

# MILE HIGH FLIGHT 18

## Order of Daedalians

### *Newsletter*



Nov 2013

# Christmas Dinner Party December 18



*Special presentation by Clint, Linda Murphy  
sure to please members and wives alike*

Shortly after the end of the Cold War, the Russians were selling rides in some of their best military jet aircraft. After Clint Murphy read about that, he escorted his wife Linda and daughter Tiffany to Moscow to take the Russians up on their offer. Both ladies went up in the L-39 pilot trainer and Linda did so in the Mig-29 fighter, in each case with a Russian test pilot at the controls—most of the time. Acrobatics was the name of the game. The Murphys' experience was captured on a beautiful video, which will be our feature after-dinner entertainment. Our spouses are sure to enjoy it as much as the guys.

There will also be door prizes galore and other surprises in addition to the best holiday meal in town at a great price, courtesy of *chef de cuisine* Ms Cindy Jones. And, as is our custom, some lucky member will get the finger.

## 2014 Flight Officer lineup set

Finally, those annoying radio and TV political ads can stop and so can those persistent "robocalls" that come just as you sit down to dinner. The election for Flight 18 officers for 2014 is over.

For a time it appeared that two staff positions for next year might not be filled at our Nov business meeting, which would have necessitated a special election in January. But in the end, Ed Quick and Spence Mamber stepped up to save the day. With all precincts in and all ballots counted, the 2014 officer-elect lineup is as follows:

- Flight Captain – Roy Poole.
- Vice Flight Captain – Tim Conklin (see page 4).
- Adjutant – Ed Quick.
- Treasurer – Spence Mamber.
- Provost Marshall – Dale Boggie.

Meanwhile, the following officers have been re-appointed for 2014: Bill Greener – Scholarship Chairman; Ger Spaulding – Newsletter Editor and Mitch Neff – COANG Liaison. *We're still looking for a volunteer to serve as Assistant Treasurer.*

### Here are the particulars

**Date:** Wednesday, 18 December

**Place:** Aurora Hills Golf Course/Tin Cup Bar & Grill.

**Times:** 1800-Social Hour; 1900-Call to Order; end 2130.

**Fare:** Prime rib or chicken breast with Crab Oscar, garlic mashed pot's w/burgundy mushroom gravy, Italian roasted veggies, salad, rolls, dessert & appetizers.

**Price:** \$28.00 per person, which includes gratuity and must be paid by check no later than 14 Dec.

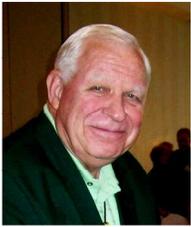
*(Use mail-in coupon on page 2)*

**Dress:** For gents - Daedalian blazer or sport coat and tie or dress uniform; corresponding attire for ladies.

**PLEASE MAKE RESERVATIONS  
THROUGH YOUR CALLER.**

**THEN USE THE MAIL-IN COUPON ON PAGE 2 TO  
SUBMIT YOUR PAYMENT.**

**CHECKS MUST BE RECEIVED BY SAT 14 DEC**



## Memo from the Flight Captain

Fellow Daedalians,

It has been my privilege to serve as your Flight Captain for three terms (1998, 2012 & 2013). Thank you for entrusting this Navy guy with the job.

And my heartfelt thanks to the members of the officer staff, past and present, who in volunteering to accept the responsibilities of leadership, and with the aid of a little duct tape, have kept this flight airworthy through the first 48+ years of its existence.

Same goes for our intrepid callers. They do much more than simply take your meeting reservations. By touching base with you on a monthly basis, they let us know how you're doing—well, ill or otherwise. As brothers of this pilot fraternity, it would be a shame if we ever lost that sort of direct contact with each other.

In October, we enjoyed a visit by Daedalian National Commander retired LtGen Nick Kehoe, who briefed us on the results of the then just completed National Convention/Flight Captains' meeting in San Diego.

Among the various items on his agenda was the most welcome announcement that Daedalian membership criteria would not be changed. Following a vigorous Order-wide email debate on the issue, it was clear that the overwhelming majority of Flights opposed the proposal. Bottom line—Daedalians began life as a pilots' fraternity, and a pilots' fraternity it shall remain.

Gen Kehoe also confirmed some other good news we'd heard recently, that henceforth, National will be picking up the annual tab for using the Apollo web application, relieving the Flights from that financial burden. While Apollo is a valuable management tool for both National and the flights, it also provides a great intra-flight communications tool for all members and Associates. To use

it, you need to set up an Apollo user account. Just go to this web address, then click on LOGIN:

<http://apollo.daedalians.org/flights/29>.

Gen Kehoe, having done his homework, conveyed kudos to Flight 18 for:

- Active scholarship program;
- Presented JROTC medals;
- 2003 Distinguished Flight (Cat C)
- Superb guest speakers;
- Regular contributor to *Flyer*;
- Centennial birthday celebration for John Thompson;
- Nice newsletter.

As I'm sure you know, on 9 Nov, three of the four surviving Doolittle Raiders met in the Air Force Museum at Wright Patt to drink their final toast to their fallen comrades. Unlike their customary private toasts to Raiders who had passed on during the preceding year, the final toast was a public affair.

And among those to whom this toast was directed was former Flight 18 member Bill Bower, the longest surviving Raider pilot, who died in Jan 2011.

The final toast was offered by Bill's close friend Dick Cole, Doolittle's co-pilot during the legendary raid.

To view the 57-minute ceremony in its entirety or in abridged version, just go to *You Tube* and type "Final Toast" in the search window.

The last event on our meeting schedule this year is our Christmas dinner party at the Tin Cup. The details are on page one and the payment coupon is on this page at the upper right. Please note the due date (14 Dec) for receipt of payment. This stands to be a great party, folks. Hope you can make it.

*Volabamus Volamus*

Ger Spaulding, CAPT, USN (Ret)  
Flight Captain



## 2013 CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY AT THE TIN CUP

6:00 PM -- Social Hour

7:00 PM -- Call to order, dinner, program

Your name and menu choice:

\_\_\_\_\_ Bf or Ch  
Your name (print) circle choice

Name, menu choice of each guest:

\_\_\_\_\_ Bf or Ch

\_\_\_\_\_ Bf or Ch

\_\_\_\_\_ Bf or Ch

\_\_\_\_\_ Bf or Ch

Payment enclosed:

\_\_\_\_\_  
(number in party x \$28)

MAIL COUPON AND CHECK TO:

Tom Shaw, Treasurer Flight 18  
1925 Glen Ayr Drive  
Lakewood, CO 80215

Must be rec'd by Sat, 14 Dec

### Old adage, Air Force:

"Pull back on the stick and the houses get smaller; push it forward and they get bigger."

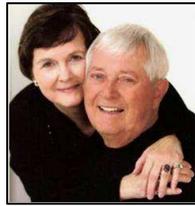
### Old adage, Navy:

"Pull back on the stick and the carrier gets smaller; push forward all you want, it never gets big enough."

Merry Christmas  
and  
Happy New Year!



## Final Flights



**Robert K. Early**  
**LtCol, USAF (Ret)**

**Feb 17, 1923 – Aug 5, 2013**

*With Iris*

He served as Flight Captain in 1987 and always seemed to have a big smile on his face—especially after he'd just picked your pocket on the golf course. Even after moving from Colorado, first to Iowa and subsequently to Georgia, he still made a point of flying back to Denver to attend our Christmas parties and be with his Flight 18 brethren.

In fact he'd already made airline reservations for him and Iris to fly to Denver for this year's party when he suddenly fell ill and died while his son Robert was visiting them in Decatur, GA. His memorial service took place in Decatur on 11 Aug, his inurnment with military honors eight days later at Ft Logan National Cemetery.

Bob graduated from high school in Portsmouth, VA, in Jan 1940 then enlisted in the Navy to begin training as an aircraft engine mechanic. But when his training was interrupted by a little squabble called WWII, he entered Aviation Cadets in Jan 1943, soloed a PT-19 in Sept and graduated with Class 44-C. He married Virginia Steel on March 31<sup>st</sup>, 1944.

Three years after the war ended, he was recalled into the Air Force, where he would fly fighters, bombers, trainers, transports and tankers—everything with wings from p-51s to B-52s. The couple's son Robert was born in 1959. In 1961, Bob picked up an MBA from Oklahoma University and retired from the Air Force in May 1966 with a total of 8,500 flight hours and 24 years of service.

He then began his second career, as a flight instructor with

United Air Lines. In 1969, he transitioned to line pilot with United and retired in 1983 after 42 years of flying without, as he liked to say, "scratching the paint on a single aircraft."

Bob's marriage to "Ginnie" lasted 59 years until her death in 2003. In 2007, he married Iris Scheffel, with whom he set out to travel the world. They had recently completed what turned out to be their final cruise together, from Bombay to Athens, where they renewed their wedding vows.

Approaching his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, Bob reflected on his life in a few written paragraphs, which concluded with this passage: "On my 88<sup>th</sup> birthday I went to Kissimmee, Florida, and flew an AT-6 in the morning and a P-51 in the afternoon. What a kick! Then on January 26, 2013, I flew a DC-3. Bob came over from Denver and flew the DC-3 with me. I get up in the morning stand erect and say, 'Thank you, Lord. I can take over now.' As long as I can do that, I'll keep playing golf, travelling the world and enjoying life."

Bob is survived by Iris, son Robert, a daughter, a brother, sister and four grandsons. Like his dad before him, Robert also flies for UAL, currently serving as Assistant Chief Pilot, Denver Flight Operations.

Clear skies and tailwinds, Bob.

### Flight 18 Life Membership Dues Effective Jan 2012

#### Age Group

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	

### 2014 FLIGHT DUES - \$15 (Due 1 Jan, as are National dues paid to HQ in San Antonio)

Please mail this coupon along with a check for your 2014 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: [2014 Flight Dues \$15.00 or FLM DUES \$ \_\_\_\_\_] + Flight Dues for prior years + Scholarship Fund \$ \_\_\_\_\_ = Total Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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

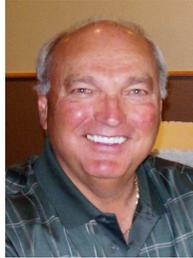
\*\* Mail to: **Mile High Flight 18, P.O. Box 472976, Aurora, CO 80047-2976**



## Welcome Aboard



### Lawrence A. “Bud” Sittig BGen, USAF (Ret)



Born in Sioux Falls, SD, in 1946, Bud graduated from South Dakota State Univ with a degree in Agricultural Business and Economics. After college, he joined the Air Force, completed flight training at Vance AFB in 1970, and went on to fly F-100, A-7D and F-16F aircraft during his 31-year career in the USAF and Air National Guard. His final assignment was as COANG Chief of Staff, from which he retired as a BG in 1999.

He began his concurrent airline career as a pilot with Western Airlines in 1976. When Western merged with Delta, he would become a Delta captain, later serving as GM of flight ops and chief pilot where he had oversight of nearly 11,000 Delta pilots, and as director of flight safety for the company's worldwide operations. Ultimately he retired from Delta to help launch Ohio-based Skybus Airlines.

As Vice President of Operations for Skybus, Bud had operational oversight of Skybus Flight Ops including pilots, flight attendants, flight dispatchers, crew resources, technical publications library, Operations Technology and all corporate training. He was also responsible for daily operational control of the airline.

In 2011, he was named President/COO of another startup airline, California Pacific based in Carlsbad, CA. The fledgling airline has been frustrated in obtaining its air carrier certification by an FAA in disarray since the Sequester.

Also in 2011, Bud was the pilot at the controls of “Liberty Belle,” a restored B-17 that experienced an engine fire shortly after takeoff from Aurora Municipal Airport, Illinois. Despite a successful forced landing in a cornfield near Oswego, soft muddy grounds precluded crash trucks from reaching the downed B-17. While it was destroyed by fire, none of the seven people aboard was injured.



Bud is a Trustee of the National Aviation Hall of Fame in Dayton and serves on the boards of a number of organizations. He is an active outdoorsman and remains engaged in managing the family farm in South Dakota.

He and his wife Fran reside in Centennial, Colorado.



### Timothy J. “Conk” Conklin Col, COANG Mile High Flight 18 Vice Flight Captain-elect

Even before the ink on Conk's Daedalian membership application was dry, Flight 18 elected him on 15 November to serve as Vice Flight Captain beginning in 2014. Along with Flight Captain-elect Roy Poole, Flight Adjutant-elect Ed Quick and Flight Treasurer-elect Spence Mamber, he will join incumbent Provost Marshall-for-Life Dale Boggie to comprise the five-member voting officer staff for next year.

Flight Officers elected at our annual business meeting in November are typically sworn in as the first order of business at the January meeting the succeeding year—followed immediately by the handing over of the sacred “nut cracker” gavel to the new Flight Captain.

Conk, currently the 140<sup>th</sup> Operations Group Commander for the 140<sup>th</sup> Wing, Colorado Air National Guard at Buckley AFB, is a welcome addition to the Flight and to the staff. We can honestly say that his reputation—as a commander who is both highly respected and well liked by his troops and fellow pilots—preceded him to Flight 18.

#### Conk's thumbnail bio

DOB: 17 Feb, 1966 Norwood, MA.

Education: BS, USAFA, Class of 1988

Wings: 6 Sept, 1989, Williams AFB, AZ.

Assignments: Holloman AFB, NM (89-90); Luke AFB, AZ (90-90); 613<sup>th</sup> TFS Torrejon AB, Spain (90-92); 120<sup>th</sup> FS Buckley ANGB (92-94); 80<sup>th</sup> FS Kunsan AB ROK (94-95); 389<sup>th</sup> FS Mtn Home AFB, ID (95-98); 120<sup>th</sup> FS and 140<sup>th</sup> Wing Buckley AFB (98-present).

Military Aircraft flown: T-37; T-38; F-16.

Military Flight hours: 4393.

Spouse: Emily.

Offspring: Two – one son, one daughter.

Residence: Denver, CO.

Sponsor: Mitch Neff.

## The Payoff

by Capt. G. C. Kehmeier (United Airlines, Ret.)

Dedicated to Frank Crismon (1903-1990)

**"I ought to make you buy a ticket to ride this airline!"** The chief pilot's words were scalding. I had just transferred from San Francisco to Denver. Frank Crismon, my new boss, was giving me a route check between Denver and Salt Lake City.

"Any man who flies for me will know this route," he continued. "Fourteen thousand feet will clear Kings Peak is not adequate. You had better know that Kings Peak is exactly 13,498 feet high. Bitter Creek is not 'about 7,000 feet.' It is exactly 7,185 feet, and the identifying code for the beacon is dash dot dash.

"I'm putting you on probation for one month, and then I'll ride with you again. If you want to work for me, you had better start studying!"

Wow! He wasn't kidding! For a month, I pored over sectional charts, auto road maps, Jeppesen approach charts, and topographic quadrangle maps. I learned the elevation and code for every airway beacon between the West Coast and Chicago. I learned the frequencies, runway lengths, and approach procedures for every airport. From city road maps, I plotted the streets that would funnel me to the various runways at each city.

A month later he was on my trip.

"What is the length of the north-south runway at Milford?"

"Fifty-one fifty."

"How high is Antelope Island?" "Sixty-seven hundred feet."

"If your radio fails on an Ogden-Salt Lake approach, what should you do?" "Make a right turn to 290 degrees and climb to 13,000 feet."

"What is the elevation of the Upper Red Butte beacon?"

"Seventy-three hundred."

"How high is the Laramie Field?" "Seventy-two fifty."

This lasted for the three hours from Denver to Salt Lake City.

"I'm going to turn you loose on your own. Remember what you have learned. I don't want to ever have to scrape you off some hillside with a book on your lap!"

Twenty years later, I was the Captain on a Boeing 720 from San Francisco to Chicago. We were cruising in the cold, clear air at 37,000 feet.

South of Grand Junction a deep low-pressure area fed moist air upslope into Denver, causing snow, low ceilings, and restricted visibility. The forecast for Chicago's O'Hare Field was 200 feet and one-half mile, barely minimums.

Over the Utah-Colorado border, the backbone of the continent showed white in the noonday sun. I switched on the intercom and gave the passengers the word.

"We are over Grand Junction at the confluence of the Gunnison and Colorado Rivers. On our right and a little ahead is the Switzerland of America--the rugged San Juan Mountains. In 14 minutes we will cross the Continental Divide west of Denver. We will arrive O'Hare at 3:30 Chicago time."

Over Glenwood Springs, the generator overheat light came on.

"Number 2 won't stay on the bus," the engineer advised.

He placed the essential power selector to number 3. The power failure light went out for a couple of seconds and then came on again, glowing ominously.

"Smoke is coming out of the main power shield," the engineer yelled.

"Hand me the goggles."

The engineer reached behind the observer's seat, unzipped a small container, and handed the copilot and me each a pair of ski goggles. The smoke was getting thick.

I slipped the oxygen mask that is stored above the left side of the pilot's seat over my nose and mouth. By pressing a button on the control wheel, I could talk to the copilot and the engineer through the battery-powered intercom. By flipping a switch, either of us could talk to the passengers.

**"Emergency descent!"** I closed the thrust levers. The engines that had been purring quietly like a giant vacuum cleaner since San Francisco spooled down to a quiet rumble. I established a turn to the left and pulled the speed brake lever to extend the flight spoilers.

"Gear down. Advise passengers to fasten seat belts and no smoking."

I held the nose forward; the mountains along the Continental Divide came up rapidly. The smoke was thinning.

"Bring cabin altitude to 14,000 feet," I ordered.

At 14,000 feet over Fraser, we leveled and retracted the gear and speed brakes. The engineer opened the ram air switch and the smoke disappeared. We removed our goggles and masks.

Fuel is vital to the life of a big jet, and electricity is almost as vital. The artificial horizon and other electronic instruments, with which I navigated and made approaches through the clouds, were now so much tin and brass. **All I had left was the altimeter, the airspeed, and the magnetic compass--simple instruments that guided airplanes 35 years earlier.**

"Advise passengers we are making a Denver stop."

"The last Denver weather was 300 feet with visibility one-half mile in heavy snow. Wind was northeast at 15 knots with gusts to 20," the copilot volunteered.

"I know. I heard it."

The clouds merged against the mountains above Golden. Boulder was in the clear.

See **PAYOFF** on page 6

## **PAYOFF** *from page 5*

To the northeast, the stratus clouds were thick like the wool on the back of a Rambouillet buck before shearing.

I dropped the nose and we moved over the red sandstone buildings of the University of Colorado. We headed southeast and picked up the Denver-Boulder turnpike.

"We will fly the turnpike to the Broomfield turnoff, then east on Broomfield Road to Colorado Boulevard, then south to 26th Avenue, then east to Runway 8."

The copilot, a San Francisco reserve, gave me a doubtful look. One doesn't scud-run to the end of the runway under a 300-foot ceiling in a big jet.

Coming south on Colorado Boulevard, we were down to 100 feet above the highway. Lose it and I would have to pull up into the clouds and fly the gauges when I had no gauges. Hang onto it and I would get into Stapleton Field. I picked up the golf course and started a turn to the left.

"Gear down and 30 degrees."

The copilot moved a lever with a little wheel on it and placed the flap lever in the 30-degree slot.

I shoved the thrust levers forward.

"Don't let me get less than 150 knots. I'm outside."

I counted the avenues as they slid underneath. . .30th, 29th, and 28th. I remembered that there was neither a 31st nor a 27th. I picked up 26th. The snow was slanting out of the northeast. The poplar trees and power lines showed starkly through the storm. With electrical power gone, we had no windshield heat. Fortunately, the snow was not sticking.

"Let me know when you see a school on your side and hack my time at five-second intervals from the east side of the school yard."

Ten seconds.

"There it is. The yard is full of kids. Starting time now!"

Good boy. Smiley faced Holly. From the east side of the school yard, I counted Kearney, then Krameria, Leydon, Locust. Remember the double lane for Monaco Parkway. Then Magnolia, Niagara, Newport. Time the speed at 130 knots. Only eight blocks to the end of the runway. Oneida, Olive, Pontiac, Poplar. From Quebec to Syracuse, the cross streets disappear; figure eight seconds. Keep 26th Avenue under the right side of the nose.

"Full flaps."

Dead ahead, glowing dimly in the swirling snow, were the three green lights marking the east end of Runway 8.

We crossed 20 feet above the center green light and touched down in a crab to the left. I aligned the nose to the runway with the right rudder, dropped the nose wheel, popped the speed brakes, and brought in reverse thrust.

It took us 10 minutes to find the terminal in the swirling whiteout. Finally we saw the dim, flashing red light atop the building indicating the field was closed to all traffic.

A mechanic materialized out of the snow carrying two wands. He waved me into the gate.

I set the parking brake.

"We have ground power," the engineer advised.

"Cut the engines."

The bagpipe skirl of sound spiraled down to silence.

"My hat is off to you, skipper. I don't know how you ever found this airport."

"I used to fly for an ornery old chief pilot who made me learn the route," I replied as I hung up my headset and scratched the top of my head where it itched.

Frank Crismon passed away at his home in Denver on 25 Jan 1990.

*Editor's note: Professionalism, readiness, and knowledge can never be replaced by all the electronic gadgets in the world. Whether you drive a truck or a C-17, nothing beats knowing your capabilities and those of your machine, and knowing where you are at all times. It's hard to come up with options if you don't know what's going on.*

## **SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT**

THE MAIN REASON THAT SANTA IS SO JOLLY IS BECAUSE HE KNOWS WHERE ALL THE BAD GIRLS LIVE.

I WENT TO A BOOKSTORE AND ASKED THE SALESWOMAN, "WHERE'S THE SELF-HELP SECTION?" SHE SAID IF SHE TOLD ME IT WOULD DEFEAT THE PURPOSE.

WHAT IF THERE WERE NO HYPOTHETICAL QUESTIONS?

IS THERE ANOTHER WORD FOR SYNONYM?

WOULD A FLY WITHOUT WINGS BE CALLED A WALK?

WHY DO THEY LOCK GAS STATION BATHROOMS? ARE THEY AFRAID SOMEONE WILL BREAK-IN AND CLEAN THEM?

IF THE POLICE ARREST A MUTE, DO THEY TELL HIM HE HAS THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT?

HOW DO THEY GET DEER TO CROSS THE ROAD ONLY AT THOSE YELLOW ROAD SIGNS?

WHAT WAS THE BEST THING BEFORE SLICED BREAD?

DO INFANTS ENJOY INFANCY AS MUCH AS ADULTS ENJOY ADULTERY?

IF YOU TRY TO FAIL AND SUCCEED, WHICH HAVE YOU DONE?

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO HAVE A CIVIL WAR?

WHOSE CRUEL IDEA WAS IT FOR THE WORD 'LISP' TO HAVE 'S' IN IT?

## \*\*\* Sea Biscuits and Scuttlebutt \*\*\*

### Woman fends off charging 12-foot alligator with .25-caliber pistol



This is a story of self-control and marksmanship by a brave, cool-headed woman with a small pistol against a fierce predator. Here is her story:

“While out walking along the edge of a bayou just below Houma, Louisiana, with my soon to be ex-husband discussing property settlement and other divorce issues, we were surprised by a huge 12-ft. alligator suddenly emerging from the murky water and charging us with its large jaws wide open. She must have been protecting her nest because she was extremely aggressive. If I had not had my little Beretta Jetfire .25 caliber pistol with me, I would not be here today! Just one shot to my estranged husband's knee cap was all it took. The gator got him easily and I was able to escape by just walking away at a brisk pace. It's one of the best pistols in my collection! Plus ... the amount I saved in lawyer's fees was more than worth the purchase price of the gun.”

### TOP TEN INDICATORS YOUR EMPLOYER HAS CHANGED TO OBAMACARE

10. Your annual breast exam is done at Hooters.
9. Directions to your doctor's office include "Take a left when you enter the trailer park."
8. The tongue depressors taste faintly of Fudgesicles.
7. The only proctologist in the plan is "Gus" from Roto-Rooter.
6. The only item listed under Preventative Care Coverage is "an apple a day."
5. Your primary care physician is wearing the pants you gave to Goodwill last month.
4. "The patient is responsible for 200% of out-of-network charges," is not a typographical error.
3. The only expense covered 100% is embalming.
2. Your Prozac comes in different colors with little M's on them.

...AND THE NUMBER ONE INDICATOR THAT YOUR COMPANY IS NOW UNDER OBAMACARE .....

1. When you ask for Viagra, they give you Duct Tape and a tongue depressor (see #8).

### MGM Lion roars



Filming of one of the several lions used in the famous MGM logo.

Contrary to urban legend, none of them ever killed its trainer.



### Mile High Flight 18 – 2013

**Flight Captain**..... Ger Spaulding, CAPT, USN (Ret)  
**Vice Flt Capt** .....Butch Rutt, LT, USNR (Sep)  
**Adjutant**.....Roy Poole, LT COL, USAF (Ret)  
**Treasurer** ..... Tom Shaw, MAJ, USAF (Ret)  
**Provost Marshall**..... Dale Boggie, COL, USAF (Ret)  
*Asst Treasurer..* Hugh Greenwood, CAPT, USAFR (Sep)  
*Scholarships*..... Bill Greener, LT COL, USAF (Ret)  
*Newsletter*..... Ger Spaulding, CAPT, USN (Ret)  
*COANG Liaison*.....Mitch Neff, LT COL, 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.ghspaulding.com/orderofdaedalianshome.htm>



**The X-47B Unmanned Combat Air Vehicle (UCAV)** -- aka "drone" -- made its first arrested carrier landings ("traps") on 10 July 2013.

The landings were aboard USS *George HW Bush* off the Virginia coast. The drone flew from Pax River, MD, completing two traps and one self-initiated wave off.



**Mile High Flight 18**  
**Order of Daedalians**  
**P.O. Box 472976**  
**Aurora, CO 80047-2976**