



An apropos view of Ron Morrell's T-28A flying away during the 2017 formation clinic. Photo: Dan Shoemaker

★ Cascade Warbirds Squadron Newsletter ★

CO'S COCKPIT

By Ron Morrell



WHETHER IT BE GOOD OR BAD, change happens. All we must do is look around us daily to see what time does to change things for us, to us, and sometimes with us. Here in the Pacific Northwest, there have been great changes just with our close friends among the Cascade Warbirds.

One of our long-time members with the penchant for turning wrenches and wiping up oil has now taken the plunge and decided to play both sides of the fence. Paul Youman has been the close companion of my Trojan, an occasional Navion, an IAR, and even a flying craft of the jet persuasion. And he has now joined the “enlightened dark side.” Enlightened because he gets to make the operator’s decisions now in addition to the mechanical decisions and dark because he picked a Navion as his enlightened platform. Sorry, Dave! Good luck to you, Paul, tailwinds and clear skies in your training and evolution to pilot status.

On another note in the theme of changing and evolving: Our illustrious Operations Officer retired from the “heavy metal” flying a while back and, instead of relaxing and becoming one with the sedate life of retirement, he has jumped into the deep end that we all should be jealous of. Smokey has had more check-outs and more check rides in dissimilar aircraft in the last two years than he probably had his whole time flying rubber duckies to Hong Kong in the past 20+ years. He, obviously, now thinks that any aircraft built after 1955 is just for the kids. He will have to present the whole story to the squadron sometime soon because I can’t even list what he’s been checked out in since his retirement.

I hate to admit it, but the change bug even hit me. As of the beginning of March, I am a non-owner of an aircraft. It’s been

fifteen years since I first decided to be a warbird owner and operator, and it has come to an end. It could be temporary, but I am not going to make any predictions about the next couple of years. I made the decision based on many factors and, when the balance of the plusses and minuses tipped in the direction of finding a new caretaker for my Trojan, it happened in literally a couple of hours. I am confident the “Silver Beast” has a good home in South Texas and will be taken care of and flown at least as much as she was here in the PNW.

Oh yeah, one more slight evolution. Within two weeks of the Trojan departing the pattern, my first grandchild made her grand entrance. My daughter in Michigan delivered Isabell Mackenzie Weldon on March 26th! I have not asked her mom if I can call her Izzy-Mac yet, but am sure it



Ron Morrell's T-28A Trojan, with Ron not at the controls, prepares to depart Paine Field on its way to Texas. Photo: Ron Morrell

WARBIRD FLYER

✪ Cascade Warbirds ✪

Squadron Commander Emeritus

R.D. "Crash" Williams

Commanding Officer

Ron Morrell

Executive Officer

Dave Desmon

Operations Officer

John "Smokey" Johnson

Adjutant

Fred C. Smyth

Finance Officer

Fred C. Smyth

Officer-at-Large

John Clark

Newsletter Editor

John Haug

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.

Business Office

1066 Yates Road
Oak Harbor, WA 98277

Editorial E-mail

editor@cascadewarbirds.org

Cascade Warbirds is a tax-exempt charitable organization as defined in section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

Annual newsletter value: \$6.00
Published quarterly

www.cascadewarbirds.org

will come up when I go visit later in April. Change happens!

Just so we don't come to any conclusions about change happening only to our family and friends among the Cascade Warbirds squadron, there are changes and challenges happening all around our Pacific Northwest. I am sure everyone has heard all about the transition of one of our favorite local airports from a GA friendly, warbird accepting, and flexible airport to a bureaucracy run, TSA harboring stronghold that will make the lives of most of the pilots who frequent Paine Field much more difficult. Paine is all professional now with all those regional jets transiting the runway, even though they haven't been able to get the self-serve fuel pumps fixed in over a year! Progress? Not!

Another change to our warbird community here in the PNW is one that happens to be rather significant to my last year of efforts. The experiment has officially begun concerning establishing a Commemorative Air Force unit in our midst. I consider the CAF Rainier Squadron a step in bringing more warbird in-

terest and focus to our area without competing with or diminishing any other warbird organization. The CAF is a very different and highly focused unit that depends on volunteer pilots, sponsors, and mechanics who can commit time and money to keeping a unit airplane airworthy and enable the qualified pilots to show the airplane and give income-producing rides to civilians who may never otherwise get the chance to experience a World War II aircraft in such an intimate way.

The airplane, an AT-19 Reliant, has a wartime history from its manufacture as a Stinson V-77 to its re-designation as the Reliant and shipment to the British Royal Navy in 1944. The airplane will be on the way soon and there is much work to be done to make the Rainier Squadron run smoothly. But I hope that, in the end, we have a small, unique unit with the potential to grow and complement all the other great warbird organizations in the Pacific Northwest.

Keep 'em flying! ✪

SQUADRON NEWS

THE NEXT GENERATION

In a continuing quest to improve our aviation scholarship program, and in an effort to determine which of our scholars is truly interested in aviation as a career, we have added a wrinkle in this year's process. We've chosen fewer youth to begin their training, but we've added a sizable grant for a subsequent award.

After the awardees have successfully completed the ground portion and flown their two instructional flights, one will be awarded \$2,500 to continue their private pilot training. The money will be doled out in increments: \$1,000 after the initial solo is completed, another \$1,000 after the long solo cross-country is completed, and a final \$500 when the private pilot certificate is earned. The scholar chosen for this grant will have submitted an essay to the committee explaining why he or she wishes to complete their flight training.

This year's scholars are **Judah Brit-**

ton, Lukas Holloman, Jack Mangum, Keith Steedman, and Tim Wetzel. Judah will graduate high school in 2020, is a member of the Green River CAP squadron, and is planning to attend the Professional Pilot Degree program at Green River. **Lukas** is a sophomore at Auburn Riverside and plans to become an airline pilot. **Jack** is also a sophomore and will complete his Eagle Scout project this summer. He is fascinated with vintage military aircraft and would one day like to fly at airshows. **Keith** is a junior and remembers the stories of his great-grandfather's roles in World War II. That led him to want to become a pilot and he hopes he'll be able to use his certificate to deliver emergency supplies and services in the territories of the US. **Tim** is enrolled at Embry-Riddle in Prescott and hopes to become an Air Force pilot flying the large cargo aircraft.

As in years past, **Galvin Flight Training** is partnering with us in this endeavor. We thank them for their contribution.

MEET THE NEW FOLKS

It's always a pleasure to meet new friends and welcome them into our family. The most oft-heard reasons we see on their applications is either, "I'm a big fan of what you're doing," or "I'm impressed with your mission." That said, please welcome **Patti Payne** of Spokane, **Ken Olsen** of Silverdale, and **Dan Hammes** of Renton. **Dan Brattain** of Brookings, OR, owner of both a T-28C and a T-34B, also joins us. Introduce yourselves when you see these folks at any of our events.

PRETTY PLEASE

It's time to pony up your 2019 dues. Still only \$20, checks to CWB, 1066 Yates Rd., Oak Harbor, WA 98277. Remember, no fly-in gas or hotel reimbursements unless your dues are current before the season begins.

RENO AIR RACES

We've still got a few seats available for the National Air Races in Reno in September. Reserved seats in our private box, pit passes, reserved parking, shared community cooler, plus all the camaraderie (and adult beverages) you can handle. Only \$392 for the entire week. Get in touch with Fred if you're interested.

ANNUAL BANQUET SHINDIG

The non-flying highlight of our year is our annual Christmas dinner party and awards banquet. This event seems ever more popular as the years go by and many of us look forward to our December get-together.

We were a bit dissatisfied with last year's venue, so this time around we are moving to the Hilton Garden Inn just off I-405 in Bothell, exit 26.

Our date this year is 14 December and, as in years past, cocktails at 1730 hours and dinner at 1900 hours. More info will come your way via email blitzes, but for now, save the date.

CHANGE OF COMMAND

Likely, few of you even think about this: Our organization may fit you like an old shoe. You may be comfortable with what's going on and even happy to be involved, at whatever level you've chosen. But the elected leadership feels a responsibility to the future. Our squadron is no better than the sum of its parts and that's where you play an important role.

The next election of officers and board members is, indeed, a distant ten months away. But the process starts much earlier than that. So, if you would like to be involved in the leadership of Cascade Warbirds or if you would like to suggest the name of some other member who should be involved, send that information to any one of the executive board members using the tag "leadership" in the subject line. We'll get your ideas to the Nominating Committee and look for continued growth.

- CO: Ron Morrell
CWBcommander@gmail.com
- XO: Dave Desmon
davedesmon@yahoo.com
- Ops Officer: John Johnson
smokeys49@hotmail.com

- Adjutant / Finance Officer: Fred C. Smyth
fred@fcsmyth.com
- At-Large: John Clark
monstrok@hotmail.com

FLYING SEASON APPROACHES

Springtime is the right time to mark time in an old-time airplane!

Two of our members have uncommon airplanes available for sale, both of which are true warbirds which saw military service. Both deserve a special home and would be unique warbirds for any of our members to own and operate, and to share with the public.

Steve Hewitt owns a 1953 C-45H (USAF 51-11892) that was originally a 1943 AT-7 Navigator trainer (USAAF 43-33306). You've seen it at the air shows! Contact Steve with questions at *snjhewitt@gmail.com*.

Vietnam veteran pilot Richard Kloppenburg owns an immaculately restored 1967 O-2A (USAF 43-33306) that saw service in Vietnam. E-mail him with your interest at *kloppenburg@mac.com*.

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

Steve Hewitt's 1953 C-45H. Photo: Dan Shoemaker



Richard Kloppenburg's 1967 O-2A Saigon Tea. Photo: Richard Kloppenburg



AS WE APPROACH THE NEW FLYING SEASON, perhaps a few extra holiday pounds left to shed, we all know it is time to start toning up and take our overall fitness a bit more seriously. And of course, fitness in aviation is a bit more important than fitness for the average Joe driving to the office with his double latte and egg McMuffin. We aviators need to spend effort on not just our flying skills and mental health but, just as importantly, also on our physical health and fitness. The primary concern we deal with that Joe McMuffin doesn't is to prevent gravity-induced loss of consciousness (G-LOC)...and it's a pilot killer. It can be combated with a solid Anti-G Straining Maneuver (AGSM) and a good strengthening program, most importantly weight training. Before we continue, I absolutely must emphasize that regardless of how great of a "G monster" you are, if you are dehydrated going into your sortie, you are putting yourself at risk more than anything else you can do. #1: Maintain your hydration before flying!

As an Air National Guard flight surgeon for the past twenty years, I have repeated the mantra of fitness and health to my pilots. It's a bit of an easier sermon when you are preaching to guys in their 20s and 30s flying high G fighters than it is when preaching to guys in their 50s and beyond who are not constantly battling the physical forces of a high G environment. And the fact that many general aviation aircraft never experience high G leads to even more fitness complacency amongst GA pilots. Well, my fellow Cascade Warbirds pilots, we don't really fit either of those categories very well. Many of our airplanes are still capable of pulling 6+ Gs, and most don't have the advantage of a G suit helping us out by squeezing our calves, thighs, and abdomen. Every bit of our G tolerance is up to us.

One of my concerns with our squadron is that many of our pilots were not prior military or aerobatic aviators and never obtained professional G strain training by a squadron flight surgeon or physiologist. So, guess what, here it comes, everything you need to know about G-LOC and the AGSM. For my fellow military aviators, bear with me, we can all benefit from a little bit of a refresher. The USAF requires at least an annual HUD AGSM review by a flight surgeon, so I have reviewed a lot of very good, and some not so good, AGSM techniques.

"Legs tight! Squeeze your butt! Tighten your abs!! Big breath, hold it for 3 seconds, don't let any air out!! Repeat!!" This may sound like something from a hard driving fitness instructor, but this is what every military aviator hears while learning their AGSM in the centrifuge. Although the "fuge" is a horribly nauseating experience for most, the centrifuge has proven to be the

best environment to learn how to counteract those G forces that are constantly trying to steal your consciousness. To effectively combat the effects of G forces, an individual must learn the correct AGSM, which consists of an aggressive muscle tensing, as well as a proper breathing technique.

When you pull back on the stick and are pressed into the seat of your aircraft, those downward forces are pushing blood from the top of your head into your toes. Your eyes are at the same level and same blood pressure as your brain, so vision is where many of us can first "feel" the effects of Gs. The classic sensation is that your peripheral vision begins to go dark or gray. As the forces increase you will develop the classic "tunnel vision" as your area of central vision becomes smaller and smaller. The pressures needed to maintain vision are just about the same as those needed to maintain consciousness. For many, about the time your vision blacks out, so will you. The AGSM is designed to maintain that

blood pressure and oxygenation to your eyes and your brain, thus maintaining your vision and your consciousness.

The AGSM begins with a large breath of air to fill your lungs and then with aggressive tensing of the lower and upper body, but most importantly, the calves, thighs and buttocks muscles. A good technique that I teach is to tighten those calves and effectively push yourself up in your seat while squeezing your thigh and buttocks muscles. This can be a bit tricky while working the

rudders, but most high G aviators will become quite skilled at it. By squeezing those muscles, you prevent blood from pooling into your legs and robbing your brain of that very important oxygen-carrying blood pressure. Squeezing the buttocks and abdominal muscles are added in to keep that pressure up.

An exercise program that dramatically helps with AGSM tolerance and endurance involves "The Big 3." It consists of heavy bench presses, squats, and dead lifts. Performing abdominal strengthening such as crunches and weighted sit-ups are critical. It is well known in the fighter community that tall, lanky runners have a much harder time handling G forces than do short, stocky body-builder types. That's not to say that all body types can't handle those forces, just that it takes a bit more of a strengthening program for those tall runners.

The second critical part of the AGSM is often misunderstood and frequently performed incorrectly. I am referring to the breathing portion of AGSM. The key is to fill your lungs *before* starting to pull Gs. Hold that air in and do not grunt or groan with the strain, thus letting air out. The classic perfect AGSM begins with a big breath of air, tensing of the muscles, and then pulling the G. You should let out a small puff of air with a

*"Legs tight!
Squeeze your butt!
Tighten your abs!!
Big breath, hold it
for 3 seconds, don't
let any air out!!
Repeat!!"*

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDEE GRADUATES

By Dan Barry

EIGHT YEARS AGO, Jason McCroskey was a high school student with an interest in aviation, but he wasn't sure how he was going to achieve his dream. That is when he received a Cascade Warbirds scholarship and doors started to open. He attended an aviation camp at EAA AirVenture Oshkosh, where he learned about the aviation program at the University of North Dakota and he was soon applying for that school. Fast-forward to December of 2018, and Jason graduates with a degree in aviation studies and a handful of tickets, including instrument and multi-engine ratings.

To celebrate this achievement, on March 23rd, his parents, Danette and Brian, hosted a first-class party at the Museum of Flight in a dining room decorated with aviation memorabilia, overlooking the runway. They

even got the museum to open the fence to bring two warbird aircraft into the parking lot for partygoers to visit. CWB members Tom and Marian Jensen flew their N3N in and I brought my L-3.

Since many of the party attendees were not particularly involved in aviation, there was some amazement about the construction and technology (or lack of) in these two WWII-era aircraft and they gained an added appreciation of what the Cascade Warbirds are all about. ✪

Dear Cascade Warbirds,

I'm writing this letter to say thank you so much. You guys changed my child's life. My son, Jason, was blessed to have received one of your scholarships to the EAA Oshkosh AirVenture air show. He went the summer of 2011.

A quick fellow, he has now just graduated from the University of North Dakota with the following degrees and qualifications:

- Aviation Technology Management, with specialization in Safety and Business
- Commercial Pilot
- Instrument rated
- Multi-engine
- And drones
- Plus, a restricted Airline Transport Pilot certificate

Sincerely,

Danette and Brian McCroskey

One set of very proud parents



CWB members Dan Barry, Gary Shieler, Kerry Edwards, MaryLee Edwards, Marian Jensen, and Tom Jensen enjoyed the photo booth at the Museum of Flight, celebrating 2011 scholarship recipient Jason McCroskey's graduation from the University of North Dakota aviation program.

quick short breath through pursed lips every three seconds. Every BFM (Basic Fighter Maneuver) sortie in the Eagle was preceded with two G-awareness maneuvers. Typically, it was a 90-degree 3-4 G pull and then a 180-degree 6-8 G pull to the opposite direction. G awareness prior to starting an engagement makes sure that everyone is ready to pull heavy. Everyone is "hot mic" so you can clearly hear those three second puffs of air coming from each pilot. Making sure everyone is ready for heavy Gs is critical to safety in this environment. I have experienced very few things more physically exhausting or demanding than pulling 8+ Gs in a circle turning fight that goes on...and on...and on! Both adversary aircraft pulling as hard as they can, chasing each other in a circle to see who can get their nose on their opponent first. 30 seconds, 40 seconds, 50 sec-

onds...pulling hard...having to keep every muscle tight, every three seconds with short puffs of air exchange.

For those who have never experienced it, they will never understand, and for the many of you who have experienced it, you know exactly how physically demanding it is. Many times after a training sortie, we are all drenched from our own sweat. It is a physically demanding anaerobic exercise. The good news for those of us flying warbirds is that we typically won't be pulling Gs for a long period of time, so a strong and anticipatory AGSM will work fine. Big breath, tense those muscles, pull the Gs. It must be an instinctive habit and most get the hang of it after a few sorties.

Well, there ya go...short, sweet, and to the point. Now hit the gym, drop that winter weight, and get fit for flying. Fair skies and hydrate!! ✪

MY NAME IS LONDON HOLMES, and I am one of last year's recipients of the Cascade Warbirds Memorial Scholarship. Little did I know that after receiving this scholarship, it would be the beginning of my flight training career. I am delighted to say that I am on my way to receiving my private pilot certificate. After completing my private pilot ground school and introductory flights awarded by your organization, my desire to become a pilot deepened. However, there was one big challenge—the costly expense of paying for flight lessons.

I immediately began looking for other organizations that offered scholarships. I applied to the AOPA "You Can Fly" scholarship that awards their recipients \$5000 and the LeRoy Homer Jr. scholarship that pays for the entire private pilot training. Although these scholarships are very competitive, I was hopeful that I would receive one, given my passion and dedication to aviation, and my strong academic STEM background. You can't imagine how excited I was when I received both!

As of today, I have passed my FAA written exam, completed my solo cross-country flights, and am preparing for my check ride. I expect to receive my private pilot certificate this month.

My flight journey over the last year has been both exciting and challenging. One of the most significant challenges has been trying to complete my training within the allotted timeframe. Summer flight camps and a planned summer vacation limited my opportunity to fly. The fall and winter months have presented other scheduling challenges. I am a junior at Sammamish High School and a first-year student in the Aeronautical Science Pathways program at the Museum of Flight. I attend school from 8am to 6pm, leaving little time to fly, except on the weekends. When you factor in the crazy weather we've had in Seattle, there were times when

two weeks would go by without a flight.

Instead of sitting by, allowing time to escape, I became proactive in the things I could control. I became proactive in the scheduling and planning of my flights, I actively looked at the dashboard to see if anyone canceled an instructional flight, and I created my high school schedule to get out early on Wednesdays to open up the opportunity to fly before going to my class at the Museum of Flight. Each of these steps has helped to establish more flying opportunities.

As with challenges, I have had some exceptional moments. Flying solo for the first time took my breath away! When I'm up in the air, I have the best view in the world! I have an extended aviation family that I continue to draw an enormous amount of support from. My village, as I call it, includes organizations including Cascade Warbirds, Galvin Flying, LeRoy Homer Foundation, Red-Tailed Hawks, Museum of Flight, mentors Kimberly Scott Ford and Anne Simpson, and my mother and a host of family and friends!

My friends have asked, "London, what is it about flying that you love so much?" To put it in the words of the late Charles Lindbergh, "Science, freedom, beauty, adventure: what more could you ask of life?"

So much has been given to me in aviation flights, camps, scholarships, and guidance. I am inspired to pay it forward. This summer, I will be launching my non-profit organization, Fearless Aviators. My goal is to gift introductory flights to underserved girls as a way of introducing them to the field of aviation. I want to be a part of the same legacy that pours into people's lives. I can't think of a better opportunity than helping girls soar to new heights! You can find more information on my webpage at fearlessaviators.com. Thank you, Cascade Warbirds, for opening the door! ✪

BOOK REVIEW

By Fred C. Smyth

CHARLIE BROWN'S B-17 WAS SHREDED by enemy fire, the rudder half shot away, and the port horizontal stab missing. Hydraulics were leaking, the tail gunner had been killed, and *Ye Olde Pub* was gradually losing altitude as it sought safe passage out of Germany. It would take a miracle to go feet wet, much less survive crossing the North Sea.

Unbeknownst to the crew, their just-concluded evasive tactics led them to overfly Jever airfield where Luftwaffe pilot Franz Stigler was refueling and rearming his Bf 109. Needing just one more bomber victory to earn the coveted Knight's Cross, Stigler roared into the air and headed after the low-flying and slow-flying B-17. With no enemy fighters in sight, he was certain he would claim this victory.

What followed next over the following 30-40 miles of airspace would define the chivalry inherent in the pro-

fessional pilot corps that set German pilots apart from other officers in the Third Reich.

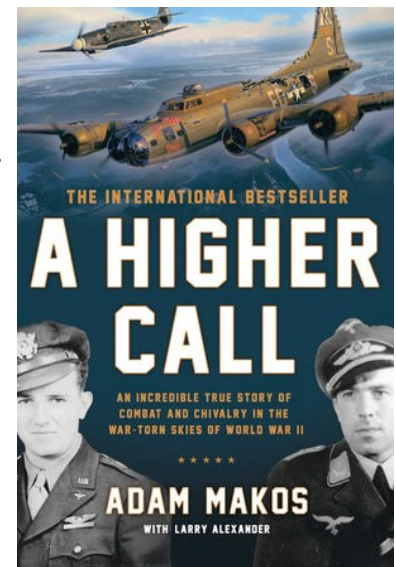
They met in the skies over Germany and they finally met again years later. It's an important story for every WWII scholar; don't miss it. ✪

A Higher Call

Authors: Adam Makos and Larry Alexander

Hardcover and paperback, 400 pages

Dutton Caliber



THE CO'S COLUMN in the last CWB newsletter reminded me that I never finished a contribution I started. Ron pointed out the importance of sharing the history of our aircraft and to teach new generations just how “cool” an old plane can be, and I completely agree.

I'm still learning the warbird ropes from my uncle. It was he who pointed out to me that, as pilots of these intriguing planes, we are ambassadors of aviation. It is on us to notice the people on the other side of the fence who came out to see what the noise was about and encourage them to get up close.

A safe mindset requires that we concentrate on all phases of the flight, but once the chocks are in and the oil is turned off—and before we run off to see another immaculate Pemberton restoration—it's time to turn to the people who came to the event. Without them, you're just a dude at the airport.

I've spent a few years working up my own personal air show schedule. I try to make as many events that CWB is known to attend as I can. Sometimes an annual isn't done yet—Olympia three years in a row, and the formation clinic last year—or it's the first outing of the season and prudence dictates that I skip crossing the mountains just to make sure all nine of those jugs keep singing the same tune.

In 2016, I brought the BT-13 to the Wenatchee Aviation Day and parked next to a B-25. I must have put 200 butts in the plane that day and got a lifetime supply of sunshine. It was pointed out to me that many of those kids were either too young or too OCD to appreciate the experience. At the time, I accepted that for every 15–20 of those kids who messed up my polish job and got my seat dirty, I was able to influence a future pilot who was stoked to sit in the cockpit and have their questions answered. For the rest, I can only hope that a seed was planted that might bring them back.

Before I continue, I'll point out that my very first airplane ride was in a T-6 with Bud Granley. Obviously, I was impacted by the experience and *this* kid still remembers it like we flew yesterday. Of course, that was out of the Bellevue airfield, so it most certainly was not

yesterday.

This last year, I learned to chat with visitors a bit to determine if they would benefit from climbing up on the wing and sitting in the plane. Beware that an invitation up on the wing is like using blood to attract sharks: it's amazing how fast a line of moms with toddlers can form.

Last year also marked a transition for me where I made the experience about the people in my life who come along with me and about the people I meet as a result of bringing a warbird to an event. Of the GoPro cameras I use, I now have one pointed at the back seat and it captures the audio from the headsets. Editing a 2 to 3-minute video capturing the highlights of a flight allows my passengers to share with the other people in their lives. My brother, sons, girlfriend, and hangar neighbors now have videos online they can look back on.

Making a point to be approachable has uncovered a benefit I never expected. This last year, I was doing my preflight at Tacoma Narrows when a guy walked by. He made it past me but then doubled back. He asked if the plane was a Vultee. Turns out his dad worked on the assembly line in Downey, CA during WWII, building them. This guy was my age (old). His dad had raved about the BT-13 but he himself had never seen one up close. I almost had to force him to sit in the front cockpit where he proceeded to get a bit emotional. His dad was gone but looking around the cockpit was like stepping into a time machine which connected them directly together, even if only for a moment.

Weeks later, I was eating at a restaurant owned by an older Vietnamese guy. My uncle had told me the guy used to fly de Havilland Buffalos in Vietnam. I have to admit that I imagined a scene like the T-28s operating out of Thailand, with a U.S. advisor in the front seat and a native “pilot” in the back. I asked him about his experience and, wow, did I eat some crow. After correcting the aircraft type to a Caribou—radial engines for the win!—he went on to tell me that he had more hours in the Caribou than anyone in Vietnam. Eight plus hours per day, his job was to fly soldier's remains from forward locations back to secure bases. Where I imagined blood, sadness, and a horrific stench, he found happiness because he was able to reunite those soldiers with their families.

Not as dramatic, but still quite entertaining, I met a number of people who were familiar with the BT-13 because they accompanied their dads to the airport or farm and spent sunny afternoons playing in a derelict BT carcass found nearby. A woman I met told me how her father used to prefer a beat-up BT-13 for hunting trips, and how she and her brother crawled into the aft fuselage through the baggage door for the ride.

My point is, those strangers we get to talk to help us complete our knowledge of the planes we fly. Don't miss the chance to let them tell you. 🍷



Alex inspires the next generation of warbird fans. Photo: Alex Munro

MARK YOUR CALENDARS for an event coming up this summer. As of this writing, it does not conflict with Arlington or the Formation Flying Clinic, so don't bother with those excuses.

"WoW" takes place in Salem, OR on Aug 10–11 and is a benefit for a B-17 restoration project called *Lacey Lady*. The story goes that way back in 1947, Art Lacey wanted an attraction for his gas station and thought a surplus war plane would be just the ticket.

With all the money he could scrape together, Art made his way to the War Assets Administration in Oklahoma and finagled his fistful of cash—about \$13,000—into a used B-17. The guy who sold him the plane told him to come back the next day with his co-pilot and the plane would be ready to go.

Art had not only never flown a B-17, he didn't even have a multi-engine rating. He also didn't have a co-pilot. Art came back the next day with a mannequin to fulfill that role. A good pilot with a bit of brass could likely fly a multi-engine plane as long as all the fans kept turning; not a certainty with a Wright radial. Equipped with the flight manual in his lap, Art and his equally well-qualified co-pilot got the plane in the air for a test hop. His landing didn't go as planned and Art not only wrecked his new B-17, he managed to badly damage another one by sliding into it.

The story goes that the paperwork hadn't been typed up on the plane Art wrecked. The man from the War Assets Administration said, "worst case of wind damage I've ever seen," and sold Art another plane, a G model which only had around 50 hours TT on it, for the rest of Art's money (about \$1500).

He did have to agree to bring a qualified flight crew and this time Art obliged. But Art's money was all gone and he was still a long way from home. The story is that Art phoned back home for his qualified crew and told them to bring a case of whiskey. He used it to convince some local firemen in the very dry state of Oklahoma to use their pumper truck to transfer fuel from the two wrecked B-17s into his new one.

The trip home involved writing a bad check for gas in California (he made good on it) and getting lost in a snow storm. They flew low enough to read road signs and eventually made their way to Troutdale.

From there, it was dismantled and trucked to Art's gas station in Milwaukie, OR where the attraction was known as the Bomber Restaurant. It remained atop the station for almost 65 years. Initially, there were steps up to the plane which allowed visitors to crawl through. Over the years, souvenir hunters removed anything they could take and the plane attracted pigeons. Lots of pigeons.

When you see the fuselage in the restoration center, it appears as though it was partially submerged in a swamp for several years. The distinct waterline isn't from salt water, but from the several feet of pigeon poop



Alex brings his beautiful BT-13 in for landing. Photo: Alex Munro

that had years to rot through the belly. That's the sad part. Had it been sealed up, the plane could likely have weathered all those years and still been the most pristine example of a B-17 anywhere in the world.

Over the years, Art declined offers to sell the plane. When he eventually passed away, it was in poor condition. The good news is that his family has moved the plane to the Salem airport and created a non-profit to restore it. It's got a long way to go but it is in the right hands, and the work which has been done looks great.

Last year, I flew the BT-13 to the event and was surprised to be the only Cascade Warbirds member there, which is why I'm carrying the torch this time. Attractions that I fondly recall were a two seat P-40 and SBD Dauntless, both from the Erickson collection. There was also an AT-11, T-6, N3N, Stinson L-5, a flawless Ryan PT-22, and a BT-13, of course. There was a continuous supply of 1940s music playing and the staff was very friendly. My attempt to roll a sleeping bag out under the wing of the plane was met with insistence that I share a GI tent with strangers. I couldn't help but feel that Art's colorful personality permeated the goings-on. Where else will you see your plane repositioned by a half-track with a guy manning a Browning .50 up top? I bought all my meals at the event, so I never left the ramp. I had a great time the entire weekend and decided I would make it a regular part of my flying season, if possible.

I reached out to the coordinator to ask if there were any comps for rooms/fuel/car/food. Regrettably, this is still a fledgling event, so they do not have the funding to host a bunch of thirsty Washingtonians. They do want us there, however, so if you're able to bring your own wallet, I can guarantee you a fun weekend. My plan is to fly down late afternoon on Friday, August 9, departing from Tacoma Narrows. Return trip will be wheels up, or at least off the ground for some of us, mid-afternoon on Sunday. ✪

57TH BOMB WING REUNION

By Carl Lindberg

THERE WILL BE A REUNION in Seattle, September 13 and 14, of the WWII 57th Bomb Wing Association, which flew B-25s in the Mediterranean area up to the Brenner Pass. This was my Dad's old outfit; he flew a B-25 in the 428th Bomb Squadron from 1944 to 1945.

They plan on visiting the Museum of Flight on the 13th and then both the Flying Heritage & Combat Armor Museum and the Historic Flight Foundation—and their B-25s—on the 14th. About six of the WWII aircrew members are thought to be in the group of over 60 members, who are mostly now kids of the original members. You can see the group's web page at www.57thbombwing.com. ✪



Top: Carl Lindberg, Sr.'s B-25 *Panchito*! in Italy.

Above: Carl Lindberg, Sr. after completing his first solo flight in a PT-17, wearing his flying helmet with speaking tubes.

Photos: Carl Lindberg

Veteran Spotlight

Carl shared some additional information and photos about his father, and some of his exploits are documented in declassified documents on the 57th Bomb Wing Association website.

Carl A. Lindberg, Sr. graduated in class 43-F from Cal-Aero Academy. He served as a B-25 pilot in the 428th Bombardment Squadron, 310th Bomb Group, 57th Bomb Wing during WWII. The squadron bombed transportation targets—roads, rail lines, bridges, marshalling yards—in Italy up through the Brenner Pass on the Austrian border.

During that period, he was awarded six Air Medals and a Distinguished Flying Cross, the latter for successfully bombing a troop and supply concentration near Argenta, Italy despite taking heavy anti-aircraft damage while leading his flight.

He flew the B-26 during the Korean War, carrying bombs, rockets, and a dozen .50 caliber machine guns to attack supply lines. His service there was recognized with another Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross.

—Ed.

WWII, COLD WAR ANNIVERSARIES

By John Haug

THIS SUMMER WILL SEE COMMEMORATIONS of two anniversaries of major global military events, the D-Day landings of 1944 and the Berlin Airlift of 1948-1949.

Daks over Normandy, a UK-based group, is organizing a mass formation flight of DC-3/C-47/C-53 aircraft from the UK to Normandy. So far, 38 aircraft are confirmed from across Europe and the US. They will be dropping an estimated 250 parachutists, all in period uniforms and under military round parachutes. The Tunison Foundation's D-Day Squadron group is organizing the US-based contingent. The US aircraft will participate in an event in Oxford, CT from May 14-18, with departure for Europe scheduled on May 19. Events at Duxford, UK and Caen-Carpiquet, France run June 2-8. Details about the 75th anniversary flight events can be found at www.daksovernormandy.com and www.ddaysquadron.org.

The Berlin Airlift Association is organizing events from June 10-17 to mark the 70th anniversary of the end of the airlift. Piggy-backing on the D-Day anniversary, some number of the aircraft will join DC-4/C-54 and Ju 52 (the iconic Junkers trimotor) aircraft to fly over and visit locations across Germany. Public visits include the US airbase at Wiesbaden, the Luftwaffe airbase at Faßberg, and Berlin Schönhagen airport. A candy drop will be reenacted at the former RAF Gatow airbase, now home to the German Air Force Museum. More information is available at www.berlinairlift70.com. ✪

THIS IS NOT A WARBIRDS STORY, but an interesting aerospace story, and one of the most memorable experiences in my life. In 1978, I was working at Ball Aerospace Systems Division in Boulder, Colorado, as an electronics engineer and microprocessor software developer. That was a useful combination of skills, since microprocessors were just emerging as state-of-the-art technology for performing real-time telemetry to send commands to, and receive data from, satellites. The P78-1 satellite project lasted a couple of years and was the first satellite project I'd been assigned to work on. I spent many miserable hours working triple shifts with my fellow engineers as we put the satellite through extensive vibration, vacuum, and thermal tests that would sometimes last day and night for several days per test.

The satellite was finally ready in January 1979, for transport from Colorado to Vandenberg AFB to hit the next launch window in February. It was sealed into a huge airtight container, purged with nitrogen, and loaded onto a tractor trailer. The trip to California was a brutal non-stop drive because we had to get there as quickly as possible due to maintaining positive pressure in the container vessel with a finite supply of nitrogen bottles. It took almost two days because we had to take a southern route through Arizona, as it was winter and we needed to avoid as much mountain driving as possible between Colorado and California. We had a support/supply truck in addition to the transport truck, and the entire support crew in three chase cars, where we would take alternate shifts driving and sleeping. We arrived, exhausted, at Vandenberg around 7am two days later and drove directly onto the base where a local crew took over while we went into Lompoc to settle into our motel rooms and catch up on our sleep.

There was a lot of work to do to train us on the base operating procedures and civilian protocols over the next few days, and then we got to work. One of the first tasks I remember was integrating the spacecraft with the solid fuel rocket final booster. We had to work in an antistatic facility, wearing conductive shoes to ground us to the conductive floor because we were working with a live rocket that could potentially be ignited by a static electricity spark. We were all very nervous working in such a dangerous environment. I remember one humorous incident when we were removing the side panels to access the compartments. Our quality control guy, Bill, fumbled a small nut into a compartment and panicked. It was bad enough that we were working with a live rocket engine, but now he'd lost a nut that could potentially cause a short in the compartment wiring. Bill, and the rest of us, searched the compartment for a long time, but just couldn't find that nut. It was driving Bill crazy. Eventually we had to button the compartment back up and just keep our fingers crossed.

The final integration of the satellite with the Atlas

missile—I was warned very sternly not to call it a “rocket”—was done by the Air Force, Lockheed Martin, and our engineers. Riding the open-cage elevator up the launch tower to work on the satellite was incredible. Here we are, up a couple of hundred feet, and there's our satellite that we've been working on in clean rooms for the last couple of years sitting on top, knowing that in just a few days it will be in orbit around the earth.

Launch night finally arrived and we were all ushered into the blockhouse, under the stern gaze of these 18-year-old guards with automatic rifles and itchy trigger fingers, just hoping that someone would make a false move. We got down to business and I plopped myself down in front of the satellite system command and control console. In the meantime, all the Lockheed Martin guys were madly reading off measurements to each other as the missile was being fueled. We were all plugged into the intercom system and had big fat binders on our desks that detailed every minute step of the launch procedure for us to follow along. The chatter on the intercom was just gibberish and pure chaos to me. But at least when we hit some jargon that pertained to our satellite, I was able to follow it. There were two other fellows on my team. I was the console operator, Gene was the head spacecraft engineer, and Stacey was the operations manager. Stacey was following the procedures and got instructions from Gene about which telemetry data he wanted to evaluate, then I would bring up those displays for them. Definitely one of the most intense situations I've ever been in.

At about T-2 minutes, we completed our final checks and Gene gave me the command, “Screen 23!” which was the order to relinquish control of the satellite to its internal systems. At that point, my job was done. One of the Lockheed guys called over to me to grab the periscope, which was in the forward area of the blockhouse. So, I went over to look through it as the countdown continued. It was a beautiful sight: the Atlas missile lit all around with spotlights and plumes of liquid oxygen spewing out of it. When the rocket ignited, it was blinding, and to see it that close was amazing. As many have described, it actually did sound like a huge freight train as it took off. Within a minute or two, it gradually faded away and everything was quiet again, except for the continued chatter on the intercom as the missile telemetry was monitored. But there were huge grins and back pats all around.

We were locked down in the blockhouse for another hour to make sure any fuel on the pad was burned off. It was around 2am when we finally stumbled out and I still feel the amazement all of us new guys felt looking at the launch pad with the missile gone. I saw it myself, but it was still astounding that that huge thing with our satellite was just...gone!

The P78-1 satellite served its mission well, collecting lots of solar wind data and even discovering some

new sungrazing comets. But, after a few years, its batteries were worn out. The Air Force wanted to test out a new anti-satellite missile and selected the P78-1 as the target. It was destroyed in 1985 after six years of ser-

vice. Afterwards, I spoke with some of my friends at Ball and they told me that, that night, Bill never had such a good night of sleep since the day in the booster integration facility. ☺



A photo of the P78-1 satellite was sent to mission personnel one year after its successful launch on February 24, 1979. Photo: Dave Cook

ASM-135 ASAT

The U.S. military developed a series of nuclear-tipped anti-satellite missiles during the 1960s and 1970s. The ASM-135 was developed as a safer alternative conventional warhead missile.

It was designed to be air-launched by the F-15 in a supersonic zoom climb! The P78-1 was the only satellite destroyed by the ASM-135 before the program was cancelled.

NASA took the opportunity to track the debris, improving its theoretical model of orbital debris. The last piece de-orbited in 2004.

—Ed.



USAF Maj Wilbert "Doug" Pearson launches an ASM-135 ASAT missile on September 13, 1985, destroying the P78-1 satellite. Photo: USAF/Paul Reynolds

UPCOMING EVENTS

April	22	Port Angeles Fly-in	16-18	Arlington Fly-In
6		Pilot safety meeting (Museum of Flight)	23-24	Airshow of the Cascades (Madras, OR)
13		HFM Fly Day "Knock off the rust" (Heritage Flight Museum)	25	Chilliwack Flight Fest
20		CWB Hangar Party (Paine Field)	31	Bremerton Fly-In & Car Show
May			September	
11		HFM Fly Day "WASPs" (Heritage Flight Museum)	7-8	Hood River Fly-In
27		Memorial Day Tahoma National Cemetery flyover (Kent, WA)	11-15	Reno Air Races
June			20-22	Oregon International Air Show (Hillsboro, OR)
8		HFM Fly Day "Training for War" (Heritage Flight Museum)	28	Felts Field Autumn Invitational (Historic Flight Foundation)
15-16		Olympic Air Show (Olympia, WA)		
22		Fairchild SkyFest (Spokane, WA)		
	22	Port Angeles Fly-in		
	30	Puyallup air show		
	July			
	6-7	Gig Harbor Wings and Wheels		
	12-14	Wings over Republic (Republic, WA)		
	13-14	NW Formation Clinic (Bremerton, WA)		
	20	FHCAM SkyFair (Paine Field)		
	22-28	EAA AirVenture (Oshkosh, WI)		
	August			
	3-4	Seafair / CWB Day (Seattle, WA)		
	9-11	Abbotsford International Airshow		
	10-11	Warbirds over the West / B-17 fundraiser (Salem, OR)		

Bold denotes a "max effort" event for Cascade Warbirds. See the website or contact the Operations Officer for details.

CWB SUPPORTERS

PhotosHappen.com
Air-to-Air Photography

Member: WPA, AOPA, EAA, Cascade Warbirds,
Red Star Pilots Association

Karyn F. King
PhotosHappen@aol.com
(206) 795-2796



TruCoat AIRPLANE OIL

Official Oil of Ron Morrell



LEAVES A DURABLE, EVEN COAT THAT LASTS A LIFETIME!

-D. DESMON

TOM PATTEN
PRESIDENT

DataSupply
COMPANY, INC

4624 16th STREET EAST SUITE A-2, TACOMA, WA 98424

(253) 922-3494

e-mail: datasupply@w-link.net

★ KEEP 'EM FLYING ★

Your advertisement could be
here for only \$25 per issue!

Sue Soo's Sushi 'n Sashimi Shack



See us in Chehalis, Shoreline, South Seattle
Now Serves Sue Soo's Son, Slick Sid's Sliced Squid Sticks

CHECK SIX



On March 16, 1963, Royal Lao Air Force pilot Lt. Chert Saibory defected to North Vietnam in his T-28 during an air show. (The Lao government was fighting a civil war against communist insurgents directly supported by North Vietnam, which had by then invaded Laos.) He was imprisoned but his aircraft was eventually refitted and became the country's first fighter aircraft, a night fighter. On February 15, 1964, the T-28 was the first North Vietnamese aircraft to shoot down a US aircraft, a C-123 Provider.

Photo: US Air Force (Royal Lao T-28D at Long Tieng in Sept., 1972)
https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Laotian_North_American_T-28D-5_at_Long_Tien,_Laos,_in_September_1972.jpg