



# WARBIRD FLYER

★★★EAA Warbirds Squadron 2 Newsletter★★★



## CO's Cockpit

By Dave Desmon

By the time you read this, you'll know who the 2006 National Championship Air Race winner is. Right now, I don't - but tomorrow, we'll be hopping in the trusty Navion and heading South to find out!! We have a number of squadron members who'll be racing down there, quite a few more crewing and more yet competing in the Rolls Royce Heritage Invitational. As a Squadron we've excelled at all of these things. We'll be sitting in our squadron's front-row box seats, right on the start-finish line, with our squadron mates, cheering for our fellow squadron mates in the races and the invitational. THAT, folks is what it's all about. Camaraderie & teamwork! (oh, yeah, fun, airplanes & booze, too!)

After Reno, the season starts to wind down in the Pacific Northwest. From Cascade Warbird Day at the Museum of Flight back in May through Reno, we've had a great 2006 season, and can look forward to another in 2007.

We've done more of the smaller fly-ins this year, which are a lot of fun! You have time to visit with friends, look at other airplanes, and go fly as you please, including giving rides to our other deserving members! Kelso was an absolute BLAST Thanks again to all who helped out with that one - "BZ!"

I'd like to see even more Cascade Warbirds members and aircraft on the circuit next year - we don't see enough of your beautiful birds and your ugly mugs!! I'm proud to say that the Navion won "Best Warbird" at the Bremerton Blackberry Festival Fly-in over Labor

Day. I'd have been prouder if there had been more than two other Warbirds there. Come on, guys & gals! Let's go FLYIN'!

This fall/winter, on those beautiful clear days, don't be afraid to call up some squadron mates, and say - "Let's meet for breakfast (or lunch if you're calling me) at \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the location of your favorite airport restaurant here)!" And on the way, pick up a few of our wingless members and take them along. Ya gotta' stay sharp during the off-season too!!

We'll also be transitioning to our winter meeting schedule. The second Saturday of each month, 10 AM at the Museum of Flight, starting October 14th. Also on the 14th, the Museum will be featuring the latest exhibit on Leonardo Da Vinci, as well as an Airline Collectables Show. Should be fun! We always have interesting speakers, topics, presentations, etc... and another chance to get together and B.S. - I mean exchange important data - with your buddies. In December we'll have the Grand Squadron Christmas Gala instead of a regular meeting. Look for details forthcoming. If you have a good idea (or even an OK one) for a topic, speaker, or want to volunteer - let me know!

In the meantime - Go fast and turn left!

**Keep 'em Flyin'!**

Dave Desmon, C.O. ☺

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# WARBIRD FLYER

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

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This is the official publication of the Cascade Warbirds EAA Squadron 2. As such, it serves principally as a communications vehicle for our membership. The views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the individual writers, and do not constitute the official position of the Squadron or the EAA. As members you are encouraged to contribute articles, comments, squadron news, and anything else involving Warbirds or associated subjects to the editor. He will gladly work with you and see that your material is put into print and included in the newsletter, no matter your level of writing experience or computer expertise. Articles can be submitted via e-mail, to the editor's address. Deadline for submission of articles is generally two weeks prior to the next publication, but earlier is always appreciated!

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## Editor's Page

By Frank Almstead

As you may know from previous editions, I'm a subscriber to *Warbird Digest*. This excellent publication is edited by Tim Savage. I've been following with interest the recent editorials, in which Tim writes that he has taken some criticism for including a photo of his son on the back cover. The feedback was that Tim should stick to the subject and not clutter up the magazine with children.

The topic is of interest to me because I have 3 children myself. My oldest is 4 and the twins are 2. Among their first words was "airplane." I looked forward to this season because I felt that my kids were now old enough to understand and participate in one of my passions.

Some of you may have seen us during the B-17 stop at the museum of flight. Those of you who had lunch in the back room remember how Danny jumped up and stood on the chair every time an airplane flew by. After lunch we braved the weather (thanks Susan) to get up close to the bomber. Danny stood directly aft of the machine as it started, thrilled to be in the propwash.

Our other outing with the kids this year was the Heritage Flight Museum Warbird Fly-In. I really pumped them up for this one, probably to my detriment because they didn't sleep on the drive up to Bellingham. When we arrived the Mustang and Skyraider were overhead. Eyeballs looked up and the first thing he did was trip. On the ramp, an old friend, a WINFC T-34, was nestled in a corner. After a quick chat with the guys they let me put Danny in the cockpit and show him around. It was perfect, the smell and the feel of a well worn aircraft, he absorbed it like a sponge. Also of particular interest to the

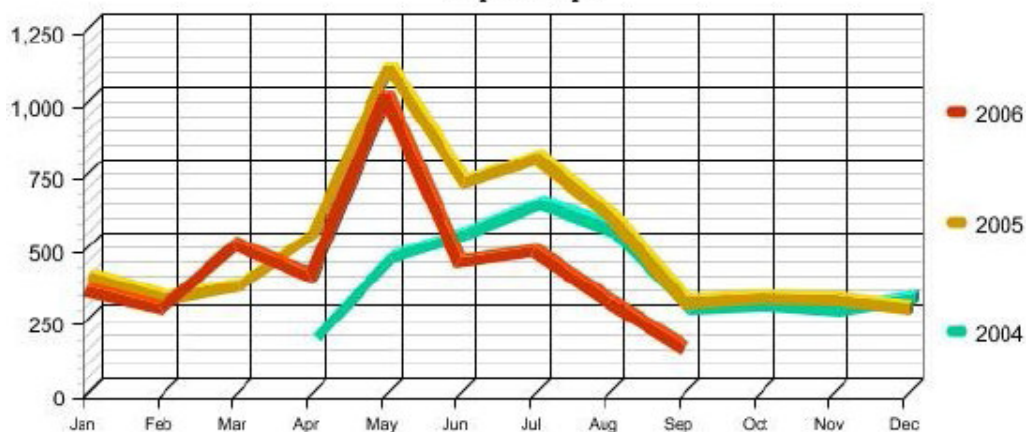
kids was the lineup of colorful T-6's, the Navy Seahawk, and meeting a "real live" pilot (thanks Alan). Before long the lack of sleep caught up to them and they were getting loud. We stuffed a free hot dog in each of them (yes, that was us with the tandem stroller being followed by the dog, just like at home) and were preparing to leave when they saw the P-51 and A-1 starting to crank. All three of them, my daughter included, wanted to get as close as they could and watch. They loved the sounds of the Merlin and the Wright coming to life. We couldn't leave until they taxied by one last time. For me, it was like cutting onions. As a bonus, they were exhausted and slept all the way home. What a great day.

Rightly, in my opinion, Tim concluded that we have to make ourselves available and attentive to youngsters anytime they demonstrate an interest in warbirds. Not only for the preservation of the aircraft, but also for the education. It's a history lesson in aircraft and, maybe more importantly, people. In the end the overall majority of readers backed him, and they should as it's his magazine...

Lastly, this newsletter wraps up my second year as editor. While few people comment directly on the newsletter, the ones who have think highly of it. The credit for that is not mine, but belongs to the people who compose and share the great stories, and sometimes their personal history, quarter after quarter. It is what motivates me to put aside a considerable chunk of time to do this. When you see them please thank them for their many contributions. Let's hear it at [editor@cascadewarbirds.org](mailto:editor@cascadewarbirds.org) ☘

## Warbird WebHit

Report Graph



# Squadron News

## CHECK YOUR SCHEDULE

Don't double up on us this year. The Annual Christmas Dinner Party is barely 60 days away and it is the one social event of the year where decorum takes precedence over debauchery. Save Saturday evening, December 9, 2006, to have dinner and drinks with fellow squadron members. This year's festivities will be held at The Hawthorn Inn at Smokey Point (Arlington-area exit 206). This should allow for attendance by more of our Canadian friends! Further details will be provided via email, so if you don't have an email address and will be attending, please drop us a line at 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277, so we can keep you posted. Merry Christmas. ✪



*"Clear your  
Schedule for the  
Annual Squadron  
Christmas  
Party..."*

## VETERANS' APPRECIATION MONTH IN KELSO

Many thanks from the Squadron go to Liz Johnston and M.O.M.S. for another fine fly-in experience at Kelso. The weekend of 4 - 6 August saw thirty-one squadron aircraft show up this year (with nearly as many military vehicles - PSMVCC and colleagues from Canada and Oregon were also in attendance). The weather was a huge improvement over last year and we got to do a lot of flying - we burned nearly 2,000 gallons of avgas. The public seemed truly appreciative of seeing us all there; the highlight may have been the closing ceremonies Saturday afternoon that culminated with a missing-man-formation fly-over. And we've just received word that Liz has invited the Squadron and PSMVCC to return in 2007 for the Third Annual Kelso Fly-In. Watch these pages for more information and the 2007 date. ✪

## WELCOME BACK TO RENO RACE FANS

We had nearly two dozen members and guests attend the races this year and some reports mentioned fun was being had by those in attendance. Our reserved boxes are certainly the place to be for one of our larger social events of the year. Congrats to Skeets Mehrer and his Lickety-Split team and pilot Bud Granley for taking second in the T-6 Silver race. We also recognize Keith McMann in Red Knight as well as Squadron 13's Wayne Cartwright in Six Shooter. Wouldn't you just love to have all that avgas they burned up in a week of flying.

If you're interested in reserving your place in one of our boxes for next year (Sept. 12 thru 16, 2007), send your deposit check for \$100 per seat to CWB, 1066 Yates Road, Oak Harbor, WA 98277. It's first-come, first-served as always, but you can't really be the first First; six seats in box A-41 are already RESERVED! ✪

## 2006 AIRVENTURE WINNERS

Congratulations to our members who won awards at the recent AirVenture 2006. Dave Holt, Judges' Choice: T-34, for his Mentor N245Z, and to Craig Ekberg, Preservation Award, for his CJ-6A. "Keep 'em Flying." ✪



*"Congratulations  
to our Members!"*

## GIFT GIVING AND CORPORATE MATCHING

The Squadron is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization and donations to it are tax deductible to the full extent provided by law. Thus, we are eligible for employer matching of gifts you make to the Squadron, thereby effectively doubling the size of your gift. If you have any questions regarding a gifting program, please contact the Finance Officer or one of the board members. ✪

# Do You Feel Bulletproof?

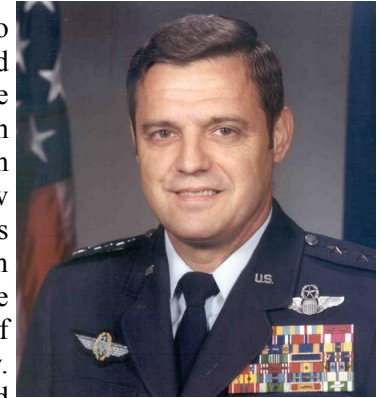
By Dan Barry

When it comes to flying I guess most of us do feel bulletproof, if we didn't we'd probably adopt a hobby/vocation where the insurance rates are a little cheaper. I learned of the death of a good friend a couple of weeks ago, who was killed flying his light twin. I met Harry Goodall over 40 years ago when we were both in the same F-106 squadron at Selfridge AFB, in fact while there we were both promoted to captain on the same list although I was senior because I was commissioned a few months ahead of him; that was the last time I'd outrank him. A couple of years later he was transferred to an 106 squadron at McChord and a few months later I followed. Harry was obviously an over-achiever, he had dropped out of high school to enlist in the Air Force, quickly achieved the rank of E-6, got his GED and an assignment to OCS. He was still young enough to get into pilot training and because of class standing managed to get into F-106's, a high tech plane that had just set the single engine jet speed record, a record that to my knowledge still stands. I remember those long hours in the alert hangar when most of us were playing cards, Harry had his nose in the books, either taking college courses or studying tech orders. He was one of the first pilots in Air Defense Command to earn a Masters rating, which required passing detailed written and flight tests plus becoming qualified as a GCI controller at the computerized radar control facility.

About this time our paths separated, I was off to Korea in response to the North Koreans capture of the Pueblo and Harry headed to Air Command and Staff School where he also received a college degree. I would occasionally cross paths with him, mostly in the Pacific where he flew F-102's out of the Philippines and combat missions in Vietnam. He later had assignments in Alaska and was commander of wings in Ubon and NKP Thailand, working in tours in the Pentagon and picking up a couple of masters degrees in his spare time. Of

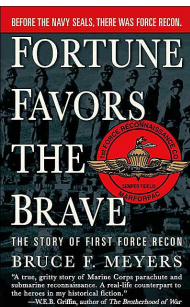
course he was promoted to general and even held ambassadorial rank while involved in arms reduction talks with the Russians in Geneva. The last time I saw Harry was almost 20 years ago when I was on temporary duty in Europe and he was commander of 17th Air Force in Germany. As usual, he was full speed ahead, still current in the F-16 and had just received an assignment to a joint services command which meant a 3rd star. The thing that seemed to please him the most was that he had been approved to attend the Army jump school at Fort Benning, which he completed at age 55, probably at the top of the class!

Harry retired from the Air Force several years ago, started a communications company, consulted for a couple of others and retired to Texas where he flew a Beech 95 and his T-28 Warbird. I'm betting there weren't many that passed their check rides with higher marks than Harry; however, on 2 September he was headed for an East Coast speaking engagement in the Beech, it was 7K' scattered with light winds when witnesses reported seeing his aircraft at about 200' after takeoff when the nose rose abruptly, a wing dropped and within seconds he was in a smoking hole. Maybe he had an engine problem and didn't react properly or fast enough, maybe he rushed his preflight and didn't fasten a panel or door, maybe there was a flight control problem he didn't catch, although a fitness nut maybe he had a medical emergency; whatever the reason, it will be interesting to see what the NTSB determines because I thought Harry was bullet proof. ☸



Lt. Gen. Harry A. Goodall.  
(USAF Photo)

## Media Review



**Fortune Favors The Brave**  
Author: Bruce F. Meyers, USMC, Ret.  
Paperback - 312 pages  
St. Martin's Press; ISBN 0312996802

Reviewed by Fred Smyth

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to bail out of the bomb bay of a Douglas A3D Skywarrior? Or get plucked from the ground by airplane via the Fulton Skyhook? Of course not! Who would? Well, long-time CWB member Col. Bruce F. Meyers, (USMC-Ret), was instrumental in the formation of the Marine's First Force Recon and these were but two of the projects with which he was involved over the years. Meyers' book is the fascinating story of an idea borne from the amphibious reconnaissance of WWII. Follow along as Meyers tells the tale of trials, tribulations, and successes that resulted in one of the premier strike forces in the U. S. military arsenal. ☸

# Trust, but verify

By Ed Rombauer

The phrase “trust but verify” was a popular cold war slogan as applied to the reduction of strategic nuclear armaments during the latter part of the 20th century. When applied to what we like best, flying airplanes, it has a more difficult meaning. Webster’s defines trust as “assured reliance on the character, ability, strength, or truth of someone or something.” When operating an aircraft, since the pilot is the first to arrive at the scene of the accident, we rely greatly on these attributes of trust. The character of the manufacturer, the ability of the design engineers, the strength of construction, and the truthfulness of the repairer are all essential ingredients in the execution of a safe flight. In a perfect world, major aircraft corporation hires top-of-their-class engineers to design and experienced workers to construct airplanes out of the best materials, thus creating a solid bond of trust that pilots and passengers can rely on.

Hold it! Turn off the bubble machine. Unless we all go out and buy the latest BBJ, and all we have to do is remember the 1-800 customer service number, maybe we should go light on the “trust” and emphasize the “verify”. Remember, that Wom-Bat 2 warbird is probably an orphan, the manufacturer is long gone, the design team is senile and parts haven’t been made for half a century. Factory support is the guy that bought the type certificate and wants to sell you his old left over parts, after you’ve paid for an expensive long distance phone call to his garage. So maybe verification is what we want to spend our time on, as the trust part seems to be out of our control. Well, that doesn’t sound right either. Since I am not an airplane mechanic I trust that the technician completed his inspections and repairs properly, same with the rigger that packs my parachute, the air traffic controller whose electronic guidance keeps me from flying into solid objects, and the numerous other people that work together to keep us from “bending the aluminum.”

In the world of large crew-operated aircraft, the checklist is run as a challenge and response, one pilot reads the items while the other pilot responds with the correct setting. After you have read the same checklist thousands of times, it’s easy to give the right response while totally missing that the physical position or setting is wrong. That’s where the verification comes in; the reader of the checklist verifies that the responder has made an error and it is

quickly corrected. Most of us do not fly airplanes that require more than one pilot, which is why it is important that we be critical of our actions. Whether it be a preflight or lowering the gear for landing, our attention needs to be focused on what we are doing—verifying our own actions. We also need to verify the actions of others as much as possible, such as the fueling, maintenance, where ATC is taking us, etc. While all of this verifying can cut into your fun time, not doing it can give you a lot of bad time.

Getting back to trust, I am reminded of a flight I made many years ago, when I was a lot younger and had a lot to learn about trust.

I was a new Captain flying a B727 with a newly qualified copilot. Joe the copilot (the name has been changed to protect my memory) was very confident as we started our series of flights on the east coast of Florida. His flying ability was good and he was open to listening and learning the ins and outs of line flying. As I was new to command I was still trying to find the proper balance between being autocratic and democratic. Since I had spent many years flying with autocratic ancient mariners, I didn’t wish to subject anyone else to that same type of behavior and I made a large allowance for this new co-pilot. As we flew up the East coast to our final landing for that day at Charleston, West Virginia, Joe was flying and I was working the radios. The weather report for Charleston was not good; a heavy snow storm was in the area with the ceiling and visibility near minimums, the runway was covered with snow and ice, and braking on the runway was reported “fair” by an ANG truck. My memory flashed to what little I knew about the airport. The 6000 foot runway sits high up on top of a ridge with a steep drop on the left side and the departure end. This was not the best place to try to land in a snow storm, especially at night in an old short-coupled 727 full of passengers. As the controller gave us an intercept heading and Joe turned to the new heading, I looked down at the approach chart to verify the procedure. In the instant I was looking at the chart, Joe had allowed the airspeed to decay; I looked up to see the airspeed indicator dropping rapidly to the stall speed. Yelling, “I’ve got it,” I grabbed for the control wheel and thrust levers, quickly getting the aircraft back on altitude and airspeed, and then just as quickly giving

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# Missing: One Cherry

By Fred Smyth

**I**t was hot when I got off the airplane. Hot and muggy. No wonder, though; I was on the edge of a tropical jungle. As a guest of the U. S. Army, I had just deplaned from the backhaul of a Freedom Bird at Tan Son Nhut Airbase. The first few days were spent processing in as I awaited transport to I Corps and assignment with the 101st Airborne Division. I was too much of a newbie to understand the special danger of serving that far north. Then word came that surprising losses by the 1st Cav in Tay Ninh, just 65 miles northwest of Saigon, would require my service at HHC, 1st Bge. How bad could III Corps be?

I was a newly minted WO1, only one month out of flight school, with an MOS of 100B - Helicopter Pilot and I was in for the experience of my life. As others have said, it's a good thing they send the young and foolish into these situations, because we know no fear. The Cav had been in the area for some time and the camp was well established. New guys were initially assigned to fly right seat in the UH-1H Huey, with instructions to 'keep our hands to ourselves', as we learned the AO and company procedures. The missions were mostly 'ash and trash' (flying folks and supplies from village to village) with a few 'combat caps' (with the Brigade O6 aboard overseeing the fighting below) thrown in for good measure. But this was all done at 1,500 feet AGL to keep us out of the range of the Chicom .51 cal. machine guns. We mostly felt that any real danger arose during departures and approaches.

I'd been there but a short time, maybe two or three weeks, when the CO inquired one day how I was getting along and whether the mail was getting through to me from my wife. If I'd only known! When I replied that I wasn't married, he next wondered whether I'd like to get checked out in 'that cute little LOH' - the Hughes OH-6A? Well, duh!

And that's how I became a Scout pilot. We flew from the right seat and behind the pilot sat the door gunner. He was armed with the M60 machine gun

dangling from a bungee mounted to the door frame, the M79 grenade launcher, and a wide variety of hand grenades. Countering all that weight was the M134 six-barreled 'minigun' mounted on the left side of the aircraft and 1,500 rounds of 7.62 mm ammo. Fired by the pilot, the gun was cable of 6,000 rounds per minute when mounted in an airplane, but downrated to only 4,000 rounds per minute due to cooling issues with the slower helicopters.

My unit, the Flying Circus, flew a pair of LOHs on a mission, usually one down low to 'recon by drawing fire' and the other up at 1,500 feet to record sightings, communicate with FAC, and watch the map. When we raised something of interest, then the high bird came down on the deck and we'd fly a left echelon formation, buzzing around a couple of times trying to draw fire. Mostly we found caches of stuff: carts full of bags of rice, once a fleet of about forty bicycles, another time a structure with a tarp roof. When we penetrated the roof with grenades, we'd located a field hospital. We fragged and shot up every thing our firepower would allow. If the structure was too much for us, we'd call in the AH-1 Cobra team on standby not too far distant. Their most efficient weapon was the 2.75 FFAR (folding fin aerial rocket).

They also had a 20 mm Vulcan cannon in the nose pod that was no slouch either.

One interesting recurring mission was to fly the smaller rivers looking for bridges. The enemy would fall a tree across a river, bank to bank, with the ends imbedded in the mud just inches below the waterline. The rivers were so muddy that the trees couldn't be spotted with just an overflight; one of us would actually have to meander the course of the river at a relatively slow speed to locate the paths to and from the water's edge. And if we figured the river was too deep for wading, we knew a bridge existed. That's when we displayed the true strength of the minigun; we'd cut the log in midstream with short bursts of fire. When successfully completed, the pieces would rise to



A younger and better looking Fred with his OH-6A. (Fred Smyth Photo)

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## Trust, but verify

*Continued from page 5*

control back to Joe. It didn't take Joe long to see that not only had I lost trust in his ability, he had lost trust in his own flying ability. The rest of the approach wasn't pretty—the weather and Joe's sudden lack of confidence had reduced his ability to fly a smooth ILS to a marginal level. As we broke out of the overcast with the snow covered runway ahead of us and I thought of the black drop-off at the far end, my trust in Joe quickly evaporated. Another, "I've got it," and Joe retreated to his dark corner; I had just lost his verification of what I was doing. With thrust reversers screaming and the anti-skid banging, we rolled down most of the length of the runway where, as we turned off, I took a quick look at the black nothingness beyond the end of the runway.

Later that night in the hotel coffee shop, Joe and I talked about what had happened on that flight. Joe was upset that I hadn't trusted him with the landing and I was mad at myself for becoming the autocratic pilot that I did not want to become. We talked for a long time about trust and how

fragile a commodity it is, and how it takes time to build that solid bond of trust, especially in aviation. After a while Joe, drained of all his emotion, sat staring at his cup. Slowly looking up at me Joe said, "OK, so how do you know who to trust?" I was a bit taken back by this fundamental question about one of the basic cornerstones of flying—who DO you trust? After all, without some degree of trust I wouldn't even stand under the wing of an airplane much less ride in one. As I looked up to try to answer him I saw a sign on the wall by the cash register. "Turn around and read that sign by the register," I told him. "It's all you need to know about trust."

Joe turned slowly around to read the sign and a smile lit up his face as he read:

**In God we trust,  
All others pay cash.**

FLY SAFE ✪

## Missing: One Cherry

*Continued from page 6*

the surface and float gently downstream - the bridge was history.

It was amazing how well we could hear the groundfire over the whine of the turbine engine and the whir of the rotor blades. Even with the rush of the wind past our helmeted ears - we flew with no doors on - the staccato pop of the AK-47 rifle alerted us to unfriendlies in the area. One particular mission offered up more intense fire than we'd experienced to date. And in the background I could hear a slower cadence weapon with more of a 'booming' sound to it. We'd stumbled across a hornet's nest of unknown quantity and it certainly sounded like every other round was hitting my helicopter. We didi mao'd out of the immediate vicinity and called FAC to have the fast movers (USAF) come in with napalm. We remained on station long enough to drop smoke for them, then headed for base to refuel and rearm.

As I pushed the nose over and accelerated to 100+ knots, it felt like the helicopter was going to come apart in the air. It was bucking and shaking and I had no idea what piece was getting ready to fail. I slowed to 50 or so, and the vibrations were much less evident. Speed up and shake to pieces. Slow down and read the gauges. I decided it was important to see what was wrong and how wrong it was. I felt I was by then far enough away from the festivities (hostilities!) to land and have a look. I called lead, then landed in a large open field and shut down. When the rotors coasted to a stop, I noticed a neat half-inch hole in one blade. I didn't immediately understand why such a small hole would cause such a ruckus. Then I stood up on the cabin floor to get a look at the top side of the blades - and that's when I saw the mess a .51 cal round makes as it exits a honeycombed rotor blade.

We made it home okay that day, at 50 knots or so, and that's how I lost my cherry in Vietnam. ✪

## New Members

**P**lease welcome the following new members to our ranks. When you have a chance to run into one of them along the way, take the time to introduce yourself and make them feel welcome. ✪

Hal Bagnall	Stevenson, WA
Scott Baumann	Bellevue, WA
Ken Burdette	Bremerton, WA
Brody Conklin	Chewelah, WA
Lee Donham	Vancouver, WA
Mike Dowd	Burbank, CA
Bob Dubay	Portland, OR
Craig Ekberg	Rolling Hills, CA

Bob Haggblom	Canby, OR
Bob Hoyt	Canby, OR
Roger Kelsay	Portland, OR
Paul Lawrence	Vancouver, WA
Mike Miller	Tucson, AZ
Randy Neff	Kelso, WA
Hal Provo	Westlake Village, CA
Greg Root	Buckley, WA



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**Have your Dues Expired?  
Check the Expiration Date Below.**

### Cascade Warbirds Quick Look Calendar

#### October

- 8-10 San Fran. Fleet Week
- 14 Squadron Meeting at  
Museum of Flight
- 21 Heritage Flt Museum  
Open House at BLI

#### November

- 11\* Annual Meeting at  
Museum of Flight
- 18 Heritage Flt Museum  
Open House at BLI

#### December

- 9\* Annual Christmas  
Dinner Party
- 16 Heritage Flt Museum  
Open House at BLI

#### January

- 13 Squadron Meeting at  
Museum of Flight

\* Denotes Max Effort Event  
See Website for detailed list

## Check Six



©2006 John H Clark www.avphoto.com

Dan Barry directing the ordnance load crew at Kelso. Congratulations go out to the volunteers and the town of Kelso, who have once again made the weekend a great success. (John Clark Photo)