



****SPRING, 2008****

Online at <http://vp1pops.com/newsletters.html>

ALOHA! The Patrol Squadron ONE (VP-1) P-3 Orion Pioneers (POPS) is a group of Navy veterans, and their Families, who served in VP-1 during and immediately after its transition from the SP-2H Neptune to the P-3B Orion between the years 1969 to 1974.

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HOW TO JOIN OR RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP To join or renew your VP-1 POPS Membership, complete the attached Membership Information Form and send it to our Secretary/Treasurer, Reisse Perrin. *All membership dues, new or renew, for the next Biennial (2008-2009) are \$15.00. It has been the custom to pay at the ongoing reunion in the past. Biennial VP-1 POPS dues are normally assessed in January of each even numbered year.*

Note: This form may be reproduced and send to eligible buddy's you know! (REV. DEC 2007)

VP-1 P-3 ORION PIONEERS

MEMBER INFORMATION FORM

Please send the information requested below to VP-1 POPs for administrative records. If you do not want your address information to appear on the master roster please so state and it won't be published. Ditto for phone numbers and e-mail addresses – if you don't want them listed please so state. Send the completed form via snail-mail to **VP-1 POPs, c/o Reisse Perrin, 7721 Settlers Avenue, Boise, ID 83704; 208-322-0188; reisse@rlpcpa.com**. Or, send the information via e-mail, responding by item number, to reisse@rlpcpa.com

1. NAME: _____
 _____ (first) (middle initial) (last)
2. MAIL ADDRESS: _____ (street or po box)
 _____ (city / town) (state) (ZIP)
3. RESIDENCE: _____ (street) (city /
 town) (state) (ZIP)
4. SPOUSE NAME: _____ (first) (middle
 initial) (last)
5. TELEPHONE: Home _____ Work: _____ Cell: _____ Fax: _____
6. E-MAIL
 ADDRESS(ES): _____
7. WEB PAGE URL: _____
8. BIRTHDATE: _____ 9. RANK OR RATE IN VP-1: _____ 10. DATES SERVED IN
 VP-1: _____
11. SIGNIFICANT BILLETS/ASSIGNMENTS IN VP-1:

12. FLIGHT CREW(S) SERVED IN: _____ 13. NICKNAME(S) KNOWN BY IN VP-1:

14. IF RETIRED MILITARY, DATE RETIRED: _____ 15. RETIRED RANK OR RATE:

16. CURRENT OCCUPATION / EMPLOYER:

17. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN & WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING SINCE YOU LEFT VP-1?

**PLEASE USE THE REVERSE SIDE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, REMARKS, COMMENTS,
 OR QUESTIONS**

DON'T FORGET TO SEND US A RECENT PHOTO

Note: This form may be reproduced and sent to eligible shipmates you know!

2009 San Diego Reunion Update

From: Jim McAllister

Aloha POPS board members. The reunion is now booked for the weekend of October 8th (Thursday arrival) thru Sunday October 11th 2009 at the Crowne Plaza Hotel. I have reserved 85 rooms for our reunion and can increase that amount by increments of 10 as needed. I have also booked the Admiral Kidd Club for our Saturday Night banquet. Two of my kids utilized Admiral Kidd for their wedding receptions so you can rest assured that it will be an excellent evening there on San Diego Bay. I have to remit an \$800 deposit on the room rental to hold the date (Pete Drees and I split it until later when we start receiving some \$\$ from attendees registering). We will have a Sunday brunch and then a business meeting prior to our departure at the Crowne Plaza. Our free hospitality suite is HUGE and will accommodate all our needs. I will provide KB with an article for the newsletter once we get the Crowne Plaza Link up on to the VP1 POPS web site. ...
Patty Drees is still not doing well so keep Pete and family in your prayers... Aloha...Jim McAllister (Silky) sends...



Rocket Run Nostalgia (and whatever happened to Sniffer, for that matter...?)

From: Don G [oldfogy@cablespeed.com]

Rocket Runs in the P-2 seemed to be on the minds of many POPS during this period...

...[We were] always surprised at how loud they were when fired, even over the noise of everything else in the after station. The noise always startled me because it was so loud...When flying touch & goes in Kodiak, the ordnanceman and I used to throw hard-boiled eggs from our box lunches out the after station window, trying to hit the leading edge of the horizontal stabilizer. When the eggs ran out, we would try and bomb a certain rock on the approach end of the runway on final approach with juice cans from our lunches. You did a lot of stupid things when you were a peon airman with nothing to do but report Flaps Up or fuel dumps from the jets...



With nothing to do but report Flaps Up or fuel dumps from the jets after takeoff, we used to throw hard-boiled eggs from our box lunches out the after station window.

The goal was to hit the leading edge of the horizontal stabilizer and vaporize the egg. When the eggs ran out, we would try and bomb a certain rock on the approach end of the runway on final approach with juice cans from our lunches. We would stick our head out the window into the slipstream and watch for the rock. When we thought it was about the right distance, allowing for the speed of the aircraft, we launch the can out the window and then both watch it from the window to see how close it came...On the next approach it was the other persons turn. We got pretty accurate too after one or two cans. You did a lot of stupid things when you were a peon airman...

From: Fritz [ffink1@comcast.net]

...When I was a PO1 stationed at FAETUPAC in North Island. I would volunteer to fly with VP-31 as an observer when I needed to keep my flight time current. One day I was flying out over El-Centro with an Army pilot in training and a VP-31 instructor. They were training Army pilots to fly P2V's for the Black Cats in Viet Nam... We were doing in-flight stalls when I began smelling fumes and reported it to the pilot. The Plane Captain said it was probably the extra fuel tank in the Bomb bay and he would go down and check it. After a period of time, I heard the pilot say over the ICS that they would have to open the Bomb-bay doors to clear out the fumes, which is standard procedure after the leak has been repaired... A short time later the plane captain came on the ICS and reported the problem was fixed, followed immediately by an "OH, [Expletive Deleted]!" by the pilot. After we got back on the ground later at North Island, I was talking to the Plane Captain as I was helping wipe down the aircraft. He said he had just climbed into the Bomb-bay and was standing on the bomb rack tightening the fuel tank connection when the Bomb-bay doors opened beneath him. He hung on to the bomb rack until the doors eventually closed again and then made his way back up to the cockpit. As he poked his head into the cockpit and the pilot turned his head to look at him, he realized what he had done and uttered the expletive over the ICS... I thought to myself, what a surprise that must have been. A good thing he wasn't standing on the doors! Some people just live right.



From: Billy Rawl

This is a nice little dose of déjà vu from Ron Wheeler. I can't help remembering that during the rocket runs he's talking about, my job on MA-8 (one of the few P2V-5s with the fat tip tanks) was to sit up in the plexiglas dome and score the rockets, that is, to estimate and write down on a target sheet where they hit. If he would have gotten target fixation and failed to pull out I would have been the first to arrive in the target area.

I also recall a time when I had forgotten to hook up the electrical connections to one of the shackles holding depth charges, resulting in LTJG Borck being unable to release them. I solved the problem by tying a rope to myself and the other end to something inside the airplane somewhere, crawled out on the narrow catwalk in the bomb bay with a headset on, and manually released the depth charges on command from the cockpit. I must have been crazy.



There was another time in San Juan (not Rosy Roads) that I had forgotten to open the hydraulic safety valve in the bomb bay so that after engine start the pilot couldn't close the doors. I immediately saw what was wrong, so I ran back under the bomb bay, reached up and grabbed the valve to open it. The valve wouldn't budge, so I pulled harder on it, not realizing that the reason it didn't move was that the pilot still had the bomb bay door

handle in the closed position and there was hydraulic pressure on the valve. I finally succeeded in opening it, resulting in the bomb bay doors immediately starting to close. I grabbed ahold of something inside the bomb bay and pulled myself up just in time to keep from getting cut in half. The doors soon came back open, but I didn't budge, afraid they might close again. Soon an anxious looking face belonging to the second mech, a guy named Gillie as I recall, appeared and asked me if I was OK, and told me it was safe to come out. I must have been crazy.

Thanks, Ron, for jogging those memories!
Billy

From: Ron Wheeler

THOUGHTS FROM THE AFTERSTATION, OR, ROCKET RUN FUN

Youth is a precious commodity. Of course, we don't realize its value until long after our purse is empty. Some of the memories dredged from that diary in our minds can recall either foolish expenditures or some pleasant recollections about how wonderful being young can be. There is one memory of my own that always provokes good feelings and a few chuckles.

Being an aircrewman on a Navy aircraft had its own perks. Although the perks were well worth the long hours of patrol flying, there were certain other flight operations even more enjoyable—the rocket runs.

Rocket runs in our P-2 Navy patrol bomber were thrilling. The airplane, large enough to carry plenty of ordnance, was still maneuverable enough to push over into a steep dive to fire underwing rockets at smoke flares in the water or at a target sled towed by one of our ships. The pushover would always give me that “thrill” feeling in my stomach, like when you race your car over a rise in the road that has a sharp descent on the other side. Your stomach finally catches-up after that little “thrill.” This feeling is multiplied several times when you push over on a rocket run. In the winter of 1957 our squadron deployed from our home base of Naval Air Station Brunswick, ME, to NAS Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico. This was a training deployment and I looked forward to practicing some of those rocket runs.

After our arrival at the air station, I patiently flew through a number of practice bombing flights. We dropped fake bombs called water-sandfills, because that's what they had in them, either water or sand. Finally the day came for qualifying rocket runs for our pilot, LCDR Harry Rich. A Navy ship towed a target sled for us; this was different than firing at smoke flares in the water because Mr. Rich had to build in an “eyeball” lead factor for the sled's movement. I was up for this one. I made it a point to crew the afterstation with Bob Wood, a Navy buddy and a career Aviation Ordnanceman. Woody was responsible for loading the rockets and attaching them to their rocket rails under the wings. Because our afterstation position had a good view of the rockets, our job, as observers, was to call out that the rockets fired properly. This position was also well aft of the aircraft's center of rotation, and it provided an even greater thrill at pushover. After receiving some final instructions from the ship personnel, Mr. Rich pushed over for the first run, Woody and I strained against our seat belts in the little crew seats Lockheed had provided for us—there was the stomach thrill for a second or so.

As we settled into a straight dive, my stomach caught up. With the rockets fired, the pullout to climb back to altitude increased our g-forces. We had more rockets to fire and Mr. Rich was no in hurry. Good—I was having some afterstation fun. Woody and I laughed like a couple of kids at each push over as tons of metal hurtled toward the water at some 180 knots or more.

Then Woody reached into a metal box secured to the afterstation's deck. It was filled with about ten metal miniature bombs. These little bombs had smoke cartridges in them which looked like shotgun shells. The cartridge produced a huge plume of white smoke that was easily seen upon impact with the surface. The

miniature bombs were about one foot long and weighed about three pounds or so. On the next rocket run we each threw one bomb out of the side hatch windows that were secured open. We flew with the hatches open because of the warm weather. I followed Woody's lead for the timing to throw the miniature bombs; after all, he was an Aviation Ordnanceman so I figured he knew when to throw them.

After doing this for about three runs, Mr. Rich came on the plane's intercom and asked if we were throwing anything out of the plane. It seems the Navy guys on the ship wondered where all of the smoke on the water was coming from. We admitted that we had been doing some impromptu bombing on our own. Mr. Rich chewed us out. Woody and I sat quietly in the afterstation like a couple of admonished children as Mr. Rich continued the rocket runs. Some of the fun was gone.

I then reached down and pulled out a hard boiled egg from our box lunches which were secured nearby. Prior to the push over I started pitching the egg in the air. As Mr. Rich pushed over, the egg would go higher and higher and then hang suspended for a second or so. On the pullout the egg appeared to be attached to my hand with elastic, it quickly snapped back into my palm. On the next run I poked Woody and signaled for him to watch. I repeated the sequence. Woody was temporarily amused, but soon became bored. I think throwing the bombs out of the hatches was more fun for him, even if the surface Navy didn't like it.

When the rocket runs were completed, we headed back to the base at Roosevelt Roads. The sky, without a hint of haze, was deep blue; I can't describe the beautiful color of the water because it changed constantly as we approached land. It was a perfect day and I was being paid to fly in a piece of government machinery that was the best on the line, and I had just had a lot fun on the rocket runs. I wouldn't tell the Navy this, but I would pay them to be on a flight crew. What a life.

My mind drifted forward to tonight's liberty and the bar we frequented just off the base. We'll probably tell the miniature bomb and egg story over and over. The story will become funnier with each passing hour.

Winter of 1957, it was a wonderful time to be young and alive—and doing rocket runs.



Update From AWC "Fritz" Fink

Fenina and I really enjoyed ourselves at the Branson Bash with ya'll and are looking forward to the San Diego trip a year from this September. We had a lot of fun! Fenina is still working as hard as ever and I'm still carving boats and selling them so we're both keep very busy...Fenina and I will be taking a trip to Davis-Monthan AFB in Arizona this May to visit with our son David and his family. It just a short 16~18 hour jaunt from here in Katy to Tucson where he lives. The drive reminds of some of those PLE flights we sometimes used to have, except the scenery is different. As some of you may remember, my son David is a captain in the Air Force piloting the MH-60 Pavehawk. He'll be deploying to somewhere on the other side of the world until sometime in September so we'll be driving over to see him off. He says flying the Pavehawk is a lot more fun than flying the twin engined Huey he used to drive up in ND. On our last trip there in March, he told is that there's nothing as exciting as having a rookie C-130 driver do an unannounced and unexpected turn right in the middle of refueling.



We always enjoy Tucson and will visit some more of its attractions while were there. The Pima Air Museum is located near Davis-Monthan with over 200 different types of aircraft on display. And of course there's the "Bone Yard" located next to the base full of old aircraft including P2V's, P-3s and C-130 to name a few... There are also the old western towns of "Old Tucson" near Tucson proper, and Tombstone and the OK Corral, located about 60 miles away. See ya'll in San Diego - Fritz & Fenina



From: Louis Tafoya [ljtafoya@msn.com]

From: mcridercoachmike

Subject: Lovie Howard

Received a phone call informing that Lovie passed recently. She had been very ill for some time. They planned direct cremation with her ashes to be scattered in Georgia. No service was planned. Lover is going back to Georgia for a couple weeks or so and intends to return to Munford. Mike ... Condolences from all VP-1 POPS...



Maritime Patrol Aviation Update

From: Fritz [ffink1@comcast.net] and Don Grove

Regarding the upcoming P-8A and BAMS, I guess with the onset of BAMS (Broad Area Maritime Surveillance Unmanned Aircraft) the Navy will be able to cut its active maritime patrol squadron force just about in half. As I understand the master plan now there will be just four P-8 squadrons on the West Coast -- probably the same on the East Coast, not counting the training squadron at Jax. All the West Coast squadrons are to be based at Whidbey Island. Maritime patrol pilots and aircrewmen are becoming obsolete! (In fact, the US military is planning for the latest generation of manned aircraft to be the last -- KBS) ... Another surprise for me was the statement that there will be contractor maintenance for the P-8A *Poseidon* both at home **and when deployed**. Dangedest thing I ever heard of. But, the Army did it in Vietnam. The *Crazy Cast* had civilian P2V maintainers at Cam Ranh Bay... A couple of good articles inside about P2V's. The one about the VP-23 P2V crash in Italy brought back memories for me. I was in that squadron when it transitioned from PB4Y-2's to P2V-5's in 1954. I had transferred to Pensacola prior to the 1957 accident, but still knew many in the squadron.



The first P-8As On the Assembly Line



(Higher resolution, color images available online with current newsletter)

Note that the Navy has admitted that the separate stations facing forward on the P-3C were a mistake and has designed the P-8 tactical stations to sit along a rail side-by-side like the P-3A/B. Also note the P-8 carries its sonobuoys internally, again like the older model P-3s.

Whidbey Patrol Squadron Memorial



The Whidbey Patrol Squadron Memorial at Veterans Park in Oak Harbor, Washington, is now complete. The memorial committee, led by Don Hanson, reports that the electric lighting for the display has recently been installed. The effect at night is truly dramatic. This final touch was well worth waiting for. It's already drawn numerous compliments. The memorial was dedicated at a combined City-Navy ceremony in September of 2006. The lighting delay was due to a necessary change in electrical contractors, and a parts problem when one of the lighting fixtures arrived in a damaged condition. The electrician who performed the work, Don Howat, is the owner of Blue Mountain Electric. His company does extensive electrical work aboard NAS Whidbey Island.

The lights are in. The engraved bricks have been sealed. The surrounding grass is green and trimmed. The *Airman* statue was recently waxed by Oak Harbor Parks Department workers. All seems well in this region. Funds that remained in the Whidbey Patrol Squadron Memorial account have been channeled into scholarships for dependents of military personnel, both officer and enlisted.

VP-1 veterans should take special pride in this memorial that honors all patrol squadron people that have served at NAS Whidbey Island. Patrol Squadron ONE can claim the longest service at NAS Whidbey of any

patrol squadron. VP-1, and its new P2V *Neptunes*, was home-ported at NAS Whidbey back in 1948 and remained based on the Island into 1970. In 1969, VP-1 became the only squadron to transition to the P-3 *Orion* at NAS Whidbey Island. The squadron was subsequently reassigned back to NAS Whidbey in 1993, and remains home-ported there to this day. Give or take a few months that equates to about 37 years of operating off the largest 'rock' in Puget Sound.

POPS Sea Duty

On Feb 2, 2008 a detachment from VP-1 POPS deployed from Mobile, AL for a five day Caribbean cruise aboard the Carnival Holiday. The cruise was laid on by Willie Williams in Branson; unfortunately Willie had to CX after he put the cruise together. The Det. consisted of Jerry and Nancy Adair, Bobby Oliver and Mary, Cliff and Susan Freund, Russ and Peggy Fredrick, Bill and Patty Johnson. "Fair winds and following seas" made for a very nice cruise with temps in the mid 80's, much appreciated by the Fredrick's from sub zero Wisconsin. Port calls were made in Progresso and Cancun, Mexico. The ship's galley kept us well fed! A highlight of the cruise was a muster on Deck 10, amidships, starboard rail by Jerry Adair who provided a box of excellent Cuban cigars. You can't bring them into the USA so we smoked them all. All hands had a great time with many sea stories told and retold. A POPS reunion aboard a cruise ship is a consideration, it's good sea duty!
-- Bill Johnson sends



Those Old Inner Ear Blues

By Dick Haglund

Motion Sickness: "A functional disorder caused by repetitive angular, linear, or vertical motion, and characterized by nausea and vomiting": motion sickness! I've been bedeviled by it my entire life.. Not in a severe sense, but enough that a bumpy sky or ocean will define the trip.

With every journey in life, are attached the good memories and the bad. Here is one of my VP-1 memories from the dark side.

I finished my VP training late fall of 1969, and reported to my first duty station, Whidbey Island. Up to that point, actual flying was pretty limited, and out of Moffett Field, conditions were always relatively benign.

Then there was Whidbey Island. My first flying memory at Whidbey was a night, touch- and -go training exercise. Dark, windy and rainy, it should have been a video game., but it wasn't. It was your essential nightmare. The first two times around, I was thinking, bring it on. The third time started the repetitive angular, linear, or vertical motion, and the rest of the flight was in the bag. I don't remember how long it lasted, but by the end, I decided I had chosen the wrong gig. Why wasn't I a corpsman or yeoman?

But the sun came up the next morning. We soon deployed to Japan, and there was Expo '70 at Osaka and Kirin beer.. And when we returned, it wasn't to Whidbey, but Barbers Point. And there was living in a tent at Makaha Beach. And there was surfing. And there was Jim Harvey and Bryant Burk.

The Dark Side gave way to a poignant memory that I still savor, almost 40 years later. Carpe Diem, seize the day. VP-1 was but a fleeting moment for me, but in retrospect, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

I want to again remind you that the newsletter only exists by your participation. Send KB a memory, a current event, a vacation, or whatever. We are all interested in what you are doing. Or, you can hear about the time I threw up over Midway...



Update from Virgil Pattin

Hi, All. I have been good and improving. I like the San Diego area again and I am glad that I moved here. I am looking forward to VP 1 having a reunion in San Diego. I sent the Dues in today and I will go to a meeting of the San Diego Anglers tonight and then fish a tournament on Saturday. My health has improved since I got here. The VA has me on new meds and I can get off the oxygen for a time and do some more things than I could do. All in all I am doing very well. -- Virgil



Update From Mike McQuaig [mailto:mmcquaig@totalplbg.com]

Hi, All, Mike "Squid" McQuaig finally surfacing after an extended time away. Wanted to see if the 'comms' were good and if so, would be glad to send you an article for an up-coming POPS newsletter... I was Tim Quigley's TACCO and later John "Marble Mouth" McLaurin's PPTC. Was in VP-1 from Oct 71 to Nov 74.

Have some leads on some names I haven't seen in the letters recently...would like to send some 'musing's' and highlights of my tour with the Fleet's Finest... Thanks. Michael G. McQuaig, CDR, USN, (Ret.)



From: Douglas DeViney [dougdeviney@msn.com]

The Night of "The Light"

Curious if anyone else saw it. At the drive-in movies in Waipahu. Probably '73-74. Bev and I weren't "getting busy" so we were probably married. A single light caught my eye. Odd there wasn't two. Maybe a cargo flight with the two so close they looked like one. Would someone in the Barbers Point pattern have only his taxi light on while burning down? Suddenly it flashed very bright, lighting the horizon behind a cloud bank 20-30 mi. out and dropped into the water. From the start of the flash to impact was only .75 sec. max. Bev said she saw the flash out of the corner of her eye but she'd been concentrating on the movie. The angle would have been just west of south, not long after dark. I'd always thought it was just a meteor burning up and hit a Grouper. Anyone else see it?



South American Cruise

Bill and Patty Johnson flew to Buenos Aires on Jan 3 and spent three days in Buenos Aires. Ate excellent Argentine beef every night. Boarded the Norwegian Dream Jan 6, aboard ship the next two weeks. Nice stop in Montevideo, Uruguay then headed south. We rounded Cape Horn with flat seas and no wind, most unusual. We could have rounded the Cape in a kayak. Port call in Ushuaia, the southern most city in the world at 56S latitude. There are three ways to get around Cape Horn; Drake Passage between the cape and Antarctica in unprotected waters, Beagle Channel and the Magellan Straits. Our ship sailed in all three; the Beagle Channel and Straits of Magellan having spectacular scenery threading our way through the fjords lined with glaciers. It was cold at the Cape, 39; Buenos Aires was 90.



Headed back up the Pacific side through the Chilean fjords to Valparaiso, Chile. Ate wonderful fresh salmon brought aboard the ship at Puerto Montt and drank superb Chilean wine. Valparaiso is the port city for Santiago so we took a 9 hour bus tour of those two beautiful cities ending up at the Santiago airport. Acres of vineyards in the valley between the two cities. We got off the ship at 8:30 AM and our flight didn't leave until 10:40 PM so the bus tour took care of the waiting hours. We were very impressed with South America; lovely people, beautiful modern cities, superb beef and great wines. – Bill Johnson sends

From: GARY E SPEES [gary2967@msn.com]

Subject: Retirement and Performing on Stage

I am having a great time expanding my career/avocation since retiring from public school teaching. Acting, directing and working behind the scenes have given me a wonderful creative outlet. At the same time I come in contact with many brilliant and creative people young, old and in-between... Currently I am in rehearsal for *The Sound of Music* at Bremerton Community Theater

<http://www.bremertoncommunitytheatre.org/index.htm> near my home. I play the affable Uncle Max in the classical story that takes place during the last golden days in 1938 Austria. The show runs from April 4 - May 4. Wife Melanie is the sound tech. and daughter Kiran plays oboe for the show... I am also in rehearsal for another musical *Beauty and the Beast*. I play the eccentric inventor Maurice, Belle's Father, at Kitsap Forest Theatre <http://www.foresttheater.com/>. Here is a picture of Belle and Maurice that was taken last weekend for



publicity purposes.

Kitsap Forest Theatre is an outdoor venue in the county with room for over 650 audience members. That show runs May 24 - June 15... Last week I received a casting letter from Leavenworth Summer Theater (LST) <http://www.leavenworthsummertheater.org/>. They are producing three musicals this summer. Since the theme of Leavenworth is the Bavarian Village, their signature musical every summer is *The Sound of Music*. They hired me to play Uncle Max. (It appears that I can't get enough of *The Sound of Music*.) It performs at an outdoor venue overlooking the Leavenworth valley. I am also hired to play drums for *Kiss Me Kate* and *Sugar* which are the other two musicals. Each of the other two musicals have their own venue (one outdoor and one indoor). The three musicals run throughout the summer from July 4 - August 31. The schedule has the three shows intermingled throughout the summer so one evening you could see one show and the next evening a different show. On Saturdays in August one show performs in the

afternoon and a different show performs that evening... I live in Leavenworth from mid June through the first week of September. Melanie will be the house manager for 10 of the 20 performances for *The Sound of Music*. She did that last year and had a blast. She will spend one week at the cabin and then the next week at home so she travels back and forth throughout the summer. I will do some building projects at the cabin.



In February 2009 I will direct *Narnia* a musical that follows C. S. Lewis' story *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*. It will perform at Central Stage Theater (CSTOCK) in Silverdale a mile from home. <http://www.cstock.org/> I am working with my staff of twelve. I give them my vision for the production and they work on aspects such as vocal and orchestral music, costumes, choreography, set design and building, set art, lights, props, stage management, etc. Melanie and Kiran will be helping me with the show... I never expected to be working on six musicals at the same time. But there you have it. It is fun to be doing it with Melanie and Kiran... Regards, Gary

From: Don G [oldfogy@cablespeed.com]

Community projects lift spirits of VP-1

By Lt.j.g. Ryan Broderick, VP-1

The "Screaming Eagles" of Patrol Squadron (VP) 1 has recently been involved in community activities in Misawa and Kadena, Japan, as well as while on detachment in the Republic of the Philippines...The crew has provided food for those in need and brought cheer to children via candy, songs and dance.

The importance of community relations was stressed by Command Master Chief James Reynolds. "One of the great things about deploying is the opportunity to experience a foreign culture," he said. "We all know we have a signification and primary mission objective, but it was also our goal to extend ourselves to the community through community relations projects." The Gonohe Art Festival in the Sannohe District of Amori, Japan drew the attention of 12 Screaming Eagles.

"I was nervous after being told we would be dancing on a stage, but once we got started I had a blast, and can't wait till the next time we have the opportunity to dance again," said Aviation Electronics Technician 2nd Class Taneka Marks. The festival involved a private "washitsu" (Japanese-style room) where a wide array of traditional Japanese cuisine and performances from trough xylophone musicians to historical Japanese Odori dancers was on hand. This was followed by VP-1s own exhilarating performance of the Macarena and the Cha-Cha Slide, which excited the crowd.

In Kadena, another group of 12 made time for a trip to the Sashiki Children's Center, essentially a boys and girls club. There were several performances that day and the children were very excited whenever the VP-1

group to took the stage. “As our turn came the kids were banging on the door and chanting for us to start,” said Aviation Maintenance Administrator 2nd Class Troney Murrell.

For those in the Philippines, the activity was more based on need. Chief Aviation Warfare System Operator Christopher Acker and a team of aircrew and maintenance personnel prepared bags of food for families.

“It was so easy for our small group to do something nice for so many people,” said Lt.j.g. Malissa Blane.

More community activities are on the horizon for VP-1. The dance troupe from Misawa has already been invited to another festival and the entire squadron is collecting school supplies for needy children.