

MILE HIGH FLIGHT 18

Order of Daedalians

Newsletter

Feb 2010

All hands shaken, stirred by Cairo quake

The 2010 Flight Sked so far

Flight 18 normally meets on the third Friday of each month. Exceptions are announced in the newsletter and through the caller phone tree. Your caller should contact you via phone/e-mail 7-10 days prior to each meeting. If not, please advise Flight Adjutant Mitch Neff.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Speaker/activity</u>
15 Jan	Aurora Hills*	Officer installation
19 Feb	Aurora Hills*	Thompson/Reeves
1-3 Mar	<i>San Antonio</i>	<i>F/C's meeting</i>
19 Mar	Aurora Hills*	BG Carl Miller
16 Apr	Aurora Hills*	Newt Moy
21 May	Platte Valley	Lafayette Found
18 Jun	Aurora Hills*	MG Whitney-CO H/Sec
16 Jul	Aurora Hills*	TBA
20 Aug	Wings O'r Rockies	Greg Anderson
17 Sept	Aurora Hills*	MG John France
15 Oct	Aurora Hills*	TBA
19 Nov	Aurora Hills*	Business Meeting
16 Dec	Aurora Hills*	Christmas Party

* Aurora Hills Golf Course Tin Cup Bar & Grill

New officers take charge

With the old adage "Elections have consequences" in mind, here's a photo of the good consequences of our Nov election.

From left to right, Tom Shaw, Treas; Mitch Neff, Adj; Don Neary, FC, Brian Patterson, VFC; and Dale Boggie, Prov Marshall.



ALL SHOOK UP

A true story by Ger Spaulding

From his book C-C-Cold War Syndrome

It happened suddenly as most disasters do. A major earthquake centered only 22 km southwest of Cairo. The 6.2 quake killed more than 1,000 people and produced a checkerboard pattern of structural damage and destruction across the city.

At the time, October 1992, I was the United States Naval Attaché to Egypt. It was a choice assignment. As the Navy's representative to the Government of Egypt, I enjoyed all the perks of a diplomat (12-bedroom villa, servants, armored car and driver) that came with a busy slate of social obligations. I was also able to continue flying, albeit with the Air Force rather than the Navy, as a pilot of the Embassy aircraft whenever official business required.

My office along with those of the Air Force Attaché, the Army Attaché and our support staff, was on the 13th floor of the 15-story American Embassy, located two blocks east of the Nile in downtown Cairo. I was working at my desk when the earthquake struck.

The first thing I sensed was a vibration in the concrete floor like a series of small ripples sliding beneath me. Then it felt and sounded as though some giant being picked up one corner of the building and dropped it from a height of about ten feet. After that the entire structure began to sway like a reed in the wind.

An Egyptian construction crew was doing excavation work on the embassy grounds in preparation for erecting a second office tower next door. I thought for a moment they'd accidentally set off some sort of misdirected explosion. But as the swaying gradually subsided, a second thought occurred to me. Perhaps—and much more likely—a bomb, planted or thrown by terrorists, had rocked the embassy.

See **ALL SHOOK UP**, page 4

Fellow Daedalians,



Happy 2010!
At our meeting of the Flight Staff to kick off the new year, we set several goals:

1. Bring a Buddy. Solicit qualified new members to join the Flight.
2. Have good guest speakers and warrior stories from our own members.
3. Hold a Distinguished Pilot Award Ceremony in coordination with the Colorado Air National Guard.
4. Solicit ideas from members that will improve Flight Operations.
5. Seek support from other Daedalian Flights across the nation who share our views on what the Tenets and Objectives of the Order should be.
6. Award Scholarships to deserving students who are involved in aerospace studies, with particular emphasis on those who aspire to become military pilots.

We also reviewed our financial status and are happy to report that we are solvent and meeting our responsibilities and obligations. Briefly, as of 31 December 2009, our Scholarship Fund had a balance of \$3,783.32 and our Operating Fund had a balance of \$4,049.32. In addition we have \$4,000.00 invested in CDs from those who have prepaid their dues to become Flight Life Members.

Our Flight Membership roster stands as follows: 132 Named Members plus 1 Hereditary Member for a total membership of 133.

During the year three members passed away; one member resigned; and one member returned to the Flight. During the same period we gained eight new members.

We received a message from fellow Flight member MGen John France

complimenting us on the November 2009 Newsletter. He found it to be especially informative on Unmanned Aerial Vehicles (UAVs). Our Newsletter Editor and Guru, Ger "Spud" Spaulding does great work for Flight 18. Thanks to Gen France for his call.

Our Christmas Party held on December 10th was a very enjoyable occasion attended by 57 folks, including members, wives and guests.

Our goal and mission is to keep all members informed and to make each member know that we care. As I look at the precepts of the Order—dating back to 1934—I hope that we can continue to honor the legacy of our Founder Members:

- To perpetuate the spirit of patriotism
- To demonstrate love of country
- To emphasize the ideal of sacrifice by those who served and now serve.
- To consecrate the memory of our Founders and all who have gone before.

We also observe and follow the Tenets of the Order of Daedalians:

- First: To place nation above self (Patriotism)
- Second: To be worthy of the trust and confidence of fellow Daedalians. (Personal Integrity and Character)

Finally, thanks to the 2009 Flight Officers for their hard work, and good luck to the staff for 2010.

VOLABAMUS
(We flew)

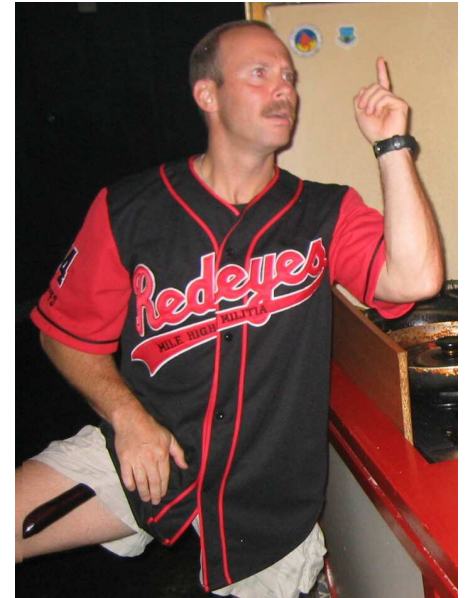
VOLAMUS
(We fly)

Donald O. Neary

DONALD O. NEARY
Colonel, USAF (Ret)
Flight Captain



Another round on me!



When we welcomed Bill Orton aboard in the Aug 2009 newsletter, we didn't have a photo of our then newest member.

That problem has been rendered moot as Bill's membership is visibly well in hand. Here, he demonstrates his grip on reality while hanging out with the boys at happy hour. "Honest Horses, anyone?"

Koat King Mike Daciek renews guarantee:

"Wearing a Daedalian blazer *will* improve your sex life!"

"And my goal is to improve the sex life of every member of Flight 18," added the King, "no matter how fantastic he claims it is now. You know us pilots—we tend to embellish whenever we talk about flying, golf or sex."

Including shipping and a small cut for the Scholarship Fund, blazers cost \$116 (\$125.50 for sizes 52-60). The crest is \$28.

Don't delay—improve your sex life today! Call Mike at 303-531-8716.



Final Flights



Paul K. Carlton
Gen, USAF (Ret)
Apr 14, 1921 --
Nov 23, 2009



Born in Manchester, NH, Gen Carlton graduated from Academy High School, Erie, PA. He attended the Universities of Pittsburgh and Ohio, and in Sept 1941 entered the Army Air Corps aviation cadet program. He received his pilot wings and commission in Apr 1942 at Albany AAF, GA.

He was a B-17 instructor pilot with ATC until 1944. He then flew B-29s with the first group operating against the Japanese mainland from India and China, accumulating a total of 350 combat hours.

Following WWII, he was assigned to SAC's first A-bomb organization, the 509th Bomb Wing, Roswell AFB, NM. This was followed by four-years as aide-de-camp to CINCSAC Gen Curtis LeMay.

He was next assigned to March AFB, CA as director of operations, 320th Bomb Wing, and later as director of plans, 15th Air Force. In Jan 1956 he became director of operations for SAC's 3d Air Division at Andersen AFB, Guam. Returning to CONUS in Nov 1957, he served the next 18 months as deputy commander, 93d Bomb Wing and the Combat Crew Training School for B-52 and KC-135 aircrews at Castle AFB, CA. He assumed command of the 4126th Strategic Wing, Beale AFB, CA in May 1959.

See **PK CARLTON** page 6



Welcome Aboard

Gerald W. "Bozie" Bozarth
LtCol, USAF (Ret)



Gerry's thumbnail bio

DOB: 25 Jun 1936

Wings: Class 60-E Enid, OK.

Assignments: Perrin AFB, TX; Williams AFB, AZ; Pleiku AB, ROV; COANG Buckley.

Military aircraft flown: F-86L, T-33, T-38, A-1E/G, F-100, A-7D (Approx 5,000 mil hrs)

Civilian aircraft flown: B-737, B-727 (33,000 civ hrs)

Retired from COANG Buckley (Wing Ops): 1986

Civilian employment: Began with Western Airlines after VN, retired from Delta Airlines in 1996, but then continued as a Delta sim instructor for five more years.

Spouse: Phylis

Residence: Elizabeth, CO

See **WELCOME ABOARD** page 6

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	

2010 FLIGHT DUES

Please mail this coupon along with a check for your 2010 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: [2010 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**

ALL SHOOK UP

from page 1

I jumped up from my desk and was headed for the window to investigate when a second series of ripples came racing across the floor. This time, the corner of the building seemed to rise and then drop from about 20 feet rather than 10.

Then the swaying started again.

It was worse this time. From my window, the skyline of the old city appeared to be moving from side to side, tilting one way then the other like the ocean's horizon viewed through a porthole of a ship rolling on heavy seas.

That's when I realized what had happened. A chilling image flashed into my brain—classic black and white footage of a bridge rising and falling, twisting, with each oscillation greater than the one before, until its center span broke apart and plunged into the water far below.*

The swaying of the embassy tower felt exactly like the oscillations of that bridge, increasing in intensity over time. Surely, the building was about to collapse in a smoking concrete-and-steel mountain of rubble.

Warning klaxons sounded throughout the embassy. An excited but authoritative voice came over the public address system: "Evacuate the building! Evacuate the building!"

The directive was unnecessary. Everyone instinctively had already made for the stairwell, bypassing the elevators, and started the long trek down to ground level.

Certain that the next shock wave would bring the building down upon them, people crowded three and four abreast into the stairwell. However, the evacuees' escape down 26 flights of stairs was impeded by a few overweight people with bad knees who were barely able to negotiate the stairs, but who were at the head of the pack. The procession moved at their pace, in steady slow motion, one anxious step at a time.

Yet, no one panicked. Not outwardly, anyway.

Like everyone else's, my heart pounded and my knees shook with each descending step. How much longer would the structure hold? It was by far the most frightened I had ever been. No contest.

This was not my first earthquake. In Okinawa, they were common occurrences. In California, too. But always before I had been at or near ground level when they struck. Never had I experienced the earth shake with such force or from such a height.

Several times over the Pacific I'd been required to fly P-3 aircraft through Inter-Tropical Convergence Zones, areas of severe turbulence, incessant lightning and heavy hail produced by monster thunderstorms reaching to 80,000 feet. That was scary, but nothing like this.

Throughout our maddeningly slow downward climb, I feared not only for my own safety but for that of my wife, Karen. She was several miles away, across the Nile, at the Cairo branch of Voice of America where she served as executive officer.

VOA's office complex and studio were situated in an old two-story stone house around the corner from the Cairo headquarters of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO). I tried to reassure myself that the low profile and sturdiness of that stone structure gave it a decent chance of emerging from the disaster intact.

My mind pictured it that way with Karen inside sitting serenely at her desk, smiling at me, her warm brown eyes innocent and trusting. But I could not hold that image more than a second or two before another took its place. In it, the old house had been reduced to ruins—a sepulcher of piled stone—the innocence of Karen's smile extinguished in one painful instant.

The two images alternated in my mind, a thousand times it seemed, as we wound our way haltingly to the ground floor. I'd never felt so helpless.

After what seemed like an eternity we

streamed out of the embassy building and gathered across the street looking up at it in awe, astonished that it was still standing. Indeed, everything we could see of the city from that vantage point looked as it always had—old, decrepit, but, likewise still upright.

I knew then that Karen was okay. From where we stood, the quake appeared to have done no damage at all. Everything looked perfectly normal.

Only later did we learn how television coverage of the event had misled viewers, causing them to believe that Cairo had been leveled.

News cameras had focused narrowly on the areas where damage had been most severe, specifically on a couple of overbuilt apartment buildings that had crumpled to the ground. They failed to put the tragedy into visual perspective by panning back to reveal that most of the ancient metropolis and its 17 million inhabitants had survived the quake unscathed.



Thanks to CNN, the only post-quake images of Cairo seen by viewers around the world were like this one. While moderate damage was widespread, only two overbuilt apartment buildings had totally collapsed. Thousands did not, but images like this filled TV screens everywhere. They conveyed the false impression that Cairo had been flattened.

We waited while engineers inspected the embassy tower for structural integrity. Although they discovered no obvious damage, everyone was sent home in anticipation of the hundreds of aftershocks that were sure to follow.

See **ALL SHOOK UP**, page 5

ALL SHOOK UP *conclusion*

After climbing 26 flights to lock up my office, then descending them again, I found my driver and headed for VOA.

Intellectually I knew Karen was safe; emotionally I feared the worst. When I actually saw her alive and well, that familiar smile in her loving brown eyes, I was relieved beyond description. I held her for a long time.

Then we went home.

We were scheduled to attend a reception that evening at the Cairo home of a United Nations diplomat. We decided to go. So did a couple of hundred other people, including the military attachés from at least 40 other foreign countries. You see, when it comes to natural disasters, diplomatic social obligations take precedence. Also, I think people felt a need to be with fellow survivors of the traumatic event.



In Luxor, the Colossi of Memnon came close to toppling over, but did not. They had to be braced with scaffolding and repaired.

Normally at one of these functions, the military attachés would mingle with the civilian diplomats and their wives making small talk. That night we didn't. Instead, we gathered fraternally in a far corner of our host's back yard and compared our respective reactions to the big shake.

Taking part in the discussion were army, navy and air attachés—infantrymen, artillerymen, tank drivers, ship drivers, airplane drivers, you name it—from Eastern and Western Europe, the Middle, Near and Far East, North and South America. All were seasoned veterans; many had accrued years of combat experience.

Without exception these military professionals confessed to having been more frightened during that afternoon's earthquake than they had ever been when engaged in their particular warfare specialties. We concluded it was because things had been completely out of our control.

During the quake most of us were certain we were about to be crushed to death under tons of rubble and we were helpless to affect the outcome.

While operating our tanks, ships, planes or whatever, we were *in control*—physically *at the controls*. The more experience each of us had accumulated on our respective war machines, the more *in control* we felt. Even in a hostile environment, all of us agreed, we were confident in the belief that we'd had some degree of *control* over our fate.

Not so when caught in a natural disaster like an earthquake.

There in the calm of the evening, this international confessional was a fascinating study in human nature. Its lesson: take away a man's sense of control and you may render him defenseless. Some former prisoners of war speak of the same thing.

Throughout Egypt, the cradle of civilization, land of the pharaohs, home of two of the man-made Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, perhaps the most often heard expression was *insha Allah* (if God wills).

Descending those 312 steps of the American Embassy earlier that day, I'd been scared witless because the situation was beyond my control. If the building was going to fall down crushing us all, I could do nothing to prevent it. Nor could I do anything to affect the funereal pace of the evacuation. Worst of all, I was powerless to help Karen at the VOA or even to know whether she was still alive.

But if I had no power, no control, who did? It was a question that everyone in our gathering, and perhaps everyone in Cairo, had asked himself that day. A question each person could answer only for himself.

Trapped in the embassy stairwell as I had been earlier, I'm sure I was not alone in thinking, "We are going to make it—*insha Allah!*"

GHS

** I learned later that this film depicts the 1940 collapse of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge in Washington—as the result of wind-induced torsional oscillation, not an earthquake.*



Holding on after the quake (or "Riding with the Taliban")