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# VIEWS LETTER

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Volume 61, Issue 1

AWD's Views, News & Items of Interest

July & August 2008

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## Late One Summer Night

~By *AWD*

Fatigue was subtly taking control of our will and our lives. Our day had begun more than 17 hours ago, and we were tired and edgy. We began our decent about ninety miles southwest of Little Rock. There was lightning in the distance from the northeast through the southwest. Occasionally, we could see the lights of the city as we moved through the clouds—reassuring us that there was a place where the final landing would end this long, grueling day. Then we would go to the hotel where we could finally relax.

It was difficult to determine if the lightning ahead was between the field and us, directly over the field or on the far side. Minutes earlier, we were advised by our dispatcher that the weather was northwest of Little Rock and moving toward the airport—if we hurried, we might get there before the weather arrived. Our challenge was to beat the weather to the airport—if successful, our reward would be the ability to get out of this cockpit and away from its demanding stresses. We flew as fast as we could, however, once in the lower altitudes the air became so unstable that we had to slow. We slowed enough to keep from bouncing our cabin crew around although they were seated and buckled in their seats.

It's funny how a lifetime of history can run through your mind in seconds. I was preoccupied with getting to the airport and on the ground, but my mind was filled with all kinds of thoughts, thoughts that were bouncing around faster than the speed of light. I happen to have an imposter

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## UN SOUND MONEY

~By *James R. Cook*

The Federal Reserve is doing everything in its power to expand credit. New schemes are floated weekly. All the so-called solutions are inflationary. In addition, the treasury is giving everyone money. Soon they will be throwing it out of helicopters. This is how a country destroys the value of its currency.

The central bank controls the issuance of money (and credit). There's no competition. This monopoly on money allows politicians to pay the bills for ever-expanding social programs and military escapades. It's called inflating. If government spends too much, they cover the deficit by printing or creating new money. Without inflating, you can't pass out money to stimulate the economy. Without inflating, social programs can't expand. Thus the creation of new money became an indispensable ingredient to the goals of populist politicians. Easy money aids the spread of liberal policies and big government. Inflating and socialism go hand in hand – you can't have one without the other.

It's now come to the point where we must either inflate or face deflation and a credit collapse. We are not going to take the necessary, but bitter, deflationary medicine now. However, the consequences are serious. London Times Editor William Rees-Mogg wrote, "Inflation gradually pushes the whole community towards speculation, since ordinary life begins to require speculator's skills." The free market thinker, Henry Hazlitt summarized, "In a free enterprise

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**Legalism is secondhand faith.**

~*Brennan Manning*

who lives up there among all those thoughts. I'll tell you more about him later.

I was physically tired, but I felt reasonably alert. At this moment in time if we had been sitting on an assigned flight level in smooth air, my eyes might have become heavy, and I would have caught myself dozing off. This job is often an ongoing battle of fighting to stay awake. Not tonight. The thoughts of dealing with thunderstorms has the tendency of keeping me from getting the least bit sleepy even after being on duty for more than 12, almost 13 hours. Lightning and thunder have the ability to keep you awake even when you're safe at home in your own bed.

My first officer (F/O) must have been exhausted. He would never admit it, but he had commuted into Chicago from Southern California only hours before our first departure which was more than twelve hours earlier. Commuting is difficult even when conditions are perfect. It wouldn't be so bad if you could always sit in first class, wear a pair of **BOSE** noise canceling headphones and get comfortable. But, if you are stuck in a tiny coach seat between two fat people who smell and refuse to leave you alone because it is obvious that you are a pilot—well, it isn't pretty, and this scenario is more likely than not. He must be tired, almost to exhaustion. I don't care if he is only twenty something years old.

Twelve hours on duty as a Captain and Check Airman is tiring enough. We departed midmorning from Chicago O'Hare International Airport (ORD) to Salt Lake City International Airport (SLC) then, after a little over an hour on to Dallas Ft. Worth Regional Airport (DFW). Like ORD and Los Angeles International Airport (LAX), DFW is a jungle built of concrete with many varieties of motorized equipment zipping around from here to there at incredible speeds. There is an airplane parked at every gate waiting to be pushed back while another one is standing by waiting to take its place. It is a constant state of chaos, and I marvel at how it continues day after day without an employee being injured or killed more often than they are.

I mentioned the imposter. I haven't made friends with him as he is an imaginary being who lives in my mind and helps me to make it through the days when I'm on the job or in public. My imposter is constantly telling me that I am the best. The most educated, the most liked, the best check airman ever. He is always telling me that there is nothing that I can't handle. Whether it be a weary F/O or my own fatigue, late equipment, surly flight attendants or gate agents. "You can handle it," he says to me in a whisper, "because you are who you are. You have credentials, several type-ratings and never busted a check ride or a written exam. You are so smart that when you were furloughed early in your career you found a job as an engineer at a nuclear propulsion facility. Man you are cool. You are more than the ace of the base—you are the ace of all airline pilots. You are right up there with Chuck Yeager and Lucky Lindy. You were just born too late to set any records because they were all taken when you arrived. You don't need to be an astronaut to be great—you have humility, after all, you are the most humble person to ever fly—as hard as it is for most pilots, you find that being humble is a piece of cake. Like I said—Man you are cool." And, this imposter never quits. He is always there encouraging me when I think I need encouragement. I think a lot of his encouragement is false advertising, but I enjoy receiving it because he always made me feel like I was better than everyone else and supplied the false humility to go along with it. He is like a drug that makes you feel good. He made me know that I am cool. With this imposter constantly talking to me I have little time to think about important things like those flesh and blood people sitting a few yards behind me traveling along with me faster than a speeding bullet. I never gave a thought to the fact that these sweet people were family members, with sweethearts, mothers, fathers, children, grandchildren, and friends that were more than just acquaintances. I only concerned myself with what the imposter is constantly telling me, and that is always how great that I am.

To make a long story short—as we let

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down into the Little Rock area, the line of thunderstorms had moved critically close to the field. In my arrogance, along with the encouragement of my imposter, I was determined to make it in, to get on the ground and park at the gate. After everyone was deplaned I would gather up my things and stroll with my crew to the awaiting van that would drive us to the Hotel where I could get some well-deserved rest and of course, well-deserved respect from my crew for the fine job that I was doing. Then I would do it all over again tomorrow.

It's needless to say things didn't go so well. The turbulence was moderate to severe, and the visibility was poor because of the scud and rain. My F/O was uncertain about what he was seeing. He thought he had the field a couple times when he really didn't. I made the mistake of trusting his judgment too much at one time, and later when he asked me the question, "Do we really want to do this?" I didn't listen close enough to what he was asking, and what he was saying was good stuff, but I couldn't hear him over the whispers of my imposter. The nearer we came to the field the worse the weather over the field became. Another airliner had missed the approach as we were being warned about wind sheer, but we were so focused on getting on the ground that we ignored those warnings. The lightning was blinding and it had begun to rain harder. Several checklists were over-looked or done in a rushed and haphazard way. The "Mad Dog" (McDonald Douglas MD-80) is not the easiest airplane to land safely when the conditions are perfect. Flap settings and approach speeds are critical. These conditions were far from perfect. We were in moderate rain, and it was raining on the field. The winds were strong and varied in direction at various locations on the field. The pounding rain obscured visibility out of the forward windscreens. The turbulence had become more than just irritating—

—it was getting a little scary. When conditions like these happen it often produces so much stress inside the cockpit that careful thought is difficult if not impossible. The situational awareness tends to drifts away into oblivion. What should be a broad observation—rapidly becomes looking through a tunnel—so focused on one thing that you can't see the obvious. It's possible to see things that aren't there, and not see things that are.

This flight had degenerated into a chaotic list of errors. Suddenly the runway was ahead, and we were on final approach. As we let down, the crosswind became more apparent. In my past experience and great wisdom, I knew that the crosswind limits were close but not quite exceeded. I was carrying an extra 20 knots for safety and maybe a few more for good measure. The runway was a little over seven thousand feet long, and we were cooking along with extra speed, but we needed it to compensate for the turbulence. Besides, the headwind component would counteract the extra speed or so the imposter led me to believe.

We touched down fast and maybe a little long. Now it was time to start getting rid of the speed and start decelerating. Something was wrong, the airplane didn't slow like it should—the anti-skid was working overtime, and the end of the runway was approaching rapidly. Directional control was difficult. The thrust reversers were being applied, and the engines were howling. We did manage to slow to ninety knots before going off the end of the runway, and to eighty knots before sliding down the embankment and into the approach light stanchions used for the opposite direction approach lighting system.

The airplane slid sideways into those stanchions and broke into pieces. When the movement stopped—silence was the strangest sound I've ever heard. I didn't know it immediately, but I

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**America will never be destroyed from the outside. If we falter and lose our freedoms, it will be because we destroyed ourselves. ~Abraham Lincoln**

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**NIGHT**, *continued from page 3.*

was dead, however, I could still hear and see. Suddenly, there were voices and commotion. Most of the passengers and crew escaped through openings in the fuselage. Enough fuel remained in the tanks for a spectacular fire—we were not short on fuel. Eleven people lost their lives including me. My F/O suffered a broken leg and most of the passengers and crew were injured. A week later, two other passengers died in the hospital.

The fault for this accident was entirely mine. I am responsible for it all. I was the Captain, it was my airplane and I was in charge. Now let me tell you what went wrong.

First, no one should have to fly that tired, and we were very tired. I should have excused myself and my F/O at DFW. That is one of many reasons that there are reserve pilots standing by.

Second, no one should test the limits of their skills and the limits of the aircraft they are flying in or near a thunderstorm. We could have avoided this accident if I had insisted that we make our way upwind of the storm and hold for a few minutes. The storm would have passed over and away from the airport in a short time, thirty minutes at the most, but so what if it had taken an hour. Then the only problem left for us to deal with would have been a damp runway, and we would have avoided the crash. We had plenty of fuel—lack of fuel was not a problem.

Third, checklists should be done methodically. If, for some reason a checklist is overlooked—when realized—arrangements to complete it before entering a critical phase of flight should be made immediately. When things started to turn into chaos, I should have requested a vector away from the weather where I could have gained complete control of the situation. I should have insisted on both of us settling down before trying to shoot an approach with things left unsure and undone. On this night, we landed

without arming the ground spoilers, and thus went off the end of the runway because there was not enough weight on the wheels for the braking to be effective.

Now, there are losses of lives including my own. I am sorry that I failed to do my duty and it cost so many so much. I am dead and I am thankful that someone is telling my story. Be careful out there, and tell your imposter to get lost—true humility only works before you die.

Thank you for listening.

*This could be a true story, I'm not saying that it is, and I'm not saying that it isn't. But, I will say this that most weather related accidents are similar, in that there are more than several opportunities to prevent them from happening long before they happen. Many times blame can be placed on those imposters that have a great tendency to lie. When fatigue has a grip on a person the voice of the imposter always speaks louder than all other voices.*

*~final comment by AWD*

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**One of the telltale signs in the contemporary American church that trust in God is on the wane is the meteoric rise of legalistic religion. It will continue to flourish and attract an enormous number of devotees. For legalism is born of fear. It is a religious response to human fear. What makes legalism so attractive is that it meets a basic human need—security.**

*~ Brennan Manning from His book [The Relentless Tenderness of Jesus](#).*

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**My kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. ~Mark Twain**

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## CLEAR TO LAND

I marvel at the changes I've seen  
down through the years  
from open cockpit crates to jumbo jets.  
Although I'm now a "has been" and the game  
has passed me by,  
When all is said and done I've no regrets.  
I've never flown around the world,  
I've never won a race.  
I've never tried to reach the speed of sound.  
No epic flight, no daring deeds,  
nor have I thrilled the crowd with trick and fancy flying  
near the ground  
My name is not emblazoned  
in the books of flying lore  
Nor the Aviation Hall of Fame.  
But when my log is tallied up  
the pages will reveal  
I've done a lot of flying just the same.  
No one can slow the march of Time,  
nor stay the hand of Fate.  
And certain things we have to understand.  
No flight can cruise forever-soon,  
we all must throttle back  
Drop the wheels and bring her in to land.  
And Me?  
I'm turning final and the cockpit check is done  
And while the years pass swiftly by,  
I'll dream and reminisce  
and watch the jets lay contrails in the sky

*By Unknown Author*

*A lot of guys just like me can identify with the feelings that the author must have had as he penned these words. ~AWD*

## The Gospel by Proxy

"Many years ago I translated into Telegu the children's hymn, 'Jesus loves me' and taught it to the children of our day-school. Scarcely a week later, as I was going through the narrow streets of the native town on horseback, I heard singing that sounded natural, down a side street. I stopped to listen, cautiously drawing up to the corner, where unobserved, I could look down the street and see and hear. And there was a little heathen boy, with heathen men and women standing around him, singing away at the top of his voice: 'Jesus loves me this I know...'

As he completed the verse, someone asked the question, "Sonny, where did you learn that song?" "Over at the Missionary School," was the answer. "Who is that Jesus, and what is the Bible?" "Oh! the Bible is the book from God, they say, to teach us how to get to heaven, and Jesus is the name of the divine Redeemer that came into the world to save us from our sins; that is what the missionaries say." "Well, the song is a nice one. Come, sing us some more." And so the little boy went on—a heathen himself, and singing to the heathen—about Jesus and his love. That is preaching the Gospel by proxy, I said to myself as I turned my pony and rode away, well satisfied to leave my little proxy to tell his interested audience all he knew, and sing to them over and over that sweet song of salvation."

*~Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain - 1835-1908 Missionary to India for the last 45 years of his life.*

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**"Facts are stubborn things; and whatever may be our wishes, our inclinations, or the dictates of our passion, they cannot alter the state of facts and evidence."**

*~John Adams*

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**It is easier to be a fanatic than a faithful soul because there is something amazingly humbling, particularly to our religious conceit, in being loyal to God. ~Oswald Chambers**

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**MONEY**, *continued from page 1.*

system, with an honest and stable money, there is dominantly a close link between effort and productivity, on the one hand, and economic reward on the other. Inflation severs this link. Reward comes to depend less and less on effort and production, and more and more on successful gambling and luck."

Hazlitt continues, "It is not merely that inflation breeds dishonesty in a nation. Inflation is itself a dishonest act on the part of government, and sets the example for private citizens. When modern governments inflate by increasing the paper-money supply, directly or indirectly, they do in principle what kings once did when they clipped coins. Diluting the money supply with paper is the moral equivalent of diluting the milk supply with water. Notwithstanding all the pious pretenses of governments that inflation is some evil visitation from without, inflation is practically always the result of deliberate governmental policy."

Mr. Hazlitt concluded his case against inflation. "It is harmful because it depreciates the value of the monetary unit, raises everybody's cost of living, imposes what is in effect a tax on the poorest....wipes out the value of past savings, discourages future savings, redistributes wealth and income wantonly, encourages and rewards speculation and gambling at the expense of thrift and work, undermines confidence in the justice of a free enterprise system, and corrupts public and private morals."

Another great monetary thinker, Elgin Groseclose, explained the process we've employed in America for many decades. "By mortgaging the future, pledging the productive

power of unopened mines, uncut forests, unbuilt factories and unborn generations, a tremendous demand may be created for wares already produced in the markets."

When you hear the media, Hollywood radicals and left-wing politicians renouncing business, it brings to mind Henry Hazlitt's explanation. "A period of inflation is almost inevitably also a period when demagoguery and an antibusiness mentality are rampant. If implacable enemies of the country had deliberately set out to undermine and destroy the incentives of the middle classes to work and save, they could hardly have contrived a more effective set of weapons than the present combination of inflation, subsidies, handouts, and confiscatory taxes that our own politicians have imposed upon us."

If the monetary authorities keep expanding credit, there comes a time when too many people no longer want to hold the money. They want to exchange it for goods and assets. Quite suddenly, prices begin to run away and nobody wants to hold dollars because they are depreciating too fast. The late economist Hans Sennholz said this. "The ultimate destination of the present road of political fiat is hyperinflation with all its ominous economic, social, and political consequences. On this road, no federal plan, program, incomes policy, control, nationalization, threat, fine or prison can prevent the continuous erosion and ultimate destruction of the dollar."

These days the Fed feverishly pumps out additional money and credit to forestall a collapse. Newsletter editor Dan Denning described this

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I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true.  
I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live  
by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody  
that stands right, and stand with him while he is  
right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

~Abraham Lincoln

perverse predicament. "The scope of the debt problem in America hasn't been fully understood. The single distinguishing feature of the current version of American capitalism is credit creation. So much debt has been created in the last twenty years that it requires huge amounts of new credit simply to keep the system liquid. The necessity for ever-larger amounts of credit to keep the system liquid weighs on the ability of the Fed to reflate. It's like pouring more and more water in the bathtub with a big hole in the bottom."

It's interesting to read what the economist Andrew Dickinson White wrote about the great French inflation in the 18th century that destroyed the currency and economy of France, and compare his comments with today. "Whenever a great quantity of paper money is suddenly issued, we invariably see a rapid increase of trade. The great quantity of the circulating medium sets in motion all the energies of commerce and manufacturers; capital for investment is more easily found than usual, and trade perpetually receives fresh nutriment."

He describes the consequences. "There arose the clamor for more paper money. At first, new issues were made with great difficulty; but, the dike once broken, the current of irredeemable currency poured through; and swollen beyond control. It was urged on by speculators for a rise in values; by demagogues who persuaded the mob that a nation, by its simple fiat, could stamp real value to any amount upon valueless objects. As a natural consequence, a great debtor class grew rapidly, and this class gave its influence to depreciate more and more the currency in which its debts were to be paid. The government now began, and continued by spasms to grind out still more paper; commerce was at first stimulated by the difference in exchange; but this cause soon ceased to operate, and commerce, having been stimulated unhealthfully, wasted away. Manufact-

urers at first received a great impulse; but, ere long, this overproduction and overstimulus proved as fatal to them as to commerce.

"A still worse outgrowth was the increase of speculation and gambling... For at the great metropolitan centers grew a luxurious, speculative stock-gambling body, which, like a malignant tumor, absorbed into itself the strength of the nation and sent out its cancerous fibers to the remotest hamlets. At these city centers, abundant wealth seemed to be piled up. In the country at large there grew a dislike of steady labor and a contempt for moderate gains and simple living.

Mr. White continued, "... how easy it is to issue it; how difficult it is to check its over-issue; how seductively it leads to the absorption of the means of the working men and men of small fortunes; how heavily it falls on all those living on fixed incomes, salaries, or wages; how securely it creates, on the ruins of the prosperity of all men of meager means, a class of debauched speculators, the most injurious class that a nation can harbor – more injurious, indeed, than professional criminals whom the law recognizes and can throttle; how it stimulates overproduction at first and leaves every industry flaccid afterward; how it breaks down thrift and develops political and social immorality."

It's going to get crazier, wilder and looser. That's because inflating requires more and more inflating. According to the economist Ludwig

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**Thanks for the cards, letters and donations. Your support is much appreciated.**

**VIEWSLETTER**

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**If we ever forget that we're one nation under God,  
then we will be a nation gone under. ~Ronald Reagan**

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von Mises, "Because an inflationary policy works only as long as the yearly increments in the amount of money in circulation are increased more and more, the rise in prices and wages and the corresponding drop in purchasing power will go on at an accelerated pace."

All the paper money that ever existed in the world, prior to what we use now, inevitably became worthless. Hundreds of paper currencies in scores of countries wound up in the wastebasket. As Voltaire once noted, "Paper money always returns to its intrinsic value – zero." One of the definitions of money is that it's a store of value. That's not the case with our dollar. It continues to lose value. Who can make a convincing case that it won't wind up like other worthless paper currencies? In their book, *The Coming Collapse of the Dollar*, James Turk and John Rubino point out, "Whether ancient or modern, monarchy or republic, coin or paper, each nation descends pretty much the same slippery slope, expanding government to address perceived needs, accumulating too much debt, and then repudiating its obligations by destroying its currency."

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## Around The House

*By Camry Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

I have begun to feel the effect that time has had on my body. I am finding it difficult to jump up into the lap of the Boss or Linda, and I need help to load myself up into the cab of the Boss's truck. I guess the Boss is beginning to understand how age stresses the body and has the ability to rob it of its vigor because he gladly offers me a helping hand.

I have to admit that since my sisters have passed, it gets quite lonely around here. The dogs next door offer the opportunity for a good barking contest everyday, but it's not the same with out Shell and Jazz on my team barking together with me. Together, we were a factor to contend with for sure. With the three of working in unison as a team, the

dogs next door didn't stand a chance. Here lately, I just haven't felt like barking. Why bark, it doesn't accomplish anything but to upset the Boss. He hates it when I bark a lot.

I have been tossed out of the house a time or two for regression in the training I received early in life about where to relieve myself. When I mess up, it is very annoying to the Boss, and if it were not for Linda he might make me live outside all day and all night, but thanks to her, I'm still officially a house dog.

Linda is now gone a lot these days because she is baby-sitting Addison and Emerson the new Doudney twins. Lucky for their parents, Andy and L'ana, that Linda is willing or they would live in total exhaustion 24/7. I haven't gotten a glimpse of them yet, but everyone is regressing into the baby talk mode except for the Boss. He doesn't like hearing baby talk anymore than he enjoys hearing my barking.

Cayeden seems to be taking the arrival of her baby sisters in stride. According to Linda, Cayeden has regressed a little in order to get attention. Life has its problems and I suppose that sharing the love of parents and grandparents with new siblings can be problems for a three and a half year-old. Time should take care of those issues.

The heat is here and the thunderstorms are starting to come around less often than they were a couple months ago. I can't help myself, when the weather gets a little stormy, I get the shivers. I try to be calm, but I just can't. When the sun is shining and the breezes are light I think to myself that I can handle stormy weather, but when the lightning is cracking hard bursts of thunder, the hail stones are pounding the patio roof and the rain limits the visibility to the back fence, I loose my cool and just shake all over.

Well, enjoy the Summer while it lasts—before you know it will be gone once again. Keep your nose into the wind and don't forget to give those you love a good lick once in a while. Time has a way of slipping away, enjoy it while you have it. ~CAM

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**The Cross is the centre of Time and of Eternity,  
the answer to the enigmas of both. ~Oswald Chambers**

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