

MILE HIGH FLIGHT 18

Order of Daedalians

Newsletter

Feb 2009

COANG veteran assumes the position

Tentative 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>
16 Jan	Aurora Hills*	Brian Patterson, COANG
20 Feb	Aurora Hills*	Dave Parvin (see page 2)
20 Mar	Aurora Hills*	TBD
17 Apr	Aurora Hills*	MG Mike Edwards, TAG
6-10 May	Seattle, Wash.	Daedalian Convention
15 May	Platte Valley	Lafayette Foundation
29 Jun	Aurora Hills*	OPEN/WAR STORIES
17 Jul	Aurora Hills*	TBD
21 Aug	Wings O'r Rockies	Greg Anderson
18 Sept	Aurora Hills*	OPEN/WAR STORIES
16 Oct	Aurora Hills*	Spud – Flying in Egypt
20 Nov	Aurora Hills*	Business Meeting
10 Dec	Aurora Hills*	Christmas Party

* Aurora Hills Golf Course Tin Cup Bar & Grill

F/C Neary and Vice F/C Patterson represent COANG past and present

Fellow Daedalians,

I've read several articles lately from some people who exemplify why I like being a Daedalian. First, we are from military backgrounds. Second, we like being around people who flew (*Volabamus*) and who fly (*Volamus*). And, and we pledge to place nation above self and to be worthy of the trust and confidence of fellow Daedalians.



Don Neary

These traits show why we bond, our common experiences define what we cherish.

A recent survey of human resource professionals found that veterans of Operations Iraq Freedom and Enduring Freedom were sought as potential employees. It also identified the skills veterans brought to the work place. When asked which attributes were most associated with employees who had military experience, respondents who hired them checked off four, almost in unison:

1. Strong sense of responsibility.
2. Ability to work as a team.
3. Ability to see a task through to completion.
4. Ability to work under pressure.

These are attributes I see in Daedalians.

It's also fun to hear stories now and then about our past endeavors as military pilots and officers. I like to think that having fun is also important in life. As Daedalians we have fun getting together.

This idea of having fun while taking on life's challenges is addressed in an article by Rocky Mountain News writer

See **FELLOW DAEDALIANS** page 2, column 1



FELLOW DAEDALIANS from p. 1

Harvey Mackay, entitled "Setting a Good Example is Key to effective leadership." Since Daedalians are leaders we follow our founders' paths toward flying and having fun. Let's face it, flying is probably the most fun any of us have had. Our founders set the example for us and we now set the example as current Daedalians. Where we go and what we do advertises who we are. Some other ideas:

You can't count your days, but you can make your days count;

Helping someone up won't pull you down;

Positive thinking turns obstacles into opportunities;

Technology should improve your life, not become your life!

As for accepting the responsibility as Flight Captain for Mile High Flight 18, I promise to listen, act responsibly and to increase membership. I also plan to ensure that we have a fun, good year.

Some of my objectives are:

- To get those no-shows back to pay their dues and reconnect;
- To get really good speakers. *See the 2009 Flight Schedule on page one for a tentative list of speakers.*
- To complete our Distinguished Pilot Award trophy case;
- To have a reception at the 140th Wing's squadron ops facility to honor our two most recent DPA's;
- To have Flight Officers bring ideas forward from our flight members and Flight Associates.

Awarding scholarships to students is critical to our heritage. Our newsletter is a link to who we are and what we do, a communication tool that further bonds us as a flight. Bill Greener and Ger Spaulding, thanks for everything both of you do for Flight 18.

I want to thank Ron Smith for his work as Adjutant. Great Job!!

Thanks also to Ed Cutler for taking on Ron's job as Adjutant, and to Hugh Greenwood for serving once again as our Treasurer. Having Dale Boggie as

Provost Marshall is a blessing for all of us. Welcome to Vice Flight Captain Brian Patterson, our January speaker. And, lastly, congratulations to Tom Martin on completing his second and third masterful terms as Flight Captain.

Volabamus Volamus

Don

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



Jan 16. Vice Flight Captain Brian Patterson briefs the Flight on current and future COANG ops, while Flight Captain Don Neary performs his unique version of the Hora dance to "Hava Nagila".



Welcome Aboard

David E. Parvin,
MAJ, USA (Ret)



Dave's thumbnail bio

DOB: 23 Feb 1943.

Wings: Dec 1967, NAS Pensacola.

Assignments: Vietnam and MCAS New River as a Marine helo pilot; subsequently flew as an Army helo pilot with the Colorado Army National Guard.

Military pilot hours: 3,000, including CH-46 - 1,500 and UH-1H - 1,300.

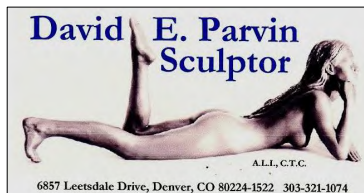
Civilian pilot hours: 7,300, including Learjet 35A - 1,000 hrs.

Retired from COARNG 2003.

Civilian employment: Sculptor.

Spouse: Emilie; one son.

Residence: Aurora, CO.



Final Flight reported

We received late notice that Flight member Terrel F. Johnson, LCol, USAF (Ret), has taken his final flight. No additional information was available at press time.



John Thompson thrilled over vets' Honor Flight to D.C.

Among the memorabilia in his trip folder is a certificate that reads: "This is to certify that John Thompson was a participant in the fourth Rocky Mountain Honor Flight to Washington, D.C. on October 17-19, 2008."

Thompson was one of 35 veterans selected for Honor Flight number four, sponsored by a Denver based non-profit organization called *The Greatest Generations Foundation*. Honorees were divided into six teams, each accompanied by two or three volunteer "guardians" to assist them logistically. All expenses were paid by TGGF.

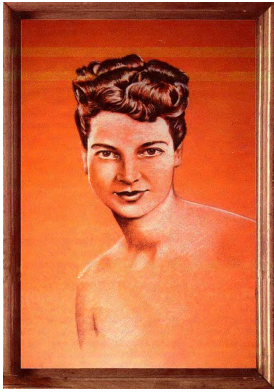
While the centerpiece of the trip was a visit to the WWII Memorial, there was a full schedule of activities that began at DIA at 6:00 AM Friday and concluded there with a welcome home reception at 9:30 PM Sunday. The group was flown to Baltimore/Washington International on Southwest Airlines and spent two nights at the Baltimore Hilton Hotel.

On Saturday, the honorees were bussed to the WWII, Marine Corps, SeaBees, Lincoln, Korean, Vietnam, and Navy Memorials followed by a buffet dinner at the Hilton.

Tours continued on Sunday with visits to Arlington National Cemetery and the Tomb of the Unknowns, the Air Force Memorial, the Pentagon 9/11 Memorial, the FDR Memorial and the Washington Navy Yard before mounting up for the return flight to Denver.

In addition to Washington, the Foundation also sponsors vets' trips to Europe and the Pacific. To apply, call (303) 331-1944 or visit www.tggf.us.

Remembering Bill Myers' sweetheart



Louise Ablen Myers
Sep 7, 1921 – Apr 14, 2007
WWII Veteran

Louise Ablen Myers was born in Holdingford, MN, the second of six children, to Alois and Benadine Ablen. She was Valedictorian of her high school graduating class, and went on to pay her own way through two years of pre-med at U of Minn. "Lou" was awarded a competitive

scholarship to the Mayo Clinic where she graduated as a physical therapist. Her internship was at McClosky General Hospital attached to Fort Hood in (Waco) Texas.

World War II was beginning and Lou made the decision to serve. She joined the Army, was sworn in as a Second Lieutenant, and was shipped overseas to England with the 95th General Hospital. It was at the 95th that she briefly met Lieutenant Bill Myers, who was to become her husband of 61 years. Lou waded ashore at Omaha Beach, fifteen days after D-Day.

Attached to Patton's 3rd Army, her unit was eventually stationed at Barle Duc, France, where her hospital had set up in an old cavalry barracks. It was here that she again met Bill, who was hospitalized after being shot down in his P-47 Thunderbolt during the Battle of the Bulge. Bill had a number of wounds, but the most serious for a fighter pilot was his injured right hand. Bill's flight surgeon had sent him to the 95th Hospital unit for physical therapy, where he was lucky enough to have Louise as his therapist.

Lou remained in France until VE Day, and then was transferred to the 100th Hospital to



ready for the invasion of Japan. VJ Day ended the War for her unit, and she instead transferred back to the U.S. where she was honorably discharged from Service. Lou then traveled alone to Colorado where she and Bill had planned to meet after the War, and get married. Captain Bill E. Myers and Lieutenant Louise Ablen were married in uniform on Nov 22, 1945 at Buffalo Creek. They had three children, six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

She spent the rest of her life being an outstanding Air Force wife, living worldwide. Lou was always the squadron "mom", taking care of the extended "family" of the unit. Outgoing and outspoken, Lou was a doer. She always had a project going, from making her own hats to upholstering furniture. She loved cooking and was a consummate hostess, serving "ethnic food" long before it was trendy, for dinner parties several times a month. Lou made all her and her children's clothes, feeling she could always improve on the latest fashions. She rode a Peruvian horse and she "color coordinated" his tack to go with her riding clothes.

She also loved to travel, whether it was camping in a Volkswagen Bus, riding a camel in Egypt, or an elephant in Africa. Following Bill's retirement from the Air Force, they lived and worked in Saudi Arabia for 10 years, continuing extensive travel to exotic locals, many of which are now "off limits" to American travelers. Lou was buried with full military honors at Ft Logan National Cemetery on Apr 30, 2007.

About the two photos in col. 1: Upper left-charcoal portrait done by a French artist in Paris; Lower right-Lou, in uniform, tries on a hat in Paris. Photo by Frank Capra appeared in newspapers around the world.



You may recall that Bill survived a nasty accident last spring when his pickup skidded on ice and flipped over an embankment near Pine Junction.

In a related note, **Flight 18 member** Capt Dan Hingley, USAF, is an F-15/T-38 pilot stationed at Holloman AFB, NM, where he will soon transition to the F-22. How is that relevant? Dan is the grandson of Bill and Lou Myers.

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, contact the Treasurer to determine the correct amount to include in the FLM space below.*

Name: _____ Daedalian # _____ Home Phone: (____) _____

Address: _____ e-mail: _____

Amount enclosed for: [2009 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**

Excerpt from

Forever Flying

By R.A. "Bob" Hoover

One of the great disappointments of my life is that I never flew the X-1.

Just a month after Chuck Yeager's successful record-breaking flight, I got into serious trouble when the engine of an F-84 Thunderjet failed and caught fire high over the Antelope Valley. I called Mayday and gave my location.

The aircraft was diving out of control because the push-pull rods to the flight controls had burned away. I would have to bail out with the plane in a steep dive at high speed. I pulled what we called the "next-of-kin handles" on the ejection seat, but they would not fire the seat.

Quickly, I unfastened the safety harness and oxygen hose. Seconds later, after jettisoning the canopy, I was sucked out of the cockpit and my body slammed into the tail.

I hit with tremendous force on the back of my legs and knees. My body buckled and my head hit my kneecaps. Fortunately, the rubber oxygen mask I was wearing gave my face some protection.

The blow to my head left me stunned, and only the rush of air from free-falling revived me to consciousness. I pulled the rip cord. It was pure instinct.

My parachute was not damaged, but high winds were blowing dust. I floated to the ground miles away from the burning, crashed plane. Certain that my legs were broken, I dreaded impact with the ground. But by the time I touched down, the pain was so great that I must have been in shock. I did not even feel the brunt of the hard landing.

On the ground, the strong winds kept the parachute inflated and dragged me across the desert sagebrush. Each time I would try to pull the risers to spill the chute, a gust of wind would re-inflate it. I'd be dragged across the ground. Each time the pain in my



legs felt as if I were hit with a bullet. The parachute finally caught on a large sagebrush and collapsed.

I lay back on the ground, grateful to be alive. I soon realized, however, that I was alone in the desert with two broken legs and multiple facial injuries. I also knew that if I wasn't rescued before dark, I would have to deal with below-freezing temperatures.

I couldn't remember if Muroc ground control had acknowledged the Mayday prior to the bailout. I could see airplanes circling the smoke column from the burning wreckage. They had no way of knowing the plane was ten or fifteen miles east of my position. The base might have assumed that I hadn't been successful in getting out of the airplane. If that was the case, they would not even search for me.

The condition of my legs was frightening. I was sure I would lose both of them since the throbbing pain grew more unbearable as the hours passed.

I kept my eyes glued alternately to the sky and to the surrounding terrain. I also watched the sun sink farther into the western horizon while realizing that I couldn't even crawl to find protection from the cold when nightfall came.

I lay there on the desert sand, watching and waiting. Just before dark, I heard the sound of a truck approaching. A ranch hand in an old pickup had seen the burning airplane go down. Then he had seen my parachute. Because of the vast desert terrain it had taken him hours to find me. He was a welcome sight. I'll never forget his kindness.

He lifted me into the truck and drove me to the Antelope Valley Hospital. Despite my pleas, and a few choice curse words, the hospital staff wouldn't treat me. They were afraid they wouldn't get paid since I was military. Orderlies therefore placed me on a stretcher and wheeled me into an isolated hall without any treatment. By this time, I was in too much pain and too exhausted to protest their refusal to treat me.

Eventually an elderly nurse said to hell with the staff and gave me a shot of morphine. I was grateful for her kindness, but the pain was so intense that the medicine gave me no relief.

Officials at Muroc were notified of my condition and location. A War II ambulance was dispatched to transport me to the small hospital at the base. The trip was excruciating. Every little bump in the road sent searing pain to both legs.

After X rays were performed, I was told that only one leg was broken. I couldn't believe it because of the severe pain in both legs. Technicians did not share my concern. Only the left leg was placed in a cast from the ankle to the hip.

Colleen had been contacted and arrived shortly after I was brought in. I wasn't very good company since even the strongest narcotic gave me no relief from the extreme pain.

A short time later reinforcements arrived—Chuck Yeager and Pancho Barnes. Pancho was wearing a heavy black coat. "How are you feeling, you dumb SOB?" Pancho asked. "Pretty damn miserable," I replied. Pancho reached into her coat pocket and pulled out a bottle of whiskey. She thrust it into my hands: "The GD doctors don't know how to relieve pain; take a slug of this."

Colleen and I had only been married two months. I could tell she didn't know what to think about Pancho's raw language. I took a modest drink from the bottle. Pancho pushed the bottle back at me. I took another, more enthusiastic swig. She then put the bottle to her lips for a healthy drink and passed it to Chuck. We continued to pass it around until it was empty. By then, pain was a thing of the past. Colleen just looked on in amazement.

Colleen told me later that the accident made her more aware of the dangers of being a test pilot:

"When Bob broke his legs, it really hit me that bad things could happen. Before that I didn't think too much about it. Test pilots don't look at the danger and never talk about it, but when he got hurt, I was really scared.

"After that, I planned his funeral so that if something happened I would be ready. I never stood around by the door or sat near the phone waiting for bad news, but I was always prepared for the worst."

A gift from Ray Rider, one signed copy of *Forever Flying* is up for auction. All proceeds go to the Scholarship Fund. Submit bids by mail to our P.O. address by 28 February.

Minimum bid \$50.

Bogus E-Mails



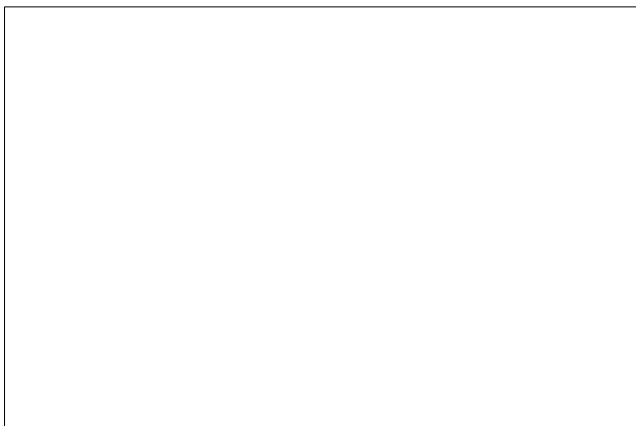
This photo, purportedly from a 1954 issue of Popular Mechanics, claims to show what RAND Corp thought the "home computer" would look in 2004. But, it's a FAKE. It's really a doctored picture of a nuclear submarine maneuvering room on display at the Smithsonian.

True or false? E-mails from the IRS notifying you that you are eligible for a stimulus check or refund and asking you to complete an on-line form could be legitimate.

False! Here's what the IRS says:

The IRS does not initiate taxpayer communications through e-mail. In addition, the IRS does not request detailed personal information through e-mail or ask taxpayers for their PIN numbers, passwords or similar secret access information for their credit card, bank or other financial accounts;

Do not open any attachments to questionable e-mails, which may contain malicious code that will infect your computer. The IRS does not initiate contact with taxpayers via e-mails.



You Don't Say

She was only a whisky maker, but he loved her still.
A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class because it was a weapon of math disruption.
No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.
Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.
A hole has been found in the nudist camp wall. The police are looking into it.
The short fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.
The man who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.
You only need two tools in life – WD-40 and Duct Tape. If it doesn't move and should, use the WD-40. If it shouldn't move and does, use the duct tape.
If you can't fix it with a hammer, you've got an electrical problem.

----- Celibacy -----

Celibacy can be a choice in life, or a condition imposed by circumstances.

While attending a Marriage Weekend, Walter and his wife, Ann, listened to the instructor declare, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other."

He then addressed the men, "Can you name and describe your wife's favorite flower?" Walter leaned over, touched Ann's arm gently, and whispered, "Gold Medal All-Purpose isn't it?"

And thus began Walter's life of celibacy.

Mile High Flight 18- 20C9

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)
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 club at (719) 638-5786 or via e-mail at gerkar@comcast.net.

Web site:

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