

# MILE HIGH FLIGHT 18

## Order of Daedalians

### *Newsletter*

Aug 2008

# Back to the future at WORASM

## Remaining 2008 Flight Schedule

Flight 18 normally meets on the third Friday of each month. Exceptions are announced in the newsletter and through the caller phone tree. Your caller should contact you via phone/e-mail 7-10 days prior to each meeting. If not, please advise Flight Adjutant Ron Smith.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Speaker/activity</u>
15 Aug	WORASM	Lunch/guided tours
19 Sep	Aurora Hills*	TBA
17 Oct	Aurora Hills*	Bill Zinser/Wx Res'rch
21 Nov	Aurora Hills*	Business Meeting
?? Dec	Aurora Hills*	Christmas Party

\* Aurora Hills Golf Course Tin Cup Bar & Grill

## *Flight 18 will visit Wings Over the Rockies Air & Space Museum 15 Aug*

Our August meeting will take place at the Wings Museum at the former Lowry AFB and will feature mini guided tours plus lunch catered by the Aurora Hills Tin Cup Bar and Grill. Be there or be square (*or, you can even be both if you prefer!*)

Wings Over the Rockies Air and Space Museum, founded in 1982 by the late Col Russ Tarvin, who also spearheaded the 1965 creation of Flight 18, boasts over three-dozen aircraft in its collection.

Among many others, that number includes a B-1A Lancer, a B-18 Bolo, five Century Series fighters, an RF-84K Thunderflash parasite, an Alexander Eaglerock (built in Colorado), a *Star Wars* X-Wing fighter, an EB-57E Canberra, and a Goodyear FG-1D Corsair (F4U-1D) racer.



In addition to aircraft, Wings is also comprised of a number of exhibits such as the Eisenhower Dining Room, which features artifacts from Ike's summer White House in Denver.

The last time Mile High Flight 18 visited WORASM was six years ago when we hosted a joint meeting with Falcon Flight 11 from Colorado Springs. Since then, however, individual members have attended special galas there honoring the likes of Chuck Yeager, Burt Rutan and our own Carl Williams.



## *Final Flights*

**Robert K. Mock**  
COL, USAF (Ret)  
Nov 17, 1935 – Jun 15, 2008



Bob Mock, former Flight Captain and legendary professor of aviation and aerospace science at Metro State, took his final flight on Sunday 15 June. He died in the hospital two days after an automobile accident in which his vehicle's air bags deployed. His resulting head injuries at first did not appear serious, but ultimately proved fatal.

See **FINAL FLIGHTS** page 4

See **WORASM** page 3.

## From the Flight Captain



Fellow Daedalians:

Sometimes the words “To Those Who Have Gone Before Us” in our opening toast become a little more personal to us when we lose a member “before his time.” Long time Flight 18 member and former Flight Captain Col. Bob Mock passed away from injuries sustained in a traffic accident on June 15<sup>th</sup>. We will all miss him.

Unfortunately, my job has once again interfered with my Flight 18 meeting attendance. I was again offered a multi-engine simulator class at Metro State which meets from 10:00 to 1:30 every Friday. As an adjunct (Latin for “works cheap”) faculty member, I don’t always have control over my schedule. I will try to do some “class swapping” on meeting days and be here if I can. Mr. Vice, Don Neary will be filling in for me.

Speaking of Mr. Vice, I want to thank Don for the terrific job he has done in getting our guest speakers. He still has excellent contacts with the National Guard and has recruited some great speakers. He has certainly made my job a lot easier. Thanks Don.

Prior to the June meeting Flight 18 officers met in accordance with Flight policy to hear comments from the membership concerning the nomination of Mark Johnson as our third Flight Associate. No comments were received, and his nomination was approved. Welcome aboard Mark.

We also gained a new Flight member. Stan Folker, a former Navy P-3 pilot, turned in his forms at the July meeting. Yeah, I know he’s a Navy guy, but we have several other Navy guys who didn’t turn out too badly.

Welcome aboard, Stan. (*Meet Stan in column 3, this page.*)

On behalf of Flight 18, thanks to Jack Wilhite for his very generous monetary donation. We plan to use at least some of the money for our scholarship fund.

It’s arm twisting time again!!! Our annual November meeting to elect new officers is rapidly approaching. I know for sure that we will be getting a new Flight Captain, a job just covered with glory and honor. If you are interested, please let me know via e-mail at [thomas.martin@comcast.net](mailto:thomas.martin@comcast.net) or call me at 303-730-0311.

### Coming Events:

The next Flight 18 meeting will be held at the Wings Over the Rockies Air and Space Museum on Friday, August 15<sup>th</sup>. Social hour will begin at 11:00 with lunch at 12:00. The *Tin Cup* will cater the lunch for us. No formal program is planned but there is plenty to see at the museum.

Still looking to nail down a guest speaker for our September meeting at Aurora Hills. Will advise.

The October meeting at the Tin Cup on Friday, 17 Oct will feature Bill Zinser’s presentation on severe weather research. Fasten your seat belts!

The November meeting will be our annual business meeting including the election of officers for 2009. The meeting will be on Friday, 21 Nov.

We are now planning our Christmas party, probably 10 or 11 Dec. We will again be at the Tin Cup and hope to have live music for entertainment.

*Volabamus Volamus*

### *Tom*

Thomas C. Martin, LTC, USAF (Ret)  
Flight Captain

### *Bill Axton in Life Care*

Bill and his wife Jan have taken up permanent residence in Room 243 of the Life Care Center of Aurora, 14101 E. Evans, Aurora, CO 80014, where Bill is struggling to recover from neck and head injuries resulting from several falls. Cards welcome. Please call 303-751-2000 prior to visiting.



## Welcome Aboard

**Stanley F. Folker,  
LT, USN (Sep)**

### Stan’s thumbnail bio

*DOB: 2 Sep 1945  
Wings: 1969 NAS Corpus Christi, TX  
Assignments: VP-19 NAS Moffett  
Field, CA; MCAS Iwakuni, Japan;  
NAS Cubi Pt, Philippines.  
Aircraft/hours (mil): T-34/24; T-28/150; TS-2A/150; P-3/1500.  
Total flight hours 28,000 (1,825 mil,  
26,175 civ)  
Separated from USN: 1973  
Post-retirement: Airline pilot; financial planner  
Children: Lindsay, Allyson.  
Residence: Littleton, CO*



*Aim high, run fast!*

## *Greatest Generations Foundation sponsors trips for veterans*

A Denver-based non-profit, the Greatest Generations Foundation—among its other activities—sponsors trips for selected veterans to the sites of their wartime experiences in Europe and the Pacific. It also conducts trips to Washington, D.C., centered around a tour of the WWII Memorial.

In order to be considered for a sponsored trip, veterans must complete and submit a GGF application, which is available on line at [www.tggf.us](http://www.tggf.us) or by calling 303-331-1944.

To sustain the program, the Foundation seeks tax-deductible donations.

## The Last Checkride

I hope there's a place way up in the sky  
 Where old flyers can go on the day they die.  
 A place where a guy can buy a cold beer  
 For a friend and a comrade, whose memory is dear.

A place where no doctor or lawyer can tread  
 Nor an FAA type would 'ere be caught dead.  
 Just a quaint little place, kind of dark, full of smoke  
 Where they like to sing loud, and love a good joke.

The kind of place where a lady could go  
 And feel safe and protected by the men she would know.  
 There must be a place where old flyers go  
 When their flying is finished, and their airspeed gets low.

Where the whiskey is old and the women are young  
 And songs about flying and dying are sung.  
 Where you'd see all the fellows who'd flown West before  
 And they'd call out your name as you came thru the door.  
 Who would buy you a drink, if your thirst should be bad,  
 And relate to others "He was quite a good lad".

And then through the mist, you'd spot an old guy  
 You had not seen in years, though he taught you to fly.  
 He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear  
 And say, "Welcome, my son, I'm pleased that you're here".  
 For this is the place where the true flyers come,  
 When their journey is over, and their war has been won.

They've come here at last to be safe and alone  
 From the government clerk and the management clone.  
 Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise.  
 Where all hours are happy, and they're all good ole' boys.  
 You can relax with a cold one, maybe deal from a deck.  
 This is heaven, my son, and you've passed your last check.

#####

## WORASM (no, not WORGASM) continued from p. 1

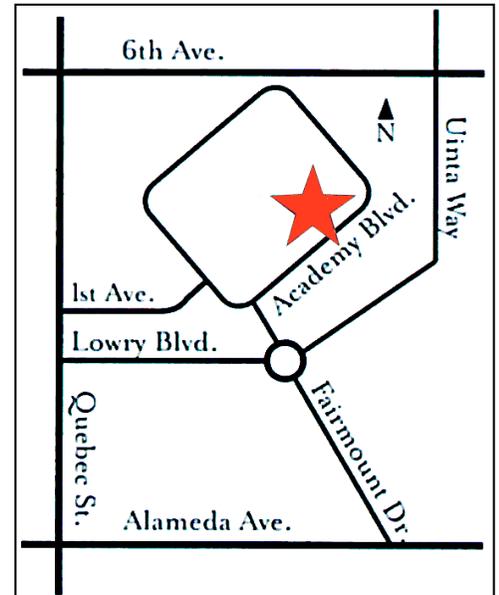
Times for the  
 August 15th  
 luncheon are:

1100 – Social  
 1200 – Lunch  
 1300 – Tours

Dress – casual,  
 air conditioning  
 not available.

Many new ex-  
 hibits to see  
 since our last  
 visit in 2002.

Easy to find,  
 the museum is  
 located just east of Quebec between 6<sup>th</sup> and Alameda.



*Please make your lunch reservation through your caller.*

### Flight 18 Life Membership Dues

(Annual Flight dues = \$12.00)

#### Age Group

30/under.....\$305	61 – 65.....\$165
31 – 35.....295	66 – 70.....135
36 – 40.....280	71 – 75.....110
41 – 45.....260	76 – 80.....90
46 – 50.....240	81 – 85.....75
51 – 55.....215	86/Over.....60
56 – 60.....185	

### FORGET TO PAY YOUR 2008 FLIGHT DUES?

Please mail this coupon along with a check for your 2008 plus any delinquent Flight dues you owe. Add any amount you desire to donate to the Scholarship Fund. *Only Daedalian Life Members (LMs) are eligible to purchase Flight 18 Life Memberships and stop paying annual dues. If you qualify and choose this option, please select the appropriate dues amount from the above schedule, enter that amount in the FLM space below and include it in your check.*

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Daedalian # \_\_\_\_\_ Home Phone: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ e-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Amount enclosed for: [2008 Flight Dues \$12.00 or FLM DUES \$ \_\_\_\_\_] + Flight Dues for prior years @ \$12.00/yr \$ \_\_\_\_\_ + Scholarship Fund \$ \_\_\_\_\_ = Total Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\*\* Make check payable to: **DAEDALIAN FLIGHT 18**

\*\* Mail to: **Treasurer, Mile High Flight 18, P.O. Box 472976, Aurora, CO 80047-2976**

## *Final Flights* continued

### **BOB MOCK**

Born in Glen Falls, NY, Bob earned a BS in Mechanical Engineering from the Illinois Institute of Technology and a Masters in Systems Management from USC. He also completed the graduate meteorology program at the University of Wisconsin.

Commissioned through the Air Force ROTC program, he first served as a weather forecaster and later as a fighter pilot. He retired with the rank of colonel after a 29-year career that included three combat tours in Vietnam flying F-102s and F/RF-4s. His last assignment was as PAS, Detachment 105, AFROTC, at CU.

In 1982-83, he first served as Flight Captain of a Daedalian flight at Clark AB, in the Philippines. Later he became president of the Silver Wings Fraternity, Colorado Chapter, as well as a member of its board of directors.

He was a legend at Metro State for his courage and daring as a fighter pilot; his love of aviation, which led him to teach and serve as department chair and dean; and his dedication to the college and his students.

"We called him Mr. Metro State," says AAS Chair Jeff Forrest. "There was no one better at advising students or who cared more about them than Bob." Forrest credits Mock with changing the direction of his career, leading ultimately to Forrest's chairmanship of the department. "He hired a great many of us who teach here and helped us all tremendously both professionally and academically."

He came to Metro State in 1987 as department chair and was named dean of the School of Professional Studies in 1996. After serving in this position for five years, he returned to teaching and taught three courses this past spring. In 2005, Metro State honored him with the Distinguished Service Award for Faculty. In September 2004 he received the prestigious Shades of Blue Ed Dwight Jr. award for contri-

butions to area youth in guiding them every step of the way into the aviation and aerospace industry.

Perhaps his greatest legacy at Metro State is the World Indoor Airport (WIA), recognized as one of the most technologically advanced collegiate integrated flight and air traffic control simulator laboratories in the country.

He was elected president of the University Aviation Association in 1991.

Robert K. Mock led two lives—a mild mannered college professor, and a courageous US Air Force fighter pilot who once flew *alone, unarmed and unafraid*. He played as hard as he worked. He loved to fly, ski, garden, read and especially travel with his wife, Gail. The only continent they missed was the Antarctic. At 4:00 PM, Sunday, 15 June 2008, "Bullwhip 26 Alpha" flew west.

Predeceased by his father Kermit, he is survived by his mother, Jeanne, wife Gail; son USAF Major Christopher Mock ('89 AAS), a MC-130 pilot stationed at Hurlbert Field, FL; stepson Archie D. Steger, Assistant Airport Operations Manager at DIA; granddaughter Lauren Mock, Florida; sister Patricia Hicks, Aurora; and brother William Mock, Bath, NY.

Bob's inurnment took place 25 July at Ft. Logan National Cemetery.

**Robert A. Snider**  
**Capt, ANG (Sep)**  
**Sep 15, 1935 – Feb 13, 2008**



We learned only recently that Bob "Bentley" Snider took his final flight at Boulder Community Hospital on 13 Feb. Our sincere appreciation to his widow Terri for informing us and for providing the following information.

Born in Americus, GA in 1935, Bentley attended Georgia Tech majoring in Aerospace Engineering. He completed Air Force aviation cadet training in Greenville, MS, on 14 Oct 1958. Then it was off to advanced

fighter training in the F-86 in Texas before commencing an assignment with the Georgia Air National Guard. Later he would serve with the Texas and Puerto Rico ANG as well.

In his "day job" he was an airline captain, first at Northeast and then Delta, where he flew until his retirement in 1995.

He also owned and operated his own real estate and investment management business.

He was a very active member of the Peachtree Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, including serving as Sunday School class president. He actively supported many charity organizations such as Cystic Fibrosis by donations and volunteer work.

Bentley was an avid world traveler. He climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro just six years ago. Subsequently he climbed several of Colorado's 13-ers (13,000 ft. or above).

Besides being an active sportsman, he continued his involvement in aviation. For the last 15 years he owned or leased a helicopter and could reliably, when all other contact methods failed, be found up in the air in that helicopter. This can be readily attested to by neighbors in his Atlanta Country Club neighborhood, as he would often land in his own back yard and occasionally flew closer than was appreciated by golfers in the adjoining fairways.

Very often this same mode of transport would serve his arrival at charity functions, sporting events, very beautiful and interesting out-of-the-way places and on at least one occasion when he was mistaken for a visiting NFL owner.

Having moved to Boulder three years ago, he found something he had been actively searching for over many years: "God's country" views and weather and many more hundreds of square miles to cover in that helicopter.

There he built his dream house as he settled down with the dream of his life, his new bride Terri.

*Excerpt*

## Eject, eject, eject!

*By Bob Mock as told to Mike Daciek*

We had six Recce crews in Operation Barrel Roll and eight in the Steel Tiger area. The Barrel Roll is the geographical area starting at the DMZ and proceeding west and north into the edge of Laos. Steel Tiger was everything south of Mu Gia Pass down to the Cambodian border. Then again, it was the trails that fed back into South Vietnam. It was a better series of networks and the North Vietnamese were taking all the lumps. It wasn't the VC nor the Royalists Pathet Lao that finished off Vang Pao; it was the North Vietnamese Regulars. As you flew by you could tell that they were definitely North Vietnamese Regulars. The Pathet Lao didn't take prisoners. The Pathet Lao sent us someone's finger with a class ring on it and another time we got a lampshade made of human skin. It gets your attention because we were hanging it out every day. *A recce pilot could forget about becoming a POW!*

We would do a route trace of where we were going and we had frag orders telling us what to do. Generally, after departing Udorn we would proceed directly to the tankers, KC-135s, orbiting in the Orange Anchor area, the border between Thailand and Laos. With my Sports Model RF-4C, we



needed only 6000 pounds of fuel. That would allow us twenty-five to thirty minutes of high-speed patrol. We had very low drag without external stores on the RF-4. Not so with the F-4, which was similar to flying with the gear down. Trying to escort a Recce

guy with the F-4 was a joke.

In January, we had another protective reaction strike that wasn't too shabby. The SAMs fired at us while we had aircraft airborne on combat air patrol. I was working my day job as Chief of the Command Post. I went down to the 14th Squadron Operations room to brief with my Wizzo, Lt. John Stiles. Some of the younger jocks affectionately called me "Uncle Bobby," because I was a thirty-eight-year-old Major. I was old!

Yours truly had not taken a bullet hole since my arrival in June. Most of the backseaters wanted to fly with me because not only was I the world's greatest fighter pilot, but I wasn't a missile or small arms magnet. We had a couple of guys that no one wanted to fly with because they always came back with bullet holes in their airplane. Little did I know.

I took a deep breath. "John, let's make a run up the new road, and then we'll hit the tanker. After that we'll do some photo targets of opportunity, all visual."

We were running an infrared route trace. Normally we didn't use the cameras unless we spotted a really lush target. With photo recon we used super lenses while flying higher and slower. This made it easier for photo interpretation back at Udorn.

Weather was about 5,000 broken, 10,000 overcast in the Fishes Mouth. We had left the PDJ and were all cranked up. John always used a monocular, like binoculars, but with only one lens like the old spyglass. How he used it I did not know because four Gs was minimum.

John and I enjoyed our beautiful sports model, number 573, and life was great. We let down right on the deck and started rolling along the road. We were weaving at four Gs, which caused the experienced enemy gunners to lead us for six Gs, which was hard to do. Starting our run we went about three clicks, no more than that, and we saw a white object, possi-

bly a transporter erector for a surface-to-air missile. It would be an SA-2. There's always more than one and they don't just leave things out naked as an ape. They had heavy concentrations of anti-aircraft guns to protect them. John turned on his side-looking camera.

I turned my head, looking back. "John, we've surprised them."

There wasn't a round fired so we proceeded on about seven clicks to make them think that we'd departed.

"Brace yourself, John," I called out and entered a *wifferdill* maneuver. Recce guys can do it and some of the bomber guys can do it but with a load of bombs it's difficult to do. I lit the burners. If I didn't, by the time I loaded up the airplane to four Gs my airspeed would decay. I pulled up like I was going to do a loop, did a half-roll, pulled some Gs, and ruddered it right back down.

This is when we took our first hit. As soon as my nose went through the horizon we started accelerating. The aircraft shuddered and yawed violently. Suddenly, everything in front of me flashed white. At least ten guns had opened up on us! The Triple A gunners were protecting the SA-2.

When we came in from the west, we surprised them. When we came back from the east, they surprised us! For a few microseconds I glanced in my rearview mirror, and there ain't no tail anymore! *Damn! Why didn't I go to Canada!* The rounds were coming up, and they hit the fuel tanks between the cockpit and the tail.

Fire erupted out the piccolo tubes, air-conditioning vents on the side of the cockpit. This meant the engines were sucking in flames and the fuel tanks were on fire. When a fighter starts to go, it doesn't take very long. The whole airplane will explode.

I yelled, "Prepare to eject!"

"I can't," shouted John. "I'm jammed up against the canopy." In order to perform his work it required loosening his seatbelt and shoulder harness. The

*Continued on page 6*

## Eject! Eject! Eject! *(excerpt) continued*

G forces from the sudden shuddering and yawing had slammed him violently against the right side of the cockpit and upward numbing his shoulder and arm. "I can't reach the handle!"

The Phantom had rolled inverted which would have caused a downward ejection into the ground. "Not yet," I called. "Let me try something." Somehow I rolled her over. I grabbed the ejection lever and yelled, "Eject, eject, eject!" The Command Selector for the ejection sequence was in the vertical position which meant that if I pulled the handle we both ejected. I pulled the handle which automatically caused John's shoulder harness and seatbelt to jerk him down into his seat securing him for ejection. We didn't have much altitude because the aircraft was sinking. The ejection sequence is; back canopy, front canopy, back seat, front seat, so the backseater doesn't get scorched. We went out in that order. John was gone, and I quickly followed.

The last thing I remember is that there wasn't much airplane left. I closed my eyes because I figured we were goners. There was no way that we were going to live through this. If the exploding rounds didn't get us the crash surely would. I closed my eyes and said the magic words, "Oh, crap!" two words all pilots say just before they die. I said it--John didn't--he's a different story. I could hear, but I had my eyes closed and my jaws were torqued. My visor was down and my oxygen mask was on. I felt and heard the cracking sound of tree limbs breaking—*crack, crack, crack!* I must admit it jarred me a bit. All of a sudden, *SWOOSH!* I'm no longer in the air. I opened my eyes and I'd come down around a piece of karst, limestone out-cropping. How I came around it, I don't know. It bent around a highly sloping slash-and-burn area. It looked like we'd come down in a grove of aspens, except the trees were stripped and they looked like an antenna farm, straight buggy whips, 40 or 50 feet high. That's what we'd gone into, almost supersonic, which gradually slowed us down.

As you come out of the aircraft the seat rotates because of the rocket motors. We had garters and leg restraints to keep from flailing around when ejected. The rocket propelled me just far enough to clear the tail, which in this case didn't matter because the tail was gone. I didn't hear the aircraft explode or crash. I sat stunned for a couple of seconds and finally got my wits about me. I looked around, and son-of-a-gun, I'm sitting there in my seat with the lower ejection handle in my hand! The rocket motors had gone off, otherwise I would not have cleared the airplane.

The parachute is encased in a kidney shaped affair above your shoulders, a plastic mounted arrangement attached to you and to the seat. The first thing that should happen is a little drogue chute about twelve to eighteen inches wide blossoms out to stabilize the seat and after X number of seconds an initiator fires and a bigger chute comes out to extract

the twenty-eight foot canopy, a sequence of three. These shotgun-like initiators are built into the side of the seat, the presence of which you check on every pre-flight.

Suddenly I heard banging! "Damn, the Gomers are shooting at me!"

It was the initiator for my lap belt letting go so I could separate from the seat, which had never happened! Now the next initiator can fire releasing the 28 foot parachute. Two of these shotguns sounded and I struggled to find my 9 MM Browning automatic so I could get even. I was in shock, but happy to be alive.

My coccyx really hurt because I'd smacked the ground so hard. My first thought was to check my limbs. Okay. My forehead was bleeding from the shrapnel. No big deal, it's not a gusher. My carotid and groin arteries were okay. Looking for my survival radio and 9 mm weapon, I recalled the survival instructor's warning at Clark Field. *Major Mock, this is your third combat tour, you're never going to make it through without being shot down.* He knew what he was talking about. Two tours later, I'm over 250 miles from Udorn in enemy territory, sitting in an ejection seat in the middle of a jungle. I thought, *Let's see, if I can make seven to ten miles a day escaping and evading, it would take twenty to thirty days to get home. Almost a month!*

I called John. "Bullwhip 26 Bravo, this is Alpha, how do you read?"

He immediately responded, "Five by!"

"I don't know where you are because of the velocity during our crash," I said. "I'm okay, are you okay?"

"Well, yeah, but I'm in a tree."

I learned later that John ejected almost horizontally. He had a streamer. It helped him slow down even though it never fully blossomed. His parachute caught a limb and he was dangling from it about 100 feet above the ground.

I looked down at my broken watch. I couldn't stay in my present position because there wasn't much cover within the Antenna Farm. The slope was pretty steep. I crawled on my hands and knees dragging my survival kit. Suddenly it became hard to move. I looked back and saw that my parachute had unraveled. Just what I didn't need, a drag chute! I used my survival knife to cut the parachute loose and left it. The one thing I remember besides the buggy whips were the vines that had thorns like hypodermic needles. They broke off from the limbs and stuck into my entire body which hurt like hell and soon began to burn. Now I thought about the ants and the snakes. *What else could go wrong today?*

Thirty minutes had passed, so I checked in with John. "What's going on?"

"Well," he said, "I'm not up in the tree anymore. I'm okay."

----- *End of excerpt* -----

To read the rest of Mike Daciek's article, visit his "Your Hub" blog site <http://denver.yourhub.com/User.aspx?UserID=19896>  
-- or, if you're not on line, you might ask Mike for a copy.

## \*\*\* Sea Biscuits and Scufflebutt \*\*\*



### Secret to a long life

A tough old cowboy from south Texas counseled his grandson that if he wanted to live a long life, the secret was to sprinkle a pinch of gun powder on his oatmeal every morning. The grandson did this religiously until the day he died at age 103.

He left behind:

- 14 children,
- 30 grandchildren,
- 45 great-grandchildren,
- 25 great-great-children,
- A 15-foot hole where the crematorium used to be.*

### CHANGE: Hold your nose, it's in the air!

Personified by the old tale about the Marine Corps second lieutenant who inspected his Marines and told the Gunny they smelled bad. The lieutenant suggested that they change their underwear. The Gunny responded, "Aye, aye, sir, I'll see to it immediately".

So Gunny goes into the tent and says: "The lieutenant thinks you guys smell bad, and wants you to change your underwear. Smith, you change with Jones, McCarthy, you change with Witkowskie, Brown, you change with Schultz. Get to it!"

### Say, what?

☺ Have you heard about the salty old naval aviator who's having trouble remembering things lately? Could be he's suffering from.....(drum roll here)..... ..."creeping salinity."

☺ "When you argue with a fool.....be sure he isn't similarly engaged."

### Bogus political rhetoric

*True or false?* The soon-to-expire Bush tax cuts mostly benefited the wealthy.

*False.* The wealthy carry an even greater share of the tax burden today than they did prior to the Bush tax cuts, which primarily benefited low and middle income tax payers. Check the numbers.>

#### The Rich Pay More

Share of income earned by all taxpayers compared to share of income taxes paid in the U.S.

Richest 1%	Share of total	
	Income	Taxes paid
1990	14%	25%
2000	21	37
2005	21	39
<b>Richest 5%</b>		
1990	27%	44%
2000	35	56
2005	36	60

Source: Treasury Department, October 2007

### Some things to think about

- ☺ "Character is higher than intellect."  
-- R.W. Emerson
- ☺ "Character is what you do when nobody is looking."  
-- Henry Huffman
- ☺ There is more money being spent on breast implants and Viagra today than on Alzheimer's research. This means that by 2040, there should be a large elderly population with perky boobs and huge erections and absolutely no recollection of what to do with them.

#### Mile High Flight 18 - 2008

**Flight Captain**.....Tom Martin, LTC, USAF (Ret)  
**Vice Flt Capt**.....Don Neary, COL, ANG (Ret)  
**Adjutant**.....Ron Smith, COL, USAF (Ret)  
**Treasurer**.....Hugh Greenwood, CPT, USAFR (Sep)  
**Provost Marshall**.....Dale Boggie, COL, USAF (Ret)  
*Scholarships*.....Bill Greener, LTC, USAF (Ret)  
*Asst Treasurer*.....Ed Cutler, LT, USNR (Ret)  
*Newsletter*.....Gerry Spaulding, CAPT, USN (Ret)  
 (Positions in **bold** elected, those in *italics* appointed)

♣ **Flight 18 normally meets the third Friday of each month at the Aurora Hills Tin Cup Bar & Grill, located just north of Alameda and just east of Peoria. Social hour at 11:00, lunch at 12:00. Exceptions via newsletter and caller notification.**

♣ **The newsletter is published quarterly. Contact the ed. at (719) 638-5786 or via e-mail at gerkar@comcast.net.**

**Web site:**

<http://www.ghspaulding.com/orderofdaedaliashome.htm>



*2008 Photoshop composition by Tom Martin. The 1956 Venom and 1917 Fokker DR1 were photographed at Platte Valley on different days—indeed, in different years.*

## VENOM'S LAST FLIGHT

**Left.** Mark Johnson performs one of several fly-bys in his 1956 deHavilland Venom at our 16 May Platte Valley outing.

**Below.** The next day, Mark returned to Platte Valley for more fly-bys, during which the Venom's jet engine failed. Mark put his "glider" into a nearby farmer's field, and everything was copasetic until the last of three irrigation ditches he encountered wiped out the gear. Mark was uninjured, but an ensuing fire totaled the Venom.



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