

MILE HIGH FLIGHT 18

Order of Daedalians

Newsletter

Aug 2009

Nat'l Board of Directors reviews T&O

Revised 2009 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 Ed Cutler.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Speaker/activity</u>
21 Aug	Wings O'r Rockies	Greg Anderson
18 Sept	Aurora Hills*	<i>Flying in Egypt for the USAF</i> – Ger Spaulding, USN
16 Oct	Aurora Hills*	OPEN/WAR STORIES
20 Nov	Aurora Hills*	Business Meeting
10 Dec	Aurora Hills*	Christmas Party

* Aurora Hills Golf Course Tin Cup Bar & Grill

Objectives being revised; 2nd Tenet remains "...a fellow Daedalian."

Prior to the May 2009 Daedalian Convention in Seattle, Flight 18 submitted to the Order's National Commander, LtGen/Ret Brett Dula, and Board of Directors a comprehensive set of recommendations regarding the current (2004) Tenets and Objectives, which are part of the Order of Daedalian Bylaws.

At this year's Flight Captains meeting in Seattle, Gen Dula promised that the Tenets and Objectives issue would be addressed by the Board at its scheduled 23 July 2009 meeting. At the same time, he cautioned that because the current (*and we think flawed*) iteration of the second Tenet was approved by the entire membership of the Order back in 1973, it likely would stand as is.

As promised, the Board of Directors took up the T&O issue at their July meeting. And as predicted, they decided to leave the second Tenet language alone. They did, however, agree with us that the Objectives need revision. LtGen/Ret Nicholas Kehoe reportedly volunteered to write the updated Objectives and has now submitted his draft to the National Commander for review.

The plan we are told is to publish the new Objectives in the Fall issue of the *Daedalus Flyer* magazine. Whether they will reflect our specific recommendations or will be characterized as proposed or final is unclear.

Under the current Bylaws, the Board has the authority to make such changes without approval of the membership. Nevertheless, one of Flight 18's recommendations was that prior to going final the Board publish any proposed changes to the governing documents in the *Flyer* and solicit comments from all the flights.

A complete list of Flight 18's T&O recommendations to the Board appeared on pages 2 and 6 of our May 2009 newsletter, which may be viewed on the Newsletter Archives page of the Flight's web site at this address:

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

We meet at WORASM Aug 21

We'll gather in the Museum's Lowry Room at 11:00 AM and proceed from there (after paying for the 12:00-Noon catered lunch) with roaming the museum to enjoy its many aircraft and historical displays.

After lunch, we'll hear from WOR President/CEO and Flight member Greg Anderson about upcoming activities such as the 29 August rollout of a restored F-86H and the Nov appearance of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford). He'll also update us on the status of Hangar 2. Don Neary will provide a briefing on the COANG exhibit.



T-37▶
◀T-6A



Because we'll be meeting in the Lowry Room, wine for toasting will be allowed. Perhaps we'll even lift a glass in honor of the just retired Cessna T-37 Tweet and its successor, the Bechcraft T-6A Texan II.

Fellow Daedalians,

Since our last newsletter, we've have been to Platte Valley and enjoyed time together. Thanks to Andy Parks and the Lafayette Foundation for their efforts in hosting us on 15 May.



Thanks to the rest of the Flight Officers while I was out of town with family at Ridgeway State Park on 19 June, a good time was had at the Tin Cup Bar & Grill at Aurora Hills Golf Course. Thanks in particular to Dale Boggie who conducted the meeting. Since Newt Moy was supposed to be our guest speaker, and was MIA, Boggie called upon Greg Anderson to give an update on the Wings Over the Rockies Air & Space Museum activities. Boggie then inducted four members into the Order of Daedalians: Bill Neuens, Ace Avakian, Jim Hanson and Phil Ecklund – welcome aboard!

On 17 July, some 40 members met at the Tin Cup Bar & Grill and Cindy and crew did us well on food and drinks. Our guest speaker, MGen Emil Lassen gave us a power point briefing involving Space Command and various other agencies on threats to our security from the Internet cyberspace domain.

We thank Gen Lassen for such an informative briefing from his perspective as National Guard Assistant to the Commander, Space Command.

We'll meet on 21 August at the Wings Museum to hear from Greg Anderson, fellow Daedalian and CEO of the Museum. Please note our revised/updated meeting schedule for September through December on page 1 of this newsletter.

We miss Brian Patterson, our Vice Flight Captain, who is at Balad Air Base, Iraq, serving as the Deputy Ops Group Commander responsible for F-16 flight ops. He's due home in mid-September. Good Luck, Brian!

Bill Orton, Gerald Bozarth and Jack Wilhite's cousin Ross Wilhite have submitted their applications for membership in the Order of Daedalians.

I want to thank Tom Shaw for volunteering to take over the Treasurer job for 2010. Tom has served in this important post previously. Hugh Greenwood will continue to serve out his term until December 31st and we thank him for a job well done.

We have received word from Lucille Wise, former President of WASP, that she will not renew her membership in the Flight due to the long drive involved and due to her commitments to the Women Military Aviators and Women in Aviation International. Lucille expressed her thanks for our group welcoming her as a member and for making her feel welcome and being a part of our distinguished organization. She hoped we could have some female aviators as guest speakers in the future. We thank Lucille for her service and being a part of Flight 18.

The 120th Fighter Squadron is due home from the Iraq combat zone on Saturday, 25 July at 1700 local. Some 250 personnel were deployed on this mission. When they're settled back in I'll work with the Squadron Commander, fellow Daedalian LtCol Floyd "Sumo" Dunstan to set up the Distinguished Pilot Award ceremony.

Our goals for the year are being met:

1. Bring in a buddy. We have eight new members since 1 January.
2. Have good speakers: Brian Patterson, COANG activities; Dave Parvin, sculptor of beautiful women; MG Mason Whitney, Gov Ritter's Chief of Homeland Security; MG Mike Edwards, TAG and Dept of Military and Veterans Affairs; MG Emil Lassen, ANG Assistant to Commander Space Command.
3. Build a Distinguished Pilot Award display case. Completed.
4. Conduct a presentation ceremony for the Distinguished Pilot Award. Date TBA.

5. Bring ideas to Flight officers. Recommended Tenets & Objectives revisions submitted to National.

6. Award scholarship to deserving students. Two scholarships awarded.

After the National Board meets on 23 July 2009 we'll await their decision on our T&O recommendations.

P.S. If you are good you will be assigned all the work. If you are really good you will think of some way to get out of it.

Volabamus

Volamus

Don

Donald O. Neary
COL, ANG (Ret)
Flight Captain



Flight 18's Distinguished Pilot Award display case is nearly complete. Flight member and sculptor extraordinaire Dave Parvin is molding a Daedalian crest to be mounted on the front of the cabinet. The display case includes interior lighting that can be switched on when desired.

Wreath laying at Memorial de l'Escadrille Lafayette

SecAF, accompanied by six US senators, arrived in Paris Jun 13 to partake in a wreath laying ceremony at the *Memorial de l'Escadrille Lafayette*, in Marnes-la-Coquette, just outside Paris. A precursor to the Paris Air Show, the ceremony pays homage to American pilots known as the "Lafayette Escadrille" who flew for the French prior to WWI.



Welcome Aboard

William H. "Bill" Neuens
BGen, USAF (Ret)



Bill's thumbnail bio

DOB: 3 Sep 1932.

Wings: Class 55-S, Williams AFB.

Assignments: Squadron Ops Officer,

Squadron CO, Group Commander, D.O. 140th Wing, COANG, Adjutant General (Air) Colorado.

Military aircraft flown: F-80, T-33, PA-18, T-28, F-86, F-100 & A-7 (6K hrs).

Civilian aircraft flown: 707,720,727,737,747,767 (20K hrs)

Retired from COANG: 1981 at Buckley.

Civilian employment: United Airlines, Aspen Airways, aviation consultant.

Spouse: Anne (two children)

Residence: South Pasadena, FL



William E. "Bill" Orton, IV
LCol, USAF/COANG

Bill's thumbnail bio

DOB: 13 Jul 1963

Wings: Jan 1991, Luke AFB

Prior assignments: Buckley (DG UPT; DG Air Force Intel School).

Current assignment: D.O. 140th OSS, COANG, Buckley

Military Aircraft: F-16 (2,500 hrs).

Civilian Aircraft: B-727, B-747-400 (2,500 hrs).

Spouse: Jill (three children)

Residence: Centennial, CO

Unmanned Combat Aerial Vehicles

- Are UCAVs making fighter pilots obsolete?
- Has the last fighter pilot already been born?
- Will the F-35 be the last U.S. fighter?
- Does having a pilot in the cockpit impede fighter effectiveness?
- Will future fighter pilots ever experience more than 1G?

These and other similar questions are being posed daily throughout military aviation and the Defense Department. Sadly, each of the above questions (except the last one) is too often answered with an emphatic YES!

Our November issue will explore the UCAV issue in depth.

----- UCAVs -----



◀ Navy X-47 Pegasus

USAF MG-9 Reaper ▶

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	86/0ver.....60
56 - 60.....185	

FORGET TO PAY YOUR 2009 FLIGHT DUES?

Please mail this coupon along with a check for your 2009 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: **Mile High Flight 18, P.O. Box 472976, Aurora, CO 80047-2976**

Burial at Sea

by LtCol George Goodson, USMC (Ret)

In my 76th year, the events of my life appear to me, from time to time, as a series of vignettes. Some were significant; most were trivial.

War is the seminal event in the life of everyone that has endured it. Though I fought in Korea and the Dominican Republic and was wounded there, Vietnam was my war.

Now 37 years have passed and, thankfully, I rarely think of those days in Cambodia, Laos, and the panhandle of North Vietnam where small teams of Americans and Montagnards fought much larger elements of the North Vietnamese Army. Instead I see vignettes: some exotic, some mundane:

*The smell of Nuc Mam.

*The heat, dust, and humidity.

*The blue exhaust of cycles clogging the streets.

*Elephants moving silently through the tall grass.

*Hard eyes behind the servile smiles of the villagers.

*Standing on a mountain in Laos and hearing a tiger roar.

*A young girl squeezing my hand as my medic delivered her baby.

*The flowing Ao Dais of the young women biking down Tran Hung Dao.

*My two years as Casualty Notification Officer in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland.

It was late 1967. I had just returned after 18 months in Vietnam. Casualties were increasing. I moved my family from Indianapolis to Norfolk, rented a house, enrolled my children in their fifth or sixth new school, and bought a second car.

A week later, I put on my uniform and drove 10 miles to Little Creek, Virginia. I hesitated before entering my new office. Appearance is important to career Marines. I was no longer, if ever, a poster Marine. I had returned from my third tour in Vietnam only 30 days before. At 5'9", I now weighed 128 pounds - 37 pounds below my normal weight. My uniforms fit ludicrously, my skin was yellow from malaria medication, and I think I had a twitch or two.

I straightened my shoulders, walked into the office, looked at the nameplate on a Staff Sergeant's desk and said, "Sergeant Jolly, I'm Lieutenant Colonel Goodson. Here are my orders and my Qualification Jacket."

Sergeant Jolly stood, looked carefully at

me, took my orders, stuck out his hand; we shook and he asked, "How long were you there, Colonel?" I replied "18 months this time." Jolly breathed, "Jesus, you must be a slow learner Colonel." I smiled.

Jolly said, "Colonel, I'll show you to your office and bring in the Sergeant Major. I said, "No, let's just go straight to his office."

Jolly nodded, hesitated, and lowered his voice, "Colonel, the Sergeant Major. He's been in this G*dd@mn job two years. He's packed pretty tight. I'm worried about him." I nodded.

Jolly escorted me into the Sergeant Major's office. "Sergeant Major, this is Colonel Goodson, the new Commanding Office. The Sergeant Major stood, extended his hand and said, "Good to see you again, Colonel." I responded, "Hello Walt, how are you?" Jolly looked at me, raised an eyebrow, walked out, and closed the door.

I sat down with the Sergeant Major. We had the obligatory cup of coffee and talked about mutual acquaintances. Walt's stress was palpable. Finally, I said, "Walt, what's the hell's wrong?" He turned his chair, looked out the window and said, "George, you're going to wish you were back in Nam before you leave here. I've been in the Marine Corps since 1939. I was in the Pacific 36 months, Korea for 14 months, and Vietnam for 12 months. Now I come here to bury these kids. I'm putting my letter in. I can't take it anymore." I said, "OK Walt. If that's what you want, I'll endorse your request for retirement and do what I can to push it through Headquarters."

Sergeant Major Walt Xxxxxxx retired 12 weeks later. He had been a good Marine for 28 years, but he'd seen too much death and too much suffering. He was used up.

Over the next 16 months, I made 28 death notifications, conducted 28 military funerals, and made 30 notifications to the families of Marines who were severely wounded or missing in action. Most of the details of those casualty notifications have now, thankfully, faded from memory. Four, however, remain.

MY FIRST NOTIFICATION

My third or fourth day in Norfolk, I was notified of the death of a 19 year old Marine. This notification came by telephone from Headquarters Marine Corps. The information detailed:

*Name, rank, and serial number.

*Name, address, and NOK phone number.

*Date of and limited details about the Marine's death.

*Approximate date the body would arrive at the Norfolk Naval Air Station.

*A strong recommendation on whether the casket should be opened or closed.

The boy's family lived over the border in North Carolina, about 60 miles away. I drove there in a Marine Corps staff car. Crossing the state line into North Carolina, I stopped at a small country store/service station /Post Office to ask directions.

Three people were in the store. A man and woman approached the small Post Office window. The man held a package. The Storeowner walked up and addressed them by name, "Hello John. Good morning Mrs. Cooper."

I was stunned. My casualty's next-of-kin's name was John Cooper!

I hesitated, then stepped forward and said, "I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. and Mrs. John Copper of (address)?"

The father looked at me—I was in uniform—and then, shaking, bent at the waist, he vomited. His wife looked horrified at him and then at me. Understanding came into her eyes and she collapsed in slow motion. I think I caught her before she hit the floor.

The owner took a bottle of whiskey out of a drawer and handed it to Mr. Cooper who drank. I answered their questions for a few minutes. Then I drove them home in my staff car. The storeowner locked the store and followed in their truck. We stayed an hour or so until the family began arriving.

I returned the storeowner to his business. He thanked me and said, "Mister, I wouldn't have your job for a million dollars." I shook his hand and said; "Neither would I."

I vaguely remember the drive back to Norfolk. Violating about five Marine Corps regulations, I drove the staff car straight to my house. I sat with my family while they ate dinner, went into the den, closed the door, and sat there all night, alone.

My Marines steered clear of me for days. I had made my first death notification.

THE FUNERALS

Weeks passed with more notifications and more funerals. I borrowed Marines from the local Marine Corps Reserve and taught them to conduct a military funeral: how to carry a casket, how to fire the volleys and how to fold the flag.

When I presented the flag to the mother, wife, or father, I always said, "All Marines share in your grief." I had been instructed to

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Burial at Sea *(continued)*

say, "On behalf of a grateful nation." I didn't think the nation was grateful, so I didn't say that.

Sometimes, my emotions got the best of me and I couldn't speak. When that happened, I just handed them the flag and touched a shoulder. They would look at me and nod. Once a mother said to me, "I'm so sorry you have this terrible job." My eyes filled with tears and I leaned over and kissed her.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

Six weeks after my first notification, I had another. This was a young PFC. I drove to his mother's house. As always, I was in uniform and driving a Marine Corps staff car. I parked in front of the house, took a deep breath, and walked towards the house. Suddenly the door flew open, a middle-aged woman rushed out. She looked at me and ran across the yard, screaming "NO! NO! NO! NO!"

I hesitated. Neighbors came out. I ran to her, grabbed her, and whispered stupid things to reassure her. She collapsed. I picked her up and carried her into the house. Eight or nine neighbors followed. Ten or fifteen later, the father came in followed by ambulance personnel. I have no recollection of leaving.

The funeral took place two weeks later. We went through the drill. The mother never looked at me. The father looked at me once and shook his head sadly.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

One morning, as I walked in the office, the phone was ringing. Sergeant Jolly held the phone up and said, "You've got another one, Colonel." I nodded, walked into my office, picked up the phone, took notes, thanked the officer making the call, I have no idea why, and hung up. Jolly, who had listened, came in with a special Telephone Directory that translates telephone numbers into the person's address and place of employment.

The father of this casualty was a Longshoreman. He lived a mile from my office. I called the Longshoreman's Union Office and asked for the Business Manager. He answered the phone, I told him who I was, and asked for the father's schedule.

The Business Manager asked, "Is it his son?" I said nothing. After a moment, he said, in a low voice, "Tom is at home today." I said, "Don't call him. I'll take care of that." The Business Manager said, "Aye, Aye Sir," and then explained, "Tom and I

were Marines in WWII."

I drove to the house, knocked and a woman in her early forties answered the door. I saw instantly that she was clueless. I asked, "Is Mr. Smith home?" She smiled pleasantly and responded, "Yes, but he's eating breakfast now. Can you come back later?" I said, "I'm sorry. It's important, I need to see him now."

She nodded, stepped back into the beach house and said, "Tom, it's for you."

A moment later, a ruddy man in his late forties, appeared at the door. He looked at me, turned absolutely pale, steadied himself, and said, "Jesus Christ man, he's only been there three weeks!"

Months passed. More notifications and more funerals. Then one day while I was running, Sergeant Jolly stepped outside the building and gave a loud whistle, two fingers in his mouth... I never could do that... and held an imaginary phone to his ear.

Another call from Headquarters Marine Corps. I took notes, said, "Got it." and hung up. I had stopped saying "Thank You" long ago.

Jolly, "Where?"

"Eastern Shore of Maryland. The father is a retired Chief Petty Officer. His brother will accompany the body back from Vietnam."

Jolly shook his head slowly, straightened, and then said, "This time of day, it'll take three hours to get there and back. I'll call the Naval Air Station and borrow a helicopter. And I'll have Captain Tolliver get one of his men to meet you and drive you to the Chief's home."

He did, and 40 minutes later, I was knocking on the father's door. He opened the door, looked at me, then looked at the Marine standing at parade rest beside the car, and asked, "Which one of my boys was it Colonel?"

I stayed a couple of hours, gave him all the information, my office and home phone number and told him to call me, anytime.

He called me that evening about 2300. "I've gone through my boy's papers and found his will. He asked to be buried at sea. Can you make that happen?" I said, "Yes I can, Chief. I can and I will."

My wife who had been listening said, "Can you do that?" I told her, "I have no idea. But I'm going to bust my ass trying."

I called Lt Gen Alpha Bowser, Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force Atlantic, at home about 2330, explained the situation, and asked, "General, can you get me a quick

appointment with the admiral at Atlantic Fleet Headquarters?" General Bowser said, "George, you be there tomorrow at 0900. He will see you."

I was and the admiral did. He said coldly, "How can the Navy help the Marine Corps, Colonel." I told him the story. He turned to his Chief of Staff and said, "Which is the sharpest destroyer in port?" The Chief of Staff responded with a name.

The admiral called the ship, "Captain, you're going to do a burial at sea. You'll report to a Marine Lieutenant Colonel Goodson until this mission is completed."

He hung up, looked at me, and said, "The next time you need a ship, Colonel, call me. You don't have to sic Al Bowser on my ass." I responded, "Aye Aye, Sir" and got the hell out of his office.

I went to the ship and met with the Captain, Executive Officer, and the Senior Chief. Sergeant Jolly and I trained the ship's crew for four days. Then Jolly raised a question none of us had thought of. He said, "These government caskets are air tight. How do we keep it from floating?"

All the high priced help including me sat there looking dumb. Then the Senior Chief stood and said, "Come on Jolly. I know a bar where the retired guys from World War II hang out."

They returned a couple of hours later, slightly the worse for wear, and said, "It's simple; we cut four 12" holes in the outer shell of the casket on each side and insert 300 lbs of lead in the foot end of the casket. We can handle that, no sweat."

The day arrived. The ship and the sailors looked razor sharp. General Bowser, the admiral, a US Senator, and a Navy band were on board. The sealed casket was brought aboard and taken below for modification. The ship got underway to the 12-fathom depth.

The sun was hot, the ocean flat. The casket was brought aft and placed on a cat-falque. The Chaplin spoke. The volleys were fired. The flag was removed, folded, and I gave it to the father. The band played "Eternal Father Strong to Save." The casket was raised slightly at the head and it slid into the sea.

The heavy casket plunged straight down about six feet. The incoming water collided with the air pockets in the outer shell. The casket stopped abruptly, rose straight out of the water about three feet, stopped, and slowly slipped back into the sea. The air

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John Shinn, Flight 18 member

Lubbock spy plane pioneer was backup for downed U-2 pilot

By Jeremy Henderson | AVALANCHE-JOURNAL
Friday, May 01, 2009

"Born to be Wild" happens to be on the radio and the radio happens to be playing over the intercom.

"... We can climb so high, I never wanna die ..."

John Shinn, 78, starts down the halls of the Wedgewood South Assisted Living facility, past ladies in wheelchairs, and gets comfortable in a recliner at the back of the building. It was a temporary visit after recently falling.

He was on the floor two days before he got to the phone.

But John's been uncomfortable before.

Fifty years ago, he and Francis Gary Powers and all the rest of them would girdle themselves into something like a space suit, wedge into a U2 spy plane, climb just short of outer space, then glide over the Earth and the communists for 10 or so hours.

And no way to go to the bathroom.

John would land that thing - the "Dragon Lady" is all right to fly, but hell to land - and the boys would run out and toss him a Heineken. He'd down that beer before even thinking about the bathroom.

"Now I just drink Bud Light," he says. "That's kind of commonplace, I guess."

It's one of the few things about John that is.

At the age of 24, the Plainview-born Texas Tech graduate became the 17th man to ride the Dragon Lady's 100-foot wingspan up to 70,000 feet, where the wild blue yonder is black as night.

You're flying by the stars. You're seeing the curve of the Earth. You're looking down on the enemy like an American god and telling them to say "cheese." Russia, however, never quite cottoned to having its picture taken.

Which is why, had President Eisenhower waited a few more minutes, you might know John's name a little bit better.

Sure, he might be dead. Or he might still be in prison in Russia. We don't know. What we do know is that John Calvin Shinn would have been up there rather than Francis Gary Powers and that *his* name would have been the answer to the question "what pilot was involved in the U2 incident of 1960?"

On May 1, 1960, Francis Gary Powers had been waiting on the OK from Washington for two hours, strapped in the pressure suit, baking in the Pakistani sun. John, his backup, was in the shade, chasing nitrogen out of his blood with pure oxygen in anticipation of the altitude, waiting to trade places if duty called.

"I'd ferried the airplane into Peshawar and spent two nights there before they finally decided to fly the mission," Shinn says. "I said, 'Frank, you've been in the cockpit for two hours now.' He said, 'no, give me a little bit more time before we change.'"

It was at a British base in Yemen, on his way back to Turkey, that John heard the news: Powers had been shot down over Russia. He would be held prisoner for two years.

The U2 flew so high, all they could do was lob their SA-2 missiles up as far as they could, explode them, and hope some shrapnel found something to pierce.

Exactly 49 years ago today, it did. The result made headlines around the world. John Calvin Shinn - the guy it wasn't - still has

the newspapers and the magazines all in storage.

John wasn't the guy again in 1962, on the 12th day of the Cuban Missile Crisis, when Rudy Anderson was fatally shot down on the eastern edge of Cuba. John was an usher in Anderson's wedding. Anderson introduced him to his first wife.

Shinn shifts in the chair. "You don't think about that," he says. "It can't happen to me; it'll always happen to somebody else."

Pilots, he says, are cocky by nature.

Steve Peterson smiles and nods in agreement.

"If you ask him, between him and me, who's the best pilot, see what he says," Peterson says.

Who's the best pilot?

"I am," Shinn says.

"I am," Peterson says. They laugh and lock eyes.

Regardless of who's best, Peterson is one of Shinn's biggest fans.

"John's done things most people haven't," he says solemnly.

Peterson, 59, is one of a handful of former U2 pilots who call Lubbock home.

There's Peterson, who's retired Air Force, and Dan Sanders, the CEO of United Supermarkets, and Garry Baccus, another retired Air Force Colonel - they're all old Desert Storm guys. And there's Larry Driskill, the retired Air Force Colonel and U2 squadron commander who Peterson flew under at Beale Air Force Base.

Then there's Shinn - the pioneer.

Somehow they all ended up in Lubbock. It's a tight-knit little fraternity, one bound together by common experience few know and a permanent, defining sense of duty.

"We didn't do it for glory or anything like that," Shinn says. "I felt that that was the thing to do at the time. I wanted to protect my country, sure enough. And I think we did a pretty good job."

All the boys take John out to dinner every now and then and he'll tell 'em a few more things about the way it used to be, and then they'll crack jokes about that namby-pamby SR-71 Blackbird and swap stories about flameouts and crosswinds and vectors and faulty landing gears, stories that keep on getting bigger and better. ###

UPDATE: John is currently battling Lukemia in a nursing home in Lubbock. Get well cards and other correspondence welcome. Please check with any Flight Officer for the mailing address. - Editor.

Burial at Sea – conclusion

bubbles rising from the sinking casket sparkled in the sunlight as the casket disappeared from sight forever.

The next morning I called a personal friend, Lieutenant General Oscar Peatross, at Headquarters Marine Corps and said, "General, get me the f*ck out of here. I can't take this shit anymore." I was transferred two weeks later.

I was a good Marine but, after 17 years, I had seen too much death and too much suffering. I was used up.

Vacating the house, my family and I drove to the office in a two-car convoy. I said my goodbyes. Sergeant Jolly walked out with me. He waved at my family, looked at me with tears in his eyes, came to attention, saluted, and said, "Well Done, Colonel. Well Done."

I felt as if I had received the Medal of Honor!

A Veteran is someone who, at one point in their life, wrote a blank check made payable to "The United States of America," for an amount of "up to and including my life." -- Author unknown

*** Sea Biscuits and Scuttlebutt ***

Senior fighter pilots (and their wives)

A senior citizen said to his 80-year-old fighter pilot buddy: "So I hear you're getting Married?" "Yep!" "Do I know her?" "Nope!" "This woman, is she good looking?" "Not really." "Is she a good cook?" "Naw, she can't cook too well." "Does she have lots of money?" "Nope! Poor as a church mouse." "Well then, is she good in bed?" "I don't know." "Why in the world do you want to marry her then?"

"Because she can still drive!"



As a senior fighter pilot was driving down the freeway, his car phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Herman, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on 280 Interstate. Please be careful!"

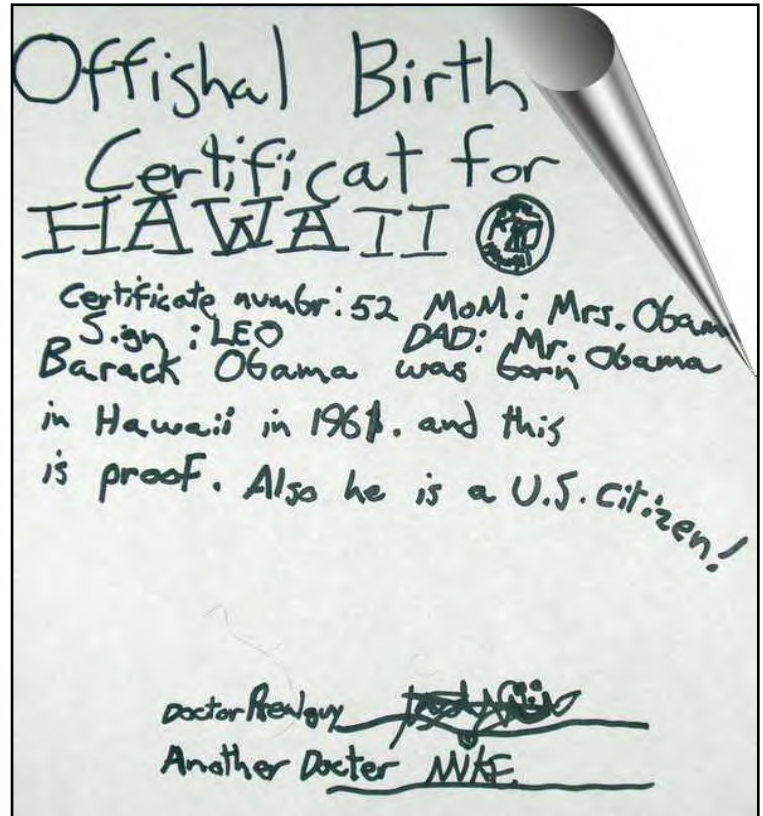
"It's not just one car," said Herman. "It's hundreds of 'em!"

"I just read an article on the dangers of drinking. Scared the crap out of me. So that's it. After today, no more reading!" -- Senior fighter pilot

The seldom seen *other* side of Mt. Rushmore



"Stop looking, we found it!" - State of Hawaii



It's a mere moment in a pilot's life between his first solo and his final flight.

Mile High Flight 18 - 2009

- Flight Captain**..... Don Neary, COL, ANG (Ret)
 - Vice Flt Capt** Brian Patterson, LTC, COANG
 - Adjutant**..... Ed Cutler, LT, USNR (Ret)
 - Treasurer** Hugh Greenwood, CPT, USAFR (Sep)
 - Provost Marshall**..... Dale Boggie, COL, USAF (Ret)
 - Asst Treasurer*..... Tom Shaw, MAJ, USAF (Ret)
 - Scholarships*..... Bill Greener, LTC, USAF (Ret)
 - Newsletter*..... Ger 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/orderofdaedalianshome.htm>