
VIEWS LETTER

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Man And Mouse... At War!

~By Gaylon W. Stamps (An encore appearance)

It was a cold day in the Texas Panhandle when I went out to the airport office to do some paperwork. When I opened the office, the smell of "mouse" was very strong! When there is not much activity in the office the mice seem to enjoy the opportunity to "take over." It is sad, but it's the way it is.

Now, usually mice don't bother me all that much; but I do have my limits! An occasional mouse scurrying down the baseboard is no big thing. To a certain extent I believe in, "Live and let live." Know what I mean?

But THIS morning, "grrrr" when I went to make coffee, I found that a mouse had eaten through the plastic lid on my coffee can and had enjoyed a fun frolic in the nice, dry, aromatic abode. I said, I have my limits, and my limit (line) had been crossed. I thought, "When I go to lunch I will get some traps to set."

Well, I settled into my office work and, it was pretty quiet all alone there, and when I work, I sit pretty still. It was not long before, out of the corner of my eye, I spied a mouse running along the baseboard below the cabinet where he had done his dastardly deed the night before. I furrowed my brow as I observed his audacious trek across my floor. I noticed that he would stop every once in a while, look at me and kinda "grin" a little mousy grin, then scurry on out of sight.

I didn't have time to mess with him now. After all, my plan was to get some traps... Right?

He probably showed himself a half dozen times that morning before lunch. Each time he seemed less convinced that I was something about which to worry, so he just meandered along the baseboards thinking about... whatever it is mouseys think about.

When I went home for lunch, I was in a bit of a hurry because I had let the time slip away and had to be prompted by my sweet wife to come home RIGHT NOW if I wanted a HOT lunch. I promptly obeyed.

After lunch, someone wanted to send me a fax and well, I have to be in the office to punch the button to receive it, so returning to the office, I was once again, RUSHED! Guess what... Yep! I DIDN'T go get the traps. *sigh*

Well, I settled into my work again, and again the mouse "did his thing" so nonchalantly that had I not known better, I would have thought he had been hand raised somewhere in the hangar!

Late in the evening I remembered another time when a mouse traversed with indignance, and I shot him! (But that is another story.) But recalling the story from times past reminded me of the pistol up on top of the cabinet.

"I wonder if I have any rat shot?" I thought to myself.

I got up and checked and sure enough, I DID! And they were MAGs! (In case you don't know, mag rat shot has a little more powder and shot in it than the old regular rat shot... the better to hunt with.) *Laughing horrifically here*

I loaded the gun and prepared for battle. "I'm gonna get that varmint before the evening is over!"

Not long after, out of the corner of my eye I saw him. "Ah ha!" He went behind the safe and refrigerator. I would get him when he came out either side!

I cocked the pistol and waited with the barrel pointed in the direction of his escape route. There was no way he was getting out of this!

I sat there for about... mmmmmmmmm... 5 minutes, I suppose, waiting to squeeze the hair trigger on the hairy varmint just as soon as he showed his little beady-eyed face!

PHONE CALL!!! DRATS!!!

I answered the phone, and while I was talking I described the situation and said, "So, if ya hear a loud bang while we are talking, think nuthin' of it. Ok?" After the caller quit laughing, he said that he thought he could handle it.

A few minutes into the conversation, I turned my head just for an instant and FLASH... that dumb mouse scampered the two feet distance from the fridge to the bathroom door. I reflexed, but I was too slow! I let out a "barely Christian" expletive (which started the caller to start laughing again). "I get no respect!" I replied to his laugh. Then it crossed my mind to check in the bathroom to see if that mouse was in there where I could see him. With the phone in one hand, and the gun in the other I scoped out the bathroom. NUTTIN! DRATS! FOILED AGAIN!

I returned to my desk and finished the phone call. Then I returned to my paper work and kinda forgot about the mouse. UNTIL... he ran over my feet under the computer desk and behind the filing cabinet! "I GOT HIM NOW!" I thinks to myself. **Ain't no way he is getting outta THIS mess!**

I picked up the gun and held the barrel in position. Waiting... Waiting... Waiting for him to stick that nose out just one more time!

While I was waiting, I thought, "What if one of those little b-b's ricochets back at me and puts my eye out! That could ruin my whole Thanksgiving! I couldn't see with both eyes to eat. I'd get behind and Benny would get the punkin pie first! That would NOT BE GOOD!"

So I turned my head to the desk where my sunglasses were. I had just picked them up and was putting them on and turning back to my target when... THERE HE WAS! As I saw him, HE SAW ME! Back behind the filing cabinet he went! (Know'd it was him cause I seen the phone line wiggling!) But I still had him trapped!

While I was keeping a close eye on the front of the filing cabinet, I noticed out of the corner of my eye something which looked out of place at the BACK of the cabinet. It looked like a mouse head, but I couldn't tell for sure because it was dark back there and with my sunglasses on I couldn't really tell.

Now... you know the first rule of a hunter is to make sure you know what you are shooting at before you pull the trigger! So, I slowly raised my sunglasses and sure enough... it was a mouse head! My enemy!

Now... I had some contemplation to do. I thought, "If I kill that mousey right there, I'm gonna have to muscle that cabinet away from the wall and get him out; otherwise, this place is REALLY gonna stink in a couple of days!" I was still contemplating the situation when my nose started itching. Know what? Yep! You're right! I scratched my nose and the scamp scampered back behind the cabinet. Oh well... I still had him where I wanted him.

Now, trying to think like a mouse is not an easy thing for a smart Texan such as myself, but I thought, "He's gonna come out the front." So I re-concentrated my attention on the front of the cabinet.

Nose scratched and holding the gun with both hands I waited. While I waited, I practiced aiming. "Was it better with one eye open or both eyes open?"

I was still trying to figure this out... WHEN... all of a sudden, THERE HE WAS!

First I saw a nose, then a head... then... he stepped out into the open. The thought flashed through my mind, "You are a dead MOUSEEEEE!" And I squeezed the trigger.

CLICK! THE HAMMER FELL ON AN EMPTY CHAMBER!!!

My foe darted back behind the cabinet. "Whaaaaa!" This pistol had nine bullet chambers and I had only put eight bullets in!!! HOW COULD I be so STUPID???

Well... you think I gave up? I THINK NOT!

(Are you wondering now when this story is going to end? Well, I'm getting close.)

I had to wait about another three or four minutes... (knowing the hammer of the pistol was aligned on a full chamber cause I'd loaded that empty one now too! I waited... aimed... Both Eyes Open... suffered through another "itching nose" spell... without scratching. And finally... HE SHOWED AGAIN!!! BANG!!!

THAT DEAD MOUSE ran BACK behind the cabinet! I had great hopes that he would be dead on the spot... but NOOOOOO! That dead mouse done got hisself BACK behind the cabinet! I knew I got him though! I HAD TO HAVE GOT HIM! I COULDN'T have missed with rat shot at that close range. In a second or two, I heard him fighting with those phone lines behind the cabinet. The fighting sounded like he was in "tragic" mode, which to the layman means he was strugglin'. (I know this is a gruesome part of the story but

shrug it's just how it was.)

To make a shorter ending to this loooooong story, I went and found a broom with a handle and drug him out from behind the cabinet. He wasn't dead, but he didn't have much nose left either, and wasn't feelin' too good. He was having a rough time getting away from me too. I picked him up by the tail (knowing he couldn't bite me without no nose or mouth) and hauled him to the toilet. His demise was not "execution by pistol" but rather——— FLUUUSSSHHHHHHHH!"

Well, in a way, it's a little lonesome around here without old mousey, but... well... he just shouldn't have gotten into my coffee! That's all I got to say! We ALL have our limits, doncha know? And besides, there may be another mouse... on another day... and I sure hope he stays outta my coffee can!

~Gaylon W. Stamps

Jet Crashes Near Harrison, Arkansas, May 21, 1985

Floyd Sikes was a Naval Aviator, Corporate Pilot, Aviation Artist, a quiet, kind man and a good friend to all who knew him. He has been dead almost 25 years.

Floyd was killed in an airplane crash near Harrison Arkansas, May 21, 1985. According to the accident report, he was totally at fault.

He made several common errors, and his first officer made the same errors. It may have been that his First Officer was a very inexperienced, young aviator and was not in the situational awareness loop. I don't know because I don't remember this person, and I may have never met him. I'm sure that there are many who still miss his presence in their lives. It could have been that shared responsibility and good communication between the pilot and co-pilot was not practiced. We will never know.

Floyd was a young man with slight pre-mature gray in his hair. On days when we were both not flying, he would drop by my office. We would chat about his tour in the Navy and other aviation-related subjects. He was a talented artist, and he looked the part. He always dressed neatly, and often wore a tweed sport-coat with a cap to match. When I think of him—I think of a interesting and warm human being with a great personality. One who I would love to sit down with and have a great cup of coffee and just shoot the bull.

I don't know the owners of the airplane, but I earned my living flying a Private Jet at the time, and this is how I came to know Floyd. The system failed everyone, both the pilots and the owner of the aircraft. The desire to fly around in a jet aircraft and to spend as little money as possible in the process could have been a major contribution to this accident.

Because of the oil boom of these years there were a good many people especially in Oklahoma and Texas Oil country that suddenly had the available funds to own entry level Jet Aircraft.

The error made by the PIC (Pilot in Command), as the FAA likes to call the pilot, could have been because he was trying to fly single pilot in an aircraft that required two pilots especially during low ceilings and poor visibility approaches. There were two pilots, however could the second pilot do the job? The accident took place around 8:15 in the evening.

The mind-set for many aviators when flying in and around high terrain is sometimes a little anxious, tense and nerve-racking. Others seem so sure of themselves and their ability that they don't give it a second thought. Either mind-set has claimed the lives of many good men and women.

Speculation is all we have after the dust settles and the remains of the dead are removed from the scene of the accident.

What happened?

Floyd and co-pilot shot the loc approach once and missed because they saw the runway too late to make a successful landing.

I'm not sure about then but the present procedure for the missed approach is to make a slight left turn to the Harrison VOR (HRO) located about four miles to the northwest of the Boon County Airport and hold making right hand turns. The procedure of entering the holding pattern required a tear drop entry which would keep them west of the 316 radial of HRO. After the missed approach, the radios must be re-tuned for the pilot in order for him to see the information given him from HRO. He changed from Harrison Loc I-HRO frequency of 111.7 to HRO frequency of 112.5. He must re-dial his course indicator to 136 degrees from the loc course indicator of 359 degrees. After making a turn or two in the holding pattern at an altitude of at least 3800 ft above sea level he would need to prepare to fly another loc approach. This would mean that all the radios must be retuned again. This step was probably over looked. ???

Normally he would fly from the Harrison VOR to the BAKKY LOM which is an intersection on the final approach and then fly outbound on the I-HRO 179 deg course for enough time for him to make another turn around and intercept I-HRO inbound course of 359 deg.

This *could* have been done making all the adjustments to the course indicator without changing the frequencies on the navigation radio from the HRO of 112.5 to the I-HRO frequency of 111.7.

Floyd may have assumed that he was looking at I-HRO information but was actually seeing HRO information. (Because for whatever reason, the frequency was never changed.) Although the information would be slightly different, and other misassumptions would have to be made, it is conceivable that Floyd was tracking the inbound course of the HRO VOR rather than the inbound course of the I-HRO. And, while making his decent flew his aircraft into terrain killing himself and his copilot. This is the most likely scenario of why this event turned out as it did.

The real reasons behind this tragic accident will never be known. And, there are many intelligent questions that remain forever unanswered.

One of the best questions would be what was the physical condition of the pilot? Was he tired? Sleepy? Anxious? Had he been mentored properly by someone about flying below terrain in hilly or mountainous country? Why didn't he double-check his radio frequencies? What was his co-pilot doing? Was the co-pilot sharp and on top to the approach procedures or was he more a 'tag-along' than a coach.

The first attempt was almost successful because they saw the runway lights, but too late to make a safe landing. They knew that the ceiling was right at minimums, and that they must be at minimums (1880' MSL) on the approach far enough away from the runway to make a visual landing.

They made contact with terrain (crashed) at 1840' MSL approximately about five or six miles from the Harrison VOR near the 179 degree radial. Long before contact with terrain, things were not right, and this fact should have been recognized by Floyd and his co-pilot. Something must have seemed strange to Floyd. Why didn't he miss the second approach and climb to a safe altitude and get re-organized? Maybe he was about to do just that. Maybe he didn't have enough fuel to try a third approach. We will never know.

But, I do know this—Floyd was a very nice man whom I liked very much. He was an artist who could make a painted airplane seem to be in flight. I know that many others feel the same way that I do, and he has been missed over the years.

When I consider this tragic accident, I know that but by the grace of Almighty God, I could have gone there more than several times in my career.

The advice I would pass on to young aviators is if you don't know for sure where you are going—don't go there. Remember air is plentiful, but the lower edge of it is very hard. And, don't allow

yourselves to be backed into a corner because you don't have enough fuel. If you don't have a little extra fuel to cover a few human errors and mistakes don't ever get airborne.

And, don't forget to communicate with your crew. In my airline days, we had an annual class called Cockpit Resource Management, and in spite of all the aggravation of attending what was sometimes called a dumb class, I believe that this sort of education has saved many lives. And most of all, remember to communicate. Communication requires the ability to listen to the concerns of your crew. They may have very valid concerns.

~By *Adverse Yaw*

TRUST

Who do you trust? Can you really trust your feelings and yourself?

Who has your best interest at heart? After growing up, we find that often we didn't have our own best interest at heart. And, many times we are mistaken about what it means to have a best interest in ourselves even now in this present life.

Do we live in the present now where there are sharp lines that separate truth from false? Or, do we abide in some false dream world where everything is rosy, and we live forever? Truth is something that we should be able to know and trust. But, the determination of what is true and what is not truth is often more than we mere humans can grasp. Is there a matrix or trail that will lead us to truth or that reveals the truth to us? If so, where could it be?

It seems that we humans, more often than not, take the path of least resistance. Like electricity, we go with the flow never concerning ourselves that we may be headed for a short circuit. We seem very susceptible to being manipulated by things around us especially the clever people who have learned to take and seldom give. Are we in a semi-constant haze or a fog never really knowing where we are going, just going from here to there in a most unorganized fashion?

If only we could ask the one who created us; "What is the truth," things would be so much easier.

The belief of real-born-again Christians is that in order to know the truth in this life we must have faith. What is this thing called faith. According to the Merriam-Webster online dictionary faith is defined as:

2: a (1) : belief and trust in and loyalty to God

(2) : belief in the traditional doctrines of a religion

b (1) : firm belief in something for which there is no proof (2) : complete trust

3 : something that is believed especially with strong conviction; especially : a system of religious beliefs the Protestant *faith* **synonyms see belief.**

The Bible defines faith in Hebrews 11 verse 1; **Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.** (ESV Bible) So which and what part of the definition and application is meant for us humans? And, how does it work? The Bible is the operators handbook for those who were created. So, I will go with that definition and application.

About the only thing that we as humans can do is to trust God enough to apply the Hope. (as in "things hoped for"). God will provide the conviction. If we are on the wrong hope trail there will be no conviction. If we are hoping correctly, there will be strong conviction. But you may ask, how do I know what hope trail to follow? Go to the Book, the Operators manual for the mind, body and soul of the living. Pray for guidance and trust God to guide you. Don't behave in a way for the answer that you want, but behave in a way for the answer that God wants you to have which is truth.

Should you be pessimistic about a Creator creating you and me; then it is doubtful that real faith will ever be possible for you.

~*Adverse Yaw*

The Key to Heaven's Gate

When visiting a family member at a hospital, and standing in an elevator alone with a very pleasant nurse, I made the commit; "Life is hard, but God is good."

She said "That is why I'm trying so hard to be good, so that when I die I will be with God in Heaven." I replied, "It's not what you do while you're here, but who you know that will get you into Heaven." The door opened and she wished me a good day as she departed, I never saw her again.

People seem to busy themselves with work in a consecrated way—thinking that their good works will be the weight that tips the scale in their favor. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Fear- motivated works are not faith at all.

Almost all religions on earth speak the 'good works' language in one way or another. Only true Christianity speaks the language of love, the love of God, the Love of Jesus and sacrificial love—trust, hope and peace. Only Chirstianity recognizes that God is Love.

Within Christianity the only work that is really significant is to love the Lord with all your heart, mind and soul—and to love your neighbor as yourself. But first you must believe in Jesus, trust Jesus and know Him before you can love Him. There is nothing else you can do or will do or have done that will get you into Heaven. It is who you know that will get you inside the Pearlie Gates.

~*Adverse Yaw*

Valentines Day

There was time in history when the very arrogant Roman King, Claudius the Cruel, forbade marriages. His belief was that his soldiers were better soldiers if they were single, and of course, he wanted only the best, to heck with freedom and liberty.

There was a true romantic clergy who knew our conversion to the Kingdom of God was a type of marriage that lasts forever. It was not an accident that Jesus uses the words bride and bridegroom in an eternal, spiritual context.

The clergy was none other than Valentinus, and he lived around 269 AD. Valentinus boldly presented Jesus as the Son of God to the emperor and performed secret marriages contrary to the ruling of Claudius the Cruel. His defiant Christianity and his walking the walk cost him his life at the hand of the Roman executioner.

Thus we have what we celebrate as Valentines Day in honor of Valentinus life and death.

~*Unknown Author*

**Nothing in the world is more dangerous than sincere
ignorance and conscientious stupidity.**

- *Martin Luther King Jr. (1929-1968)*

**The Synonym for Love is Sacrifice
The Antonym for Love is Selfishness**

~*Adverse Yaw*

Diary of an Unborn Child

OCTOBER 5 — Today my life began. My parents do not know it yet, I am as small as a seed of an apple, but it is I already. And, I am to be a girl. I shall have blond hair and blue eyes. Just about everything is settled though, even the fact that I shall love flowers.

OCTOBER 19 — Some say that I am not a real person yet, that only mother exists. But, I am a real person, just as a small crumb of bread is yet truly bread. My mother is. And, I am.

OCTOBER 23 — My mouth is just beginning to open now. Just think, in a year or so I shall be laughing and later talking. I know what my first word will be: MAMA

OCTOBER 25 — My heart began to beat today all by itself. From now on it shall gently beat for the rest of my life without ever stopping to rest! And, after many years it will tire. It will stop, and then I shall die.

NOVEMBER 2 — I am growing a bit everyday. My arms and legs are beginning to take shape. But I have to wait a long time yet before those little legs will raise me to my mother's arms, before these little arms will be able to gather flowers and embrace my father.

NOVEMBER 12 — Tiny fingers are beginning to form on my hands. Funny how small they are! I'll be able to stroke my mother's hair with them.

NOVEMBER 20 — It wasn't until today that the doctor told mom that I am living here under her heart. Oh, how happy she must be! Are you happy, Mom?

NOVEMBER 25 — My mom and dad are probably thinking about a name for me. But they don't even know that I am a little girl. I want to be called Kathy. I am getting so big already.

DECEMBER 10 — My hair is growing. It is smooth and bright and shiny. I wonder what kind of hair mom has?

DECEMBER 13 — I am just about able to see. It is dark around me. When Mom brings me into the world it will be full of sunshine and flowers. But, what I want more than anything is to see my mom. How do you look, Mom?

DECEMBER 24 — I wonder if Mom hears the whispering of my heart? Some children come into the world a little sick. But, my heart is strong and healthy. It beats so evenly: tup-tip, tup-tip, tup-tip. You'll have a healthy little daughter, Mom!

Valentines Day

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~*Unknown Author*

If everything seems under control, you're just not going fast enough.

~*Mario Andretti*

Around the House

~*Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

In the last issue of this publication, when I was describing all the problems that the family was having, I failed to mention that during this time Linda had boarded me at a kennel here in Mustang while they were on vacation.

She and the Boss call it a kennel—— I call it an institution of incarceration. Although, they don't treat us badly there, it is a definite restriction to what little freedom I have. I don't appreciate being incarcerated for any reason, especially when I haven't done anything wrong, haven't received a fair trial, no jury of my peers, no habeas corpus——just jailed for no other reason than Linda and the Boss wanted to take a trip.

Now, I realize that I was created by God to be a slave, and that is what I am. I'm a love slave because all I can do is love the Boss and Linda, and hopefully, they will love me in return. I have found that it is a joy to serve in this capacity, and I am quite satisfied to continue serving them in this way for the rest of my life. I just don't like being placed in a cage among a bunch of other breeds and some that are nothing more than mutts. Oh, I am all dog, I love to bark, dig and run around the yard like a fool. But, I hate it when I am taken away from my space and placed inside a cage! I just hate it! Enough negativity, I am out of jail for now, and hopefully, will stay out for a long time.

The Boss has been bragging about all the rain that he has gotten on the farm. He claims that his calves are fat and ready for the sale barn. I'm not sure that the sale barn is such a good deal for the calves, but I haven't asked the Boss on what the calves are in for. I know that I do enjoy a juicy piece of steak when I manage to beg one from Linda, and that a beefsteak was a calf once-upon-a-time. Oh well, I'll not dwell on that now.

The Boss still has a little mouse that is full of fluid on his leg where the horse fell on him, and he complains about his back hurting. He thinks that he may have bruised one of his kidneys and a vertebra or two. He only complains early in the morning and after sitting for a while. Linda has been to the doctor and is still coughing a little in the morning, but seems to be on a recovery road.

Ash and Andy are back to work, and Cayeden and the twins are all 100% and going strong. They have a way of keeping their Mom, Dad and both sets of grandparents very busy. The farm isn't the only place that has been blessed by the rain. It has been raining cats and dogs here for the past month.

The expression "raining cats and dogs" baffles me! I have heard this expression a lot lately. Now and for sure, I have seen a lot of heavy rain. I have seen it rain so hard that I couldn't see the back fence from the back

door, but I have never seen a cat nor any semblance of a dog come falling out of the sky like rain or hail stones do. This must be some pitiful human expression of a lot of rain that someone spoke into existence, but how it caught on is beyond my understanding.

At the time of this writing, the baseball season is winding down, and the Boss's favorite team, the Rangers, are struggling to keep the playoff possibilities alive. The Cowboys lost their first game in their new billion-dollar stadium to the New York Giants. Since the Boss doesn't have much use for Cowboy owner, Jerry Jones, their loss doesn't bother him at all. The Boss likes the old man quarterback, Brett Favre, and because of him has become fond of the Minnesota Vikings. That seems to be his pick for going to the Super Bowl. The cabin at the farm is coming along at a snail's pace, but coming along. The Boss is planning for cooler weather and is looking for a wood stove to heat the place.

Jim Doudney, the Boss's first cousin, has a couple of dogs that visit the farm often. They are half German Shepard and half Great Pyrenees. They sound frightening to me, and I'm not ready to play with a couple of ruffians, but the Boss seems to think that they may be useful someday when trying to load his calves.

I'm out of room and have to be a going on about the business of being a love slave. Please take care and stay in touch.

Keep your nose pointed into the wind.

~*Barkley*

Sleepover

