



# HERITAGE FLIGHT MUSEUM

Where History Flies in Skagit County

Volunteer/Member Newsletter

Spring 2025

## The Path Forward

By Greg Anders, HFM Board Chairman



**2024** will always be an inflection point for the Heritage Flight Museum. And prior planning has allowed us some “business as usual” running room to get our arms around a museum without Bill. But it is time to begin to define our path forward.

As a first step in choosing that path forward, I pulled together a few members of our Board of Directors, a few key staff, and a few key volunteers and reviewed our current Vision, Mission and Goals. The efficacy of our current Vision, Mission and Goals has not been truly thought about since before moving to Skagit in 2014.

I had a heavy hand in writing our current Vision, Mission and Goals, so I am naturally inclined to defend them in their current form. But they are not perfect. They were perfect for a different era in our museum’s life cycle. They focus on the flying and preservation of aircraft and the storytelling

around those aircraft because that was Bill’s influence, to steer the story away from a singular focus on Apollo 8.

But we really have only one story to tell. I believe it is the story of Earthrise, the one piece of truly memorable art that emerged from all of the science of Apollo.

In telling that story, we can focus on the unlikely moment the picture was taken and the stories of the people behind the picture. And we can develop a STEAM program that brings together the fact that Science, Technology, Engineering and Math all lead to some amazing Art.

Earthrise is the most broadly remembered single piece of art of Apollo, but what about the many other pieces of art? I would posit that one of mankind’s greatest pieces of performance art was the launch of the Saturn V. All of the Science, Technology, Engineering and Math that went into THAT art is truly amazing and should be a foundational exemplar of our mission moving forward.

One facet of the man that took the picture was his passion for flying. So keeping our birds flying is an appropriate tribute to that man. And it allows for another of Bill’s passions, honoring all Veterans, but in particular, honoring combat Veterans.

So, our Vision, Mission, and Goals need an update. And maybe our museum needs to refresh its focus. What is still at the core of what we do, and is at the core of what we will continue to do, is “Honoring Veterans, and Keeping History Alive.”



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# Volunteer Spotlight

## Tom Carroll

As a rule, HFM volunteers come from brainy stock, often with backgrounds in aviation or the military. Tom Carroll represents the engineering side of the United States Space Program, and is living proof that an engineer's life can be anything but dull.

While attending high school in Mt Olive, North Carolina, Tom joined the Civil Air Patrol and dreamed of learning to fly. But on 12 October 1957, a 14-year-old Tom was told that his father, who suffered from heart disease, had collapsed on the street. Grabbing his bike, he raced to the scene, but Tom could only cradle his Dad's head, trying to place pills under his tongue as he took his last breath. When Tom was a high school senior, his mother also passed, leaving him and his younger sister orphaned, with money in scarce supply.

Tom was in Raleigh, North Carolina, when a notorious Operation Chrome Dome accident dropped two hydrogen bombs on nearby Goldsboro, very close to his hometown. Fortunately for Tom (and the entire population of Mt. Olive) the nukes did not detonate, but one remains buried at the spot as the Air Force could not retrieve it.

Tom turned down an offer from a wealthy aunt to pay his way through college and instead enlisted in the Navy Submarine Service in 1961. Lung and eyesight issues cut his career short after eight months. He moved to Raleigh and worked at Aerotron, testing aviation systems and antennas. Next, he ran a gold plating operation at the Corning Glass Works capacitor plant in Raleigh.

Tom and a cousin decided to head to California, but the cousin changed his mind, leaving Tom stranded out west with no car. Fortunately, Tom struck gold with two job offers; one from Hughes and one from North



American Aviation (later Rockwell). He chose the latter and began work as a test technician in the S & ID Division, which built rockets for the Apollo Space Program. He met his wife-to-be, Sue, at a pool party in Downey, California. It was love at first sight, and the couple celebrates 60 years in April.

Tom helped set up and test the thruster engines for the Apollo space vehicles that took the first human beings to the Moon. These thrusters used two very toxic fuels and oxidizers: monomethyl hydrazine, which smelled like rotting fish, and nitrogen tetroxide (NTO), which was lethal if the vapors were inhaled. The engineering group knew that the NTO would eat through the oxidizer tank if left in it for over a month, but the team wanted to find out exactly how long this would take.

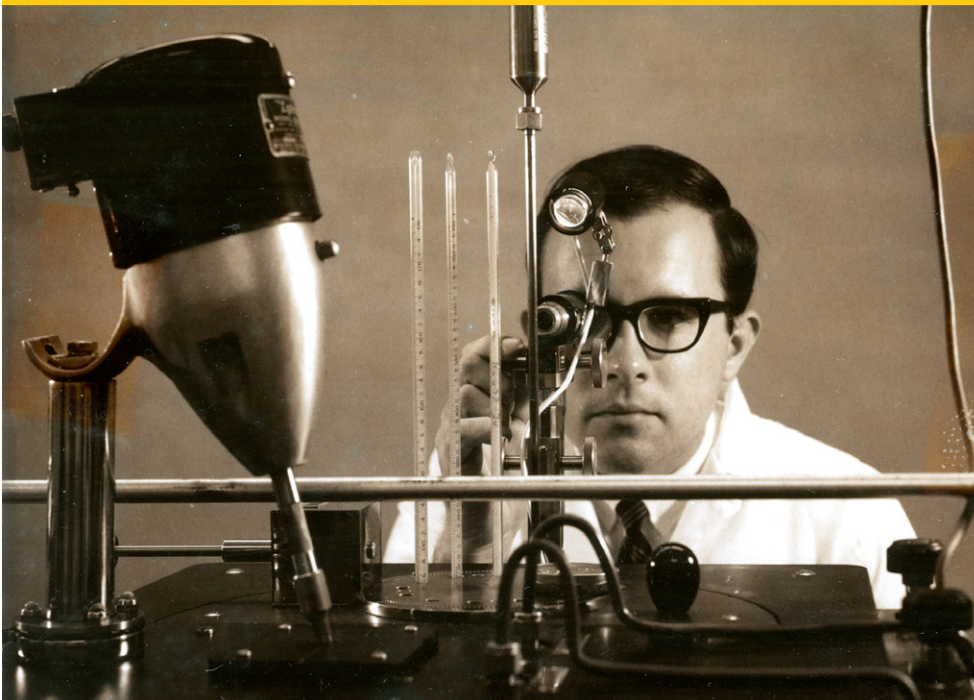
They set up a 25-gallon tank full of the chemical in the test chamber. The test was run in a huge explosion-proof chamber with sensor cables that ran to a control room through a 6" diameter pipe through the wall. It took 60 days, it turned out, for Nitrogen Tetroxide to eat

through a metal tank. On 4 December, 1965, the tank exploded, and the bright orange NTO vapors quickly rushed into the control room, as nobody had thought to close off the pipe with a putty sealant. The vapors were so thick that nobody could see, and eyes were burning as the engineering staff groped for exit doors to the outside.

As Tom and three other engineers ran to the primary office building, bystanders could see the orange vapors pouring off their clothes like an orange comet. The men were whisked to a large hospital by the NAA on-site ambulances, but the hospital doctors were perplexed about what to do. Tom survived, though another person died by NTO a few weeks later. NASA learned how to handle NTO on the Space Shuttle and crewed spacecraft using white "bunny suits."

Tom was later transferred to the NAA Autonetics Division. While working in metrology at North American Rockwell (the two companies had merged; giant NAA with 80,000 people and tiny Rockwell with 300 people), he

## *C'mon guys, It's not rocket science! (Well, actually, yes it is.)*



joined and became Vice President of the company's Sea Sabers Dive Club. Despite his "bad" lungs, Tom became a dive instructor, developed a helium-oxygen rebreather dive system and started a diving business as a sideline.

Tom went on to work for multiple divisions at Rockwell. He worked at the Satellite Systems Division in Seal Beach, CA, testing the antennas for the first series of GPS satellites. After he started writing articles about robotics for magazines like *Popular Mechanics*, *Nuts and Volts* and *Servo*, Tom received many letters from interested readers and an offer to help start a robotics division at Rockwell.

He flew all over the country studying robotics at Cal-Tech, MIT, and Carnegie-Mellon. He was made lead engineer for the Mobile Remote Manipulator System project, a robotic crawler that moved large payloads, including the Space Shuttle, across the International Space Station.

After 28 years at Rockwell, Tom retired but continued on a path of adventure. His hobby, robotics, led to

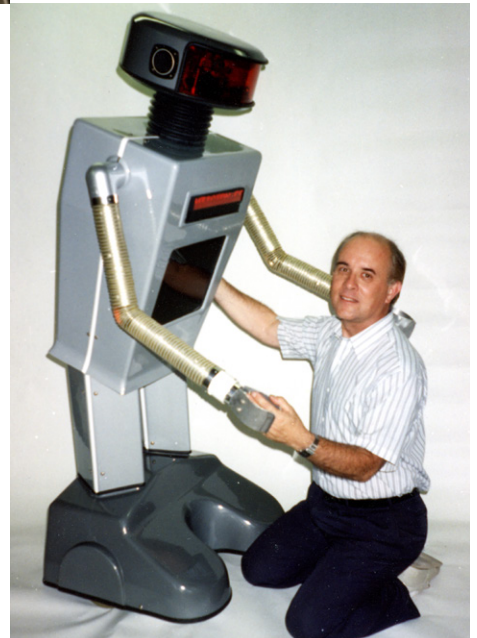
work designing and building robots for the TV series *Buck Rogers* in the 25th Century, as well as the movies *I, Robot*, *Revenge of the Nerds*, and others. He has worked with students in robotics development since his days in Long Beach, California, including local kids in his current home: Anacortes, Washington.

Tom almost started a company that would create Personal Assistant Robots, designed to serve as mechanical caretakers to help seniors maintain independent lives. Unfortunately, his venture capitalist was a casualty of the economic woes of the 1990s.

When Tom retired in 1992, he and Sue moved to Orcas Island. He became the Operations Manager for The Orcas Island Chamber Music Festival, of whom Bill Anders' wonderful wife, Valerie, was the driving force. Tom got to know Bill through Valerie in the early 2000s. When the Carrolls moved to Anacortes to be closer to their youngest son, Jimmy, who had developed a pizza business there, they became active in that community as well.

Bill prompted Tom to become an HFM docent, and Tom gladly took on the role. Since 2018, he has enjoyed talking about the Apollo Program, his specialty, and appreciating the elegance of his favorite HFM aircraft, P51 Mustang "Val-Halla."

The Carrolls' eldest son, John, works in IT for a large California Real Estate company, but lives in Washington. Sue and Tom also have two identical twins. Jimmy, the youngest, by 7 minutes, operates Arbia Woodfired Pizza out of a mobile Airstream trailer with his wife, Arianna. Jimmy's twin, Tommy, is a disabled Navy veteran and is planning a move up to Washington this summer.



**Top Left: 1966, Metrology Lab at the NAA Autonetics Division. Tom tests three glass thermometers for accuracy against a standard "platinum resistance thermometer."**

**Above: a robot Tom designed and built for a Beverly Hills children's dentist to entertain kids in his waiting room.**

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the perfect way to share your  
time and talents.**

**Contact Mark Carpenter:  
volunteer@heritageflight.org**

# Dodging Doomsday at the Launch Pad



**IMAGINE** you're an astronaut in the heyday of NASA's Apollo program. You are somewhere in the contentious and psychedelic late 1960s at around 0500 hours. You are standing in the White Room at the end of the uppermost gantry arm of the Launch Umbilical Tower. This is your portal into the mighty Saturn V, which sways slightly in the glare of high-intensity flood-lights at the dizzying height of 320 feet.

The voice of Jack Bruce belts out "White Room" in your head for some reason as you prepare to enter the Command Module along with your crewmates. Your Moon chariot points skyward atop what is really a giant bomb, taking on 2500 tons of highly explosive RP-1 kerosene and liquid oxygen. Oh, and let's add a little twist: your mission is not just humanity's first voyage away from Earth, but the first crewed test of the Saturn V.

Suddenly...Oops! There seems to be a malfunction, an uncontrolled fuel leak. Houston, we've had a problem. You are now looking straight down the barrel of your own personal apocalypse. You need to get out of there fast, but how? It's a matter of minutes before you are blown to smithereens inside a 1370° C fireball with a blast pressure of 34 atmospheres and shock acceleration of 75 gravities.

What would you do?

Mercury or Gemini astronauts could engage the Launch Escape System (an engine specifically designed to thrust the space capsule away from the rest of the rocket) and hope for the best. The non-flight personnel in the Apollo era, NASA recognized the need to put Emergency Escape Systems (EES) in place for launch tower workers.

The original EES solution was a water slide and underground bunker at launch pads 39A and 39B. It worked like this: buried about 130 feet under the launch pad was a steel-reinforced concrete, rubber-lined, dome-shaped survival bunker known as "The Rubber Room."

The Rubber Room was designed to accommodate a group of 20 people for several days. After a 30-second express elevator descent to level A of the Mobile Launch Platform, crew could exit through a hatch into a 200-foot water slide that terminated at the underground bunker. It wasn't all fun and games; during a test run, one of the human "crash test dummies" broke bones after hydroplaning through pooled water and slamming into a wall at the end of the slide.

If the crew survived the steep and rapid slide unscathed, they would enter a blast door, proceed down a passageway into the blast room, and strap into one of 20 chairs arranged along the circular walls of the domed (hopefully not doomed) structure. With the doors secured, the room was supposed to withstand a blast pressure of up to 500 psi. The floor of the room floated on 24 giant springs to help

protect occupants from shock waves, keeping the acceleration of a 75-G blast to a survivable four Gs.

The Rubber Room was equipped with a CO2 scrubber to remove the carbon dioxide that would build up from people respirating in a small space for several days. Concurrently, a supply of oxygen candles, which burned iron powder and sodium chlorate at 600 degrees, would add oxygen to keep the air breathable for the entombed survivors.

As for catering, the Rubber Room was stocked with WWII-era C and K rations, with three daily meals per person plus coffee and, inexplicably, cigarettes. (Can you imagine 20 people smoking a pack a day inside a bunker?) A single toilet provided sanitation on site.

Once the toxic fumes around the launch site had dissipated, the crew could exit the bunker through a 360-meter concrete tunnel that emerged at the edge of the launch site. If this option were blocked by damage to the structure from the blast, another escape option was through a door into the labyrinth of environmental control rooms and tunnels also located beneath the launch pad. Should that option fail as well, a rescue crew would dig down through the concrete and sand above to access an escape hatch at the apex of the dome and remove the survivors through it.

Although it's hard to picture an impending disaster waiting politely for scurrying humans to get safely ensconced, at least the EES offered a fighting chance for crew at the launch pad. Fortunately, the two Rubber Rooms were never tested by an actual catastrophe. They were abandoned in place after Apollo.

An alternative EES method was deployed atop the launch tower

# NASA's Emergency Escape Systems

partway into the Apollo Program, and you've seen it in action if you watched the climax of the movie *Men in Black II*. Imperilled personnel could access a gravity-powered zipline system that egressed crew rapidly from the capsule level of the Launch Tower to the ground outside the launch pad perimeter. The early version of this was a nine-person cab on a slidewire that would zip the crew off the tower to a bunker about 2400 feet distant.

The Shuttle-era iteration consisted of seven slidewire baskets that could each whisk up to four people from the 195-foot level of the pad's Fixed Service Structure to a landing zone where the safety bunker and/or an armored escape vehicle was sited. A catch net and drag chain slowed and braked their 55 mph, hair-raising, half-minute descent down the wire. Presumably, the crew had to block out all thoughts of what would happen if the high

end of their zipline disintegrated in a massive explosion before they made to the ground.

If that sounds like a crazy ride, a version of it is still the option for modern-day technicians and astronauts. Although the Shuttle-era ziplines were decommissioned circa 2011, today's tower crews would use similar chair-on-slidewire systems if an emergency called for a sudden departure from the launch tower.



Photos: NASA

# An Amazing WWII Coincidence

By Bill Quehrn

On 18 April 1942, sixteen United States Army Air Forces B-25 bombers lumbered off the deck of the aircraft carrier USS Hornet on a mission destined to shape the outcome of World War Two (WWII). Their mission led by then Lieutenant Colonel James Doolittle, which history has named the Doolittle Raid, was to bomb five Japanese cities in retaliation for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor five months earlier. For all that is written about the mission, one amazing coincidence is usually overlooked.

Brigadier General William (Billy) Mitchell was given the task of literally creating an air arm of the United States Army in World War I. By the war's end his reputation as an accomplished pilot and brilliant air war strategist had made him a celebrated national hero. Mitchell's war experience fueled his passion that the airplane would become the dominant weapon in future wars, a belief that was viewed with hostility and ridicule by the Army establishment. Mitchell relentlessly pressed his belief in airplane superiority, widely and publicly, infuriating his military leadership. By 1923 he had been busted back to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

In an attempt to get him out of the headlines of the day his immediate commander, General Mason Patrick, assigned Mitchell to a year-long "fact finding inspection tour" of the nations in the Pacific. Instead of silencing Mitchell as Patrick had hoped, Mitchell returned in 1924 with a 328 page bombshell report. Among his other astounding predictions was Mitchell's belief that Japan would one day bomb the US Naval Base at Pearl Harbor ... probably attacking around seven thirty in the morning. Mitchell concluded that war with Japan was inevitable. His constant harangues and brutal criticism

of the army leadership eventually led to the stripping of his rank and court-martial.

Indeed, just as Mitchell had predicted, naval and air forces of Imperial Japan launched the so-called "surprise attack" on the sprawling Navy base on December 7, 1941. The attack was an unprecedented gut punch to the United States prompting cries for retaliation. After a frantic search by American officials from President Roosevelt on down, the only seemingly possible solution was to drop bombs on Japan by launching bombers off the deck of an aircraft carrier. It was something that had never been tried—and likely would have never even been contemplated—before.

Mitchell passed away, somewhat in disgrace, in 1936. By 1941, after all his predictions in that 1924 report

had materialized, Billy Mitchell began receiving many accolades. One in particular was the Army's decision to designate in Mitchell's honor the only US military airplane ever to be named after a person. And there's the amazing coincidence.

Precisely as Mitchell's much-ridiculed 1924 report had predicted, the first bombs to fall on the United States in WWII were Japanese bombs on Pearl Harbor. Ironically, the first bombs to land on Japan would be dropped by the Doolittle Raiders ... flying B-25 MITCHELL bombers.

One last footnote. Mitchell's 1924 report suggested the Japanese would attack Pearl Harbor at about 7:30 in the morning. The attack actually commenced on the morning of December 7th, seventeen years later, at 7:55!



*2025 Fly Day Season Ahead*

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# Cleared for Low Approach...



Photos by HFM Volunteer Chris Petersen

# *I Love The Smell of Avgas in the Morning!*



Photos by HFM Volunteer Chris Petersen

# Thanks for Your Support



A big “shout out” goes to the following supporters from the local community and beyond, who have donated time, artifacts and/or expertise to benefit the museum:

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# Welcome to the Attic

## The Crickets of Normandy

By Sarah Spencer

Eighty years ago, on the night of 5 June 1944, the 101st Airborne Division, along with many other US Army and Allied divisions, jumped out of C-47s into enemy territory of Normandy, France during World War II. With only the mission in mind of seizing key bridges, road crossings, and other terrain features from German forces before the main beach invasion the next day, brave soldiers plunged into enemy lines with only the support of each other and in the dead of night.

A piece of World War II history lost to Operation Overlord, also known as D-Day, is a piece of equipment the 101st Airborne carried with them that can fit in the palm of your hand. Inspired by a popular toy at the time, this vital piece of communication equipment is known as the D-Day “cricket” clicker. Original clickers were made at an English factory called “ACME Whistles” and were only given to those in the 101st Airborne.

The clicker works by squeezing the attached steel blade which produces a soft sound that mimics a cricket. If a paratrooper were to hear an unknown person approaching, he could squeeze and release, creating the cricket sound. The proper response to hearing that sound from the paratrooper approaching would be to squeeze and release twice, creating two cricket sounds. No response back from a clicker would indicate that an enemy is coming and to prepare for combat.



Utah Beach, Normandy, France

D-Day “cricket” clickers proved a vital tool for the survival of the paratroopers into the morning of 6 June, for it gave soldiers aid when their eyes were of no use in the nighttime. If one wants to see how this was used 80 years ago, there is a scene in the TV show *Band of Brothers* where a soldier uses his clicker to signal to an unknown approaching person.

To this day, only a few original clickers have survived, and here at HFM, we have a replica clicker made in France that commemorates Operation Overlord. Engraved on the sides are the words, “Debarquement des Allies en



Normandie,” which translated means, “Landing of the Allies in Normandy.” If anyone ever asks you what the “original sound of D-Day,” was, you now have a little tidbit to share about this fascinating communication tool.

# Donor Recognition Takes a Giant Leap



Patient HFM visitors have seen the gradual progress of the new transitional exhibits that usher patrons from the Apollo Space Program era in the Earthrise Gallery to the hangars that house our historic aircraft collection. So far, we've dedicated the space to telling the full story of Anders family, our founders, and recognizing the lifeblood of HFM, our volunteers. An imminent addition to this transition area will be a new donor recognition wall.

Our Executive Director/Board Chairman has long desired a way to offer a public recognition of major donors to Heritage Flight Museum, and his vision is coming to fruition. A series of panels will list the names of all donors at the cumulative \$1000 level and above, provided a donation has been made since 2014, when the Museum opened in its current Skagit location.

The new panels not only recognize our donors but allow a 1:60 scale comparison of the relative sizes of the rockets used in the Mercury, Gemini and Apollo Space Programs. Our friends Tony & Tina Asp at Image360 Burlington have assisted invaluablely in the planning and installation of this addition to our transitional exhibits.



A Moon lamp that will be part of the new Donor Wall

# New to the Crew

Please join us in welcoming our new A & P mechanic now working with Willie and Lewie in the maintenance half of HFM. Josh Kaiser is a western Washingtonian who got bit by the aviation bug after initially studying to become an audio engineer. The bite in question occurred while he was employed at the front desk of the Museum of Flight, after which he realized how he wanted to spend his life and enrolled in A & P school at Clover Park Technical College.

Josh worked on a PBY during school, a former firefighting plane that was being prepped for use in a movie shoot in Alabama. That experience helped crystallize his interest in historic military aircraft. His first gig as an A & P was at a flight school at Thun Field, Puyallup. Five years later, Josh and his wife converted a van and traveled the country for a year, stopping at every national park and air museum along the way. After that, he took a job at Air Corps, a WWII aircraft restoration shop in Bemidji, Minnesota, but the call of the West was strong. When he spotted HFM's job posting, he saw it as a dream opportunity to move back to Washington and do the work he loves. Josh joined the HFM staff in February of this year.



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