

Flight Line

The Official Publication of the CAF

Southern California Wing
455 Aviation Drive, Camarillo, CA 93010
(805) 482-0064

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Visit us online at www.orgsites.com/ca/caf-socal



© Photo by Eric Van Gilder

www.vg-photo.com



© Photo by Dan Newcomb

Sarah de Bree, our Museum Director, tripping the light fantastic with her husband, Casey, our Wing's Most Valuable Member, celebrating the reopening of our WWII Aviation Museum. Kudos to all who helped make the reopening a reality. An informal "Grand Re-Opening" will be held on Saturday, February 9, 2008 – with possibly some flyovers. See you there!

**Wing Staff Meeting, Saturday, February 9, 2008 at 9:30 a.m. at the
CAF Museum Hangar, 455 Aviation Drive, Camarillo Airport**

THE CAF IS A PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMBAT AIRCRAFT

February 2008

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2 Work Day
3	4 Museum Closed	5 Work Day	6 Museum Closed	7 Work Day	8	9 Staff Meeting 9:30 AM Museum Grand Reopening
10	11 Museum Closed	12 Work Day	13 Museum Closed	14 Work Day Valentine's Day	15	16 Work Day
17	18 President's Day Museum Closed	19 Work Day	20 Museum Closed	21 Work Day	22	23 Work Day
24	25 Museum Closed	26 Work Day	27 Museum Closed	28 Work Day	29	

STAFF AND APPOINTED POSITIONS				IN THIS ISSUE	
Wing Leader	* Steve Barber	(805) 485-5405	f8f2@aol.com	Wing Calendar	2
Executive Officer	* Jason Somes	(818) 292-4646	airboss@jasonairracing.com	Staff and Appointed Positions	2
Adjutant	* Bob Albee	(805) 583-4872	loll@earthlink.net	Mal Stratford at War-Part II	3
Finance Officer	* Casey de Bree	(805) 389-9185	scdebree@aol.com	New Warbird in Our Museum Hangar	4
Operations Officer	* Gary Barber	(805) 659-4319	bearcat69@pacbell.net	Packing Parachutes	5
Maintenance Officer	* (Vacant)			Public Rides in Our SNJ-5	5
Safety Officer	* Marc Russell	(805) 955-9404	captmarcr@aol.com	The Saga of a Downed Lightning, Part II	6
Facility Officer	Bob Albee	(805) 583-4872	loll@earthlink.net	Wing Photo Page I	7
Training Officer	(Pat Brown)			A Christmas Story You've never Heard	8
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HANGAR PHONE (805) 482-0064 HANGAR FAX (805) 482-0348 WEBSITE www.orgsites.com/ca/caf-socal				Submittal Deadline - 15th of the month Commemorative Air Force Southern California Wing 455 Aviation Drive Camarillo, CA 93010-9501	
* Denotes Staff Position					

Mal Stratford At War – Part II by Mal Stratford

October 1, 1941

I was 30 minutes late on my arrival at Selfridge Field, Michigan. That alone was a no-no, which put me in “nervous city” for two days. Brand new Second Lts. just don’t arrive late! The base was of colonial type buildings, mostly brick, with lots of green grass, and the flight-line buildings and ramps were spotless. But what caught my eye as I drove down the main avenue were several P-39s. I had never seen a tricycle airplane, but these streamlined little dudes were ready to GO!!! I loved them at first sight.

The following days we had classes on the ‘39s. Since a ‘39 is a one-seater and very narrow, it was cozy. Electric props; 37 mm gun shooting through the nose; and two 30 caliber guns in each wing. I was first to fly, so I wasted no time. I taxied to position, ran through the checklist and “let ‘er go!” Off the ground, up the gear, set to climb RPM and things began to happen – the electric prop (brushes) gave way and my RPM jumped from 2600 to 3000. I switched from auto to manual and pulled back on the throttle – nothing changed. I notified the tower that I was returning. “O.K. Cleared to land.” I put the gear down. The resistance on the gear caused the RPM to drop to 2600. I didn’t know what was happening, so I pulled up the gear, sending the RPM to 3000 again. This time I got around and landed.

Murphy’s Law

Another time I took my cross country. The weather was typically grey overcast, with five miles viz., and COLD! I didn’t have much fuel, so when I got disoriented, I decided to land any place that looked good. I saw a farmer’s field, just tilled that day, with a farmhouse, a school and a hospital close by. The field was only 1400 ft., with 5 ft. fences at either end. It was darkening, so I went for it, skimming the ground. I jumped the fence, set it down, rolled in the soft, moist tilled ground about 900 ft., tried to do a 180 degree to get ready for takeoff, when the right wheel dug itself in. No damage.

It was COLD. I was hungry and wondering how I could get out of this mess. The farmers came, fed me and brought blankets, but I couldn’t sleep. I had just aroused the whole neighborhood – I had company, including the sheriffs, school teachers, preachers and all the school kids in town that had never seen a fighter plane before.

I managed to get to a telephone, and called my C.O. I explained the situation. He asked me if I thought he could get a Stearman in there. If so, he would pick me up. I told him, “No, he couldn’t land here.” (I meant due to the soft, plowed soil.) He was very nice, but the fact that he misunderstood me about the soft earth, 1400 ft. area, got him thinking that I said that he couldn’t land a Stearman in this field on which I had landed a P-39! The story spread quickly, and I was red in the face when I got back to Base in a Staff Car.

WW II Begins

I had selected Selfridge Army Air Base, Michigan, with the idea of ice boating and ice skating. No such luck so far! On

December 7, 1941, the Japs changed all our plans. World War II had begun! I was dispatched to San Francisco on December 13, and the lake in Michigan froze over the next day. Just my rotten luck.

The Pentagon must have been in a turmoil. They had to send and retract orders all over the world where our troops were. We got our orders to leave on the 13th. Seven officers (2nd Lts.) were dispatched to San Francisco. We were in charge of 13 enlisted men who were aircraft technicians. We departed from the Detroit railroad station and rode a train all the way – not fun.

January 12, 1942

We headed out for destination “X” on the S.S. “Coolidge,” a beautiful ship with almost nothing removed. The meals were just like full-fare passengers’. It is weird, leaving at night – dark – don’t know where we are going. Daytime, we can see ships of our convoy. Destination “X” is revealed on January 31, after 19 days.

Melbourne, Australia

Lovely town – nice, friendly people – glad to be off the ship. Camped down, went to town with Al to get some famous “Melbourne Green Beer.” Wow! Easy does it. It’s 4:00 p.m. – bar is closing. Everyone must leave. Come back at 6:00. Where did these people come from? Boy, are they plastered! I feel like I had a knife go through my head, too. That Aussie beer is rough!

February 14, 1942

On the way to Java, only one day out of Perth – the Japs torpedoed the USS Langley, the aircraft carrier, with the loss of 32 pilots and 60 P-40s. The next day our U.S. cargo carrier was sunk, with 60 more P-40s going down. All this going on in very close range of our derelict ships.

Our remaining ships were dispatched to Karachi, India. We dropped the others in our convoy and proceeded alone. We were glad to get rid of the “Smoky Joes,” so we could use all our 18 knots and maneuver some. The two “Smokies” docked the next day.



Mal Stratford, October, 1941

New Warbird in our WWII Aviation Museum Hangar

by Dave Flood



© Photo by Dave Flood

The Fairchild PT-19A Cornell #N641BP - just arrived at our WWII Aviation Museum Hangar. What a beauty!

Coming in quietly, almost stealthily, to our beleaguered WWII Aviation Museum Hangar was this brightly painted, beautifully restored low wing monoplane, with two open cockpits and a large “No. 44” painted in bright yellow against the blue fuselage. It was like a breath of fresh air – a rainbow against the dark clouds of doubt and frustration.

This vintage trainer brightened our days, and helped to put a spring in our step that hasn't been there for awhile. Where did it come from? Who was responsible for us getting this fabulous warbird to adorn our Museum?

Steve Barber gave us a hint when he suggested that we “Google” the name of Capt. Charles Plumb. We followed Steve's advice, and learned of the man who has such an inspiring background in Naval Aviation history, and who has accomplished so much by his sheer determination and courage in the midst of great adversity.

Capt. Charles Plumb is the proud owner of the Fairchild PT-19A that has been added to our fleet of flyable WWII warbirds. Capt. Plumb has agreed to lease the PT-19A to our Wing for a sum we can easily handle, and the CAF is in the process of approving the lease. We will be proud to display Capt. Plumb's splendid warbird in our WWII Aviation Museum!

We are including in this issue: (1) a story told by Capt. Plumb about his encounter with a man who had packed his parachute; (2) a military biography of Capt. Plumb; and (3) some interesting info about his current career as a motivational speaker.

We are indebted to Capt. Plumb for enabling us with the opportunity of displaying in our WWII Aviation Museum one of his treasured airplanes. We will be proud to show it off and tell all visitors of the man behind the plane, and of

his exploits and hardships, and how he overcame all those hardships and emerged better than ever – because of the way he handled adversity.



Capt. Charles Plumb, USNR (Ret.)

Capt. Charlie Plumb graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis and went on to fly the F-4 Phantom jet on 74 successful combat missions over North Vietnam. On his 75th mission, only five days before he was to return home, Plumb was shot down, captured, tortured, and imprisoned in an 8 X 8 foot cell. He spent the next 2,103 days (5years, 9 months) as a Prisoner of War in communist prison camps.

During his nearly six years of captivity, Charlie Plumb distinguished himself among his fellow prisoners as a professional in underground communications, and served for two of those years as the Chaplain at his camp.

Since his return, more than 4,000 audiences in nearly every industry have been spellbound as Capt. Plumb draws parallels between his P.O.W. experience and the challenges of everyday life. His insights have helped thousands of people cope with their everyday problems.



Charlie Plumb as a young Naval Aviation pilot.

Packing Parachutes

by Charlie Plumb

Recently, I was sitting in a restaurant in Kansas City. A man about two tables away kept looking at me. I didn't recognize him. A few minutes into our meal he stood up and walked over to my table, looked down at me, pointed his finger in my face and said, "You're Captain Plumb."

I looked up and I said, "Yes sir, I'm Captain Plumb."

He said, "You flew jet fighters in Vietnam. You were on the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk. You were shot down. You parachuted into enemy hands and spent six years as a prisoner of war."

I said, "How in the world did you know all that?"

He replied, "Because, I packed your parachute."

I was speechless. I staggered to my feet and held out a very grateful hand of thanks. This guy came up with just the proper words. He grabbed my hand, he pumped my arm and said, "I guess it worked."

"Yes sir, indeed it did", I said, "and I must tell you I've said a lot of prayers of thanks for your nimble fingers, but I never thought I'd have the opportunity to express my gratitude in person."

He said, "Were all the panels there?" I said, "I had fifteen good ones, three were torn, only because I jumped close to the ground. It wasn't the way you packed it."

"Let me ask you a question," I said, "do you keep track of all the parachutes you pack?"

"No" he responded, "it's enough gratification for me just to know that I've served."

I didn't get much sleep that night. I kept thinking about that man. I kept wondering what he might have looked like in a Navy uniform - a Dixie cup hat, a bib in the back and bell bottom trousers. I wondered how many times I might have passed him on board the Kitty Hawk. I wondered how many times I might have seen him and not even said "good morning", "how are you", or anything because, you see, I was a fighter pilot and he was just a sailor. How many hours did he spend on that long wooden table in the bowels of that ship weaving the shrouds and folding the silks of those chutes? I could have cared less...until one day my parachute came along and he packed it for me.

So the philosophical question here is this: How's your parachute packing coming along? Who looks to you for strength in times of need? And perhaps, more importantly, who are the special people in your life who provide you the encouragement you need when the chips are down? Perhaps it's time right now to give those people a call and thank them for packing your chute.

Public Rides in Our SNJ-5

by Bill O'Neill

In case you haven't heard, we are selling rides in the SNJ. We started our advertising in the *Ventura County Star* on December 1st. There have been a number of ads since then, both in color and black and white. These ads resulted in the sale of 26 ride certificates being sold to the public for Christmas and birthday presents. Two other certificates were auctioned off at the Christmas Party bringing the total to 28 certificates sold so far. Four additional certificates were used as wing gifts to the people who helped get us advertising for this new endeavor.

We have started flying our passengers on Saturday, the 26th of January, with Jason Somes as the pilot. We will fly every Saturday thereafter unless the weather doesn't permit or mechanical difficulties prohibits flying or we can't get a pilot to fly that day or we run out of riders.

The CAF Headquarters has given their approval of our Warbird Flights Program. Currently, there are two pilots qualified for the program, Jason Somes and Steve Barber, with three others, Terry Cedar, Marc Russell and Al Kepler "waiting in the wings" – only needing final approval.

Our goal is to have 10 passengers per month on average. So be sure to tell your neighbors and friends about this new and exciting ride now available to the general public. A 20-minute ride will cost \$300. We also will provide each rider a color photo of themselves in the SNJ.

We owe the *Ventura County Star* a HUGE "thank you" for their support of this program. They did all of the advertising to date, and will continue to do so for the remainder of this year, FREE to our Wing.

We also owe thanks to Colin Bedding and his group for the wonderful posters they produced for our program.



© Photo by Eric Van Gilder www.vg-photo.com
Here is our North American SNJ-5 Texan which is being used in our Warbird Flights Program, which started on Saturday, January 26, with every Saturday thereafter scheduled for the rides. Please call (805) 482-0064 to make your reservation.

Saga of a Downed Lightning – Part II

by Ron Fleishman

The engine sat there for almost two years, but it wasn't abandoned. On the flatland below, plans were being made to bring it to a place where it would tell its story...where it would be part of a display honoring the pilots and mechanics of World War II.

During this time, a team was being put together by Darin O'Neill (son of Bill O'Neill), and a special cart was being welded together by Brent Eckhart's Mobile Welding – designed to hold what had been dug out of the hill, and to haul it down (or up) the hill.

The date set to bring the engine down was set for 01 December, 2007. The group would consist of six men, and the plan was to work the engine up the hill to level ground and put it into Darin's truck. At 09:30 we assembled at the CAF hangar and found that we would be two men short of our original cadre.

We left Camarillo Airport, and drove to Paige and David Hibbits house – and started down the steep slope. Dave Hibbits was, and still is, in the process of putting a walkway zig-zagging down the slope. Even with this paved path, it's a steep climb down and back up.

It took all four of us to pull the engine onto the cart and strap it down. Now the four of us – Darin, Etienne Allen, Steve Chenevert and myself – are not small people (as you can see by the photos).

The hill, it seemed, would not give up its prize easily. The first third of the recovery was pure brute force. When we would stop to catch our breath, the wheels of the cart would sink into the paving stones on the path. The path, as I mentioned, zig-zagged – so there were two "switch-backs" along the narrow route.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," someone once said, and, while we were taking a rest about a third of the way up, we started to joke and wishfully talk about levers, helicopters, and pulleys.

At this point, Darin remarked that he had some rope and pulleys back in the truck. "Well...go get them!" This seemed to be the best solution, as we figured we were not going to get the helicopters any time soon. From here on it was "textbook physics 101."

The remaining two-thirds up, thanks to a few strategic trees, a lot of rope and more brute force, we got the engine up to the flat land on the Hibbit's driveway.

The rest of the trip, as they say, was all down hill. We thanked the Hibbits and brought the engine to our hangar. I keep calling it an engine, but what we had was really only half an engine. It had split in half widthwise, due to the force of the crash. Looking at the complete Allison we have in the Museum, we determined it was the aft half.

Jim Hinkelman spent time with our new artifact the following Sunday – cleaning out the sand and dirt. You can now see pistons and rods and shattered metal – witness the force of the impact back in 1944.

While up on the slope, a clump of brush was pointed out to us. It is thought that either the rest of our engine, or the other Allison from the P-38, is buried there on the hill.

I kept on thinking, when they pointed out the brush and mentioned the other engine. The hill is steep...it has held those engines in its grip for over sixty years. It doesn't give up its possessions easily.



© Photo by Ron Fleishman

Darin O'Neill and Steve Chenevert hauling the heavy Allison engine up the steep slope. Kudos to all of them for their effort in bringing the engine to our Museum!



© Photo Courtesy of Ron Fleishman

Here's the crew at the top of the slope, ready to put the engine onto the pickup for transport to CAF.



©Photo by Ron Fleishman

David and Paige Hibbits, owners of the property and donors of the Allison engine to our CAF WWII Aviation Museum. Thanks so much for your contribution!

Wing Photo Page I



© Photo by Dave Flood

Now that much of the top “skin” is off the C-46 fuselage, there is talk about putting a plastic “Moon Roof” on the Mother Ship. Just kidding!



© Photo by Dave Flood

Here’s *China Doll* basking in the lights of the Restoration Hangar. She’s in for a “face lift” until spring.



© Photo by Dave Flood

One of the PBJ Restoration Crew helping remove rivets from *China Doll*’s skin. Ouch!



© Photo Courtesy of Bob Goubitz

New Year’s Greetings from Bob Goubitz in snowy Colorado! Bob is getting lots of exercise with the snow shovel.



© Photo by Dave Flood

Our Wing’s Finance Committee at work. From left: Bill O’Neill, Terry Cedar, Cliff Brown and Casey de Bree. They have done yeoman’s work in streamlining and organizing our finances – making them transparent.



Some recent visitors from Le Grand, California.

A Christmas Story You've Never Heard

By Ronnie Polaneczky, *The Philadelphia Daily News*, 12/22/2005

"It started last Christmas, when Bennett and Vivian Levin were overwhelmed by sadness while listening to radio reports of injured American troops. "We have to let them know we care," Vivian told Bennett. So they organized a trip to bring soldiers from Walter Reed Army Medical Center and Bethesda Naval Hospital to the annual Army-Navy football game in Philly, on Dec. 3.

The cool part is, they created their own train line to do it. Yes, there are people in this country who actually own real trains. Bennett Levin – native Philly guy, self-made millionaire and irascible former L&I commish – is one of them.

He has three luxury rail cars. Think mahogany paneling, plush seating and white-linen dining areas. He also has two locomotives, which he stores at his Juniata Park train yard. One car, the elegant Pennsylvania, carried John F. Kennedy to the Army-Navy game in 1961 and '62. Later, it carried his brother Bobby's body to D.C. for burial. "That's a lot of history for one car," says Bennett.

He and Vivian wanted to revive a tradition that endured from 1936 to 1975, during which trains carried Army-Navy spectators from around the country directly to the stadium where the annual game is played. The Levins could think of no better passengers to reinstate the ceremonial ride than the wounded men and women recovering at Walter Reed in D.C. and Bethesda, in Maryland. "We wanted to give them a first-class experience," says Bennett. "Gourmet meals on board, private transportation from the train to the stadium, perfect seats - real hero treatment."



The Liberty Limited passes The Lincoln Financial Field on game day.

Through the Army War College Foundation, of which he is a trustee, Bennett met with Walter Reed's commanding general, who loved the idea. But Bennett had some ground rules first, all designed to keep the focus on the troops alone:

No press on the trip, lest the soldiers' day of pampering devolve into a media circus.

No politicians either, because, says Bennett, "I didn't want some idiot making this trip into a campaign photo op."

And no Pentagon suits on board, otherwise the soldiers would be too busy saluting superiors to relax.

The general agreed to the conditions, and Bennett realized he had a problem on his hands. "I had to actually make this thing happen," he laughs.

Over the next months, he recruited owners of 15 other sumptuous rail cars from around the country - these people tend to know each other – into lending their vehicles for the day. The name of their temporary train? *The Liberty Limited*.

Amtrak volunteered to transport the cars to D.C. - where they'd be coupled together for the round-trip ride to Philly - then back to their owners later.

Conrail offered to service the Liberty while it was in Philly. And SEPTA drivers would bus the disabled soldiers 200 yards from the train to Lincoln Financial Field, for the game.



US Army Black Hawk helicopters during game-day fly-over

A benefactor from the War College ponied up 100 seats to the game – on the 50-yard line - and lunch in a hospitality suite.

And corporate donors filled, for free and without asking for publicity, goodie bags for attendees: From Woolrich, stadium blankets. From Wal-Mart, digital cameras. From Nikon, field glasses. From GEAR, down jackets.

There was booty not just for the soldiers, but for their guests, too, since each was allowed to bring a friend or family member. The Marines declined the offer. "They voted not to take guests with them, so they could take more Marines," says Levin, choking up at the memory.

Bennett's an emotional guy, so he was worried about how he'd react to meeting the 88 troops and guests at D.C.'s Union Station, where the trip originated. Some GIs were missing limbs. Others were wheelchair-bound or

accompanied by medical personnel for the day. "They made it easy to be with them," he says. "They were all smiles on the ride to Philly. Not an ounce of self-pity from any of them. They're so full of life and determination."

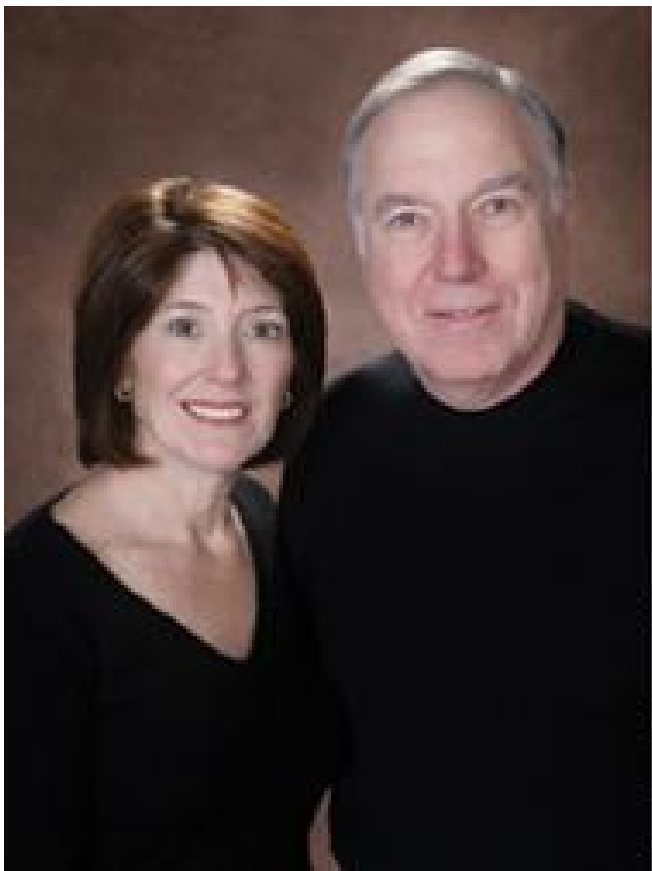
At the stadium, the troops reveled in the game, recalls Bennett. Not even Army's lopsided loss to Navy could deflate the group's rollicking mood.

Afterward, it was back to the train and yet another gourmet meal – heroes get hungry, says Levin - before returning to Walter Reed and Bethesda. "The day was spectacular," says Levin. "It was all about these kids. It was awesome to be part of it."

The most poignant moment for the Levins was when 11 Marines hugged them goodbye, then sang them the Marine Hymn on the platform at Union Station.

It's been three weeks, but the Levins and their guests are still feeling the day's love. "My Christmas came early," says Levin, who is Jewish and who loves the Christmas season. "I can't describe the feeling in the air." Maybe it was hope.

As one guest wrote in a thank-you note to Bennett and Vivian, "The fond memories generated last Saturday will sustain us all - whatever the future may bring."



Vivian and Bennett Levin

God bless the Levins. And bless the troops, every one!"

Scaffolding For C-46 Renovation

In order to facilitate the renovation work on our C-46 *China Doll*, some of our members came up with a very innovative solution to the problem of how our volunteers would work on the top of the fuselage – removing and replacing the “skin” panels and removing and replacing and/or repairing some of the stringers.

Lloyd McAfee located two long units of scaffolding, and, using ceiling joists set aside for our “O” Club buildout, the rest of the team, including John Jones, Marc Russell, Gary Koch, and Jason Some, erected a custom scaffolding setup which does the trick beautifully. See the photo below and the one on Page 5. The beams were extended through opposing windows of the aircraft and supported inside the fuselage by wooden frames. The scaffolds are resting on the extended beams and secured to same.

Congratulations to the team for their inventiveness and hard work in setting up the scaffolding, and many thanks are in order for Jack and Jo Brinckerhoff for their generous gift to enable this work to be accomplished.

When the C-46 renovation work is completed, the joists will be returned to inventory to be ultimately used in the build-out of our “O” Club.



© Photo by Dave Flood

Scaffolding on left side of *China Doll* for renovation.

FRIENDS OF THE MUSEUM

by Ceci Stratford

Our "Friends" program is a vital donation activity of the Wing. Please ask your friends, spouses and neighbors if they'd like to become a part of our Museum by making a "Friends" donation.

For an application form, please call Ceci Stratford, Friends of the Museum Program Coordinator, at (805) 527-3696, or at (805) 482-0064. Her e-mail address is: cecipilot@sbcglobal.net. Looking forward to your being a Friend of the Museum!

Wing Photo Page II



© Photo by Dave Flood

Ken Nishimura, our commuter from Japan, finishing up a custom part for the SNJ-4 #N6411D.



© Photo by Dave Flood

Shari Heitkotter, a new member from Fresno, getting acclimated on our blue tug. Welcome, Shari!



© Photo by Dave Flood

Eric Lange and Robert Blair putting our Zero up on lifts for a gear swing check.



© Photo by Dave Flood

Old Glory flies high and proud outside our WWII Aviation Museum Hangar – recently o.k.ed by the Ventura County Fire Dept. for reopening to the public.



© Photo by Dave Flood

Eric Lange helping out on Jeff Whitesell's Martin 404.

Air Shows – 2008

by Dave Flood

Projected air shows that our Wing is negotiating to participate in are:

March: Riverside, CA;
April: Shafter, CA;
May: Chino, CA; Half-Moon Bay, CA; March AFB;
June: Quiet Brethren Show, CMA
August: CMA – EAA Show;
Sept.: Mountain Home AFB, ID; Hillsboro, OR;
Oct.: Kingman, AZ; Prescott, AZ;
Nov.: Nellis AFB, NV; Thermal, CA;
Other: Chico, CA; Hemet, CA; Roseburg, OR.

We will have more definitive information in our next edition of *Flight Line* on what shows we are definitely going to attend and what planes we will send to each show.

Wing Photo Page III



© Photo by Dave Flood
Jeff Whitesell's Martin 404 parked in front of our hangars on January 3, 2008, ready for its flight.



© Photo by Dave Flood
The Martin 404 blowing smoke at engine start.



© Photo by Dave Flood
At the run-up area, looking real good so far.



© Photo by Dave Flood
Starting her roll down the runway for her first takeoff in a long time.



© Photo by Dave Flood
After a flight of 45 minutes, a perfect landing!



© Photo by Dave Flood
The Martin 404 parked again after her memorable flight. Jeff's airliner is due to be ferried soon to the Planes of Fame Museum near the Grand Canyon, Arizona. We'll be sorry to see you go, old girl!



Southern California Wing
 455 Aviation Drive
 Camarillo, CA 93010

2008 WING MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL NOTICE

January 15, 2008

Dear Wing Member,

It's time again to renew your annual membership in the Southern California Wing of the Commemorative Air Force. We sincerely hope you will retain your affiliation with our wing since we expect exciting things to happen in 2008.

We are one of the leading wings in the CAF with more than 300 Wing members and 8 assigned aircraft. Our museum has become a major attraction in the Camarillo area and both attendance and museum income have risen steadily. Our plans are to continue this growth and we want you to be a part of these exciting happenings.

To renew your membership, just remove this page from the newsletter (or make a copy of it), complete the information requested, enclose your check payable to the Southern California Wing, and return by March 1, 2008 to:

CAF Southern California Wing
 455 Aviation Drive
 Camarillo, CA 93010
 Attn: Personnel Officer

Any contribution in addition to your \$50.⁰⁰ annual dues will be greatly appreciated. Contributions are welcome to help us complete the many projects we are undertaking, such as building the new museum facility, the B-25/PBJ restoration, the SNJ-4 restoration, the Fairchild F-24 restoration, the Spitfire restoration and any other project you may wish to support.

If you joined the Southern California Wing in October, November, or December 2007 your dues are considered paid for 2008, but any contribution to any of our projects that you wish to make will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

Steve Barber, Wing Leader

2008 Wing Dues	\$50. ⁰⁰
Hangar/Museum Building Fund	_____
B-25/PBJ Restoration	_____
SNJ-4 Restoration	_____
Fairchild F-24 Restoration	_____
Spitfire Restoration	_____
C-46 Skin and Floor Repairs	_____
Other _____	_____
Total	_____

Name: _____ Col. #: _____

Street: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Home Phone: _____ Work Phone: _____ Cell Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

THE CAF IS A PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD'S GREAT COMBAT AIRCRAFT
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