

# MILE HIGH FLIGHT 18

## Order of Daedalians

### *Newsletter*

Feb 2013

# The National Museum of WWII Aviation Opens in Colorado Springs

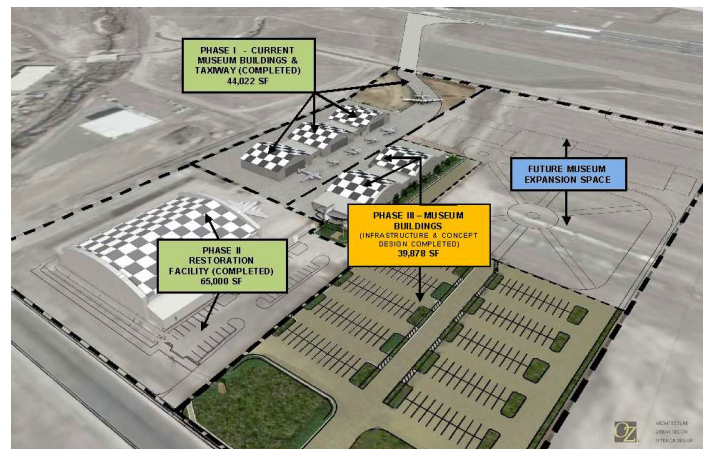
*Near Pete Field & COS Airport*

## 2013 Flight Sked (so far)

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 10 days prior to each meeting. If not, please advise Flight Adjutant Roy "Snooker" Poole.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Activity/Speaker</u>
18 Jan	Aurora Hills*	Flying with Bob Hoover
15 Feb	Aurora Hills*	Dam Busters/Spud
15 Mar	Aurora Hills*	TBA
19 Apr	Aurora Hills*	TBA
17 May	Platte Valley	TBA
21 Jun	Aurora Hills*	TBA
19 Jul	Aurora Hills*	TBA
16 Aug	Wings Over Rox	TBA
20 Sep	Aurora Hills*	TBA
2-6 Oct	San Diego, CA	Daed. Nat Convention
18 Oct	Aurora Hills*	TBA
15 Nov	Aurora Hills*	Bus. Mtg/Elections
TBA Dec	TBA	Christmas Party

\* Aurora Hills Golf Course Tin Cup Bar & Grill



Above is the layout of the fledgling, but rapidly expanding, aviation museum located immediately west of Peterson AFB and the Colorado Springs Airport at 755 Aviation Way, Colorado Springs, CO 80916.

“**The National Museum of WWII Aviation** is the only museum in the world to focus exclusively on the unique story of the role of aviation in WWII,” reads the museum’s posted vision statement. Its focus is not only on pilots, crews and aircraft, but also for educational purposes on the designers, engineers and producers -- on military aviation’s foundation and massive involvement of Americans in the development of U.S. air power during the war.

The Museum operates in conjunction with WestPac Restorations, a world-class aircraft restoration and maintenance company located adjacent to the museum campus.

90-minute guided tours of both facilities are available at 1000, 1200 and 1400 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Call the museum at (719) 637-7559 or visit their web site at [www.worldwariaviation.org](http://www.worldwariaviation.org) for more information.

## Kool Koat King Kwietly Kwits

Mike Daciek, formerly known as “Koat King,” has given up trying to improve our members’ sex lives by ordering Daedalian blazers for them – not because it’s too hard, but because members can more easily and efficiently order their own. To order a blazer, visit a Hardwick distributor at [www.menssuitseparates.com](http://www.menssuitseparates.com) page 8/Regent, or call Carl Baruch at (203) 520-1161. Crest info to follow.



## Memo from the Flight Captain

Happy New Year, fellow Daedalians. I hope you had a great Christmas and a holiday filled with lasting memories.

Our Christmas reception at the Governor's Residence proved to be just that for the Flight members and wives who attended. The highlight of the evening was a splendid performance by Aurora's Grandview High School Choir directed by Mr. Darin Drown.

Those who were unable to come can't possibly appreciate what you missed. These young American students were mature, focused, talented and very well coached. They were also surprisingly familiar with the WWII history we referenced in introducing the Order of Daedalians to them—particularly when we mentioned the Tuskegee Airmen, Guadalcanal, the Doolittle Raid and Stalag Luft III. As we said in our *Thank You* letter to them, their performance and conduct gave us renewed hope for the future our country and personified what inspired us to sign up with Uncle Sam in the first place. Bravo Zulu, Grandview High School Choir!

As always when we launch into a new year, the first order of business is to remind folks that annual Daedalian and Flight dues were due on 1 January. Also that the two must be paid separately, the former (\$25) to National HQ in San Antonio and the latter (\$15) to our Treasurer, Tom Shaw.

Because some of us may have grown a bit forgetful lately, we have included in this newsletter pink reminder notices addressed to those who are delinquent one or more years in their Flight dues. If you got one, please take care of it right away... before you forget.

And, if your Flight dues are delinquent, there's a good chance your National dues are delinquent as well. To find out, you may call National Tuesdays through Thursdays at (210) 945-

2111 and speak to one of the friendly young ladies there, or simply log on to our Apollo page and check your dues account. Log onto Apollo at this link <http://apollo.daedalians.org/flights/29>.

Of course, the best way to eliminate the yearly hassle of paying dues is to become a Daedalian Life Member and also a Life Member of the Flight. You may become a Flight Life Member even if you're not a Daedalian Life Member, so long as you make sure to keep your National dues current. It's an option worth looking into (*page 3*).

Next up is the matter of lining up speakers for the year. Your suggestions for outside speakers are strongly encouraged. And if you'd like to make a presentation yourself that you feel the Flight would enjoy, please raise your hand. If you need assistance creating a slide show to enhance it, we'd be happy to help you put one together.

While we're getting the 2013 speaker schedule organized, I'll volunteer for the February slot with a video presentation about one of the most famous bombing missions in all of British military history, "**Dam Busters.**" It was somewhat analogous to our Doolittle Raid; I'm sure you'll enjoy the show. As a NYC radio announcer flubbed years ago, "Don't miss it if you can."

For some interesting background, I suggest that prior to the Dam Busters presentation, you read the article "**Enigmatic Man**" which is posted on our local web site. See the link to it in the right-hand margin of any page.

**REMINDER:** If you have recently moved, or changed your phone or email address, please call/email your caller or any Flight officer to update your contact info. (*See page 7*)

Finally, please keep ailing members Wyley Eaton and Tom Crawford in your hearts, thoughts and prayers.

*Volabamus Volamus*

*Spud*

Ger Spaulding, CAPT, USN (Ret)  
Flight Captain

## Christmas Party 2012 Photos



*Governor's residence still standing the day after our party. Amazing!*



*The Grandview High School Choir performs in a variety of smaller combos*



*It's called the Governor's Residence at the Boettcher Mansion, and they always decorate it beautifully for holidays.*



*Flight members grazing at a dining table brimming with hors d'oeuvres.*



## Welcome Aboard

**Allan E. Snook**  
Capt, USMC (Sep)  
"Al"



### Al's thumbnail bio

DOB: 21 Oct 1940, Decorah, IA.  
Education: Wartburg College, Waverly Iowa.  
Wings: 1964, NAS Beeville, TX.  
Assignments: Marine Attack Sqdn 211; Marine Air Group 15; 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, 3<sup>rd</sup> Marine Div (VN); Training Sqdn 21.  
Military Aircraft flown: F-11; A-4; T-1A; T-33; TF-AF-9J.  
Military Flight hours: 1653 hrs.  
Military separation: 1969, Kingsville, TX.  
Civilian/commercial flight time: 17,800 hrs - Boeing 737, B-727.  
Civilian employment: United Airlines, 31 years.  
Spouse: Marcia.  
Offspring: Two, one of each flavor.  
Residence: Parker, CO.  
Sponsor: Jim Hanson.

*Other assignments - data masked.*  
*Aircraft flown:* C-130E/H; CT-2; DC-3TP/BT-67; F-16; DHC-6; CASA 212; U-28; M-28.  
*Military Flight hours:* 6,500 hrs.  
*Military Retirement:* 2010, Hurlburt Field, FL.  
*Civilian flight time:* 200 hrs.  
*Civilian employment:* Currently works for AFCM as Chief of Flight Operations, AESS OL/Denver flying as operational test pilot/evaluator for the U-28 and M-28.  
*Spouse:* Natalie.  
*Offspring:* Two, one of each flavor.  
*Residence:* Colorado Springs, CO.  
*Sponsor:* Tom Cappelletti.

**"It's all about honor. Get on 'er and stay on 'er!"**  
-- Long time Lockheed P-3 Test Pilot Jay Beasley

### **ELIGIBILITY RULES FOR FLIGHT 18 LIFE MEMBERSHIPS**

*Daedalian Life Members and Daedalians whose National dues are current may purchase Flight 18 Life Memberships at the rates below.*

### **Flight 18 Life Membership Dues Effective Jan 2012**

<u>Age Group</u>	
30/under....\$385	61 – 65....\$205
31 – 35.....\$370	66 – 70....\$170
36 – 40.....\$350	71 – 75....\$140
41 – 45.....\$325	76 – 80....\$115
46 – 50.....\$295	81 – 85.....\$95
51 – 55.....\$265	86/Over.....\$75
56 – 60.....\$235	



**Christopher R. Mock**  
Maj, USAF (Ret)  
"Chris"

### Chris's thumbnail bio

DOB: Jan 31, 1966 Kansas City, MO.  
Education: Master's Degree.  
Wings: 1990, Laughlin AFB, TX  
Assignments: Yokota AFB, Japan; Hurlburt Field, FL;

### **2013 FLIGHT DUES - \$15 (Due 1 January, as are National dues)**

Please mail this coupon along with a check for your 2013 plus any delinquent Flight dues you owe. Add any amount you desire to donate to the Scholarship Fund. *NOTE: Daedalian Life Members (LMs) and Daedalians whose National dues are current may purchase Flight 18 Life Memberships. If you 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: [2013 Flight Dues \$15.00 or FLM DUES \$ \_\_\_\_\_] + Flight Dues for prior years @ \$12.00/yr \$ \_\_\_\_\_ + Scholarship Fund \$ \_\_\_\_\_ = Total Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

## "Old Shakey"

*The only thing the C-124 Globemaster, known to the world as "Old Shakey," and a Navy fighter pilot had in common was ....well, nothing at all, initially. In the winter of 1959, CDR "Whitey" Feightner was flying the A-4D Skyhawk at NAS Jacksonville, while one particular Old Shakey was serving the Military Transport Service (MATS) 100 miles north at Charleston AFB. Their paths would cross at noon February 13 at central Florida's Pinecastle Bombing Range.*

*Retired rear admiral Feightner, former Blue Angel and former test pilot who recorded nine kills in the Pacific during WWII, recounts the event.*

I had orders to fly to the Mediterranean and replace the Air Wing Commander of a Carrier Air Group on USS *Forrestal*. Relieving a senior officer in the middle of a cruise wasn't SOP, but the people in Washington wanted this particular commander back at the Pentagon pronto. This meant I got a real hurry up in my orders. In fact, I was out flying an A-4D Skyhawk over a bombing range area, when I got a call from the air station. I was to land immediately.

I jumped out of the jet into a waiting car that sped directly to the BOQ. I threw my clothes into a bag, and in less than 30 minutes, was on my way to Charleston AFB.

On arrival, I was taken straight to an Air Force C-121, which immediately fired up and taxied out. Just as we got to the runway, the tower called and stopped our airplane.

Two APs walked into the cabin and asked whether Commander Feightner was on board.

I held up my hand and I was told to follow them. "Not so fast," I protested. "Here are my orders. I'm wanted in the Med right away."

They were not impressed: "We understand that, Sir, but read this:" It was an authorization to commandeer anybody, at any time, to participate in an urgent mission.

I got off the airplane and was driven to the operations tower, where I learned of a special mission headed for Europe. The Navy had 10,000 pounds of top-secret gear that needed to go overseas and it had been loaded on a C-124 now sitting on the ramp. I was commandeered to babysit this gear.

Even by today's standards, the C-124 was one big airplane with a humongous cargo bay. And its pilots sat above that bay roughly 27 feet above the tarmac.

This airplane's squadron was just getting a new squadron commander, an Air Force lieutenant colonel, and a new operations officer, a major. This flight was to be their line checkout before being qualified to take over the squadron.

The plane was about ready to depart. I was given a .45 to strap on and led to a seat bolted to the deck in the rear of this cavernous airplane. A tarpaulin covered the 10,000 pounds of gear, and in this huge space, that amounted to just one little mound. And I was back there all alone.

I didn't even know what I was guarding other than five tons of top secret gear. And I was to not allow anybody to steal it away from me.

By the time we taxied out to the runway, it was just about dusk and was raining. We started the takeoff roll. Sitting back there I couldn't see anything. I knew there was a check pilot up front with the colonel and the major for the flight.

Sure enough, like all good check pilots, he chopped power on an engine during takeoff. I heard the power come off, come back on and then come off again, and we lunged to a sudden stop. The crew hadn't really handled this very well. And we were now off the runway with the six-and-a-half-foot tall right mains up to their axles in the mud.

It took about four hours to get the airplane back on the runway. They hosed off all the mud, determined there wasn't any real damage and decided that we'd go ahead. We went back out onto the take-off runway. But this time, the check pilot didn't chop an engine.

We climbed heading out across the water on a course just past Bermuda, when it was decided that the flight crew had run out of crew time. So, we dropped into Bermuda for the night to allow the crew a proper rest before the next leg.

The next morning, we needed to get on the road again soon so the crew wouldn't run out of crew time before we got to the Azores. It was between breakfast and lunch then, and there wasn't any place open to feed us except the British O- Club. They told us breakfast would be Hungarian Goulash, which they would be serving for lunch that day. Because I can't stand Hungarian Goulash, I talked their cook into making an egg omelet for me.

We got airborne at about 1630 and were climbing through 1,500 or 2,000 feet when there was a loud BANG!

In the back, out of a small porthole-type window I could make out that they were shutting down the number-three engine. I was still strapped in, and as I didn't know what was happening, I stayed strapped in! We orbited off Bermuda for probably an hour while they assessed the situation.

They figured out an exhaust stack had loosened on that starboard inboard engine. They decided that three engines would be fine since we didn't have a heavy load onboard. There had been enough delays already, so we pushed on.

*(I later discovered that a Navy ship was disabled, waiting for this gear we were to deliver.)*

It was 2030 when we headed off across the pond toward the Azores. About three hours later, the crew chief came back and asked me to come to the cockpit. I was delighted, as I was freezing to death in the back. We went forward and climbed a ladder through the tremendous cargo bay up to the flight deck.

That's when I was told we had a real emergency going on. The check pilot, an Air Force Reserve captain, had just come down with ptomaine poisoning.

## OLD SHAKEY *from page 4*

He was now strapped into a bunk behind the flight deck and he didn't look good at all. He was in convulsions and he was as white as could be.

The pilot major looked like he was also bitten by the goulash. But he had his head phones on and was standing next to the captain, talking on the radio to a doctor somewhere, getting medical advice on what to do.

I assumed we would turn around and head back home, but the colonel said to me, "We're about to run into a weather front, and I would like to get that engine back on-line. The crew chief and I want to go out and fix it."

The C-124's wing was so thick you could actually walk (crawl is more like it) into the wing during flight to perform maintenance on the engines.

He asked if I would fly the airplane for a little while. I was happy to; anything was better than sitting in that cargo bay. So I jumped into the left seat and took over. Everybody else left the cockpit and went elsewhere.

I'm flying along at 9,000 feet, and after about 25 or 30 minutes, not a soul had come back to the cockpit. The airplane was on auto pilot, and I just monitored everything and made sure we stayed on course.

All of a sudden we ran into the front and it started to rain, and there was a lot of lightning. Since I'd never been in a C-124 before, the next thing that happened really alarmed me. The instrument panel was jostling back and forth! Man, this thing really was Old Shakey!

I thought my eyesight was going bad, but the rock and roll shake was just characteristic of the airplane.

It had a spring-mounted instrument panel that seemed to move through an inch and a half of travel back and forth in rough weather. You can imagine what it would be like to fly instruments by hand. Then we started getting some fairly hard jolts.

Still, no one returned to the cockpit.

Because I didn't know how much stress the airplane could take, I turned off the autopilot and began to fly the instruments manually. The turbulence was getting more and more severe and it was raining quite hard.

Just then, the crew chief called me over the intercom: "Skipper, get ready to crank up the number three engine." He went over the engine start checklist with me, and I started the engine.

The oil pressure came up just fine, the temperature looked good and it idled just like it should. I decided to bring it back up on-line and synchronize the propeller.

Everything was going great except that we were really being thrown around by this storm. I had my hands full, and after an additional 15 or 20 minutes, I thought: "I'm still solo up here. What's going on with those guys?" So I called the crew chief on the intercom.

No answer.

Shortly thereafter, the cockpit door opened and a slender young guy walked in. He was a Navy LTjg. I was completely baffled. He said, "I'm LT Roberts, your Navigator."

In response to my quizzical look, he told me he'd just gone through navigation school, but was not an aviator; he was a surface officer from a destroyer!

"What else can happen?" I thought.

Well, he proceeds to bring me up to date on the engine problem: "When you started the engine, the colonel was in the engine nacelle. He got a terrible dose of carbon monoxide. He's down. And he's gone blind!"

Later, I saw a big plaque on that engine that read: **DONOTENTERENGINE AREA DURING FLIGHT.**

**\* CARBON MONOXIDE \***

Apparently, he and the crew chief had been able to put the blown stack back on the shut down engine and wire it into place. It seemed to be holding okay, so the colonel told the crew chief to head out and tell me to re-start the engine while he stayed behind to make sure there wouldn't be a fire around the wired exhaust stack after the start.

When it fired up, the colonel ingested massive quantities of carbon monoxide fumes and passed out.

They got him out of the engine area and put him in a bunk. On top of everything else, by this time, the pilot major was now upchucking from downing the same goulash the colonel had.

By 0300 we were closing on the Azores at 9,000 feet. I'm all by myself in that "Old Shakey" cockpit.

When we were close enough to the Azores, I shifted over to the Base frequency, and the next thing you know, I get a call from them: "We're sending a B-17 out to you. And when he picks you up on radar, he'll give you a call. He has an emergency boat on board."

That got my attention.

I didn't know what they knew, but at least they said, "Keep on coming. You'll break out of the storm 50 miles east of the Azores. The minute you break out, orbit until daylight. Then we'll bring you down."

That sounded good to me, so I kept on heading that way.

And pretty soon, I broke out of the storm and could see the moon and stars. I looked down and saw the island ahead, reporting I had them in sight. They "Rogered" that and I started orbiting.

At about 0330 the tower called. Apparently, the doctors had decided we must get the colonel down or he might not make it.

I asked, "Do you have a GCA?" They confirmed they did. I replied, "Well turn it on, because I'm coming in."

They said: "All right, we'll bring you in. But be advised you'll have a slight crosswind and we've got clouds over the island down to about 800 feet."

"Fine," I said, "we'll just come in on the radar."

We got everything straight and I started talking to the GCA controller when all of a sudden a voice from the control tower asks: "**Who ARE you?**"

"I'm a Navy fighter pilot," says I, "and I'm flying the airplane."

"Wait one!"

See **OLD SHAKEY** conclusion, p. 6



## OLD SHAKEY *conclusion*

After waiting a short "one", I called again. "If it's any help to you, I'm also a Navy test pilot. And even though I've never been in a C-124, I have flown a lot of big airplanes."

That seemed to answer the question I presumed was on their minds. I was again advised of a right crosswind on the base's single runway and told them it wouldn't be a problem.

While getting ready for the approach, I finally got hold of the aircraft's crew chief: "How about getting that pilot major up here."

We were on final, down to about 3,000 feet, when the major trudged into the cockpit and plopped down in the right seat. I figured this guy must know his airplane, so I said to him, "Okay, you've got it."

"Not me," said the major. "I'm not gonna take this thing! I'm too woozy. I keep passing out!"

Oh, great. What else can go wrong? "I'm gonna fly instruments all the way down. You let me know when you have visual on the runway. But then, you're taking over!"

We kept going downhill and broke out about 1,000 feet. "Okay, it's all yours!"

He grabbed the wheel. But I'll tell you being an old flight instructor I never really let go of that thing!

We got over the runway. I saw the wind drifting us, so I cranked the wheel into it. And I didn't get any opposition from him. So, I'm not sure which one of us landed it, but we did put that airplane on the runway from our perch nearly 30 feet above the concrete.

Later, I learned that the LtCol had been medically discharged from the Air Force. And they also managed to save the check pilot's career. Apparently, lying back there on a bunk he did have a really bad case of ptomaine poisoning.

The next morning, a new C-124 flight crew came in from somewhere, and we took off and flew to Rabat. When we landed there, the Forrestal had an A-3 Sky Warrior sitting on the tarmac waiting for me. In fact, my predecessor, the outgoing air wing commander was flying it.

They threw me onboard, and my next stop was landing at sea aboard the carrier. We put the guy I relieved on a second airplane. And, presto, I was the air wing commander.

I got a letter of thanks from the Air Force. To this day, I don't know exactly what that top secret cargo was – some kind of communications gear, apparently. But, ultimately, it did get to where it was needed. Thanks to "Old Shakey."

**RADM (Ret) Ed "Whitey" Feightner with Jan Tegler**  
From *Flight Journal* magazine, April, 2006 (abr/edit.)

## 140th Wing home from deployment

by Capt. Kinder Blacke,  
140th Wing Public Affairs  
1/10/2013

Deployed members of the 140th Wing, COANG, enjoyed a safe return in early January after completing a three-month mission in support of both U.S. CENTCOM and Africa Command for ongoing overseas contingency operations.

"Pilots, maintenance, and intelligence personnel spent many months preparing for this overseas mission and executed it flawlessly over the past 90 days," said Lt. Col. Tim Conklin, commander, 120th Expeditionary Fighter Squadron.

Since 1923, the "Redeyes" of the Colorado Air National Guard have served numerous overseas missions, including six deployments since 9/11.

"This deployment was especially unique as Colorado is the first U.S. F-16 unit to establish sustained operations on the Africa continent," said Brig Gen Trulan Eyre, 140th Wing commander.

This latest mission was distinct because it encompassed the entire 2012 holiday season. While it was relatively easy for the Airmen to connect with families back home using the latest technologies, many admit that the holidays just aren't the same when they're deployed overseas.

"Our members spent hundreds of hours of their scarce free time volunteering at numerous charities throughout the community," Conklin said. "We had folks serving at orphanages, wellness clinics, and English speaking schools."

Prior to their return, the Colorado Guardsmen passed their responsibilities to the Wisconsin ANG, marking 15 years, almost to the day, when these same two units performed an identical transition in Kuwait.

*Obviously, the 140<sup>th</sup> did not deploy in their old P-51s pictured above, but in their current F-16C Fighting Falcons.*



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

### Chinese Carrier Aviation Makes it to 1945



by [Ward Carroll](#) for *DefenseTech/Op For*, the blog site of *Military.com* Nov 26, 2012

An [AP story at Military.com](#) reports that the Chinese Navy has successfully landed one

of their J-15 (carrierized version of the Su-33) aboard the Liaoning aircraft carrier.

We here at DT figure there are two ways of looking at this development: You can say that this proves the threat in the Pacific Rim is real and the defense budget needs to be adjusted accordingly, which means a shift from a ground war focus back to the good ol' days of wars at sea.

OR you could say that all the Chinese have done is land a jet on a carrier, something the Brits first did on December 3, 1945. Now launch and recover 35 well-armed aircraft per cycle around the clock for three or four days. And then add another carrier or two in the AOR and try to make the air wings play nice together.

Remember—although the economics are different—the navies of the former Soviet Union all attempted to embrace conventional carrier operations in the late '90s. The net-net of their efforts was a fundamental understanding that flying off of the boat is harder than it looks—and it looks hard. As a result they sold one of their carriers to another country—China.

### Things I'm discovering as I grow older

- \* I started out with nothing, and I still have most of it.
- \* If all is not lost, where is it?
- \* It's hard to make a comeback when you've never been anywhere.
- \* The only time the world beats a path to your door is when you're in the bathroom.
- \* These days, I spend a lot of time thinking about the hereafter; I go somewhere to get something, and then wonder what I'm hereafter.
- \* Funny, I don't remember being absent minded.
- \* Funny, I don't remember being absent minded.

### TIMELESS CHURCHILL-ISMS

- \* No one pretends that democracy is perfect or all-wise. Indeed, it has been said that democracy is the worst form of government except all those other forms that have been tried from time to time.
- \* Socialism is the philosophy of failure, the creed of ignorance and the gospel of envy.
- \* The inherent vice of capitalism is the unequal sharing of blessings; the inherent virtue of socialism is the equal sharing of miseries.
- \* What is the use of living, if it be not to strive for noble causes and to make this muddled world a better place for those who will live in it after we are gone?



### Scientific postulation:

"So long as there are men, there will be wars."  
-- Albert Einstein

**Doctor to retired Air Force pilot of Irish heritage:** "As you get older, you'll probably end up with either Alzheimer's or Parkinson's. Take your pick."

**Retired AF pilot:** "I'll take Parkinson's. I'd rather spill some out of the bottle than forget where I left it!"

### Mile High Flight 18 – 2013

- Flight Captain**..... Ger Spaulding, CAPT, USN (Ret)
  - Vice Flt Capt** .....Butch Rutt, LT, USNR (Sep)
  - Adjutant**.....Roy Poole, LCOL, USAF (Ret)
  - Treasurer** ..... Tom Shaw, MAJ, USAF (Ret)
  - Provost Marshall**..... Dale Boggie, COL, USAF (Ret)
  - Asst Treasurer*..... Hugh Greenwood, CPT, USAFR (Sep)
  - Scholarships*..... Bill Greener, LTC, USAF (Ret)
  - Newsletter*..... Ger Spaulding, CAPT, USN (Ret)
  - COANG Liaison*.....Mitch Neff, LTC, COANG
- (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 editor at (719) 638-5786 or via e-mail at gerkar@comcast.net.**
- Web:** <http://www.ghsaulding.com/orderofdaedalianshome.htm>

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