



Jim Custis flies his Piaggio P.149E with Dave Desmon at the NW Formation Flying Clinic. Photo: Dan Shoemaker

★ Cascade Warbirds Squadron Newsletter ★



CO'S COCKPIT

By John "Smokey" Johnson



THE DAYS ARE GETTING SHORTER and we are approaching the Autumnal Equinox, which means summer is almost over. We had a great summer and participated in several events, including the Olympic Flight Museum's airshow in June, the Formation Flying, LLC multi-signatory formation clinic, and the car show at the Bremerton Airport. Unfortunately, the Tacoma Wings and Wheels event was canceled by the Port. We are very sorry to see

that event disappear from the airshow calendar.

We also flew two honor flights to pay tribute to veterans who had gone west and one to celebrate the 100th birthday of a D-Day veteran. This is one of our missions: to honor military veterans who served our country. I feel it is one of the most important things we can do to show our respect and appreciation to the families and loved ones of those individuals who have gone west.

I would like to personally thank everyone who volunteered their time, donated the fuel expenses, helped with the organizing, coordination, and logistics, and who participated by flying in all these events. It takes a lot of work behind the scenes to make the Cascade Warbirds presence a success.

We were really hoping that, this summer, everything would return to the way things were prior to the pandemic but the lingering COVID-19 outbreak, while diminishing, still indirectly had an im-

act on participation and attendance this summer. While the crowds were out in record number, the number of participants was down due to lack of enthusiasm or, perhaps, cost of fuel. I hope, in the future, all our members will become re-energized and once again become involved with Cascade Warbirds and its missions.

Great news! Starting on October 8, 2022, we are once again going to have our monthly meetings at the Museum of Flight at Boeing Field. We will send out a meeting notice, so make sure to check the CWB calendar and your emails. I hope to see everyone return to the Museum of Flight and attend our winter monthly meetings.

We are also in the process of gauging the interest of the membership to attend our Christmas/holiday party. We have sent out two different emails asking everyone if they would attend and, so far, the responses have been nominal. This topic will be discussed during our October general membership meeting, so please plan on attending. ★



Roger Collins' Stearman and T-6 lead a line of CWB aircraft on display at the Bremerton Airport Fly-in and Car Show. Photo: Dan Shoemaker

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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 email or mailing addresses below.

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MONTHLY MEMBER MEETINGS

We return you to your previously scheduled programming. Commencing the second Saturday in October—that would be the 8th—we'll be back at the Museum of Flight at Boeing Field in Seattle.

Meetings start promptly at 10:00 a.m. (or thereabouts) and generally end about noon-ish, just in time to repair to the Wings Café on the first floor for lunch. The November meeting will be on the 12th this year. Join us then as we pay tribute to our veterans. Further details will be blitzed to you.

WE INTRODUCE

Joining us from Chilliwack, BC, is **Clive Barratt**. He's ex-RCAF, flew with the Fraser Blues, is a CFI, and was a SAR pilot. Also joining us is spouse **Carol Barratt**, also a pilot and also from Chilliwack. They own and fly a 1949 Navion A.

Likewise, recently joining us is **Elsa Willows** of Everett. She's a brand-new private pilot and is already started on her instrument rating. She aspires to become a USAF test pilot.

Recently of the Lone Star state and now residing in Bothell is **Spencer Christian**. He's been a warbird fan since childhood, is a CFII, and is currently instructing at Snohomish Flying Service.

Also residing in Bothell and hailing from Bloomington, MN, is **Claire Becker**. She's a commercial, instrument rated, ASMEI pilot with her eyes set on the air cargo field and is also currently working at Snohomish Flying Service.

Be sure to say "Hello" and welcome these new members when you meet them.

YOUTH SCHOLARSHIPS

Our 2023 program kicks off this month. If you know any area youth who may have an interest in aviation, direct them toward our application at casadewarbirds.org/youth.

In partnership with several Puget Sound flight schools, our scholarship program provides books and tuition for

private pilot ground school and includes a pair of instructional flights.

The upcoming year will be our seventeenth; in the previous sixteen years we have awarded seventy-nine scholarships to young men and women in the Pacific Northwest. You can review who they are and what they have achieved in Kerry Edwards' excellent synopsis in the April 2022 *Warbird Flyer*. Go here: casadewarbirds.org/publications/newsletter-archive/.

HOLIDAY DINNER PARTY

Your Board has decided to follow through with our annual holiday banquet on December 10 if we can interest enough of you. The deadline for decision making is October 31. Dinner cost is \$67, fully refundable through November 30 if you must cancel. Contact Fred ASAP to reserve your place and arrange payment. Enjoy, it's been a long three years.

OSHKOSH HOUSE

Anyone interested in a room in the Cascade Warbirds rental house for the 2023 EAA AirVenture Oshkosh, please contact Dave Desmon to hold your spot. Close to the field, the lake, the neighborhood bar, and your CWB comrades. Rooms fill up fast. Get details from Dave at davedesmon@yahoo.com.

AIRCRAFT AVAILABLE

Mike Jones is selling his Nanchang CJ-6A. It even comes with parachutes and a spare engine! Contact **Larry Pine** with your interest. More info and a link to the Barnstormers ad are online at casadewarbirds.org/for-sale. 🍷



Mike Jones' Nanchang CJ-6A, *Dragon Lady*.
Photo: Barnstormers/Jeremy Lindgren

THE SUMMER FLYING AND AIR SHOW SEASON finally returned to something resembling a normal flying year—though still a bit tentative with less than normal participation, both in attendees and performers—starting with an eight-aircraft showing at Olympia in late June.

The Bremerton formation clinic in July was a great refresher for many warbird aviators, with five T-28s attending, plus Navions, IARs, T-34s, and the return of our Canadian contingent flying their Nanchangs and a Yak-18T. During the formation clinic, an *epic* call sign naming session was held, bestowing tactical callsigns to Dave “Prancer” Desmon and Dan “FAGIB” Shoemaker.

Cascade Warbirds pilots honored departed veterans with missing man flybys over the Tahoma National Cemetery and a veteran burial ceremony in Tacoma. We also were able to honor living D-Day veteran Bob Kabel with a flyby in Chehalis honoring his 100th birthday. I applaud all our pilots in their preparation and planning for the recent flying events and memorials, ensuring that, even with the long layoffs between flying, their flights were safe and projected a professional image to those on the ground.

Fly safe by flying often! ✪

SCHOLAR UPDATES

By Kerry Edwards

CASCADE WARBIRDS HAS AWARDED its 2022 Continuing Aviation Education Grant to **Corey Zendejas** of Auburn, in the amount of \$2,500. A high school junior attending Green River College via Running Start, Corey was one of the winners of a private pilot ground school scholarship from Cascade Warbirds earlier this year.

For more than a decade, Cascade Warbirds has teamed with several flight schools in the Puget Sound area to provide scholarship recipients with tuition, books and supplies, and two introductory instructional flights. Successful completion of this private pilot ground school will qualify a student to take the FAA private pilot written exam.

Recognizing the cost of the flight training required for a pilot’s license, the scholarship program offers an additional \$2,500 Continuing Aviation Education Grant to one scholarship recipient who intends to earn their FAA private pilot certificate within the following year. Applicants must complete the ground school course, both introductory flights, and submit an essay by September 30 of the scholarship year. Funds are released to the winner of the best essay in stages as the recipient completes training milestones: \$1,000 after completing their first solo flight, \$1,000 after completing their long solo cross-country, and \$500 after earning the private pilot certificate.

Corey completed his scholarship requirements, submitted an essay by the required date, and was awarded this additional grant. He is the cadet commander of his Civil Air Patrol unit and volunteers as a youth soccer coach. Corey expects to earn an associate degree in aviation technology with an emphasis in aviation management at Green River, simultaneously earning his high school diploma, then transfer to a four-year university where he plans to pursue a major in aviation and join either Air Force or Army Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC).

Corey is following in the footsteps of his older brother, **Michael Zendejas**, who was the recipient of the Cas-

cade Warbirds Scholarship in 2018. Michael graduated from high school and simultaneously received his AA degree from Green River College. Michael will graduate this December with a bachelor of science from Purdue University in professional flight and will be commissioned in the Army.

Both of their parents were Air Force officers. Their father a retired Air Force pilot, flew for Alaska Airlines, and was recently named VP of Flight Operations at Horizon Air.

2018 scholarship award winner **Logan DeLapp**, who never took advantage of our program because he was accepted to the USAF Academy, graduated this past June, got married in July to classmate Alexa Christie, and is now 2d Lt DeLapp stationed at Hurlburt Field.

Hurlburt Field is home of the 1st Special Operations Wing, a part of Air Force Special Operations Command. The 1st SOW mission focus is preparing Air Force special operations forces for worldwide missions in support of joint and coalition special operations. The wing’s mission includes planning, posturing, and executing precision strike, specialized mobility, and intelligence, surveillance, and reconnaissance. ✪



Four of our 2022 scholars attended our October meeting and were introduced to the membership. Each gave a brief overview of their goals, aviation interests, and inspiration for becoming pilots. Blue skies! Photo: Dan Shoemaker

CWB BACK IN THE AIR!



YAK-18 FERRY FLIGHT, PART II

By Alex Munro

*[In the last issue, Alex Munro recalled **not** buying a rare Chinese early Yak-18 for his collector uncle...—Ed.]*

GETTING THE BAND BACK TOGETHER

Over the winter and early spring, my uncle and I went back and forth with “should we just get the Yak?” but we were never on the same page. On top of that, a lot of bandwidth was consumed by finally starting the hangar at the Ephrata airport. Five years in the making, the first shovel of dirt was moved a couple of months ago and the slab floor just last week. The Yak remained unsold on Barnstormers, so we adjusted the offer down slightly, struck a deal, and I arranged the time off. This time, I employed my youngest son to drive us to Groveland where we could load up the extra parts, logbooks, manuals, new canopy section, etc. He would drive the car along roughly the same path I would fly the plane and we could meet up for the night in Bend, OR. If I had some kind of issue with the plane, he could meet me and we could formulate the new plan.

We arrived in Groveland on a Friday evening, where they were enjoying the 103° F temperatures. I looked the plane over and, other than the cork wing walk areas being a little rougher than I recalled, it was just as I remembered it. We were going to wheel it outside that evening so I could run the engine and work with Alan on a cockpit checkout.

I should stop here before anyone questions my sanity (there will be plenty of time for that later). It’s about to appear like I jumped in the plane and flew it, which I technically did but there’s more to the story. You see, some people count sheep when they can’t sleep. I do



Preparing to fly the Yak-18 home from California. Photo: Alex Munro

cockpit flows. I have ones for the BT and the T-6 which I still chair fly, even though I don’t have access to those planes. I had sat in the Yak and taken both video and still images of all the controls. I also had copies of the manuals. So, all winter long, I could imagine cockpit flows of the Yak because, somehow, I was sure I would be back to fly the plane home. I was more than a little familiar with the cockpit layout and procedures and, when I sat in the plane, it all made complete sense.

Well, just as we were going to open the hangar door, there was a power outage. The Buchners have a generator tied into the house, but it does not power hangar lights or the giant bifold door. That door stood between the nose of that plane and freedom until the next day.

Issues with getting air, extreme heat, and other annoyances consumed another day, one which I had planned to use for a test hop or possibly even start out for home. The engine runs took place Saturday evening, but the light wouldn’t last much longer. We put the plane back in the hangar.

Photos: Dan Shoemaker



AND I TOOK OFF SUNDAY MORNING

I wanted to kick rocks early in the day. It was already 98° F at 9:00 am and climbing. Pine Mountain Lake is already higher than Snoqualmie Pass. Add the density altitude into the equation and I was about to find out if the Yak really met my requirement of going up when you pull back on the controls. I taxied around long enough to get used to the goofy single lever brake on the stick. The pedals only operate the rudder. Squeezing the lever with the rudder pedals within fifteen degrees of straight applies both brakes. More than fifteen degrees of rudder and squeezing the brake lever results in brakes applied only to that wheel. And don't forget that hauling the stick back locks the tail wheel (because I did a time or two). It's really not a crazy set-up and I got it all straight soon enough. The run up and mag check went smoothly.

I rejected the first takeoff because, while the plane got off the ground at a surprisingly low speed, it didn't feel like it was going to climb. On top of that, I was getting a sag in RPM as it went down the runway, which caused the hair to stand right up on my neck. I did another one with the same result and taxied back down to Alan's hangar. I told him it didn't seem like it was making power. He jumped in, did a run up and pronounced it in perfect health. The sag in RPM was the (copy of an) Aeromatic prop adjusting its own pitch. And, finally, he said "These Shvetzovs and Kinners just sound like [insert expletive]. You have to get used to it."

So, I strapped back in and taxied out for another go. This time, when the plane lifted off, I committed to continue. The plane achieved positive rate, which is the kindest way I can put it. Thank the Maker the terrain falls away underneath as you head west from Pine Mountain. When the cows got small enough that I couldn't identify their gender (or at least the lay of their fur) any longer, I retracted the landing gear and took up a 330 heading.

Ten minutes later, the engine was still making its hideous racket and I was in level cruise at 5,500'. Oil temperature and pressure, fuel pressure, and cylinder head temperature were excellent. I discontinued my involuntary Kegel exercises which were keeping me attached to the seat and began to enjoy the much cooler air along with the view. Getting a feel for the controls, I found the plane very easy to trim. It is very stable in all axes yet also quite snappy when you push the controls around. My route took me along a series of airports, but I also made a point to have a field or two in sight.

I was in love with the airframe. It was that rock crusher with the propeller out front I didn't trust yet. In cruise, I found a new surprise. I was doing over 120 knots in still air. Alan had told me it was going to be faster than the BT, but I had it figured for 100 mph, at best.

I had flight planned for two hours to my first stop in Red Bluff. The tanks hold forty gallons and I figured it's a three-hour plane to dry tanks, so that should be a good place to see if that is a valid number. I would get my next surprise at the gas pump when it only took fourteen gallons to top off the tanks.

Approaching Red Bluff from the east, I crossed over the field fat with altitude and continued outbound, but not very far. My trust level that the engine would keep running when the power was reduced was ZERO, so I wanted to stay within gliding range. Likewise, my trust for the airspeed indicator was zero, but it would earn my trust as the day wore on. Approach speed in the POH is 90 km/h (48 knots), which is lower than anything I have ever flown. Lack of trust in the communist-built engine, instruments, and POH advice was padded with an approach of 120 km/h. Well, it's 90. I have never floated so far down a runway. Even when it settled in a three-point and I pulled the stick back to "stick it," it took off again. Twice. In my logbook, this entry says, "worst landing of my whole life." I did get stopped before the end of the runway without smoking the brakes and taxied in for gas. Oh, and the engine did not show any signs of dying. Just after pumping gas, I was approached by another pilot. He remarked, "that sure is a nice color for camouflage. I was in the pattern and couldn't see your plane at all with the trees in the background." That was certainly comforting.



Alex gingerly flies the Yak-18 over fields conducive to a dead stick landing. Photo: Alex Munro

Full of fuel, the engine started easily so I took off to the south along with the other traffic in the pattern, then turned north, examining the treetops for any moth damage for the next several miles while the terrain climbed along with me. I elected to follow I-5 because it offered easy navigation, lower terrain, and some chance of survival if the Russians decided to curse me after all.

Using a combination of lifting air over the mountainous terrain and the mighty Shvetzov, I made it to 2,400 meters (not quite 8,000 feet) before passing Mt. Shasta and continuing north. Plenty of terrain clearance and the engine temperatures and pressures remained excellent. (I'll note that they remained excellent all day even climbing [cough] in 100+ degree air.)

I cut the corner prior to reaching my waypoint at Medford, turning towards Bend. A routine scan of the instruments showed a problem I didn't need. The main air pressure had bled down from a good reading of forty atmospheres (588 psi) to just over twenty, and it looked like it might be creeping downward. Since I haven't detailed the air system, for those of you piloting non-communist aircraft, they use highly pressurized air to start the engine and operate the landing gear, brakes, and flaps. So, keeping the forty atmospheres is more than just a nice idea.

I was skeptical that twenty atmospheres would blow the gear down, which was a concern. The good news was that if it didn't blow the gear down, I wouldn't need pressure to restart the engine. I stared up that valley with millions of acres of Yak colored trees, without a single road or sign of human life and swallowed hard. The smart thing to do would be to turn back to Medford and possibly declare an emergency. Well, the list of dumb things I've done is pretty long, but I did turn back. I dialed in the Medford tower and listened as various regional operators landed and departed. I threw the gear handle to see if they would go down. I could feel the swing and thump, along with the pitch change. But the mechanical indicators and lights on the panel didn't provide a warm fuzzy.

I circled around for a while trying to find enough saliva to talk on the radio and work out what I was going to say, what my current position was, and practice saying, "negative transponder." Mostly, I wondered how long I would be blocking the runway when I came to a stop. This was going to be interesting. But before I keyed the mic, I noticed that my air pressure was climbing. When it got back up to around thirty-five atmospheres, I took a gamble and cycled the gear. It came right up, thumped into place and I had positive up lock. Not as joyous as positive down lock, but it was something. I watched for a minute or so and saw the pressure bleeding slowly out again. Somehow, I was losing air with the gear up, but it would pump up with the gear down. I threw them back down. Got the thump and pitch change, but again no positive down locks.

Those of you who do fly communist airplanes are yelling out, "what about the backup system!?!?!?" That gauge continued to read over forty atmospheres, and I

was familiar with its use. You're supposed to close the main air valve, and then open the reserve air valve. Looking back, my mistake may have been that I should have started with the gear up instead of where they were. According to the manual, the reserve system has no restrictor orifices to slow the motion. They blow that stuff down with gusto and it's apparently quite a bang. Starting from where I did, it did not change anything.

Pondering it further, I knew I was sitting on almost full tanks. I could pop smoke at Medford and possibly hold up all the commuter traffic, or I could continue to Bend with the gear extended. I was going to land eventually, and the results would be the same. No sense rushing into things. With less fuel, at least my remains might be identifiable.

Turning back up the valley of trees, I continued past Crater Lake while resuming Kegel exercises, then decided to pass north of the lake to lower terrain with a highway. The Shvetzov continued to make noise. The gear on the Yak has no speed limit and having it sticking out only cost me five to ten knots.

Arriving at Bend, I again floated the landing, not quite as bad as Red Bluff, and greased a three-point. The locks clicked as the wheels touched down.

3:15 air time and 22.7 gallons of gas. I could have, should have, called it there, but with the gear locked in the down position, I elected to light up and get the plane the rest of the way. Again, density altitude was an issue. Bend is high and it was over 100° F. For several miles after departure, I did a pretty good imitation of an olive drab crop duster, but I eventually found my way to a good altitude for the rest of the way. The original plan to stop in Hood River to visit my brother turned into a text message telling him I would over fly and head east, which I did.

About 2.5 hours air time later, I arrived at Ephrata, kept a close-in high approach and well, floated the landing. 90 km/h is no joke. I'm going to enjoy that once I get used to it.

That's my story. The plane is now parked temporarily in one of the big WWII Quonset hut hangars until the slab cures and the building inspector has his way with the new hangar. Every squawk I documented will be addressed before flying the plane again. ☘

Yakety Yak (Yak Yak Yak)

The Yak-18 came in many flavors: two-seat retractable tailwheel, two-seat retractable tricycle, single-seat aerobatic retractable tailwheel, and single-seat aerobatic retractable tricycle.

The Chinese license-built version of the original is the Nanchang CJ-5. The Yak-18T, a four- or five-seat aerobatic-capable trainer, is unrelated to the Yak-18 beyond the similar name.

[Jerry originally published this article in the Eugene Register-Guard, later in Flightlines, the newsletter of the Oregon 8th Air Force Historical Society, then in Can Do Notes, the national magazine of the 305th Bombardment Group Memorial Association.—Ed.]

HER NAME WAS NINE-O-NINE. An olive drab ghost from the past, she sat quietly on the tarmac beside McKenzie Flying Service at Eugene, Oregon's Mahlon Sweet Airport. On this cold, wet April 1993 morning (so appropriately like England), she would help me forge a link to my heritage.

She had been born in desperate times. To her builders, she was heavy bomber design number B-17G. But to the men who flew her, she was a "flying fortress," so named for her bristling .50 caliber guns.

In her younger days, she and thousands of other Fortresses, Liberators, and Lancasters had rained death and destruction from the flak-laden skies above Nazi Germany. The young...terribly young...crews of the 8th Army Air Force had endured tremendous hardship in helping to bring to its knees the greatest evil in human history. My father was one of those crewmen.

Today, fifty years later, I would fly in one of those ships just as my father had done. I am the youngest in our "crew" of seven. Most of the others are 8th Air Force vets. We have all donated to the foundation that keeps *Nine-O-Nine* flying and this is our reward. These guys already know the drill, so I follow them into the belly of the beast.

She is surprisingly cramped inside, much smaller than a 737. I position myself by the single .50 at the starboard waist. The four ancient Wright Cyclone 1820 radials wheeze, cough, and finally catch, their combined roar shattering the morning tranquility.

Unlike a jet, *Nine-O-Nine* enters her realm at a



very low angle of attack. There is little sense of acceleration. Also unlike a modern airliner, she reacts angrily to every whim of the wind; never again will I fear turbulence. And although I am sensitive to any strange sound on a passenger jet, the constant loud creaking and groaning of the old airframe and control cables cause no alarm.

I try to express my excitement to the elderly gentleman on the port waist gun, but the cacophony from the engines makes that impossible. Even if I could overcome their racket, I doubt he would have heard me. I can see in his eyes that he is in a different time and place. We all are.

That wasn't Eugene, it was some Allied air base in East Anglia. This is not merely an hour's joy ride, but a grueling run to Schweinfurt in the very heart of the Reich. Those 500-pounders in the racks are for real. The twelve Browning fifties are loaded and ready. Everyone knows they'll get plenty of use today.

In the unpressurized cabin, it is brutally cold. We are on oxygen. Halfway across the Channel, the guns are tested—all are working. As we approach the continent, we form "boxes" with the other ships. Many will not be coming home today.

Through the blazing hell of enemy fighters, flak, and falling wreckage, the primary target comes into view! The bombardier has the ship...steady...steady...

With the subtlety of a Riddick Bowe uppercut, *Nine-O-Nine* touches down again at Mahlon Sweet. There had been no "Emmies" or Focke-Wulfs. No flak. No sub-zero temperatures for hours on end. No desperate gun-fights. No gut-wrenching fear that we'd never see home again. No mind-numbing realization that we'd have to do this twenty more times.

Several teenage boys are standing by the gate. They regard *Nine-O-Nine* and her departing crew with indifference. Their eyes are glued to United flight 1236 thundering skyward, its twin turbofans screaming defiance at the ground below. The old rattletrap that just landed is no match for that machine! Would that they could understand! My sons will.



Jerry worked as a crewman for years to keep *Nine-O-Nine* flying for future generations. Photos: Jerry Ritter

FORMATION FLYING CLINIC

By Stan "Sundance" Kasprzyk

AS PLANNING STARTED for the annual Northwest Formation Flying Clinic at Bremerton, WA, the list of attending warbirds slowly grew. Smokey Johnson kept me in the loop as five T-28s registered to join the flying and training. We also had advance registration for a number of Canadian Nanchangs, plus a couple of Beech T-34s.

Our wet spring and early summer weather finally cleared for our early July formation clinic, providing partly cloudy skies and perfect mid-70s temperatures. On the evening of our Thursday arrival day, I was able to snag a backseat flight in Dave Gagliardi's Nanchang CJ-6 as Dave led an early evening flight with two other Canadian Nanchangs and Tom "Chox" Spreen in his beautiful Yak-18T.

Friday was T-28 day. I received cockpit orientations in Roger Collins' T-28D *Lumpy* by Smokey Johnson, then another detailed orientation in Scott Urban's impressive T-28B. We were able to put together two impressive T-28 four-ship formation training flights, giving both Scott Urban and Charlie Goldbach their first introduction to T-28 four-ships, while giving me some enjoyable T-28 stick time and formation instructional practice. Photographer Brodie Winkler took an amazing series of in-flight T-28 formation photos and videos.

Saturday was another busy day, with a photo session for a T-34 flown by Alyssa "Smiley" McColly and Jim Ostrich, while riding in air-conditioned comfort in Arreed Barabasz' Bonanza, followed by more T-28 stick time with Smokey Johnson leading a T-28 two-ship with Scott Urban. I topped off the day with a T-34 orientation with Josh Weinstein in his immaculate T-34, leading Smiley McColly and Jim Ostrich for a late afternoon two-ship.

I was honored to lead an epic callsign naming event with Dean "Frito" Friedt, bestowing the name "Prancer" to Dave Desmon, and "FAGIB" to Dan Shoemaker after a riotous naming session, with great audience participation.

Sunday morning dawned a bit cloudy, and I departed for a flight home in the late morning after an awesome formation clinic weekend. Nanchangs, T-28s, and T-34s—Oh, my! ✪

[Watch Brodie's T-28 video at youtu.be/pFgQDPn404U or via the QR code at right.—Ed.]



Top: CWB member David Gagliardi's CJ-6A leads Tom Spreen's Yak-18T in a formation takeoff. Bottom: A rare four-ship formation of T-28s. Photos: Dan Shoemaker



I leave the airport with a new and deep sense of reverence and respect for the brave men who did what

had to be done. For one such man, in particular. And for the ship herself: May all the "B" planes that have inherited her enormous legacy eventually fly as she does—only in peace. ✪

Jerry Ritter, of Lane County, is a member of the Oregon Chapter of the 8th Air Force Historical Society and is part of the volunteer crew on multiple WWII warbird tours. His father flew with the 305th Bombardment Group during World War II. He can be reached at editor@8thafhsoregon.com.

This essay is dedicated to the memory of the B-17G Nine-O-Nine and Ernest "Mac" McCauley, lead pilot and long-time dear friend, both lost on 3 October 2019 when the aircraft went down just short of Bradley Field in Connecticut.

THE TERM “WORLD WAR II” was not widely used within the United States while that war was being fought. As with “World War I,” this naming is mostly an artifact from the war’s end. The terms we unquestioningly today call World War I and World War II would have meant nothing to anybody growing up in the 1930s. They would have learned about the first and then fought in the second and, obviously, there could not have been a *first* world war until there was a *second*. So, what would they have called those wars they studied and then fought in? For all the simplicity of the question, the answer is anything but clear or simple. In newspapers, magazines, and in conversation, World War I and II were usually referred to simply as, the War.

A start to answering this naming question comes from a letter dated 31 July 1919 from President Woodrow Wilson. He proposed to the Secretary of War that the late war against the Central Powers be named “The World War.” So it was that on 7 October 1919 the War Department directed, “The wars against the Central Powers of Europe, in which the United States has taken part, will hereafter be designated in all official communications and publications as “The World War.”

Names are important. They are used to identify and categorize objects and events. Names have a huge effect on how we view our world and hence how we view history. Since Adam, we have described and defined ourselves by the names we give ourselves and the names we bestow upon others. Human beings are a species given to naming, describing, and classifying.

Why don’t we call World War I the “1914–1918 War,” the “Great War,” or the “European War?” They were all terms in use for many years by large numbers of people who lived through those wars. Why name them at all? Wars *must* be named if, for no other reason, their awfulness is neither to be forgiven nor forgotten. Nothing does this better than a descriptive name. For instance, try on for size the “Hundred Years’ War.” Imagine an enlistment poster: “Reenlist in the Hundred Years’ War.” Calling something like that as it really is would make a soldier think! What would a prospective soldier think about being exhorted to contribute to the second, third, or fourth war of anything? Names make a difference.

Naming our wars makes it easier to compartmentalize and explain the conflicts in context to their era, their times, and the soldiers and civilians who lived and died fighting in or from them. After all the bloodshed, the families torn asunder, the landscapes ruined, the tragedy of death and destruction, naming our wars gives us a starting point for comprehending what happened. Naming our wars helps fit them into a historical, political, mythical, or national story. Through all this must come understanding.

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SECOND WORLD WAR BREAKS

Some news outlets recognized the scope of the war from day one. Photo: Fairbanks Daily News-Miner/NewspaperARCHIVE.com

People intrinsically trust in words. For this reason, it’s important to use the proper name to describe the war happening around those who fought in what we now comfortably call “World War II.” Giving the War its proper name is as important as telling the boys’ story. And they were boys. That is what late teen and early twenty-year-old men were called in the 1930s and 1940s. You read it in their letters home to parents and wives, and read it in official documents, and see it in movies of the era.

An examination of newspapers and magazines between the 1920s and mid-1940s gives perspective on how the naming of our world wars developed. There is a cliché today that, “News is a first rough draft of history.” Whomever came up with the concept first doesn’t matter as much as recognizing the importance of newspapers and magazines as primary sources for answering this question of naming the War. A second primary source is official governmental documents. Tertiary sources are memoirs and histories and motion pictures—both documentaries and movies created for entertainment.

This idea that news can be the “first rough draft of history” is what makes newspapers, especially, an excellent place to start answering questions about how World War II came to be called World War II. On a day-by-day basis, newspapers covered what was going on in our country and overseas. Small town newspapers were important providers of local, national, and international news, even though they relied on news and wire services to do so. In looking over these newspapers from the middle 20th century, it’s not uncommon to read the same wire service story of some event over the course of a week in dailies and weeklies from Bangor to Seattle to Los Angeles to Key West and all points in between. Note, there was an inconsistency of upper and lower case referencing the word “war.”

There are plentiful newspaper accounts during the 1930s referring to “World War,” so the concept was well established and accepted by people in the United States. For instance, on the cusp of Germany’s invasion of Poland when all European nations were mobilizing for war, the *Oakland Tribune’s* editorial page for 27 August 1939 has a column by Raymond Lawrence entitled, “Propaganda and Politics.” He writes about the “period of comparative peace until the outbreak of World War I.”

The *Arizona Independent Republic* from Phoenix for 12 September 1939 covers their front page with war

news and refers to *the* World War I and *the* World War II (italics added), as if undecided how to exactly term what is going on over there. “War Starts Abroad,” calls out one headline. “Nothing in connection with the present war in Europe, referred to by some as the World War II, has aroused American citizens so much as the sudden and apparently unnecessary increase in the price of foodstuffs.”

Elsewhere on the *Arizona Independent Republic’s* front page that day is an article, “This War Starts like the Late One.” Discussing events in Europe and still undecided on what terms to use, the anonymous author refers to the “current war” as well as “the late one.”

Recognizing their singularity and numbering, the two massive wars of the 20th century came quickly to Illinois’s *Earlville Leader*. Two weeks after the Nazi invasion of Poland, the *Leader’s* 14 September 1939 issue writes, “After but a little more than a week of World War II, it is increasingly apparent that the path of the neutral nation is going to be a difficult one.” This, from an unsigned editorialist. “Already the war is taking a course that is too familiar to World War I to bode well for non-combatants,” the anonymous author continues.

Another small paper, Iowa’s *Algona Upper Des Moines*, followed the *Earlville Leader’s* lead. On 14 September 1939, it reported that World War II began “when Germany invaded Poland.” And quoting from *Time* magazine’s “March of Time,” on 21 September 1939, on page 5, New York’s *East Hampton Star* refers extensively to “World War I.” As a *nom de guerre* for that current conflict, “World War I” and “World War II” for the time stays with these small newspapers.

At least in small town newspapers, there has been an acceptance of describing the current conflict as “World War II” by late 1939 and this continues through 1940 and into 1941. Columnist Charles G. Sampas, writing for the *Lowell Sun* in Massachusetts for 19 May 1941 opines, “In the 21 years between World war I and World war II there has never been a year when all the nations of the globe were actually at peace.”

Months before the United States is involved in the war, the *Chester Times* in Pennsylvania on 20 August 1941 reports that the National Resources Planning Board predicts, “World War II will end not later than November, 1944 and perhaps several months sooner.” If only. The Ogden, Utah, *Standard-Examiner* for 1 January 1942 has a syndicated article by Roger W. Babson expounding on his forecast for a decline in non-defense related industries where “World war II” is referenced many times.

A search for “World War II” in United Kingdom newspaper databases brought no positive results from 1939, 1940, and 1941. However, a late 1942 search results in the phrase in *The Stars and Stripes* London edition, a daily newspaper of the US armed forces in the European theater of operations. One example of many appears on 6 November 1942 when Charles W. White reports on the battles occurring in the North Africa desert with General Erwin Rommel by writing, “Certainly

no Nazi wolf has been hunted with more determination in World War II.” It’s unknown how many Londoners were reading this American serviceman’s newspaper.

On the movie scene, in one 1943 motion picture produced in the United Kingdom, *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, the current war is referred to as “the four year war.”

The start of using the term “World War II” is equally vague in literature. For instance, in Ilya Ehrenburg’s memoir, *The War: 1941–1945*, the Russian writer refers multiple times to “World War I” but to the subject of his book he always refers to “the war.” And this from a book first published in translation in 1964. Clearly, World War II as a descriptive term was still uncertain in use a generation following the war.

Though local press quickly accepted the term “World War II” as early as 1939, *The New York Times* never really jumped on the phrase in a big way. Between 1939 and 1945, the *Times* refers to the war as “the European war” or “European conflict” or “this war” and to the 1914–1918 war as the “last war” or the “World War.” In 1939 there is mention in the *Times* of “the last war” and “the early years of the World War.” In 1941 is a movie review of an Australian motion picture, *Forty Thousand Horsemen*, where “World War I” is mentioned. There is a 21 October 1941 obituary for Captain John F. Hines who served “during the World War.” But they are referring to what we now call World War I.

As for the current war, there is the headline for the 10 December 1941 *The New York Times* where President Roosevelt predicts “a long, world-wide war.” In 1942 there are some pages of captioned artwork comparing “Posters of World War I and World War II.” Also, an essay in the *The New York Times Magazine* in April 1942 that states, “It is now common usage to speak of the First World War and the Second World War,” though the *Times* has not yet adopted that common usage in its own pages. An unsigned article in August that year, Special to *The New York Times*, declares, “The second World War is ‘intimately bound up with the future of the church,’” according to Archbishop Edward Mooney of Detroit.

In 1943 there is an increase in *The New York Times* calling attention to “World War II,” but these articles lean towards special features not written by *Times* staff. One such Special announces, “March, 1918, State Is Reached In World War II,” comparing the German defeat in the Tunisian campaign to a similar time in the past while predicting Germany will launch “perhaps their final, major offensive.” In late 1943, Lincoln Barnett contributes to *The New York Times Book Review* with a banner headline proclaiming, “A Hundred Amateur Writers Report on World War II.”

Thereafter, references to World War II become more common in *The New York Times*, but even on V-E Day (Victory in Europe) and V-J Day (Victory in Japan) the *Times* would still rather refer to one as the “War in Europe” and the other as “the war.” ☪

[To be continued.—Ed.]

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CHECK SIX



We may think of Alex Munro's Yak-18 as an unsophisticated vintage—yet beautifully unique—piece of history here in the good ol' US-of-A, where research on sixth-generation jet fighters is a decade in. But over seventy-five years since its initial design, this humble little workhorse still appears to serve its original purpose as a trainer in at least one part of the world. Who could mistake that cowlings?!

Photo: Unknown, <https://defence.pk/pdf/threads/north-korean-peoples-army-pics.358464/>

UPCOMING EVENTS

October

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

14 Missing Man Memorial Flight
(Kent, WA)

November

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

December

10 Annual Holiday Party
(Mukilteo, WA)

January

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

See cascadewarbirds.org/events for details or contact the Ops Officer.