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# VIEWS LETTER

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## Fuel Emergency

*~By Adverse Yaw*

It was a crowded little room filled with computers, monitors and printers placed there for the use of the pilots. This was where they would research the weather along their route and other related information pertinent to their individual assigned flights. It was staffed by an agent with experience in the operation of computers and printers. He or she seldom knew the difference between jet blast and a cold front, but they could organize paper. Flight plans, weather and notams were printed for each scheduled flight, and laid on the counter in an order where the pilots could find their assigned flight plan and weather packet. After looking it over carefully, they would sign a copy for the company records and take the remainder with them.

Captain Walter Summerlin stood at the counter going over his flight plan and release. The Boston weather was presently clear and forecast to be CAVU (ceiling and visibility unlimited) all day long, the aircraft assigned to him was clean with no MEL (minim equipment list) placards what-so-ever. Not only great weather, but the Jet Stream was going to push him along almost 200 knots faster than normal. Of course, this meant that the return would be much slower than normal. But, Walt would worry about that later, being the consummate optimist, he always looked for tail winds and who knows, the wind could change by the time they headed back to Columbus. After signing the release, he gathered his paperwork and headed for the gate. Life was good; at least this bright fall morning was starting off to be fantastic.

Down the Jetway and into the forward entry door of the Boeing 757-200, once onboard he met his cabin crew who he had flown with many times before. He gave them a briefing about the weather, turbulence, and use of the seat belt sign, etc, etc, all very standard stuff, but necessary items to brief the crew about. When things became critical, a misunderstanding could be divesting.

He stepped into the cockpit and introduced himself to his first officer whom he had never seen before in his life. "Good morning, I'm Walter Summerlin, and you can call me Walt, I seldom answer to anything else," as he shook the young airman's hand.

"Hi, I'm Kenneth Ellis, the newest of new guys in the Company, you can call me Ken or Ellis, I answer to both. I don't mind telling you that this is my first flight on the line, and my very first flight in a Jet, other than the simulator of course. I hope that you don't mind teaching me. I'm a little nervous, but I am eager to learn."

"Whats to learn?" Walt warmly replied. "Your being fresh out of ground school and simulator training . . . chances are you know more than me."

They both grinned as Walt slipped into his seat handing the paper work to Ken. Ken fed the flight plan information into the onboard computers as Walt watched.

"Good job, Ken," Walt stated as he called the First Flight Attendant on the intercom. "Lisa, I want to mention it again that I am going to leave the seat belt sign on until we reach cruise altitude due to possible turbulence, so you guys just remain seated until I turn it off."

"Okay, I heard you the first time, Captain!" He ignored her condescending tone.

The aircraft was exactly like the simulator, and Ken started to feel more comfortable. He completed the duties he had been trained to do for the past few months methodically and one at a time. The rest of the preflight formalities and necessary briefings, checks and checklist were completed as the Jetway was pulled back from the aircraft. Before Ken knew it, they had pushed away from the gate. They had started both engines and all checklists to this point were complete. He was asking Ground Control for a taxi clearance. Everything seemed to go like clockwork suddenly they were at the departure end of the runway waiting for the Control Tower to give them a takeoff clearance.

Seconds later, they were airborne and climbing like a homesick angel, already headed northeasterly for their destination.

"Your going to love flying the 757 Ken, it always has an over-abundance of power, and today it is exceptionally strong due to the small fuel load. The flight plan computer has taken into consideration the tailwind, the weather forecast, and the fact that we don't need an alternate airport, thus, the very light fuel load. We are as light as a feather and those Roles Royce engines are loafing. By the way tell Center that we can keep this rate of climb all the way to cruise altitude, and maybe he will take the hint and keep us climbing," Walt suggested.

Ken complied.

Walt requested long range cruise from the onboard computer, and it complied as the auto throttles moved back a little. "Also Ken, let ATC (Air Traffic Control) know that we are slowing to long range cruise to conserve fuel."

The fuel flow was a good bit below what the flight plan had called for and their ground speed was still over 600 kts. It seemed like only minutes had passed when they were in range of Boston. Ken had excused himself from the ATC radio in order to get the ATIS (Automatic Terminal Information Service) on another radio for their arrival.

The Center Controller advised Walt that Boston was below CAT II minimums and asked if they were CAT III qualified. "What?" Walt asked, "Boston was forecast to be CAVU all day long," he replied.

"Yes sir, I know, but something moved in and the RVR (Runway Visual Range) to Runway 4R is 600 feet and is variable. Much of the time it is less than 300 feet."

"Well to answer your question we are not qualified nor certified for CAT III approaches," Walt answered.

"Sir. would you like to hold?"

"Yes, I'm ready to copy the holding clearance."

The controller gave them a holding clearance at a fix about 30 miles west of Boston. And, Walt advised them that he was slowing to holding speed as they descended.

After completing the arrival info card Ken turned to Walt and said, "Boston is on it's butt, RVR is less than a thousand and they are taking CAT III approaches only."

"I know Center told me and, we are entering the Hold as we speak, You watch the Aircraft and report established in the Hold, I'm going to talk to Dispatch. Ken You have ATC and the Aircraft. Okay?"

"I have ATC and the A/C." Ken replied.

After a short calculation, Walt discovered that there wasn't enough fuel to get back to Columbus safely. He called his dispatcher and advised them of the current weather at Boston Logan, and that things were beginning to turn sour. He said. "We can't hold for long on the fuel we have. What would you like us to do?"

"Albany is marginal with moderate icing conditions, can you get back to ALB?" the Dispatcher asked.

"I don't want to waste what fuel I have going to marginal weather conditions, besides I have a 200 knot headwind between here and ALB. Can you find me an airport near here with landing minimums?" Walt asked calmly. But the Dispatcher was becoming very nervous, Walt could hear it in his voice, and the situation was beginning to stink.

"Standby, I'll get back with you," the Dispatcher said. After several minutes he came back on the radio, "Providence was open and CAVU, would you like to go there?"

"That'll have to do," Walt answered.

"Okay, amend your release to read 'Destination Providence (PWD), signed Jones at 1305 GMT.' Call me on the ground and we will figure out what to do about Boston. Okay?"

"Okay, we'll give you a call on the ground at PVD."

Walt thought to himself, CAVU was what they had said about Boston's weather, hope their right about Providence. He decided to advise the passengers and flight attendants later when he could give them something more definitive.

"Ken, I have the airplane and ATC, we are headed for PVD, get the new ATIS for PVD and get ready for the new arrival and new destination."

"Okay, new destination PVD. I'm off the ATC to get the ATIS." Ken replied.

Walt called; "Boston Center; this is Trans Con 351, we would like to proceed to Providence as soon as practical."

Boston Center; Roger, Trans Con 351, the weather in PVD has deteriorated and isn't any better than Boston Logan, do you still want to go there?

"Negative, we will stay in the hold for now, and I'll get back to you in a second."

"Roger Trans Con 351."

Their eyes met. "Walt, you're not going to like the ATIS I just copied down for PVD."

"I know Boston Center just read me the PVD weather. We have less than 40 minutes of fuel and I think we have only one choice, but I want to know what you think Ken and if you have any ideas."

"I don't have any ideas, what is the one choice anyway?" Ken asked with a concerned look on his face that could be read like a neon sign.

"Well, this particular aircraft hasn't been certified to Auto Land, but it is capable, I've done it in visual conditions several times. Most of the time it did a fantastic job, but I have seen it do such a terrible job that I had to turn the autopilot off and make the landing myself. The company has been intending to get the fleet and the crews CAT III certified for a couple years, but so far we are still only CAT II qualified," the Captain said holding eye contact with Ken.

"So what are you saying?"

"Maybe we should declare a fuel emergency and shoot a coupled ILS approach with the auto land and auto break function, and pray that everything works like it is supposed to. I don't think we have much choice because when the fuel is gone we will be up a creek with no paddle, but I would like to hear what you think. Got any other ideas?"

Ken soberly stated, "Lets go for it Sir."

"Hast makes waste, but we don't have time to piddle, declare an fuel emergency and tell them what we want to do."

"Boston Center, Trans Con 351 is declaring a fuel emergency, we have less than 40 minutes of fuel aboard, there are a hundred and fifty three souls aboard including the Crew. A crew of six with a hundred and forty seven passengers. We would like the CAT III ILS to runway 4R.

"Roger Trans Con 351, turn left heading 080 descend and maintain 4000'. You are presently 20 miles to intercepting the localizer, you will intercept the localizer approximately 5 miles outside of NABBO. Do you have enough time to get down?"

Walt told Ken; "Tell them that we will have plenty of time."

"Boston Center; there will be no problem getting down, Trans Con 351."

"Trans Con 351 your cleared for the Cat III ILS Runway 4R, contact Boston Approach Control 120.6, good day."

"Roger, Trans Con 351, good morning."

"Boston Approach, Trans Con 351 passing 9000 for 4000, good morning."

"Good morning Trans Con 351, we have cleared the airspace just for you. You are cleared to land, contact the Boston tower and 132.22 at NABBO."

"Wilco, Trans Con 351."

There was much to do setting up the approach and running the checklist. This was all accomplished in plenty of time. As they were intercepting the localizer both pilots were very focused and a bit of adrenalin was flowing. The Autopilot was all coupled up with Autoland function on with the Auto brake armed. All check lists were complete, Walt double-checked the ground spoilers to make sure they were armed for landing. The clouds were thicker than Walt thought they would be. They letdown into the clouds around 700 feet above the Runway. The airplane was locked on both the localizer and the glide slope and the auto throttles were holding Vref +/- 2 knots. Around 50 feet above the runway the airplane flared, the autotrottles closed and the airplane made an almost perfect landing. One or two centerline lights could be seen and nothing else. The Autobreaks worked and the aircraft stopped with in 3000 feet of touchdown in the dead center of the runway. Walt made the common mistake of trying to turn the aircraft without disconnecting the Autopilot, and it wouldn't allow him to because the autopilot wanted to keep the airplane in the center of the Runway.

"Trans Con 351, advise when you are clear of the runway, then contact ground control 121.9."

"Roger, we are clearing the runway at Yankee, going to ground control, good morning and thanks for your help."

Once at the gate, the park break released and they were in the chocks, checklist completed, both pilots breathed a sigh of relief.

Walt said, "Ken you are doing a fine job on your first day, why don't you fly us back to Columbus?"

"Okay."

"I'll get the walk around and the paperwork and we will plan an on time departure. I'll see you in a few minutes, I'm getting me a Starbucks Coffee, would you like one?"

"Sure, that would be nice."

The Captain called the Dispatcher and told him what had just taken place. Later that day, he filed the required reports because of having to declare the emergency. He heard that there were three other airliners who had fuel emergencies that morning. A forecast is important, and a bad job at forecasting could be very dangerous. Walt never departed without an extra five or six thousand pounds of fuel again.

In all the excitement he never informed the flight attendants of the emergency. It was just as well that they didn't know. One passenger commented, "he thought it was supposed to be clear in Boston, where did the fog come from?" he asked.

Walt and Ken flew together the remainder of the month and became great friends.

~By Adverse Yaw~ = =~ ~ ~ →

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**Only he who is self supporting is free, self reliant,  
independent.**

*James Allen*

# Lightning Strikes

*By Unknown Author and Copilot*

During my thirty-three year career as a pilot with Western Air Lines, I had many experiences, mostly good but a few bad or as told in the words of an airline pilot, "Hours and hours and hours of shear boredom, punctuated by moments of stark terror."

One of those moments occurred on the morning of March 29, 1955, when Dick Young, the Captain, and I, the copilot, took off from Seattle-Tacoma Airport in a Douglas DC-4, N99721, ship # 212, as we normally would refer to it, accompanied by a Flight Attendant , (at that time called Stewardess) Mary Fadden. We proceeded to our first point of landing, Portland, Oregon, and landed without incident.

Upon disembarking the aircraft, we proceeded to the dispatch office at which point we checked the weather along the route to our next point of intended landing which was Oakland, California. There appeared to be severe weather conditions along Amber 1, the airway we normally take as the most direct and scenic route in good weather, but decided to try to go around the back side of the front, along the pacific coast, over what we thought would be a more comfortable flight for our California bound passengers.

Once again airborne, we could cruise at a lower altitude, as the mountainous terrain was far to the east, and provide our customers easier breathing, and a smooth trip. We filed our flight plan over North Bend, and Coos Bay, Oregon, and thence to Crescent City, Arcata, Ukiah, and Point Reyes, California, and at which point we could transition ourselves for an approach into Oakland. Dick Young, the Captain, was flying while I was handling the radio communications, reporting over check points, with time, altitude, and estimated time over the next check point. All went rather well at our cruising altitude of 8,000 feet until we were approaching Crescent City. At this point, the sky got darker and darker until it was almost like night time. The air got rougher until it took the two of us to control the airplane. We experienced an updraft that threatened to take us to a higher altitude, at which point, Dick pulled the power back to maintain our cruising altitude, when BLAM! We were struck by lightning! It was right on the nose of the aircraft and felt like a bevy of flashbulbs was fired into my face. Dick shouted, "No Airspeed! ! ! and immediately started adding power thinking we were about to fall out of the sky. I looked at my instruments and saw that my airspeed indicator was acting normally, and we had plenty of speed to continue without adding more power.(Thank goodness for redundancy.) What had happened, we subsequently discovered, was the lightning strike had sealed the Captain's pitot tube, through which air passes to give us indication of the speed with which we are traveling through the air. We also lost all High Frequency radio communications, and the inability to tune in any navigational aids. At this time, the Stewardess came to the cockpit and asked, "What was that?" Dick replied that we were rather busy at the moment and didn't have time to explain. At that moment, KABOOM! Another lightning bolt discharged off the plane on the left wing tip, blowing every static wick off the ship. (Static wicks are used for the purpose of neutralizing static electricity that builds up when flying through clouds that have a different electrical charge than the plane flying through it.) Mary hastily departed the cockpit and left us struggling with this bucking bronco of a plane. The turbulence was incredible, with heavy rain and hail that was pelting us unmercifully. Moments later KERWHAMM! We felt and heard the third bolt of lightning and upon landing discovered a six inch hole blown out of the top of our vertical fin! We also learned that Mary was in the rear of the plane to escort a sick passenger to the toilet that was located there, when that final lightning strike occurred. (I suppose she thought the lightning was following her around the plane.)

Shortly afterward, things started calming down, the sky got lighter, the air got smoother, and our nerves were settling, and we emerged from the violent thunderhead we had been riding.

After numerous attempts to contact some-body on the radio we finally got San Francisco company radio on VHF, the only radios that were working, and told them we were going to come straight into SFO, (San Francisco International Airport) and not land in Oakland because SFO was a maintenance base and we had some damage to the airplane that we wanted looked at. When the radio operator inquired about how much damage there was, Dick responded in his inimitable wit, "Well, we haven't had time to get out and walk around the airplane to see where the damage is."

Upon landing in SFO and discharging our passengers, we assessed the damage which I previously described. In addition, there was the aluminum skin of the plane which felt like sandpaper when rubbed. There were thousands of tiny balls of aluminum that were caused by the melting of the skin that had to be polished out before the ship was returned to service. We ferried #912 back to LAX (Los Angeles International Airport) without further incident.

I donned my uniform coat and departed the plane. Upon arriving in the Dispatch office, Dick looked at me rather quizzically and said, "What happened to your wings?"

Looking down at the wings above my breast pocket, I noticed about one half inch was melted off each wingtip! My jacket had been hanging on the radio rack during the flight and apparently the lightning strike that melted our radios had arced across the antenna post to the wings of my coat, and didn't even singe the material. I have those wings to this day as a constant reminder of a "moment of stark terror."

No one ever saw that Stewardess again after we landed in SFO!      = = = ~ →

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**Past and future are dreams; now is a reality. All things are now; all power, all possibility, all action is now. Not to act and accomplish now is not to act and accomplish at all. To live in thoughts of what you might have done, or in dreams of what you mean to do, this is folly: but to put away regret, to anchor anticipation, and to do and to work now, this is wisdom.**

~James Allen~

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## **Never Heard the Name of God or Jesus or Love or Truth**

*Being raised in a church which claimed that there is only one way to heaven and that this way was the one and only way, and that the name Jesus played a paramount part in getting there always seemed a little confusing to me. In later years, when I started to think for myself; I thought that if it was true that the only way to heaven had something to do with the knowing the name Jesus, and that there was no other way seemed a bit unfair. Although, I know that my salvation is indelibly connected to Jesus, I doubted the validity of that channel of thought. Then years ago when reading Saint Paul's letter to the Romans it was made clear to me that all of those people who live deep in the Amazon basin who had never travel any farther than a few miles from where they were born and had never laid eyes on an educated person, who couldn't read and had never heard of the bible, still had the chance for eternal life.*

*I am no theologian, and I'm not even an educated man but what I read made since to me. I have transcribed it below. Read it and form your own opinion.*

**Romans 1: 18-32 2: 12-16 ESV**

**"For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who by their unrighteousness suppress the truth. For what can be known about God is plain to**

them, because God has shown it to them. For his invisible attributes, namely, his eternal power and divine nature, have been clearly perceived, ever since the creation of the world, in the things that have been made. So they are without excuse. For although they knew God, they did not honor him as God or give thanks to him, but they became futile in their thinking, and their foolish hearts were darkened. Claiming to be wise, they became fools, and exchanged the glory of the immortal God for images resembling mortal man and birds and animals and creeping things.

Therefore God gave them up in the lusts of their hearts to impurity, to the dishonoring of their bodies among themselves, because they exchanged the truth about God for a lie and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever! Amen.

For this reason God gave them up to dishonorable passions. For their women exchanged natural relations for those that are contrary to nature; and the men likewise gave up natural relations with women and were consumed with passion for one another, men committing shameless acts with men and receiving in themselves the due penalty for their error.

And since they did not see fit to acknowledge God, God gave them up to a debased mind to do what ought not to be done. They were filled with all manner of unrighteousness, evil, covetousness, malice. They are full of envy, murder, strife, deceit, maliciousness. They are gossips, slanderers, haters of God, insolent, haughty, boastful, inventors of evil, disobedient to parents, foolish, faithless, heartless, ruthless. Though they know God's decree that those who practice such things deserve to die, they not only do them but give approval to those who practice them."

It would appear that some in the Amazon may have surrendered their desire, and refused to follow the dark desires of the tribe, and chose to seek Truth. Surrendering themselves for Truth. Are we not all gifted with a desire to know Truth? And, isn't this a significant part of our design? Everyone has within themselves a compass, a conscience that is calling and beckoning us to Truth.

There is another deep burning desire within is to please 'self' which all mankind has had within us since the fall of man and this 'pleasing of self' over all good things always ends in failure. Then, most often, any hope for finding Truth is lost.

What difference is there between the tribes who live in the jungles of Brazil and those who live in the concrete jungles of North America? One difference is that those in America must have at one time or another heard the Gospel of Jesus. But, both tribes had the choice to seek self or to seek Truth. And, according to Saint Paul in the very next chapter says: "**For all who have sinned without the law will also perish without the law, and all who have sinned under the law will be judged by the law. For it is not the hearers of the law who are righteous before God, but the doers of the law who will be justified. For when Gentiles, who do not have the law, by nature do what the law requires, they are a law to themselves, even though they do not have the law. They show that the work of the law is written on their hearts, while their conscience also bears witness, and their conflicting thoughts accuse or even excuse them on that day when, according to my gospel, God judges the secrets of men by Christ Jesus.**"

*The Holy Bible is full to the brim with Truth and is the best reading that I have ever found. And, I read many things.  
~Adverse Yaw*

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**The friendliness and charity of our countrymen can always be relied upon to relieve their fellow citizens in misfortune. This has been repeatedly and quite lately demonstrated. Federal aid in such cases encourages the expectation of paternal care on the part of the Government and weakens the sturdiness of our national character, while it prevents the indulgence among our people of that kindly sentiment and conduct which strengthens the bonds of a common brotherhood.** ~Grover Cleveland

## Around the House

*By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

Well, there is a lot going around here! You remember the Poodle Dog, Jacque, that used to visit on occasion, usually around Christmas and sometimes Thanksgiving? The French gentleman, Jacque Henslee Poodle Dog, has moved in. And to be perfectly honest with you, I don't mind it at all. He is the one with the sex problem, as I don't deal with sex. I am all female, but sex is out of the question—just don't have the desire since my surgery. There won't be any schnoodles' around here, that's for sure.

I think that the pecking order is established. I may be female, but I am the Alfa dog of the house. Nothing gets by me, I see to it. We have had a minor skirmish or two, but there has been no blood, and I have dominated all conflicts.

Linda brought Master Jacque here a couple of weeks ago, and we have become pretty good friends. Frankly, it is great to have someone around here when Linda and the Boss are gone. It is lonely when barking alone, and, now we can back each other up. We both eat different food which I don't mind, because I don't like his anyway. The one thing that bothers me about him is that he hasn't a clue about hunting Boat Tails. He has screwed up a couple of ambushes that I had meticulously set. Oh well, I was getting tired of all the feathers, anyway. But, if he would just listen to me we could gang up on em, and have a lot of fun. There is nothing quite as exciting as the kill especially after a long rewarding wait.

It has been so hot around here that I spend as much time inside as allowed. Things are burning up, and the Boss it too cheap to water the back yard. If it doesn't rain soon there will be nothing but dirt under foot.

Linda's mom, affectionately known by everyone as Mammie has been a little under the weather. She and Homer have moved into an assisted living complex where no pets are allowed that is why Linda and the Boss have adopted Master Jacque. As I understand it, there were three schnauzers that used to live with them before I was adopted, so they are used to having more than one non-human personality around at a time.

That is about all that I can think of to report so I'll better be heading to a cool place. You stay out of the heat and don't allow rapid change to stress you out. Things can change and very rapidly, too.

*~Bark*

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**It is popularly supposed that a greater prosperity for individuals or nations can only come through a political, and social reconstruction. This cannot be true apart from the practice of the moral virtues in the individuals that comprise a nation. Better laws and social conditions will always follow a higher realization of morality among the individuals of a community, but no legal enactment can give prosperity to, nay it cannot prevent the ruin of, a man or a nation that has become lax and decadent in the pursuit and practice of virtue.**

*~James Allen*

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## Around the Farm

*~By Twister Doudney Quarter Horse*

The only words that I can think to describe what is going on around here is MISERABLE, DRY HEAT. It has been over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit every day for almost two month, and during that time, we have only had a few drops of moisture. Now, all the grass is burned up. I don't know if a good three inch rain would help us recover or not—probably not. I've been surviving on what hay the boss puts out and leaves from trees. I'd

fight you for a horse-apple and once they fall to the ground they don't lay there for long. In spite of everything, all of us are holding up okay so far. It wouldn't surprise me if the Boss didn't load up a few of the cattle and haul 'em to the Sale Barn. I have my hooves crossed in hopes that I don't end up in Mexico where they slaughter horses. All I know for sure is that we are in desperate need of moisture.

The Boss killed a pretty good size hog a couple weeks ago, so keep ready to run just in case something comes around. See Ya!

*~Twister*

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**There is but one religion, the religion of Truth.  
There is but one error, the error of self.**

*~James Allen~*

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# **Newest members of the Family Ashley Doudney Wetzel, (NOT SO NEW) VonWetzel, & James Wetzel**



**VonWetzel is so Cool! He is already a Texas Ranger Fan!**