

AirshowStuff

Magazine



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Vintage Wings

The Canadian Forces Skyhawks

EAA AirVenture 2012

Gathering of Eagles Gala

Mustang Mania!

Atlantic Canada Int'l Air Show

Reports from the Field

and more!

September 2012

AirshowStuff Magazine

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Cover Photo

An extremely close LH-6 Little Bird helicopter lifts off at the Fort Campbell Airshow. Photo by Antonio Gemma More'. For more, see page 24.

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We'd love to talk with you!

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Thanks to those who contributed to this issue!

Chris Adolor
Alan Barbor
Patrick Barron
Mark E Loper
Jonathan Loveless
Michael Misorski
Antonio Gemma More'
John Nyren

Michael Pentrak
Jean-Guy Pitre
Alan Radecki
Michelle Rouch
Fred Shabec
Matt Shinavar
Shawn Yost

AirshowStuff Online Magazine Staff

Editors: Ryan Sundheimer
Anthony Richards
Chad Grosvenor
Ricky Matthews

Coordinator: Chad Grosvenor

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What is *Vintage Wings*?

In the 1920s and 30s, airshows were, in some ways, quite different than they are today: aviation then didn't have a long, rich history to look back upon, to become nostalgic over. Rather, aviation represented a look forward. A fascination with the shiny new future of sky travel gripped much of popular America, and just about any time one of these fancy and remarkable new machines alighted in a field outside of a small town, people rushed out to see it, and a defacto airshow

happened. Coincidentally, it was a new era in photography, as well. Thanks to Kodak, cameras were no longer the realm of the professional studio or itinerant photographer, they were becoming a popular way that ordinary people could record what they found exciting around them, and the snapshot was born. And of course, the new "aeroplanes" often fit that bill. As a result, now 70 to 80 years later, we have a hidden treasure in vintage non-professional snapshots, a window

back through which we can clearly see the excitement that flying machines brought. Vintage Wings will be taking just such a look back using mostly never-before-published photos, at yesterday's airshows and the new-fangled machines that graced the sky.

For more great vintage aviation photos, check back next issue or visit Alan's blog at:

<http://VintageAirPhotos.Blogspot.com>



Claire Fahy in her Travel Air gets the start flag. Because her Travel Air was powered by a 90-hp in-line OX-5 engine, rather than the larger Wright J-5 radial, she raced in the light class. She would only make it as far as Calexico before failed flying wires caused an emergency landing, putting her out of the running. Of note is the fourth airplane in the lineup, Edith Folitz' Alexander Eaglerock Bullet, the only low wing monoplane in the field, and the only one with retractable landing gear. Folitz came in second in the light division.

It all started with Lou Greve. This inventor, engineer and industrialist, who inherited the Cleveland Air Tool Company, was a major advocate of aviation. He invented the oleo-pneumatic landing gear shock absorber (under the name Aerol) that is used by virtually every aircraft flying today. To promote his company and his invention, Greve was a major sponsor of air racing in the late 1920s and 1930s, and was appointed as President of the company that organized the big races of

that era, The National Air Races, Inc. Greve was also a vocal advocate of allowing women (who at the time were largely viewed as inferior and even downright incompetent) to participate in air racing. For the 1929 National Air Races, to be held in Cleveland for the first time, Greve donated the trophy and purse for the first Cleveland Pneumatic Aerol Trophy Race, a women-only, two-class cross-country event to be held derby-style. It was to start in Santa Monica, California, at Clover Field, and end in Cleveland, Ohio. Over the years, the race has also become known as the 1929 Women's Air

Derby and the First Women's National Air Derby. The event would take place over eight days of stage racing, covering 2,200 miles, and include a lot of accidents and high drama, which was covered breathlessly by the contemporary media.

The Derby began on August 18, with a large crowd and a level of hoopla appropriate to such a major event. Our series of rare and unique photos of the start of the race comes from the collection of Mojave Transportation Museum Board member and member of the Ninety-Nines, Cathy Hansen.

On the day of the race's start, many Southern California celebrities came out to see the competitors off, and one celebrity in particular was chosen to be the event's Grand Marshal; aviation promoter and nationally-known humorist Will Rogers. As the pilots made their fi-

nal preparations to climb into their aircraft, he commented that their female "genes" compelled them to take one final look at the mirror in their compacts, and apply one final dab of powder to their noses (some of the racers later would say that it was Ruth Elder who was especially prone to this habit). With reporters standing around, he quipped, "Looks like a powder puff derby, to me." The phrase was grabbed and repeated across the continent by the media, to the point that after the Women's National Air Derbies were resumed in 1947 (they ran through 1977), they were officially known as "The Powder Puff Derby".

The race was divided into two classes, based on engine size. Women were being allowed to race airplanes with power "appropriate" to their gender, according to the male race organizers; as such, for

instance, Opal Kunz was prevented from flying her own 300hp Travel Air, because it was thought to be too much airplane for a woman, and so she had to borrow one with less power. Class C, which had six competitors, was for aircraft with engines between 275 and 509 cubic inches, and Class D, with 14 entrants, was for 510 to 800 cubic inches.

Twenty women started the race, 18 from the U.S. and one each from Australia (Jessie Keith-Miller) and Germany (Thea Rasche). There were only 100 women (some sources say 70) who held pilots licenses in America at that time, so nearly a fifth of them participated in this race (at that time, there was no FAA to issue licenses, instead they were issued by the French-based Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, or FAI, the organization that still

to this day sanctions and authenticates all world aviation records). Among the entrants was Amelia Earhart in her first competitive race, and the flamboyant Pancho Barnes. The rules stated that each entrant had to have at least 100 hours of flying time, including at least 25 hours of cross-country experience.

Of the twenty entrants, only 19 started together on August 18. Nineteen-year-old Mary Haizlip's plane had been damaged on the trip to Santa Monica, and so she had to quickly find a replacement, delaying her departure. And she wasn't the only one that had trouble just getting to the starting line. Louise Thaden, flying a Wright-powered Travel Air, fought the effects of carbon monoxide poisoning from her engine's exhaust, leading Travel Air president Walter Beech, who was sponsoring her and following her out to California, to order some immediate modifications to her plane in order to provide fresh air in the cockpit.

On her way to Santa Monica, Phoebe Omlie had to make an off-airport landing, and was arrested and jailed by the local cops as a suspected dope smuggler. It was only when Amelia Earhart, Louise Thaden and Marvel Crosson showed up at the sheriff's office to vouch for her that the law decided that they had the wrong person.

The race was started according to class, with the airplanes lined up abreast and individually flagged to take off when the timers were ready. The initial gun-shot starting the race was fired in Cleveland, and transmitted by radio to Santa Monica.

Day 1, August 18, Santa Monica to San Bernardino: A series of minor incidents gave a glimpse of what

Class C

Edith Foltz (#109) Alexander Eaglerock

Jessie Keith-Miller (#43) Fleet

Clair Fahey (#54) Travel Air (OX-5)

Phoebe Omlie (#8) Monocoupe

Thea Rasche (#61) Gypsy Moth

Bobbi Trout (#100) Golden Eagle Chief

Class D

Pancho Barnes (#2) Travel Air

Marvel Crosson (#1) Travel Air

Amelia Earhart (#6) Lockheed Vega

Ruth Elder (#66) Laird Swallow

Mary Haizlip (#76) American Eagle

Ruth Nichols (#16) Rearwin Ken-Royce

Blanche Noyes (#3) Travel Air

Gladys O'Donnell (#105) WACO

Margaret Perry (#11) Spartan C-3

Louise Thaden (#4) Travel Air

Mary von Mach (#5) Travel Air

Vera Dawn Walker (#113) Curtiss Robin C-1

Neva Paris (#23) Curtiss Robin

Opal Kunz (#18) Travel Air



The scene at Santa Monica's Clover Field for the start of the first Women's National Air Derby on August 18, 1929. The aircraft in the center surrounded by onlookers, with NC714N on its right wing, is Margaret Perry's Spartan C-3.



With a wave of the flag, Thea Rasche taxis her deHavilland Gypsy Moth across the start line. She would finish fourth and last in the light division.

was to come. Before the start, mechanics had mistakenly filled Ruth Elder's fuel tanks with oil, which then had to be drained and purged. Earhart had to return to Clover after takeoff for a stuck starter, and at San Bernardino, there was so much dust on the field from the aircraft before her that she landed long and almost ran into the large crowd of spectators. Opal Kunz, also with dust visibility problems, landed hard and damaged her plane's landing gear. The flyers were treated to a lavish banquet and partied into the night, a habit that was continued throughout the race, leading to sleep deprivation problems.

Day 2, August 19, San Bernardino to Yuma to Phoenix: Claire Fahy, flying a Travel Air, had to make an emergency landing in Calexico because of broken flying wires, the bracings that held the biplane's wings together. Rumors of sabotage

had run rife before the race started (Edler's fuel tank problems didn't help this, either), and Fahy cried foul, alleging that her wires had been eaten away by acid in a deliberate attempt to cause her to crash. Thea Rasche had to make an off-airport landing when her engine quit, and found contamination throughout her fuel lines. Amelia's Vega nosed over at Yuma, damaging the prop, and she was stuck there until a new one could be flown out later in the day. Mary Haizlip, Pancho Barnes and Bobbi Trout got lost and ended up in Mexico, but Trout's problem was more serious than the others: she was out of gas and had landed in a soft dirt field, badly damaging her Golden Eagle. Some friendly locals helped her move the airplane across the border to Yuma's airport, where it took three days to rebuild, putting her far behind. Sixteen aircraft arrived at Phoenix, and three

of the other four were accounted for. Pancho was in first place in the heavy division, with Phoebe in first in the light.

Marvel Crosson, however, was missing. The next morning, her Travel Air was found destroyed in the rough territory of the Gila River Valley, four miles from Wellton, Az. She had crashed only twenty minutes from Yuma. Some of the media reports at the time claimed that she had bailed out and her chute failed to open, while others said that she was thrown from the plane on impact. Her body was found a couple hundred yards from the plane, with her partially deployed chute. There was evidence that she had vomited over the side of the cockpit, a typical symptom of carbon monoxide poisoning. For her to do that, she would have had to unbuckle and raise herself up off her seat in order to lean out over the cockpit rim. It

would have been difficult for her to keep her hands on the controls at this point. Whether it was at this moment or whether she lost consciousness a short time later, she clearly lost control of the aircraft. Four witnesses (ranchers, who had no first-hand knowledge of piloting an aircraft) recounted that they had seen the plane spinning and diving at high speed. Virtually every bone in Marvel's body was broken, and she appeared to have died instantly. Her loss stunned the racers and the public who were following in the media. The media frenzy, of course, went into overdrive, with calls for the race to be cancelled, and allegations that this was "proof" that women had no business trying to fly. The racers, though, decided to carry on with the competition, knowing that Marvel would not have wanted her loss to result in the cancellation of the competition. Mary von Mach, in rallying her companions, declared, "Our pain shall become her tribute."

Day 3, August 20, Phoenix to Douglas: The women had to navigate the vast emptiness of the Arizona desert with nothing but a crude map and a bouncy, unreliable compass. Walker attempted to follow the railroad tracks out of Tucson, but picked the wrong set, and ended up far north of course, costing valuable time as she had to backtrack. In doing so, she also got caught up in a potentially fatal thunder storm. Her Monocoupe's enclosed cabin shielded her from the direct effects of the storm, and the altitude which she was at saved her from hitting the ground when she became disoriented and lost control in the midst of the storm's violence. She landed in a cow pasture, only to meet up with some local men who

were accompanying Jessie Keith-Miller, who had also made a forced landing. Others had to land as well: Opal Kunz ran out of gas, and Blanche Noyes landed near a farmhouse to try to find out where she was, only to discover that everyone there spoke only Spanish...because she was in Mexico. Pancho did the same thing.

By the time that the racers were in Douglas, Crosson's death was confirmed. Thaden strongly suspected the carbon monoxide poisoning that she herself had experienced in the Travel Air on the way to Santa Monica, and became concerned for the other racers flying that type.

Day 4, August 21, Douglas to El Paso to Midland: Pancho's south-of-the-border detour the day before resulted in a big "MEXICO OR BUST" painted on the side of her Travel Air. The racers ended up stopping for the day in El Paso, originally only a fuel stop, as a dust storm between there and Midland precluded any further flying. The high winds naturally were directly across the runway, exceeding the crosswind limits of some of the planes, and making

for very challenging landings. Louise Thaden and Phoebe Omlie were in the lead of their respective divisions. Since this was an unplanned overnight stop, there were no banquets to consume precious sleep time.

Day 5, August 22, El Paso to Pecos, Midland, Abilene and finally to Fort Worth: Blanche Noyes' troubles continued, with a fire in her small baggage hold. She landed in the desert, pulled the smoldering, wooden floor out and put the fire out with sand. In the process, her landing gear was damaged and she had to stop and have it temporarily welded. Airports weren't the same back then, and there was so much publicity about the event, that in Pecos, like other places, the crowds just drove out onto the designated landing field to get a closer look. Pancho Barnes' Travel Air, like most big-engined tail-draggers then and now, had just about zero forward visibility in the landing attitude. As such, she hit a car as she was touching down, destroying her plane. Although Pancho herself was not hurt, there would be no more racing this



Vera Dawn Walker, a native of Los Angeles, named her Curtiss Robin C-1 "Miss Los Angeles". Here she gets the start flag.

year for her. Margaret Perry, flying a Spartan C-3, landed at Abilene, unable to go on, and was taken to the hospital with Typhoid fever. Continuing fears of carbon monoxide poisoning plagued the Travel Air pilots, and Walter Beech instructed mechanics from Travel Air to hurry to Fort Worth and modify all the remaining Travel Airs to prevent any further problems. Thaden was in first place in the heavies (by 21 minutes), and Omlie in first in the light division. Though some of the racers were hopelessly behind, they pressed on, if only to prove that they could complete the race.

Day 6, August 23, Fort Worth to Wichita: Mary Haizlip had to land twice due to oil line contamination, and Vera Dawn Walker (who was only 4'11", and had to use pillows to be able to reach the rudder pedals) had to land her Curtiss Robin for engine overheating. Ruth Elder lost her precious map over the side of the cockpit, and had to guess at her course. Although they were now over a region where property lines and roads followed regular section lines, making navigation a bit easier, smoke from wildfires made visibility difficult, and Elder realized she'd drifted off-course (all towns looked pretty much the same, without a map to provide detail clues). She landed to find out where she was (Muskogee, OK, east of her course) but to make the ensuing takeoff, she first had to single-handedly chase away an uncaring herd of cows. Since Wichita was the home of the Travel Air company, the airplane chosen by a third of the participants, a crowd of at least 10,000 gathered to see the racers land.

Day 7, August 24, Wichita to Kansas City to East St. Louis: Thaden's race-leading performance had

garnered much positive publicity for Travel Air, so Walter Beech approached her and offered to let her race their newest aircraft, the Model R - otherwise known as the Mystery Ship - in the Cleveland races. With that to look forward to, Thaden pressed on. Gladys O'Donnell's right main gear sunk into the soft sod on takeoff, causing her to nose over. A quick field repair to the dinged prop got her back in the air in short order, however. The media had a difficult time knowing how to handle the event. Some "news" stories were downright critical of the women and said that the stunt did nothing to further promote aviation in a legitimate way. Other reporters chose to focus on the fashion statements and general appearances of the women, something that they'd never do if it had been a male-only race. The women themselves, though, were unfazed, and started making plans to meet under the bleachers in Cleveland, to cement the relations they had built into a lasting organization to promote women in aviation. The destination, St. Louis, had a difficult approach with wires and trees at both ends, necessitating a sideslip approach on final. Both Blanche Noyes and Neva Paris ended up having to deliberately ground-loop in order to avoid running off the end of the runway, damaging the landing gear on their planes, but once again, field repairs had things in order before the next morning's takeoff.

Day 8, August 25, East St. Louis to Terre Haute, Cincinnati and Columbus: The Cleveland Aeronautical Exposition was opening this Sunday, and the excitement was growing about the arrival of the women, due in on Monday. The thick fog of

early morning did nothing to dampen the spirits as the racers prepared for departure. Mary Haizlip's fuel contamination problems had continued, and so far in the race, she had made six emergency landings. Now, she had all the fuel lines completely drained and flushed, revealing quite a bit of foreign debris. To make matters worse, a mechanic working for Travel Air who was assigned to care for that company's planes in the race, reported that someone had tampered with Louise Thaden's magneto points. To forestall any further acts of sabotage to the race leader, he decided to sleep with the aircraft that night in Columbus. Bobbi Trout was catching up, and arrived at Parks just after the other racers had departed. Though she was no longer being officially timed, she quickly refueled and took off again, on her hunt to make up time. As the racers arrived at Lunken Airport in Cincinnati, they were greeted by a crowd twice as large as that which had turned out for Charles Lindbergh only two years before. Edith Foltz couldn't find the field, so pressed on to Columbus untimed. Meanwhile, Trout's problems continued, with engine failure. She barely was able to glide into an almost-too-small field, sideslipping between lines of poplar trees. She ground looped in an attempt to avoid a fence, but ripped open her aileron anyway. A tin can provided handy repair material, while an electrician from a nearby town managed to get her engine running again, and she was quickly back in the air. As an example of the excitement that the general public felt about the race, a local farmer between Cincinnati and Columbus plowed a giant arrow in to his field to help the racers along.



With Phoebe Omlie's Monocoupe ready to go in the background, humorist and aviation promoter Will Rogers (third from right) talks things over with Ruth Elder. Could this have been that moment when he uttered his "powder-puff" comment?

Day 9, August 26, Columbus to Cleveland: The final leg of the race was a mere 120 miles. Columbus had a new concrete runway that was still partially under construction, and the edges of the runway hadn't been finished, yet, leading to problems. Ruth Nichols, who sat comfortably in third place, had some work done on her Rearwin overnight, and so got up early to fly a brief test hop. On returning, she did not heed the warning to stay in the center of the new runway, and her plane clipped a tractor parked next to it, crashing. While she "miraculously" survived the wreck, she was out of the race. All the previous race takeoffs had taken place in reverse order of the standings, but from Columbus, the women left at one-minute intervals in the order that they held from the night before. Louise Thaden took off first, and after a 54-minute flight, spotted the Cleveland airfield, diving

for the finish line, and crossing it at 170 mph. Her average speed for the race was 135.97 mph, and her total time was 20 hours, 2 minutes. As the winner of the heavy division, she also thus garnered the majority of the media attention. Addressing the crowd, Thaden said, "The sunburn derby is over, and I happen to come in first place. I'm sorry we all couldn't come in first, because they all deserve it as much as I. They're all great flyers." She dedicated her win to Crosson, and told the media that she was going to send the trophy to Marvel's family. Second place went to Gladys O'Donnell (WACO 10, #105; 127.52mph, 20h:43m), third to Amelia Earhart (122.64mph, 22h:12m), with Blanche Noyes (Travel Air, #3; 110.88mph) in fourth and fifth went to Ruth Elder (Laird Swallow #66; 96.41mph)

In the light aircraft, or C Class, Phoebe Omlie took first place

(Monocoupe #8; 108.19mph), Edith Foltz (Alexander Eaglerock Bullet #109; 65.44mph) came in second, followed by Jessie Keith-Miller (Fleet Model 2, #43; 51.98mph) with Thea Rasche (deHavilland Gypsy Moth, #61; 42.17mph) in fourth. Bobbi Trout finished the race technically in fifth place, although her time was not recorded.

Soon after the race, Louise Thaden, Amelia Earhart and Ruth Nichols met under the grandstand and together founded the Ninety-Nines, a women's aviation organization that is still active today.

Author's note: A huge tip o' the hat goes to Gene Nora Jessen, author of the fabulous book "Powder Puff Derby of 1929" for taking the time to help me research this piece. For anyone interested in more of the stories from this amazing race, I highly recommend her book, which is available from the Ninety-Nines website.



GOING AIRBOURNE WITH THE SKYHAWKS



Article and Photos
By Jean-Guy Pitre



The Atlantic Canada International Air Show (ACIAS) had the honor of playing host to one of the premier Parachute teams in the world, the Canadian Forces Skyhawks. They have been around since 1969 in one form or another, and since then, I've had countless opportunities to watch them perform. In fact, I recently found a sticker of theirs on my 25 year old high school binder! Time sure does fly. Needless to say based on my previous experiences with the team, when Tracy Morgan, the PR Director of the ACIAS offered me the chance to ride along in the Skyhawks' CC-130H Hercules during Media Day, I (pardon the expression) leapt at the chance.

The Skyhawks, in an average season, travel all over North America and perform about 30 times. They can be easily recognized by the signature Canadian Flag motif on their parachutes. The team is based at CFB Trenton, forming part of The Canadian Forces Land Advanced Warfare Centre (CFLAWC). The team consists of 18 jumpers and support staff from all branches of the military. During the demonstration, they perform precision "Canopy Relative Work" with formations ranging from one to three jumpers, such as the Tri-bi side, Canada T and the impressive "Candy Cane" with 6 smoke grenades on a wire!

On Friday, August 24th (my 21st anniversary, but that is another story), I made my way to the Summerside Airport for media day. It's hard to describe how excited I was, but let's put it this way: When I got to the airport, I was in such a rush to sign in; I left my keys in the van, in the on position and drained my battery. Once inside, we got to meet Captain Indira Thackorie, the Skyhawks PAO, and were introduced

to the team. The airport was still closed and secure, so we needed to be escorted out to the drop aircraft. For today's drop, a venerable CC-130H from 413 Squadron was provided. The members of 413 are well experienced parachute dropers, given their role in Search and Rescue on the Atlantic Coast.

Now was a chance to meet and mingle with the 10 scheduled jumpers, the Hercules crew as well as the other media reps, about 10 in all. One "lucky" media rep was even selected to do a tandem jump. I have to admit I am glad it was not me, given my fear of heights. Just going for a ride in a Hercules was exciting enough for me.

It is hard to put into words just how much prep work goes into every successful dive. Between checking the chutes, preparing the smoke grenades for the footwear and the "Candy Cane" streamer, the jumpers focus on all of the smallest details. They also find time to do a "dirt dive" before they board the airplane where they walk around, mapping out the routine they intend to perform in the air. It is all about planning, communication, teamwork and trust.

Once all of the jumpers and media were present, we were given a more detailed briefing, describing the plan of climbing to 9,999 feet, having the 10 (+1 media) jumpers bail out and then returning back to the airport, for a flight totaling about 1 hour. Then came the words to strike fear in my heart..."Five of you will be wearing harnesses and standing on the open ramp for the jump passes." My name was the first one called. To say I was stunned would be an understatement. I can guarantee you if it was not for the fact that this was the chance of



a lifetime to capture that perfect photo, I would have seriously considered chickening out. I spent the next 20 minutes muttering to myself, taking pictures of the Snowbirds practice as I tried to make sure I was up for it.

Then came the time to put on the harness. Not the easiest rig to get on, with straps dangling tantalizingly just out of reach. We then made our way to the ramp to be properly outfitted and find out our positions. Some nerve racking time later after a pre-flight, we loaded up, got our assigned mesh seats and were shown where the air sickness bags were kept (always reassuring). The gentleman beside me was on his first ever airplane ride, and he was ramp bound as well. So the air was one of excited nervousness.

If you have never had the chance to ride on a military cargo plane, it's

probably very different from any other flight you've been on; very few windows and seats facing inwards, you are staring at someone on the other side of the fuselage. Pipes, tubes, brackets and cargo everywhere. Twelve foot ceilings. A strange mix between feeling small, and feeling claustrophobic. Strange noises, smells and vapors. Not quite the same safety briefing as an airline; no lessons on seatbelts, just a "If one of the crew tells you to do something, do it" and "In case of emergency, go out the back ramp". On engine start, the loadmaster was as busy as a one legged man trying to stamp out a fire in an ammo dump. She was checking everything and moving padding aside to get to parts. She sure knew her job.

After we climbed a bit, the loadmaster got her harness on, and then the ramp was lowered. I have

flown a glider solo and spent more time in a plane than I can count, but I have never before had the glorious chance to see the ground from the air with nothing in the way. It was magnificent and frightening at the same time. We were warned it was going to be cooler at altitude, but the adrenaline rush kept me very warm.

With the ramp down, the jumpmaster and loadmaster made their way to the edge and dropped the streamers. This was when we found out that the cloud base was too low for a tandem jump. The poor radio host had been steeling up courage, had his family come out to the launch and now he was just another passenger.

The ramp closed again, and now, it was our turn. The five harnessed passengers made our way to the ramp. The ever professional Sky-





hawks were checking both themselves and us, making sure everything was safe. There were rituals and obvious preparations. I was the second person on the port side, and was with the loadmaster. Before the ramp was lowered, we spent a few minutes getting our "air legs". It was not easy; the plane was lurching and moving, but I was determined to keep my balance.

Then they lowered the ramp. It was unnerving and mesmerizing. I have never been an adrenaline junkie, but at that moment, I was spell bound. The ground was passing beneath us and I needed both hands to hold the camera, so that left just me, a piece of webbing, a harness and 2000 feet of air. Some of my fellow "Rampies" sat down, but I stayed and "surfed" the entire time. One Skyhawk even pretended to lose his balance to keep the mood light. I think I did a good, only having lurched a few times. However, I will never cease to be amazed at just how stable the jumpers and crew were.

After a circuit or two, we were told the jumpers would go out in packs of five. Watching these men jump off of the back ramp, flipping, spinning and having a generally childish time made me jealous, I wanted a chute too! I think I would have jumped!

I was disappointed when we finally closed the ramp. This ended one of the most incredible experiences in my life. We sat and landed. After some time watching the team repack, we were done. An experience of a lifetime was complete.

I would like to thank the CF Skyhawks and the team at ACIAS for this incredible opportunity. I always had respect for the Skyhawks, but now I think I understand them too!





WEEK OF THE EAGLES

FORT CAMPBELL AIR SHOW

Article and Photos
by Antonio Gemma More'





Often times when my photography slows down during the winter months I find it fun to check into what new airshows are occurring in the weeks and months ahead. Most of the time, the major airshows stay the same with subtle performer and static display lineup changes, but rarely does a truly large airshow come along that gets me excited. But when I saw an event listed for Fort Campbell, KY was scheduled for August 2012, it got my attention!

Fort Campbell is best known as the home of the 101st Airborne Division, the "Screaming Eagles" whose exploits in World War II made them a household name nationwide. Between the main airport, Campbell Army Airfield (KHOP) and satellite field, Sabre Army Airfield (KEOD), the post has the largest concentration of rotary-wing aviation assets in the Army, making this airshow the summer attraction for Army



Aviation fans. For 2012, Ft. Campbell decided to honor the warfighter through a week-long celebration beginning with a division run early on Friday morning and culminating by the division review the following Friday. In between were a whole host of major events each day, in-

cluding a "Run for the Fallen", the Saturday airshow, a Kelly Clarkson concert, "Toughest Air Assault" soldier competition, and many more family-friendly events. My perspective on the airshow was new in two ways: first, I had never attended an airshow on an Army post, and sec-





and I would be “manning the jet” as a static display pilot during the event. My hometown organization – the Momentum Foundation in Tullahoma, TN – provided an Aero Vodochody L-39C Albatross for static display, and as a foundation volunteer I jumped at the chance to ride along and help show off our unique flight-test photo chase asset to the general public.

Airshow weekend started early for me on Thursday August 9th as I met my pilot at the foundation hangar at the crack of dawn. US Army CW4 (ret) Rodney Allison is the founder and president of the Momentum Foundation, and his roots in Army aviation trace back to Ft. Campbell, where he served as an OH-58 Kiowa pilot early in his career. From flying the RAH-66 Comanche to the L-39C Albatross, Rodney really is quite an aviator!

After towing the jet onto the ramp and completing a quick preflight inspection we closed canopies and fired up. Although the weather at our destination was great, several lines of small thundershowers dotted middle Tennessee between Tullahoma and Ft. Campbell. After taking off from runway 24, we pointed the nose north-west and, with the help of the good folks at Nashville approach control, we dodged and

weaved through the rapidly clearing weather to a safe landing in Kentucky. It was quite a treat to hear the controller ask, “What kind of experimental is that?” as we blasted across his airspace at over 200 knots indicated airspeed – something of a new experience for me, as folks usually don’t care to ask how fast my rented Cessna 152 can go!

Since we were so early, our jet was the first static display on an all

but empty flightline, but as Friday rolled around that rapidly changed. Performers like the Trojan Horseman, Matt Younkin, and the Sky Soldiers rapidly started filtering in on Friday morning along with static display birds from Ft. Campbell and Sabre AAF, representing every major type of aircraft assigned to the base. Friday’s practice show kicked off midday and gave visiting media and many base personnel the first

chance to enjoy some of the high-flying patriotically themed performances without all the distractions that a full airshow brings with it. While I stood by the Momentum Foundation jet, the airshow kicked off Saturday morning in style with a performance by the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) Parachute Demonstration Team, The Screaming Eagles, who jumped in to the show with an American flag. Next









up was the Liberty Jump Team who demonstrated static-line jumps in a vintage C-47 Dakota, an aircraft which actually participated in the second wave of the Allied invasion over Normandy 68 years ago. After the jump plane landed, the Commemorative Air Force P-51D Mustang, SBD Dauntless, and LT-6 Mosquito tore up the field with low pass after low pass, followed shortly by Matt Younkin in his smoke-spewing Beech 18. The next civilian performer was the Army Aviation Heritage Foundation, whose twin UH-1H Hueys and lone AH-1 Cobra helicopters worked together to rescue a downed O-1 Bird Dog pilot along with a little help from a T-28 Trojan from the Hixon Flight Museum. After the vintage Vietnam aircraft cleared the airspace, the Trojan Horseman took to the air and provided a wonderfully patriotic formation demonstration for the huge midday crowd. Finally, the active-duty military performers again began their routines, starting off with another 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) Parachute Demonstration Team formation jump from a Ft. Campbell UH-60 Blackhawk followed by a series of flybys from an Air Force B-2A Spirit, Kentucky Air National C-130H Hercules, and a C-21A Learjet.





The grand finale of the airshow was the Air Assault Demonstration, roughly equivalent to a MAGTF performance or, as one Ft. Campbell PAO staffer put it, “a 20 minute long Jerry Bruckheimer movie”! As the C-21A landed, airshow volunteers quietly transported two plywood structures onto the airfield and the grass just in front of the crowd line slowly filled with scarf-clad men wielding light machine guns and even RPGs. Next, two OH-58D Kiowa Warriors arrived low on the

horizon using their sensors to estimate the enemy threat and alert their AH-64 Apache escort to the situation. After firing their weapons and eliminating several armed terrorists, the trio climbed high over the battle space to continue their armed overwatch as four massive CH-47 Chinooks lumbered onto the north side of the airport carrying Humvees and M119A towed light-weight howitzers.

As the howitzer troops began to soften up the remaining insurgents,

the CH-47s departed and then returned sling-loading in two additional Humvees each. With more and more soldiers arriving, the next wave of personnel – a team of elite Army “Pathfinder” troops - arrived in two Blackhawks to the center of the airfield. As the camouflaged special-operations troops coordinated with two additional AH-64s to make gun run after gun run on the enemy position, a massive formation of ten UH-60L/M Blackhawk helicopters arrived bringing even







overwhelmingly long list of positive steps taken by post personnel to make the airshow great in so many little ways. Soldiers were everywhere before, during, and after the show policing trash, manning water buffalos, and even constructing shaded areas for airshow patrons to enjoy the event under.

While most static displays were situated just along the crowd line, the north-east ramp served as a static pit early in the morning but performing aircraft taxied in and out as the show progressed. This gave photographers and the public alike a chance to get up close and personal with the warbirds and performers, and was quite an agreeable shift from many other big shows which oftentimes limit public access. According to estimates, over 20,000 people were on site attending the airshow at any one point, with crowd totals closer to 40,000 midday. All in all, the entire Ft. Campbell airshow team is to be commended for running a fantastic, safe, and just plain fun airshow for the entire community to enjoy!



more Army troops into the fight. The newly-arrived soldiers either mounted up on Humvees or proceeded on foot to eliminate the few remaining enemy combatants and secure the position, and two "Dustoff" UH-60s arrived to medevac several (simulated) injured soldiers to safety. With the help of the overhead aerial support and howitzer fire, the task force of almost two hundred soldiers finally proceeded in from the field and secured the objective at show center.

sergeant reported "threat eliminated, objective secure!" to Maj. Gen. James C. McConville, commanding general of the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) and Fort Campbell, Ky. With that, the assembled soldiers - all fully kitted-out in combat gear - walked to the crowd line and interacted with the public as the performing aircraft all individually took a final bow before departing Ft. Campbell for their staging location at Sabre AAF.

Looking back on the entire day-long Saturday airshow, perhaps the most impressive in my mind was the



B8

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Jonathan Loveless



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Jonathan Loveless



Alan Barbor



Ryan Sundheimer



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Ryan Sundheimer







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Ryan Sundheimer



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Alan Barbor





Patrick Barron



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Patrick Barron





GATHERING OF EAGLES

GALA GIFT



"Here's Kitten" - Inspired by Col. Charles McGee, a highly decorated Tuskegee Airman holding a record of 409 combat missions during WWII, Korea, and Vietnam, Rouch continued and created "Here's Kitten."

The EAA Young Eagles Program received quite a gift in July, when Aviation Artist, Michelle Rouch of Tucson, AZ donated several of her pieces to the program. Rouch is a self-taught artist, who combines technical knowledge and accuracy with ability to define abstraction between finite lines. The Young Eagles Program, established in 1992 and currently co-chaired by Chesley B. "Sully" Sullenberger III and Jeffrey Skiles, offers our youth between the ages of 8 through 17 an opportunity to learn general aviation skills and how to fly.

The artwork was donated during The Gathering of Eagles Gala, known best for bringing together

aviators to raise funds for the Young Eagles Program. This year's celebration saluted our American veterans including Medal of Honor recipient, Capt. Thomas J. Hudman, Jr., and some of our Nation's best pilots to ever take to the skies, such as Col. Bud Anderson, Bob Hoover, Gene Cernan, living Doolittle Raiders Staff Sergeant David J. Thatcher and Col. Richard E. Cole. One of the main aspects of aviation recognized at this year's gala was the Tuskegee Airmen. Several Tuskegee airmen were on hand including names such as Col. Charles McGee, Lt. Col. George Boyd, Lt. Col. Alexander Jefferson, Lt. Col. Harold Brown, Lt. Col. Bob Ashby, Lt. Col. Washington Ross,

and Lt. Col. William Thompson.

This year's Young Eagle event raised an astonishing \$3 million to benefit the Young Eagles. The highlight of the auctioning night was a handsomely design 2013 Ford Mustang themed on the Tuskegee Airmen, in honor of the service and dedication during WWII.

Rouch's contribution to the Gathering of Eagles Gala included four original pieces that were inspired by George Lucas's Red Tails movie, a true story detailing the plight of the Tuskegee Airmen during World War II dedicated to African-Americans who had fought and died for their rights that were denied to them by their own country.

AirshowStuff Magazine



"Call to Duty" - The fundraiser acquired Rouch's original graphite artwork, titled "Call to Duty" rendered four Tuskegee Airmen under a P-51 formation fly by.

"Nurses - Tuskegee Airwomen" - While researching for material, Rouch discovered Tuskegee Airwomen that served as nurses during the war. This artwork is a tribute to them.



"Honoring Col. Charles McGee" - The second piece, in 24k gold leaf and oil carefully selected to ensure 100% made with USA material, depicts the Tuskegee Airman Pilot, Charles McGee posing next to his P-51B Mustang, nicknamed "Kitten," endearingly named after his wife.



THUNDER OVER MICHIGAN'S MUSTANG MANIA!





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Michael Pentrak



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Patrick Barron



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Shawn Yost





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THE ATLANTIC CANADA INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW



Jean-Guy Pitre

On the weekend of August 25-26 2012, Summerside, PEI hosted the Atlantic Canada Air Show. Summerside has had a long history of flying, dating back to World War II. However, following the closure of CFB Summerside, the area has been under utilized, with no scheduled commercial flights. Yet the runway has still been maintained, making it a perfect location for an airshow!

This year's airshow was one of the most diverse events I have been to recently. It was the only show in Canada in 2012 to have the United States Navy Blue Angels perform. In addition, there was also a fully aerobatic glider flown by Manfred Radius, the Canadian Forces Snowbirds, some warbirds, and many military static displays.

On Friday before the show, I was offered a great opportunity to ride along with the CF Skyhawks (see page 14). While waiting, I was

able to see the Snowbirds practice, which is always a pleasure. A little while later, I was offered the second dream trip of the day. The Blue Angels Fat Albert was due any time, and there would be a spot for me!

If you are not familiar with Fat Albert, let me fill you in. Fat Albert is a C-130T Hercules, kept immaculate by a crew of proud Marines. They love their job! To give you an idea of their focus on details, when they land and the engines stop, one crew member has the responsibility to use a special pole and move the propellers so they are lined up, not haphazard.

Fat Albert landed and we were introduced to the crew. What followed was a crew briefing that was complete, detailed and precise. They do this probably 60 times a year, but there are no short cuts! Then we were briefed. The best line was "What you bring on, bring

off...including the contents of your stomach!"

Then we got assigned our seats: "Who wants the bubble? You can watch the wings flex, but not great for photographers." The bubble was a seat, up a 12 foot step ladder, sitting on a beam! I am glad I did not volunteer.

"Who wants jump seats? Better photography." I volunteered and was selected, but I should have waited, since the next question was "Who wants flight deck?" But my seat was still awesome.

As we loaded and got to our seats, one crew member approached me and warned me "At zero-G, I will be standing beside you and hope to not land on you. Be careful."

Our take-off was described as a slight climb to 5 feet while we built up speed followed by a 45 degree climb out, capped off with a zero-G

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pushover once the speed bled off. I do not know if the take-off was an exaggeration, but the climb out was a challenge to keep control of my camera gear. And the zero-G was for real! I had made sure my belt was tight, but those straps came loose, and I was floating 1 foot above my seat. The crew, not strapped in, went horizontal and even inverted.

What followed was a series of maneuvers, hard banks and high Gs. I always had one hand on the seat since we never knew what was next. Out the window, it was usually sky, ground, or trees that looked like they were our height. I am not a roller coaster rider, but this was better than they could ever be. We finally landed and got a chance to

calm down. But when we got out, the rest of the Blue Angels team were there for their practice. They did not disappoint.

Since it was my 21st anniversary, I decided to head back to the in-laws to get my clan for dinner. But the day was not over. There was a twilight teaser over Summer-side Harbor, with Hawk One, two

other Vintage Wings warbirds, Pete McLeod, Manfred Radius and Bill Leff. A beautiful harbor, incredible sunset and a finale of planes with fireworks.

The teaser started with Hawk One, a Vintage Wings Sabre jet done up in the Golden Hawks colors. I had never seen her at twilight, and let me say, the gold and setting

sun were great together. Then, Pete McLeod in his bright Edge 540 from the Red Bull Air Races took to the skies. He was obviously right at home, and wowed the crowd with his full routine. Next, Vintage Wings slowed things down a bit with a few circuits from a Harvard and a Fleet Finch. Manfred Radius in his glider did an after dark demo 3.5 miles from the airport following Vintage Wings. He told me after he had "height to spare" when he got back to the airport (Watch for my full article on Manfred and his incredible gliding prowess in the next issue). His high altitude routine, with fireworks instead of smoke canisters, was soulful and inspiring. The final performance for the teaser was Bill Leff, in a T-6 Texan. His plane has special lights, wing tip mounted fireworks, and even more fireworks

fired behind him. An aerial launched fireworks display is a challenge to photograph, but a great show to watch. All of this happened, and the doors to the actual air show had not even opened yet!

I have been to shows with better statics, but this one did have one unique alternative entertainment. The local Army unit had a multitude of displays, including howitzers and a medical tent. The topper was rides in an LAV III, an eight-wheeled Light Armored Vehicle. They took anyone who was interested for a 10 minute ride doing doughnuts in a nearby field.

The plan was for gates to open at 9 am with flying from 12-4. The first act planned was the CF Skyhawks. Unfortunately they were unable to jump on Sunday, but they gave their regular great performance on Saturday.

Then things got LOUD. The CF-18 Demo Hornet came in loud and sneaky! PEI has high humidity, so the demo had vapor to spare. Captain "Paco" Gobeil based out of nearby Charlottetown for the demo. The 13 snowflakes on this year's special paint helped make the paint scheme incredibly unique. On Sunday, there were even some explosions for a "strafing pass" that blew up a car!

Pete McLeod kept things buzz-



Jean-Guy Pitre



Jean-Guy Pitre



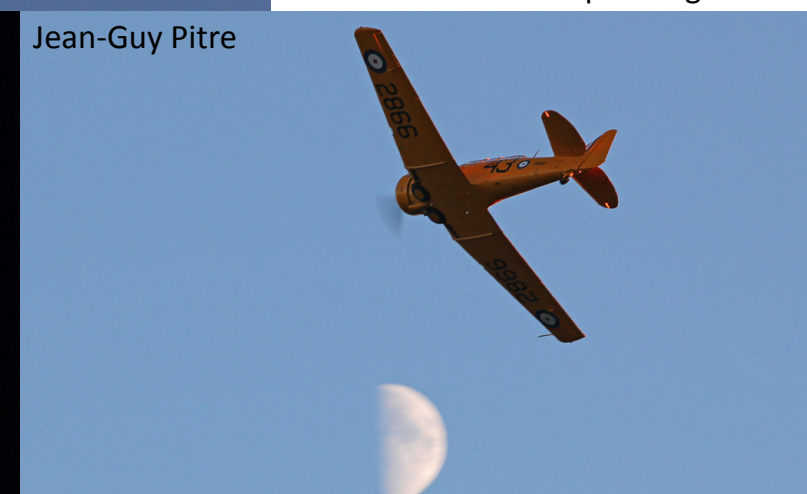
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ing, with high G maneuvers and low passes. A confident, talented pilot in a light, high performance aircraft can make the people on the ground air sick!

The following act was Hawk One flying formation with the Vintage Wings FG-1 Corsair. Both birds then did their own demos. Vintage Wings has a large group of warbirds with special Canadian heritage. Hawk One was painted for the 100th anniversary of flight in Canada, in the colors of the Golden Hawks that were flying 50 years earlier. The Corsair is in the colors commemorating the last flight of Lt Robert Hampton Gray, the last Canadian to win the Victoria Cross in World War II.

Then came the part many of us were waiting for. The Blue Angels and Faaaaaaat Albert! Fat Albert showed what you can do in a front-line designed tactical transport. The Blue Angels are a class act, and I am glad I drove 15 hours to see them. They only had one show in Canada, and I was there!

After, things started to settle down a bit. Bill Leff took off in his T-6 Texan 'three ton WWII trainer' to put on his show. He put it through its paces. While he was showing off, Manfred Radius and his glider were pulled in the sky by an Air Cadet L-19 Bird Dog. He was towed up to altitude for his turn.

Manfred's demo was the complete opposite of the loud demos that had been performed up to that point. The sound was classical music through the loudspeakers. From 6,000 feet, he performed tailslides and loops and everything imaginable. When the weather cooperates, he tries to do an inverted ribbon cut. On Saturday it worked, but on Sunday, the winds were too high.



John Nyren

What followed next was another T-6 Texan, this time the new T-6 Texan II, being flown by "Rambo" a Beechcraft Executive. Currently used as a high performance trainer by many countries, including Canada, the Texan II is a quiet, multi-purpose trainer that was able to put on a nice show.

All that was left was the grand finale, the Canadian Snowbirds. Nine trainers, in formation and solo. A

great way to end any air show.

Four hours of flying, planes from the US and Canada, warbirds and current military, all on Prince Edward Island. All of this together made the Atlantic Canada Air Show a worthwhile air show by any standards. If you can, I recommend going for sure. With 16,000 attendees over the two days, it seems a lot of others decided to make the trip too!

Jean-Guy Pitre



September 2012

John Nyren



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REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

We have some of the best airshow photographers helping us bring you amazing photographs and informative reviews from airshows all over North America and even the world. The following pages are stuffed with this outstanding coverage of recent airshows and aviation events.

If you would like to see your own photos and reviews here, just contact us and ask how to contribute. The only requirement is a passion for aviation!



When summer comes to the Pacific Northwest, the rain-exhausted people of the Puget Sound and surrounding areas come out en masse to the shores of Lake Washington at the beginning of August for fun, games, races, food, culture, and of course the expected warm weather. For a week straight, pirates, clowns, service men and women, and spectators come together to celebrate Seattle and summer in the festival known as Seafair. I had the great fortune of attending the races and air show for this year's Seafair weekend and it was fantastic. But to explain my experience, I first must detail the proud history of the Carnival of Summer:

Seafair began 63 years ago as a festival to celebrate Seattle's centennial and promote marine events to allow the city to keep its nickname, "the boating capitol of the world." The first events included boat races, parades, royalty, and a carnival on top of many other spectacles and eventually grew to incorporate unlimited hydroplane races and close cooperation with the US Navy within the first decade of its existence. Highlights of each Seafair include the Milk Carton Derby, where participants construct boats from used milk cartons they've saved and race around the shores of Lake Washington, the Torchlight Parade where brightly lit floats and

pageantry roam down the avenues of Seattle's downtown, the naval fleet pulling into Elliot Bay, and of course the unlimited hydro races, a part of the Albert Lee Cup, and the Boeing Air Show which features the US Navy Blue Angels every year. This year also saw the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Seattle World's Fair, and Seafair didn't forget, bringing in a few vintage hydroplanes powered by V12 Allison engines and commemorative pins replicating the Seafair Skipper pins that were sold in 1962.

Quite a lot going on, right? We Northwest folk don't waste our few days of sunlight and warm weather. Since I first visited Seafair weekend



in 2006 in the form of watching the Blue Angels launch and recover at Boeing Field from the café outside the Museum of Flight, I've always been surprised by the large turnout of aviation fans along the fences of the airport. Unlike an air show, you have the mix of general public doing their daily routine with the aviation fanatics like myself crowding the parking lots and any available space to catch a glimpse of the Blues. The high energy excitement of the fans keeps the airport buzzing even long after the thunder has rolled past the airport and beyond Beacon Hill, separating Boeing Field from Lake Washington and the main Seafair festivities. It has been my annual tradition to visit the museum and watch the planes take to the skies and return with a few more stunts to show before landing, but this year I bucked tradition and opted to visit both Boeing Field and the lake to see what all the fuss is about.

Unlike previous years, I was granted access to the Boeing Military Ramp where the Blue Angels and Fat Albert stage out of and be treated to both an exhilarating ride aboard Fat Albert for Friday's show and a very unique perspective of the familiar Blue Angels launch and recovery hot side. Though very accommodating, and something I'll look forward to doing again next year, the access wasn't too much different than when I spotted from the top of my Subaru along the fence line with my fellow enthusiasts down the field. Don't get me wrong; I still had a blast seeing the pair of A-10 Thunderbolt IIs of the 44nd FW from Whiteman AFB, MO launch and shoot TAGs, the P-3C Orion in CoNA colors of VP-2 from NAS Whidbey Island just north on the Puget Sound, and a test flight of



the new Indian Air Force P-8A Poseidon with Boeing's blue T-33 chase plane, but I wanted to see more. I wanted to finally see the Boeing Air Show from the lake like a normal Seafair observer.

I spent the weekend out on the shoreline and the log boom on Lake Washington where I could hardly keep up with all of the excitement. Entering Genesee Park where the hydro races are held and the festivi-

ties were it was clear there was a lot going on at all times. Travelling south along the shore you could watch wakeboard stunts from a powered towline hanging above the course. Heading north to the pits you could grab a ticket for the general seats and watch the hydro races just meters away or pay a little more for a pit pass and get up close to the boats and racers as they come and go. Going even further north along

the shore you could make it to the grandstands where the unlimited hydroplanes start and finish and experience the tall, iconic rooster tails jetting behind the hydros as they make the final turn for the home stretch.

Staying a landlubber is a great way to experience Seafair weekend at the lake, but if you're there for the air show, you'll get a decent view of the aerobatics and fly-bys.



For photographers shooting from the shore, it's a challenge and near impossible to do without some expensive glass with long reach. I just so happen to have short glass, and the greatest remedy is by far the premium way of spending Seafair weekend, summed up in two words: log boom. Ferrying out or mooring to the log boom, which is situated just off of the race course and right in the show box, gives you the closest and greatest seats there are to have, and even if the awesome hydroplanes and amazing aircraft don't tickle your fancy, there's always a fantastic party raging from boat to boat up and down the boom. Standing out on the barge alone was by far the best place to be as performers like the F/A-18F Super Hornet turns tight and light the burners just above you, Sean D. Tucker tumblin' from above to just above the bouncing waves below, and Blue Angel #5 comes subsonic nearly eye-level just a hundred yards off the boom. Believe me when I say there is nothing quite like it.

Looking back, Seafair 2012 was another successful and memorable Seafair for the books as heritage, fun, and excitement came together once more in Seattle. To those still wondering if it's worthwhile to go to the lake for the weekend, I promise you it is well worth the admission.

I'd like to thank the Seafair Foundation for putting this spectacular event year after year, Melissa Jurcan and Naomi Stocks for the helpful media coordination and access, and the US Navy Blue Angels (especially the Fat Albert crew) for giving me the greatest show and experience I've ever had. For information on next year's Seafair please visit:

www.Seafair.com







Oregon Int'l Airshow - Hillsboro, OR
Photos by John Nyren



















Fred Shabec



Alan Barbor



Alan Barbor
Ryan Sundheimer



Alan Barbor



Michael Misorski

Michael Misorski





Alan Barbor
Fred Shabec

Fred Shabec



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Alan Barbor



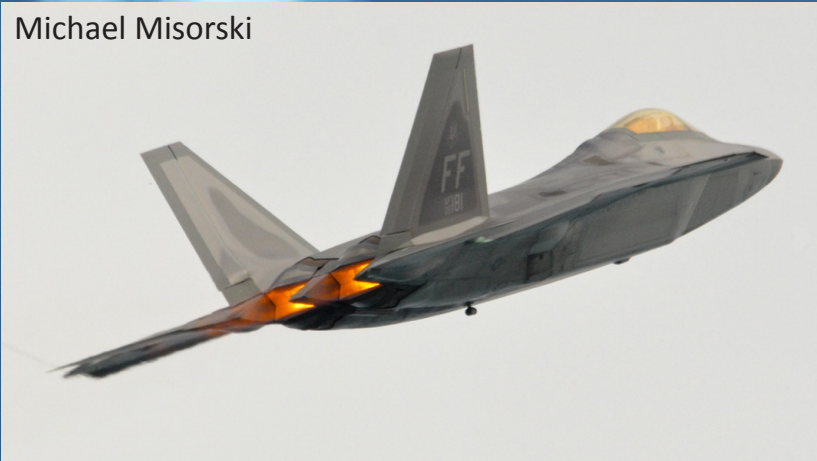
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Thunder Over The Boardwalk - Atlantic City, NJ



Chris Adolor

Chris Adolor



John Nyren



John Nyren



John Nyren



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Wings Over Wine Country - Santa Rosa, CA
Photos by Mark E Loper





Wings Over Camarillo - Camarillo, CA

Article and Photos by Matt Shinavar



Alarm goes off, still dark; on a Saturday? Something's amiss here. What the devil day is it? August 18th. Oh, Wings Over Camarillo is today, that explains the alarm. It's a long drive and I want to beat the crowds, par for airshows.

Camarillo is one of my favorite airshows during the year. It has a small airport feel, hardly any crowd to fight, easy access to the flight line, and many interesting aircraft each year. Camarillo is a unique mix of personal aircraft, experimentals, warbirds, and military aircraft. This is the show where you can see a Lancair Legacy parked next to a Super Hornet next to a Pilatus Turbo Porter – it's that diverse. There's a tad more organization to the parking scheme than that, but that's the general idea. Luckily Camarillo is one of the shows that is small



enough to keep the air performers inside the crowd line, pushing them out to startup and do their routine – after the performance, they're usually pulled back inside so the crowd can get a close look of the airplane they just saw fly.

While small, the Camarillo airshow is big enough and has a long enough history to pull all the top acts seen in Southern California. It's big enough to pull a decent military performance, and with the CAF hangars there, warbirds flock to





this airshow. P-38s and FW190s are quite rare as far as warbirds go, they each flew through their routine; and while they are rare there are just a handful still flying, they're not nearly as rare as the only N9M Flying Wing – it was up next though. With the N9M based at Chino, it's easy to forget how rare that airplane actually is; while

there are seven flying P-38s left at last count, only four flying wing prototypes were built total in the early 1940s with N9MB the only one that didn't have a date with the scrapper. It, of course, came to the Camarillo airshow and, I dare say, put on the best performance I've seen it do to date.

Naturally, it wasn't just about

the aircraft at the airshow; the performers were all top notch as well. From Sammy Mason doing some wild maneuvers in his Stearman biplane to Rob Harrison, the "Tumbling Bear", in his Zlin 50LS. Clay Lacy took his Pilatus Turbo Porter to the sky to perform a combination of aerobatics and short takeoff and landing capabil-

ity demonstration.

Everything considered, Camarillo is one of the better airshows of the year available in Southern California. The mix of aircraft, performers, small airport feeling, light crowds, and access to airplanes on the ground makes it a very good airshow. I'll be going next year, that much is certain.



Fred Shabec



Alan Barbor
Fred Shabec



Alan Barbor
Fred Shabec



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Fred Shabec
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Lake in the Sky Air Show - South Lake Tahoe, CA

Photos by Mark E Loper



**Oakland County Int'l Airport Open House
Pontiac, MI**
Photos by Michael Pentrak



Wings Over Waukesha - Waukesha, WI
Photos by Alan Barbor





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Thanks for Reading!