knife and thought I would take off the twelve screws that hold the sight glass in place. They were Phillips head and in tight. My knife wasn't working too well and it would take too long. I looked around some more. On the floor between the pilot and co-pilot there is a tray that we keep the flight manifest and other paperwork and junk in. I found a fire hatchet. It had a normal hatchet blade on one side and came to a spike on the other.

Since it wasn't the tourist season, most of the passengers were probably local. I looked at the guy in the co-pilot seat. Yeah, he looked local and about my age, around thirty, give or take a few years. I gave him a ten-second flight lesson, "Keep the wings level and take us to Point Sherman," a bump I pointed to on the coast of Lynn Canal. Then I attacked the glass with the hatchet.

It broke out easily enough and I used the broomstick against the shaft. Nothing happened. I tried some more, but still nothing. The co-pilot said, "Let me try and you fly the airplane." That seemed like a good idea, so I got back in the pilot's seat. He didn't have any better luck.

Well, now what? I was pretty sure that if we got the shaft free, the gear would fall down and the geometry of the gear would lock it down. Maybe I could reach in

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A Week at Reno

By Brad Engbrecht

Who could have guessed that a Canadian airline pilot with a Liberal Arts degree could end up on the pit crew of an Unlimited Class racing airplane from New Zealand at the world-famous Reno Air Race Championship, but that is what happened.

It all started on a trip to New Zealand for the Yealands Classic Fighters Airshow in April, 2017. I attend this event every couple years, and was privileged to fly in the show this year, and have made a number of terrific friends in that time. New Zealand has a vibrant warbird scene and the Classic Fighters show features aircraft that are not seen flying anywhere else in the world. This is where I caught up with my good friend Graeme Frew, owner of Yak-3M ZK-VVS, who regularly flies it in events up and down the country and also offers rides, as the airplane has a back seat.

Over coffee one morning during the show, Graeme mentioned that he had a plan in the works to ship the Yak to the United States to race at Reno. A lot of things would have to come together, but the plan was to field the Yak for the 2017 air races. Graeme then asked if I would like to fly down and help out with the team. I told him I would try to get the vacation time and then let him know. Well, I got the week off for the races, so I accepted the invitation. How could anyone pass up an adventure like this?

Finally dry and replacing the engine before the next day's race.
Photo: Brad Engbrecht

Fast-forward five months and I've arrived at Reno and am off to Stead Field to meet the team and get to work. The Yak had been disassembled, packed and shipped from New Zealand, arrived in Long Beach in August, and was then taken to Chino to be reassembled and have a new Joe Yancey-built racing Allison V-1710 engine installed. Test runs on the new engine and some test flying was done and then it was off for the flight to Reno on the Saturday before the races.

Somewhere in that time, the Yak-3 was given race number 35, after famed Kiwi motorcycle speed-record holder Burt Munro—you might have seen his story in the movie *The World's Fastest Indian,* where Burt was played by Anthony Hopkins—and christened *Full Noise*. The New Zealand connection was apparent with the silver fern on the crew t-shirts and plenty of Kiwi pride in the pit all week.

I arrived at Stead Field on the Tuesday before the races and was happy to meet familiar friends as well as some new people that made up the support crew for *Full Noise*. The happiness of the reunion did not last long, as the Yak returned from a morning practice run with the new racing engine leaking oil like an old British car. It became apparent that the engine would need some work. The problem was that we didn't really have much time. This was all happening about noon on Tuesday and the airplane had to be ready to fly on Wednesday morning, or that would be it for the week. It would be quite a shame to have the airplane sent all the way from New Zealand and then have it sit in the pit for the week leaving us with little to do.

We had a team meeting and determined the two ways to go were to either try to fix the racing engine or replace it with the stock engine it came over with from New Zealand and do the best we could. Not knowing exactly where the oil leaks were coming from in the racing engine and, more importantly, not knowing how long it would take to fix them, it was decided to replace the racing engine with the stock powerplant. Crew Chief Jay MacIntyre mentioned that an engine swap usually takes a couple days. We had less than twenty-four hours, so the change would require an all-nighter by the bulk of the crew to have any hope of getting *Full Noise* ready for qualifying the next day. Going around the crew, we each said, "I'm in," and got to work removing the cowlings.

Work got started immediately with everybody on the same page and prepared for a long stretch on our feet. It was shortly after we got the cowlings removed that the weather gods decided to have their say by casting upon us an intense thundershower that stopped work until it passed. This wasn't looking good. Between rain and impending darkness, it would be a tall order to get the airplane ready. It was around that time that we learned of the goodwill and camaraderie among the racing teams. We managed to swap parking spots with an Australian L-39 team for a hangar, acquired a forklift from the Sanderses, and received tools and moral support from the *Sawbones* Sea Fury team. We began thinking that we just might pull this off.

Once established in the hangar, work began in earnest and it was all hands on deck for the night. Graeme

went to Domino's for the necessary pizza run and then pitched in until we finally had to convince him to go back to the hotel and get some rest, as he would have to go flying the next day. With the help of a lighted hangar, the team managed to have the engine change done and the airplane in its pit with the cowlings on by 9:00 the next morning. We were in business for racing this week.

A result of our relative tardiness in getting the Yak ready was that we were unable to post a qualifying time, so we were slotted in 18th out of 18 airplanes. Graeme and the rest of the team had its work cut out for the week, but at least we had a chance, and that was a long way from where we started the day before with no racing engine. Using the stock engine obviously meant that *Full Noise* would be posting slower times, but after a trip from New Zealand and an all-nighter getting the airplane ready, we were happy to have the airplane on the flight line.

Our first heat race was Heat 1C on Thursday, September 14. This was a Bronze event and the field was probably the most eclectic of the entire air races, as it included a Corsair, Spitfire, Wildcat, and P-51A Mustang, among others. After passing two Mustangs, Graeme won the heat race and accepted the option to move up to the Silver Class. The Bronze this year appeared to be made up of mostly museum airplanes from Texas that looked like they weren't being run too hard, and even had a Grumman Wildcat passing the Corsair at one point. Our first race was a good start to the serious racing and there were several small errors that the entire crew learned from to help carry the team forward through the week.

Team *Full Noise* pose in the pits wearing big, if weary, Reno smiles.
Photo: Brad Engbrecht

Our second heat race was the Heat 2B race on Friday, September 15. We were now bumped up to the Silver Class after the big win the day before, but Silver would prove a far more competitive class than the mostly museum airplanes in the Bronze class. Our engine expert, Joe Yancey, who had been building Allison V-1710 racing engines for thirty years for everybody except us, advised that though composed of mostly stock P-51s they were all quite competitive and would be far more of a challenge than the Bronze class. Turns out this was the case as Graeme finished in fifth place behind the winning Sea Fury and three Mustangs. Not a terrific result but somewhat expected after getting placed in the higher class.

The weekend cometh and with it the serious racing. Again, we were slotted for the Silver Heat 3B on Saturday against the same aircraft, except for the winning Sea Fury, *924*, from the day before that bumped up to Gold. This proved the most exciting race of the week for the *Full Noise* team. After beginning in third place at the launch, Graeme Frew managed through a combination of cunning and patience over six laps to pass the two Mustangs ahead and cross the finish pylon in first place. The scene on the top of the large *Rare Bear* team trailer that we borrowed for the week was a combination of jubilation and surprise. The high-fives were mixed in with lines like, "Did that just happen?" and "Mate, that was incredible!"

We greeted Graeme airside and he emerged from the cockpit ecstatic and exhausted. Graeme did all the thinking and the stick and rudder work on the race course, but the rest of the team, as well as me, took this win as a vindication of all the hard work that everybody put in all week. More than that, however, Graeme accepted the offer to bump up to the Gold Class and race in the final on Sunday. To go from nothing on Tuesday to the Gold Final race on Sunday was quite an accomplishment from a team of relative novices from another hemisphere racing the only Yak-3 entered in the races.

The entire team enjoyed the victory with an obligatory trip to visit the super fans in Section 3 to experience their enthusiasm for racing and the forgiving Nevada liquor laws. After that, it was off to the *Sawbones* Sea Fury pit to accept an invitation for a few celebratory margaritas and to say thanks for their help during the week. I enjoyed my check-out on their rather overdone twin-engine margarita blender. Finally, my multi-engine rating was being put to some good use.

The team arrived Sunday morning in bits and pieces after a nice steak dinner the evening before and some indulgence in Reno night life. The Yak wasn't racing until the late afternoon and, except for some modification to the cooling system and the daily trips to Wal-Mart and Home Depot, there wasn't a ton to do until closer to race time. This was sort of contradictory to the busy, bordering on chaotic, period that we had gone through all week. Credit must go to crew chief Jay MacIntyre for keeping the entire operation on point and making sure that the airplane was safe and ready to fly each race.

As for myself, I finally had a chance to take the camera, go for a walk around the pit areas, and fill in t-shirt orders for all the guys back home in Victoria. I

Some of the Cascade Warbirds Reno attendees enjoying the airplanes, sun, and camaraderie. Photo: Kathleen Bauer

even managed to drop by the Cascade Warbirds box to visit Dave Desmon and the somewhat over-refreshed group enjoying the races there.

Sunday afternoon arrived and Graeme, the Yak, and the rest of the *Full Noise* team were ready. Everybody got to participate in the "duck walk" from the pit area to the line in front of the crowd for introductions. There were a lot of cellphone photos being taken by everybody on the walk to the starting area and we all enjoyed the well-wishes from the loyal fans. We got to meet the rest of the Gold racers and Graeme got some last-minute flying advice and regards from the other competitors.

Included in the field were the incredibly modified P-51 Mustangs *Voodoo* and *Strega*. Stevo Hinton in *Voodoo* had just completed some speed runs in Idaho in an attempt to break the world's record for piston-engine aircraft and *Strega*, flown by Jay Consalvi this year, has been a competitive racer for decades. The rest of the field was made up of Sea Furies, including our friends from the *Sawbones* pit.

The Gold race was one of the best final races in years, with *Voodoo* and *Strega* leading the field from the start and running neck and neck for the duration of the race. In the end, it was *Strega* that took the lead with a couple laps to go and then held on to win the Gold trophy. *Full Noise* brought up the rear, but it was quite an accomplishment to make it to the Gold final nonetheless.

At the awards dinner later on, the *Full Noise* Yak-3M team accepted the seventh place trophy and pilot and owner Graeme Frew won the Rookie of the Year award. The awards were a culmination of a most interesting and busy week.

Being the lone team member from the northern hemisphere almost has me feel slightly out of place, like Robert Duvall's character in The Godfather, in that I was part of the family but not Italian. However, I felt right at home among these incredible people and I consider each one of them good friends. I and my team of Kiwis had a terrific time and I hope we can all get together and do it again. ✪

Full Noise proudly takes its place in the Unlimited Gold pre-race lineup. Photo: Brad Engbrecht

The New FAA Medical Exams

By Lt Col Roger "Mota" Ludwig, Jr., USAF

As your self-appointed Cascade Warbirds FAA Senior Aviation Medical Examiner (AME), and USAF Flight Surgeon, I have agreed to start a regular newsletter column on the ever-changing environment of FAA medical requirements. As you all know, navigating the changes and rules within the FAA medical system can be a bit unnerving and more than a little confusing… and that is just amongst us AMEs!

The FAA has made a number of changes to the aeromedical certification process over the past few years. First was the cessation of the student pilot medical certificate. As of April 1, 2016, AMEs no longer issue the combined FAA medical certificate and student pilot certificate. Student pilots must have a separate student pilot certificate and a separate FAA medical certificate, which is now the same for all airmen.

This change was in response to the need for improved security vetting by the Transportation Security Administration (TSA) of student pilot applicants prior to certificate issuance. Under the old format, a student pilot could solo an airplane with only a medical exam and no vetting by the TSA. As such, there is also no longer a minimum age for an FAA medical exam; the age restriction is now the sole responsibility of the student pilot certificate issued directly from the FAA.

The even larger change to FAA medical certification occurred on May 1, 2017, with the initiation of the all new BasicMed. There are restrictions, but this has made maintaining civilian flying status much easier.

What Must I Do to Fly Under BasicMed?

1. Comply with the general BasicMed requirements: possess a U.S. driver's license, have held a FAA medical certificate after July 14, 2006
2. Get a physical exam with a state-licensed physician, using the "comprehensive medical examination checklist"
3. Complete a BasicMed medical education course
4. Go fly!

Yes, there are restrictions on where BasicMed can be used. If it hasn't already occurred, I think a discussion is warranted on whether our CWB formation flights should continue to require a valid AME medical or whether we can allow BasicMed. I am sure there are plenty of legal and liability issues involved, above my pay grade. Talk with CWB officers if you have questions about that. (And if this has already occurred, I apologize for being out of the loop.)

BasicMed exams can be performed by any state-licensed physician. The fear amongst many physicians is that they are not comfortable "certifying" pilots. The BasicMed form that is signed by the physician is NOT certification to fly; it is simply an exam looking for any abnormalities. The physician is not asked to submit anything to anyone. It is up to the airman to determine whether he or she is safe to fly. So what is the point of the exam? Umm, good question…

Aircraft and Operating Requirements

- Any aircraft authorized under federal law to carry not more than 6 occupants
- Has a maximum certificated takeoff weight of not more than 6,000 pounds
- Carries not more than five passengers
- Operates under VFR or IFR, within the United States, at less than 18,000 feet MSL, not exceeding 250 knots
- Flight not operated for compensation or hire

The FAA takes a few medical conditions very seriously—those conditions that carry a risk of sudden incapacitation while at the controls of an aircraft or system. If you have one of those conditions, then you will need at least one full-up FAA medical exam and the receipt of at least one special issuance. After the initial special issuance, airmen can revert to BasicMed for future certification. This is the only process that appears to be dramatically simpler than the old system. Those special issuance conditions include some mental health, neurologic and cardiac conditions. You can find specifics on the FAA website with a simple web search.

Well, I am *bingo* but I hope this helps a bit with the basics. I am happy to write articles of medical and aeromedical interest in future editions; just let us know if there is a topic you would like me to cover. Keep it above the hard deck! ✪

From the Editor

By John Haug

Help Wanted, Inquire Within. Well, we're solidly into the non-flying season, or at least the not-much-flying season. Thank you for keeping us all sated with tales and photos of flying adventure. Keep it up! If you have a story or shots to share, someone to "nominate," or a knack for good grammar or tweaking images, drop me a line at *editor@cascadewardbirds.org*.

Our Commander has tasked us to always focus on professionalism. Beyond the flying, marshalling, veterans, youth education, speakers, presentations, photography, revelry, and more that we do well, we're looking to spruce up a few other things. But we'll need your help on this, too. If you have any background in websites, business development, or marketing media, please send me a note for some Q&A.

Many hands make for light work. ✪

Putting Your Baby to Bed on a Cold Winter Night

By Bruce Hinds

As much as seaplane pilots love the water, we try everything we can do to keep the water on the outside. When we apply that statement to winter operations it becomes even more relevant during the cold and damp months when we fly so much less. Yes, water is wonderful, but it eats up your airplane.

Brushing off the cobwebs from my early training days, I kind of remember the guy who owned the flight school telling me to open the oil filler cap after landing to let the moisture out. I've been lucky to participate in my annuals since I've purchased the Bee and my IA made the point about doing just that. I should probably do that more since it is a Lycoming and the cam is high in the engine, making it more susceptible to the moisture burned out of the oil and the cold air in the engine. It requires a ladder and opening the cowl, so I don't do it as often as I should. My IA has a really neat airplane he never flies. It's been a work in progress for many years and, one day when I saw it, I noticed these red shop rags hanging out of the exhaust.

I'd flown for many years before becoming an aircraft owner. The ravages of rust and corrosion hadn't been much of a concern until I was going to be paying the maintenance bills. I flew turbines for a corporate company and they always put their airplanes to bed with intake and exhaust covers. Pretty airplanes with pretty covers, but I never gave much thought to piston planes. Sure, the racing warbirds that have short pipes need to keep the rain out, but most aircraft just don't have them and I hadn't given it a thought until I saw those red rags.

If you think about the way the engine works, there is only one cylinder with both valves closed at one time. The prop usually stops on a compression stroke. All the other cylinders have at least one open valve. That means, as the engine cools and the air contracts, it draws moist outside air into the pipe and into the cylinder through the exhaust. Most airplanes use a filter on the intake that is coated with an oily goo, but the exhaust is open. My IA coated the red rags with Aerokroil or WD-40. That will absorb the moisture in the pipe and help to keep it out.

I don't know about you, but carrying around oily rags to stuff in the pipes doesn't sound like something I want to do, yet we were going off camping and spending the night in locations other than our hangar. I found a nice solution to the problem as I popped the top of a soda pop can. The taper at the top of the can, depending on how it's cut, allows for anything from a 2" to 2-½" inside diameter, perfect for most size GA exhaust pipes.

I cut the top off the can with a cutting wheel on a Dremel tool, slit the ends, and folded them back in the can, not quite all the way. Then, as I slid it over the end of the pipe, it pushed the cut ends into the can and formed a nice snug fit. I then cut some pieces of old foam rubber we had laying around and stuffed those into the can and sprayed them with a healthy dose of Aerokroil. The standard size cans are even long enough for scalloped-cut pipes.

Now when I put our "baby" to bed for the night, I can reach under the back seat, pull out my cans, and cover the exhaust. The nicest part is that they remain nice and clean. Any crud stays on the inside of the can. Painting them orange helps me to remember they're there. Nice thing about these is if you forget and crank up with them on they just blow off. If you don't find them, they are easy to replace.

Who doesn't have some aluminum cans around the hangar? ✪

Do-it-yourself moisture mitigators.
Photos: Bruce Hinds

2018 Memorial Scholarship Program

Do you know of a local young person who is passionate about aviation? Help them get started on their path to becoming a pilot! They could be one of at least eight area youth to earn a private pilot ground school plus two first flight lessons, worth approximately $1,125!

Apply now at cascadewarbirds.com/scholarship.htm

2017 Christmas Party Scenes

Photos: John Clark

(Continued from page 3)

some such measure of success. Maybe they will simply find their way through life, be happy, and have a wonderful family.

We writers of non-fiction carry a terrible responsibility. This is especially true of we who write about our country's history. Especially, especially, for those of us who write about our country's wars and the soldiers who were lost in those wars. We interview multiple generations of survivors and each has a sad or tragic story to tell. It continues to amaze me that, while the country moves on, for the families of soldiers lost during wartime, the past has not gone anywhere. The past for them is as alive today as the past was for their loved ones, while living it, and now lost for generations.

The terrible responsibility I speak of is that there is no guarantee of publication when we begin our book research and when we begin to interview these relatives. How do you adequately explain that to someone who still mourns the loss of a brother or other relative after nearly 80 years? They pour out their hearts to you. I can't tell you how many interviews end in tears for both interviewee and interviewer.

That is why publications like what Cascade Warbirds publish are so important. They provide a reliable venue for getting stories, like the ones I tell in my books, out to a knowledgeable and appreciative audience. But, more than that, these publications keep these stories alive. And so, let me conclude my letter of thanks to the Almsteads and the Literary Award they've established, by thanking the members of Cascade Warbirds. I would not have won this award if I had not written my article and I would not have written my article if there had not been such an audience as you.

Bless you, one and all, for your contributions to our country and for being the people you are.

Sincerely,

Peter Stekel ✪

(Continued from page 5)

there.

I put the co-pilot back on the control wheel and got up to try. No way, the hole was too small for my hand. I looked around some more but didn't find anything useful. I had the hatchet and it was just sheet aluminum so I started hacking away with the hatchet blade to cut a hole.

Other than the co-pilot, I ignored the passengers and they didn't interrupt or ask questions. It was just the pilot hacking away on the airplane with a hatchet.

About the time I finished, the co-pilot suggested we trade places. I think he was more comfortable with me flying than him, but he did a good job and I would check on him now and then.

He tried some more with the stick but no success. I told him that I thought that if he could grab the shaft with his hand and dislodge it the gear would probably go down. However, once loosened, that shaft may spin around and beat up his hand in the shaft-way.

We were about ten minutes out from Juneau. He tried again with the stick. Still nothing. I could see him thinking about it. He reached in and jerked his hand back quickly.

Bang! The left gear was down. No blood on his hand.

A few minutes later I called the tower, lowered the right gear and made a normal landing.

With a replacement shaft and some sheet metal work, 327 was ready for its close-up a few years later on that short-lived TV series, "Tales of the Gold Monkey."

There are a few lessons one could take away from this. Since it wasn't a dire emergency, there was time to just sit and think. Sometimes a little clutter in the cockpit is not a bad thing. Utilize available resources and don't worry about the legality of it.

Years later, while working commercial construction with my son, occasionally someone would ask what was the easiest way to get something done. His answer: "Get someone else to do it." Not necessarily the best way. But when flying, and there is something risky to do—get someone else to do it. ✪

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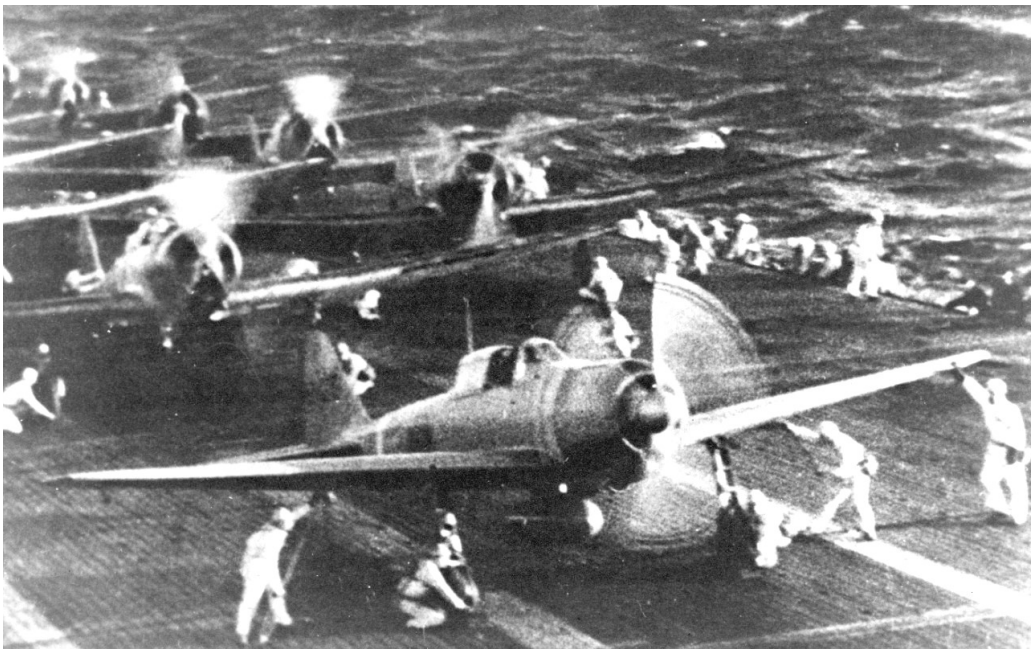

Japanese naval aircraft prepare to take off from an aircraft carrier, reportedly *Shokaku*, to attack Pearl Harbor on the morning of 7 December 1941. The plane in the foreground is a Zero fighter. This is believed to be the launch of the second attack wave. The original photograph was captured on Attu, Aleutian Islands, June 1, 1943.

Photo: National Archives, https://catalog.archives.gov/id/12009090

Upcoming Events

January

13 Member meeting and annual election of officers, 10 AM
Board meeting, 1 PM
Museum of Flight (Seattle, WA)

February

10 Member meeting, 10 AM
Board meeting, 1 PM
Museum of Flight (Seattle, WA)

March

10 Member meeting, 10 AM
Board meeting, 1 PM
Museum of Flight (Seattle, WA)