

MILE HIGH FLIGHT 18

Order of Daedalians

Newsletter

Feb 2007

Martin climbs back into left seat

2007 Flight Schedule (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 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>
19 Jan	Aurora Hills*	Greg Allyn – U-Boats
16 Feb	Aurora Hills*	Iraq vet Marine NCO
16 Mar	Aurora Hills*	BG Edwards on USAF
20 Apr	Aurora Hills*	BG Martin on the F-22
18 May	Platte Valley	Lafayette Foundation
13-16 Jun	Colo Springs	Daedalian Convention
xx Jun	TBA	TBA
20 Jul	TBA	TBA
17 Aug	TBA	TBA
21 Sep	TBA	TBA
19 Oct	TBA	TBA
16 Nov	Aurora Hills*	Annual Business Mtg
12 Dec	Aurora Hills*	Christmas Party

* Aurora Hills Golf Course Tin Cup Bar & Grill

First command: "Coffee to the flight deck"

From the Flight Captain

Fellow Daedalians,



I want to thank the members of Mile High Flight 18 for electing me to be your Flight Captain for 2007. I have always considered it a great honor just to be a member and to be associated with such an elite group of real American heroes. Being elected as your leader for the second time is an even greater honor. I would also like to thank our returning officer's from last year, Vice Flight Captain Don Neary, Treasurer Ed Cutler, Adjutant Ron Smith, our long serving Provost Marshal Dale Boggie, Scholarship Chairman Bill Greener, and Newsletter Editor Gerry Spaulding.

I hope to reinstitute our 5-Minute-War-Story program this year, but sometimes wonder if our "10% truth" policy has been stretched just a little bit with some of the stories. I have obtained, at great expense, a bottle of "Anti B___ S___" pills. Each story teller will be required to take one before speaking. I do have some concerns that this may cause some of our storytellers to explode, but I think it will be worth the risk. Any comments???

We need some help! I have long thought that the job of Newsletter Editor requires the most work and is, obviously the hardest to fill of all Flight 18 positions. I know because I held the job for about 7 years before Gerry took over. Gerry Spaulding has done a terrific job as our newsletter editor for many years and is now looking for some relief. He is willing to tutor this year anyone who is willing to take the job next year. Please let me know if you are interested and available.

See **Flight Captain** - page 2

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Flight Captain *from Page 1*

We have about half of the 2007 meetings planned so far. The Feb, Mar, and Apr meetings will be at Aurora Hills with some exciting guest speakers. Andy Parks has graciously invited us back to Platte Valley Airport for our May meeting on Friday the 18th. His museum has expanded considerably since our last visit and now includes WWII exhibits as well as his superb collection of WWI memorabilia and aircraft. In addition to flying demonstrations, he has also arranged for some WWI battle re-enactments. Mark your calendars for an outstanding event!

For Jun, we are exploring the possibility of a joint function with the Colorado Springs Flight, probably in conjunction with the National Convention, which they are hosting. We will end the year with our annual business meeting in Nov and our Christmas Party, probably on Wed 12 Dec.

The meetings for Jul, Aug, Sep, and Oct are still in the planning stages, so if you have ideas, please let me know. My e-mail: thomas.martin@comcast.net.

Falcon Flight 11 has the great honor this year of hosting the Order of Daedalians National Convention in Colorado Springs 13-16 Jun. This is a super opportunity to attend the event and I urge all members to give serious consideration to going. I'm also sure the Colorado Springs flight could use some help. *See contact information this page, Column 2.*

Just a short note on protocol. We've changed the response in our opening toast from "our departed brothers and sisters" to "our departed brethren," a gender-neutral way of including men and women, even the odd "tweener."

Again, thanks for the opportunity to serve as your Flight Captain,

Volabamus Volamus

Tom

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

Daedalian National Convention, Colorado Springs 13-16 June 2007

Host – Falcon Flight 11
Flight Captain – Bob Faloon

STEERING COMMITTEE

Steering Committee CC
BUD BRECKNER

Symposium Flight Lead
BUD BRECKNER

Corporate Lead
BUD BRECKNER

Space Flight Lead
LARRY FORTNER

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DON HARTUNG

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JIM WAY

Hospitality Flight Lead
GLEN GRIFFITH

Golf Flight Lead
JERRY DAVENPORT

Transport Flight Lead
BUDD BUTCHER

Public Affairs Flight Lead
BRIAN BINN

Air Boss
BOB FALOON

Any Flight 18 member wishing to volunteer to assist Flight 11 prior to or during the Convention please contact Bob Faloon by e-mail at: bobfaloon@aol.com

(Type "CONVENTION" in the subject line.)

-- OR --

Leave a message on the Flight 11
call-in reservation line at:
(719) 481-2344



Welcome Aboard

Mike Paradise, LCOL, USAFR (Ret)

Mike's most memorable aviation-related experience actually occurred on the ground when United Flight 232, a crippled DC-10, crash landed before his eyes at the Sioux City airport killing 110 passengers and one member of the crew. Many of the 185 survivors owe their lives to Mike and his fellow rescuers who fortunately were in position to provide immediate assistance.

At the time nearly 18 years ago, Mike "Dice" Paradise was flying A-7s for the Iowa ANG and DC-9s for Continental. How fate led him to be there is an unusual story in itself.

Born in Sioux City in 1944, he earned a BS in Construction Engineering from Iowa State before joining the IANG as a civil engineer in 1967. His squadron was activated at the time of the USS *Pueblo* incident and deployed to Vietnam. Mike, however, was sent to Florida. Bitten by the aviation bug, he wrangled orders to flight training and earned his wings with Class 70-05 at Moody. The rest is history.

During his 28-year military career, he flew in turn with the IANG, the COANG, the IANG and ultimately again with the COANG as a member of the AF reserves. While assigned to Buckley the first time, his day job still in civil engineering, his company built the Southwest Plaza Shopping Center in Littleton. In 1985 he signed on with Continental and in 1988 transferred back to the Iowa ANG at Sioux City.

On 19 July 1989, United Flight 232, en route from Denver to Chicago, lost all hydraulics at FL370 when its tail-mounted engine came apart and shrapnel cut all three hydraulic lines. Reduced to controlling the DC-10 with differential power, the crew decided to attempt a landing at Sioux City. Mike and two fellow IANG pilots, listening as events unfolded on the radio, jumped into a vehicle and headed for

See *Welcome Aboard* page 6, Col 3

Flight Life Memberships prove popular in Flight 18

During the year-long discussions that preceded approval of a Flight Life Membership (FLM) option last Nov, one of the significant unknowns was whether enough eligible members would choose to become Flight Life Members to make administering such a program worthwhile. That concern has now been erased.

While the due date for payment of 2007 Flight dues was 31 Jan, at press time 36 of the Flight's 68 eligibles (53%) had opted into the program. More are expected to do so as they recognize the benefits the program provides individual members and the Flight.

In order to become a Life Member of Flight 18, one must first be or become a Daedalian Life Member. While both programs benefit members of all age groups, their advantages are even more pronounced and tangible for those in the highest age brackets. Specifically, LMs/FLMs no longer have to worry about paying annual dues and can never lose their Daedalian status because they forget to pay their dues or through the actions of someone else holding Power of Attorney.

If you are not yet a Daedalian Life Member, you should give serious consideration to opting into that program, which in turn will make you eligible to become a Flight Life Member.

In order to become a Daedalian Life Member, simply call Daedalian HQ at (210) 945-2113 and ask to speak

to the Life Membership Coordinator. If you prefer to use e-mail, the address is: icarus@daedalians.org.

If you are a Daedalian Life Member and wish to become a Life Member of Flight 18, the FLM dues schedule below applies. Using your age on 31 Jan 2007, find your age bracket to determine your cost of opting into the program, write a check to Flight 18 for that amount and submit it along with the completed dues coupon that appears at the bottom of this page.

A particularly nice feature of Flight Life Membership—one that your descendants will appreciate—is that when you eventually pass away as a paid up Daedalian and Flight member, a fellow Daedalian will write a "Final Flight" newsletter article about your military service. Survivors of deceased members invariably request copies of these articles to help the kids, grandkids and great-grandkids remember their departed aviator. The basis of that article will be the biography we have on file for you, so please make sure yours is on file with the Adjutant and that it's complete.

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 2007 FLIGHT DUES?

Please mail this coupon along with a check for your 2007 plus any delinquent Flight dues you owe. Add any amount you desire to donate to the Scholarship Fund. *Daedalian Life Members (LMs) are eligible to purchase Flight 18 Life Memberships and stop paying annual dues. 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: [2007 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**

DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' BADGES

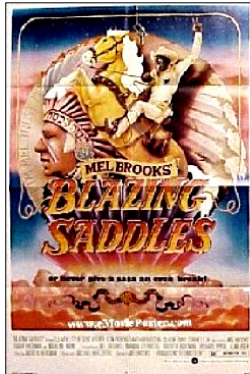
Two pilots fly a nuke submarine

By Gerry Spaulding

Moments after being almost welcomed with a *laurel* and a *hardy* handshake, the new sheriff, who turns out to be black, is about to be gunned down by the assembled townsfolk. The quick-thinking sheriff draws his own gun, sticks it under his chin, takes himself hostage and drags himself out of danger. Sheriff Bart lives to fight another day.

You may recognize this as a scene from the Mel Brooks film *Blazing Saddles*, starring Cleavon Little as Sheriff Bart. It's showing in a movie theater so exclusive that only eight of us have been allowed in to see it.

As the scene plays out on the screen, the whole theater abruptly tilts 30 degrees to the right. Then it shudders and rolls in the opposite direction to a point roughly 30 degrees off kilter to the left.



It is 1977. The setting is the wardroom of an American nuclear-powered submarine 60 miles out of New London, Connecticut, and headed further out to sea. USS *Glenard P. Lipscomb* (SSN-685) is on the surface and rolling like a proverbial 365-foot-long log. It will be another 40 miles—sometime around midnight—before it clears the Continental Shelf and is able to dive to smooth water.

Two of us, both P-3 pilots assigned to naval intelligence in the Pentagon, are in the first few hours of the week we will spend on board as special passengers, along for an indoctrination ride. Having often exercised with American submarines and tangled with Soviet subs from the air, we are here to learn more about the operating capabilities of these most elusive of “adversaries.”

Neither of us has been to sea on a submarine before and both of us, accustomed

to the limitless spaces of the wild blue yonder, worry that we might not be able to survive an entire week in such confined quarters with our sanity intact—that we might literally go bonkers, suffering claustrophobia-induced nervous breakdowns that might reduce us to pathetic, whimpering, quivering masses of spineless jellyfish. We share horrific visions of being carted ignominiously away in straight jackets, babbling incoherently, when the sub eventually returns to port.

Happily the first thing you notice inside a modern, nuclear-powered American submarine is not how confined, but how roomy it is. The hull is roughly 30 feet in diameter. There are four decks. You can stand in the engineering spaces and, through the steel mesh flooring, see other decks below you with machinery running and people working down there.

Not that the “walls” never close in. During dives, we’re told, the steel hull actually compresses to a measurably smaller diameter. A rope tied taut between opposite bulkheads while on the surface will droop noticeably in the middle as the ship descends to operational depths.

Further forward the ship’s decks are covered in linoleum tile and the walls in simulated wood paneling. You feel as though you’re walking around in a very large mobile home. Which, come to think of it, you are. It’s just that outside this one, there’s a big flood all over the place, wherever you look.

Of course, the only time you *can* look is when the periscope is up or when the sub is on the surface and you’re invited to climb the 20-foot ladder that ascends to the top of the sail from within. What an incredible view it is from up there, especially when the ship is underway at night. Looking down, you see the water slipping over the top of its massive, round black hull, most of which is riding just below the surface.

All around you is the sea, dark, cold and uninviting. You’re acutely aware that the nearest land is straight down, some hundreds or thousands of feet below. There is nothing but the occasional cloud to obstruct your view of the stars. Sometimes, the lights of a ship appear on the distant horizon as a single white spot. And you know that, while you can see that ship, you are completely invisible to it. You also know that, any time you want or need

to, you can just close the hatch, “pull the plug” and go deep. It makes you feel invulnerable, as though you own the entire ocean.



Back in the officers’ wardroom, *Blazing Saddles* blazes on. Led by a nitwit named Taggart (played by Slim Pickens, whose character in *Dr. Strangelove*, a cowboy B-52 pilot, ends up riding an atomic bomb like a bucking bronco as it plummets to nuclear oblivion over the Soviet Union), the bad guys sit around the campfire eating beans and depressurizing in manly, if inharmoniously, musical fashion.

We’re eating too. Snacking, anyway, from a large silver bowl that the wardroom mess specialist (who would have been referred to as a steward not so many years ago) has filled with mixed nuts and placed in the center of the wardroom table. It is the same table at which, an hour or so before the showing of the film, we had taken our first on-board meal—an experience worthy of mention.

The wardroom is large enough to seat only eight officers at a time. Because there were 12 officers on board, dinner was served in two sittings. My companion and I were in the first group along with the ship’s commanding officer.

Now protocol dictates that the C.O. is the last to arrive. The other officers stand behind their chairs around the table, which is laid formally with china and silver on linen, awaiting his entrance. The seat at the head of the table is reserved for him. When he strides into the room, everyone comes to attention and holds that position until he pulls out his chair and says something like, “At ease, gentlemen. Have a seat.”

At least it works that way when the sub is submerged and the going is smooth. But on this occasion, we’re still a log on the surface, rolling dramatically left and right.

It’s a wonder we have appetites at all. Additionally, the wardroom steward is a rookie. He has yet to learn the Navy way to set a table aboard a ship operating in heavy seas. It’s simple. You just spill a little water on the tablecloth, creating a

Continued, Page 5

wet spot wherever something is to be placed. You also fill cups and glasses only halfway so their contents don't slosh out. Our rookie steward has set a dry table.

Precisely at the moment when the door swings open and the C.O. enters the wardroom, the ship rolls hard to the right. Everything on the table—china dinner plates, soup bowls, cups, saucers, glasses and silverware—slides rapidly “downhill,” heading for the skipper's unattended place and ultimately for the deck. Rather than coming to attention, all of us dive headlong over the backs of our chairs to corral the runaway dinnerware. We succeed, but end up all catawampus across the table. At first bemused and then amused, the C.O. shrugs his shoulders helplessly. “So much for formality,” he says. Then we all sit down, wet our places and redistribute the dishes.

In *Blazing Saddles*, Governor William J. Le Petomane (Mel Brooks) tends to the “affairs of state,” mainly his affair with Miss Stein, his generously-implanted secretary, whose office attire consists only of a demi-bra and panties. Meanwhile his attorney general, Hedley Lamarr (Harvey Korman), plots to take over the peaceful township of Rock Ridge. Somehow this is reminiscent of the Soviet threat to world peace as personified by its “blue water” navy, now deployed at great distances from Mother Russia. Ironically the submarine in which we are watching the film serves much the same purpose in the real-world context as does Sheriff Bart in the film as he struggles to defend Rock Ridge from its external threat.

Almost as ironically my aviator colleague bears an uncanny resemblance to Mel Brooks, so much so that I have always called him “Mel.” Watching *Blazing Saddles* with him sitting at the same table is like watching Governor Le Petomane watching himself on the screen. Our Mel only wishes he had a secretary like Miss Stein.

Madeline Kahn plays the part of the Bavarian Bombshell, saloon singer Lili Von Shtupp. Working for Hedley Lamarr, she attempts to seduce Sheriff Bart. But when she asks him, “Is it *twue* what they say about you people?” then proceeds to reach into his pants to check out the *angle* of his *dangle*, it is she who is smitten.

Which provides the perfect segue for a description of “angles and dangles,” the

most exciting evolution we will experience during our sub ride. When submariners practice emergency dives and emergency surfacing, at least some of them call it doing “angles and dangles.” Because these drills involve diving at a 30-degree down angle and racing to the surface at a 30-degree up angle, the first step is to put away all the dishes and everything else that's adrift. Crewmembers must find something to hold on to. But what makes this exciting for us is that “Mel” and I are invited to take the controls, basically to “fly” the ship.

The controls are like yokes in an aircraft. Situated side by side, there are two of them—one for the sail planes and one for the stern planes. Under the watchful eye of the C.O., a team of experienced crewmembers does the critical work of directing water or air into the ballast tanks to cause the ship to rise or sink on demand. But “Mel” and I are manning the yokes, controlling the sub's up or down angle by moving the planes. During the emergency ascent, the 6,500-ton submarine rises so rapidly and so steeply that it literally shoots bow-first out of the water, then plunges back heavily onto the surface, its oscillations eventually dampening out. What a rush!



The emergency dive is a completely different sort of adventure, especially for a couple of pilots more familiar with the handling characteristics of aircraft. We're holding the planes in position to maintain a 30-degree down angle. The depth gage is unwinding rapidly. If we dive too deeply, the sub will be crushed like an empty beer can by the powerful and quickly increasing water pressure. As we approach our assigned depth, the C.O. directs us to level off. We draw the yokes back gently, as we would pull an aircraft out of a high-speed dive so as to avoid overstressing the airframe. Nothing happens! The depth gage continues to unwind as before.

“No, No!” shouts the skipper. “All the way back in your lap!”

When we do that, the sub finally levels off. We are duly impressed that it's a much different world down here.

The movie goes on. Hedley Lamarr recruits an army of dregs—“vicious criminals, bushwhackers...Mexican bandits and Methodists”—to flush the frightened townsfolk (all members of the Howard Johnson family) out of Rock Ridge. When he offers badges to the Mexican bandits, one of them responds, “Badges? We don't need no stinkin' badges!”

But unlike them, we *do* need stinkin' badges. Our jobs in the Undersea Warfare section of the Navy Command Center in the Pentagon require special stinkin' badges to get in. And on board this submarine, we must wear another kind of special stinkin' badge, one that measures our exposure to stinkin' nuclear radiation. It seems an overly conservative precaution—that is, until we are invited to view the ship's nuclear reactor in operation.

Incredibly you just peer through a small round window, made of something like thick Plexiglass, and there they are, the reactor's control rods moving slowly up and down in the heart of its white-hot core. We take turns looking through the sight glass.

“Wow!” we exclaim in turn.

Then our guide speaks. “They tell us there's not much danger in looking into the reactor like that—unless you do it too long. So we tend to avoid doing it at all.”

“Mel” and I exchange fretful glances.

“They say only the *spherical* body parts are at risk,” our escort explains. “If you're overexposed—even for a second—the ‘sphericals’ tend to shrivel up and detach from your body within 72 hours. So if your vision gets blurry or you notice any shrink-age down below in the next day or so, tell the doc. He can't really do anything, but he has to file a report of some kind.”

We gulp, we involuntarily check to ensure that our lower spherical body parts are still there and, from that moment on, we keep our upper spherical body parts glued to those stinkin' radiation badges.

As Taggart and his army of bushwhackers, Mexican bandits and Methodists ride toward Rock Ridge on their mission of destruction, Sheriff Bart and his sidekick,

See *Stinkin' Badges*, Page 7, col 1

Hoover *from page 8*

Bob Hoover learned to fly at Nashville's Berry Field while working at a local grocery store to pay for the flight training. He enlisted in the Tennessee National Guard and was sent to Army pilot training.

His first major assignment of WWII was in Casablanca test flying assembled aircraft ready for service. He was later assigned to the Spitfire-equipped 52nd Fighter group in Sicily. In 1944, on his 59th mission, his malfunctioning Mark V Spitfire was shot down by a Focke-Wulf 190 off the coast of Southern France and he was taken prisoner. He spent 16 months at the German prison camp Stalag Luft I in Barth, Germany.

He managed to escape from the prison camp, stole a FW 190, and flew to safety in the Netherlands. After the war, he was assigned to flight test duty at Wright Field. There he impressed and befriended Chuck Yeager. Hoover hoped to break the sound barrier in the Bell X-1, but unfortunately, a desperate bailout from an F-84 Thunderjet shattered both his legs, dashing his hopes of flying the X-1. He became Yeager's backup pilot in the X-1 program and flew chase for Yeager in a Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star during its Mach 1 flight.

After leaving the Air Force in 1948, he went on bombing missions over Korea in the F-86 as a test/demonstration pilot with North American Aviation.

Hoover is most well known for his air show career, which started when he was hired to demonstrate the capabilities of Rockwell's Aero/Shrike Commander, a twin-engine piston business aircraft which had developed a rather staid reputation due to its bulky shape. Hoover showed the strength of the plane as he put it through rolls, loops, and other maneuvers which most people wouldn't associate with executive aircraft. As a grand finale, he shut down both engines and executed a loop, then an eight-point hesitation slow roll as he headed back to the runway. He touched down on one tire, then the other, before landing and rolling to a stop at show center. He would then restart engines and taxi back to the parking area.

A few years after starting the show, he began carrying passengers, who came to be known as "Hoover's Heavers" – for obvious reasons.

With the advent of camcorders, Hoover

added a flourish to the act by pouring iced tea from a pitcher into a glass with his right hand while flying the aircraft through a slow, 1-g aileron roll with his left. A video of this can be viewed on line at:

http://www.alexisparkinn.com/photogallery/Videos/2006-3-11_bob_hoover.avi.

His air show aerobatics career ended over medical concerns, when his pilot's license was suspended by the FAA for reasons later proven to be fallacious. Eventually the truth came out and his US pilot's license was reinstated, but the damage had been done. He was unable to get the insurance necessary to perform. Hoover continued to fly his P-51 Mustang at shows but the Shrike Commander act was over.

Bob Hoover was described by Jimmy Doolittle as, "...the greatest stick-and-rudder man who ever lived." In the Centennial of Flight edition of the Air & Space *Smithsonian*, he was named the third greatest aviator in history.

Among numerous awards and honors, he is an honorary member of the Blue Angels, Thunderbirds, American Fighter Aces Association, Original Eagle squadron and The Order of Daedalians. He is a member of the National Aviation Hall of Fame.

Hoover was nearly killed when his recip Shrike lost both engines on takeoff because it had been fueled with jet fuel rather than avgas. This accident led to the development of the jet-fuel pump "Hoover Nozzle," which cannot be inserted into the filler neck of a tank that has the "Hoover Ring" installed. Thus equipped a tank cannot be accidentally filled with jet fuel.

Hoover's final public performance in his famed North American Rockwell Shrike Commander was at Lakeland, FL in April 2000. In December 2003, he personally delivered the Shrike Commander to the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum's Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center at Dulles Airport. Now in his mid-eighties, Bob resides in Palos Verdes, California, with his wife, Colleen.

New by-laws OK'd

Adjutant Ron Smith has certified the results of Flight 18's recent referendum, which approved the first update of our By-laws since 1976. The new By-laws create SOPs to guide administration of the Flight.

Welcome Aboard *from page 2*

the intended runway (31), expecting to assist passengers as they were evacuated by slide from the aircraft after landing.

Things turned out much differently as United 232 had to shift to closed runway 22, where the crash equipment had been staged and was now scrambling to get out of the way. The crew then lost control of the DC-10 on short final and it became a fireball on the runway.

Fortunately, Mike's squadron was on duty at the time of the crash. All told 285 IANG members participated in heroic rescue and evacuation efforts, saving numerous lives. Infused with adrenaline, Mike and his two pilot companions lifted an inverted fuselage section containing some 40 seats and passengers—some deceased, some injured, some unscratched—to free survivors. (*While it's impossible to capture the scope of the rescue effort here, we hope to schedule Mike as a luncheon speaker this year to hear more details.*)

To finish Mike's welcome, he retired from Continental and later from the AF Reserves with a total of 11,000 hours of military and civilian flight time. His bio lists five years as a Learjet pilot and FSI instructor. For the past 15 years he's flown as an air show pilot and IP in jet warbirds. He and his wife Becky live in Littleton.

Additional Welcomes

We'd like to recognize three more new Flight members—Robert "Bentley" Snider, Bob Gottsman, and Mark Coan. Their "Welcome Aboard" articles should appear in the May newsletter.