

---

---

# VIEWS LETTER

Volume 73, Issue 1

AWD's Views, News & Items of Interest

July & August 2010

<http://web.me.com/dblshvl/viewsletter>

---

## The Propeller Saw Job

*This is a story of an airline incident that happened in Santa Fe, New Mexico, on September 25, 1939, one pilot's solution to the problem, and his determination to complete his flight.*

I was operating a one-man, one-airplane operation in southwestern Colorado, but wasn't earning near enough to eat. So I took a job with a new firm just starting up in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I was the charter pilot, instructor, mechanic, bookkeeper, janitor, and whatever else needed to be done.

The airline had been in business for four or five years. Its office was in one corner of the hanger. The pilots would taxi off the runway, and stop in front of the office to load and unload passengers and mail.

On September 24, a Sunday, a dedication ceremony was given for a newly completed W.P.A. project, which consisted of paving the main runway, building a hanger, and building a new taxiway from the runway around in front of the hanger and back to the runway. The event went well. We hopped a few passengers and gave a little air show. Political speeches were also given.

The city workers had built a platform out of heavy bridge timbers from which the local politicians had made their speeches and made themselves visible to the crowd of spectators. The platform, about 2 feet high and 8 feet square, was placed in front of the hanger in the middle of the taxiway. The organizers fully intended to move it once the event was over. But the following morning when I came to work, there it sat in the middle of the taxiway in front of the hangar with no flag or marker.

My first thought was that that sure could cause a pilot some embarrassment if he didn't know about it. I went through the airline office and mentioned this to the agent. He commented that the platform was too heavy; the city workers would get more help tomorrow and come back for it.

I went back to the shop area and went to work servicing three planes. There was always plenty to do. After some time had passed, I looked out the window and noticed there was a very active, squall line approaching from the west. It looked as if it would hit the airport dead center. I checked the clock. The southbound airliner would arrive soon. It was a Lockheed 12 with a full load of six passengers.

I stepped back inside and asked the airline agent the location of the incoming plane. I pointed out that there was a squall line moving in. He answered that the pilot was about five minutes out, and that the pilot had his eye on the squall line. He was going to try and get in and

out before it hit. He wasn't going to shut the engines down. No passengers were getting off or on; all we needed to do was exchange the mail sacks.

I thought, 'this operation should be worth watching.' The airliner landed and taxied to its parking area. When the pilot parked, the left engine was directly in line with the platform. I thought the pilot must have seen it when he taxied in, and that he intended to make a sharp right turn and proceed out to the runway on the same strip he came in on. The hanger doors were cracked open so that I could stand to the side of the ramp and observe the whole operation. The mail sacks were exchanged, the plane door was shut and the plane was waved away in short order.

The pilot started his taxi forward. 'He's got to turn pretty soon,' I thought. But, I saw that he was not going to turn and that he was not going to stop. I hurried out of the hangar door and signaled him to stop, to cut the engines.

But, the pilot only looked at me with a curious expression on his face that seemed to ask, 'who is that guy and what does he want?' Then he slowly ran into the ramp and the plane stopped immediately. The damage was minimal—propeller damage only. There was about three or four inches curled up on each blade tip. The passengers were unloaded, the plane was pushed back into the parking area, and the squall line blew through.

I returned to my work in the shop. Soon, the pilot came in and stood beside me, drinking coffee and squinting at my work. We engaged in small talk about the events of the day. Eventually, he asked, "Have you got a step ladder I can use?"

"Sure," I said.

Then, "You wouldn't have a hacksaw, would you?"

"Why, yes, I do."

Then he asked, "Would you give me a hand?"

Response: "I'll hold the ladder for you."

I had some idea what was going to happen. We went out to the airplane and set up the ladder. The pilot measured from the hub to the damaged part of each blade and sawed the tips off, about three or four inches. He then started the engine, gave it a thorough runup, loaded the passengers, and took off. Next stop—ABQ (Albuquerque Municipal Airport)

There the trip cancelled. The airplane was pushed into the hangar, and the doors were locked. I was later told that sometime during the night, someone had removed the propeller. It had simply vanished. I guess the C.A.A is still searching for it. That and the culprit who removed it.

A month or so later, I received a letter from the airline president. He understood that I was a witness to the events that day and wanted my version of them. I thought that maybe the airline was going to give the pilot a bad time. I answered the letter with one of my own, three pages long, explaining the events that day: the platform, why it was there and not removed, the squall line, how I ran out of the hangar door and tried to flag the plane down, and the damage that was done. I made no mention of the propeller blades being sawed off. I stated that I could have possibly distracted the pilot at the last minute causing him not to be able to stop in time. I never heard any more from the airline president.

Soon afterward, though, I received a letter from the C.A.B. wanting the same information. I gave it some thought. I was leaving the area for a new job in a couple of days. I tore up the letter and threw it away. I moved and forgot about the entire incident.

That is until two years later. I was working for a flight school in the Bay Area, California, when Pearl Harbor took place. All flying on the West Coast stopped. The company I worked for transferred the flight school to Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was getting antsy and thought I should be contributing more to the war effort. So I went down to Denver and arranged an interview with the airline president

- the same president who was involved in the Santa Fe incident. The interview went well. He accepted my application and said I would be called when there was an opening.

Just as I was leaving, he said, "I would like to have you meet our chief pilot." He took me to the chief pilot's office and introduced me to the fellow who sawed the propeller blades off a couple of years earlier. The chief

While the chief pilot was showing me for a flight school in the Bay Area, California, when the bombing of Pearl Harbor took place. All the flying on the West Coast stopped. The company transferred the flight school to Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was getting antsy and thought I should be contributing more to the war effort. So I went down to Denver and arranged an interview with the airline president - the same president who was involved in the Santa Fe incident. The interview went well. He accepted my application, and said I would be called when there was an opening.

Just as I was leaving, he said, "I would like to have you meet our Chief Pilot." He took me to the Chief Pilot's office and introduced me to the fellow who had sawed the propeller blades off a couple of years earlier.

While the chief pilot was showing me around the airline facilities, he said, "You sure look familiar. Were you ever around New Mexico?"

"Yeah. A little now and then."

"Did you ever spend any time around ABQ?"

"Yeah, some."

After a while, he asked, "Where is it we've met?"

I may as well tell him, I thought. "Do you remember the platform in front of the hangar in Santa Fe?"

"How did you find out about that?" he asked.

"I was the guy standing in the hangar door. That was my hacksaw. You owe me a new blade."

"Damn," he said. "I almost got in a lot trouble over that."

The subject was dropped. Never mentioned again. I never went to work for that airline. Another one called me first.

I had the chief pilot on board one of my trips three or four years later. He was on his way to San Diego to look a Convairs. His airline was purchasing them. In later years, he became vice president of operations. The airline is still in business. He retired, an old airline employee.

I can't help but laugh when I think of him and recall his "solution" to the damaged propeller. But the memory is tinged with some sadness as he "went west" in 1999. (going west is an old aviator term for dying.)

*By Captain Dick Young, Western Airlines, Retired and has gone west.*

**Can you hear the sighing in the wind? Can you feel the heavy silence in the mountains? Can you sense the restless longing in the sea? Can you see in the woeful eyes of an animal? Something's coming . . . something better.**

*Joni Eareckson Tada*

# "All Honor to Jefferson"

*JEAN YARBROUGH is professor of government and Gary M. Pendy, Sr. Professor of Social Sciences at Bowdoin College. She received her B.A. at Cedar Crest College and her M.A. and Ph.D. at the New School for Social Research. The author of American Virtues: Thomas Jefferson on the Character of a Free People and editor of The Essential Jefferson, she is currently completing a study of Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive critique of the Founders.*

*The following address was delivered at Hillsdale College on April 16, 2009, at the dedication of a statue of Thomas Jefferson by Hillsdale College Associate Professor of Art Anthony Frudakis.*

IT is one of the wonders of the modern political world that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both died on the 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Unaware that the "Sage of Monticello" had died earlier in the day, the crusty Adams, as he felt his own life slipping away, uttered his last words, "Thomas Jefferson still lives." And so he does.

Today, as we dedicate this marvelous statue of our third President, and place him in the company of George Washington, Winston

Churchill, and Margaret Thatcher on Hillsdale's Liberty Walk, soon to be joined by Abraham Lincoln, it is fitting to reflect on what of Thomas Jefferson still lives. What is it that we honor him for here today?

Without question, pride of place must go to Jefferson as the author of the Declaration of Independence. That document established Jefferson as one of America's great political poets, second only to Abraham Lincoln. And fittingly, it was Lincoln himself who recognized the signal importance of its first two paragraphs when he wrote: "All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document, an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times," where it continues to stand as "a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

That abstract truth, of course, was that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." It is surely a sign of our times that so many Americans no longer know what these words mean or what their signal importance has been to peoples around the world. The one thing they are certain of, however, is that Jefferson was a hypocrite. How could he assert that all men were created equal and yet own slaves? What these critics fail to notice is that this is precisely what makes Jefferson's statement so remarkable. Under no necessity for doing so, he penned the immortal words that would ultimately be invoked to put the institution of slavery on the road to extinction. His own draft of the Declaration was even stronger. In it, he made it clear that blacks were human and that slavery was a moral abomination and a blot upon the honor of his country.

Jefferson was serving as Minister in Paris while the Constitution was being drafted, and played no direct part in framing it. But he did make known his objections, the most important being the omission of a Bill of Rights. After the Constitution was ratified, he returned to the United States to serve as Secretary of State in the Washington administration. In and out of

government in the 1790s, he challenged Hamilton's expansive views of federal power, warning against a mounting federal debt, a growing patronage machine, and what he considered dangerous monarchical pretensions.

In the tumultuous contest for the presidency in 1800, Jefferson presided over the first peaceful transition of power in modern history, assuring those he had defeated that they too had rights that the majority was bound to respect. His observation, "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists," established a standard toward which every incoming administration continues to strive.

As president of the United States, Jefferson sought to rally the country around the principles of limited government. His First Inaugural Address reminded his fellow citizens that their happiness and prosperity rested upon a "wise and frugal Government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned." This, he thought, was "the sum of good government" and all that was "necessary to close the circle of our felicities." Although Jefferson had omitted property from the inalienable rights enumerated in the Declaration, he strongly defended private property because it encouraged industry and liberality—and, most importantly, because he thought it just that each individual enjoy the equal right to the fruits of his labor.

From these political principles, Jefferson never wavered. Writing in 1816, he once again insisted that the tasks of a liberal republic were few: government should restrain individuals from encroaching on the equal rights of others, compel them to contribute to the necessities of society, and require them to submit their disputes to an impartial judge. "When the laws have declared and enforced all this, they have fulfilled their functions."

At the same time, Jefferson believed that constitutions must keep pace with the times. If the people wished to alter their frame of government, say, to fund public improvements or education, they were free to do so. But they should do so by constitutional amendment and not by allowing their representatives to construe the powers of government broadly. He particularly objected to the Court's sitting in judgment on the powers of the legislative and executive branches, or acting as an umpire between the states and the federal government. To cede to the judiciary this authority, he believed, would render the Constitution a "ball of wax" in the hands of federal judges. In his battles with Chief Justice John Marshall, he defended the principle of coordinate construction, as Lincoln (and almost every strong president since then) did after him, arguing that each branch of government must determine for itself the constitutionality of its acts.

After his retirement from politics, Jefferson returned to Monticello, where he continued to think about the meaning and requirements of republican government. Republicanism, he was convinced, was more than just a set of institutional arrangements; at bottom, it depended upon the character of the people. To keep alive this civic spirit, he championed public education for both boys and girls, with the most talented boys going on at public expense all the way through college. He envisioned the University of Virginia, to which he devoted the last years of his life, as a temple that would keep alive the "vestal flame" of republicanism and train men for public service. And here, I cannot help but notice how the recent renovations and additions to the

Hillsdale campus seem to take their inspiration from Mr. Jefferson's university, paying graceful homage to an architecture of democracy that inspires and ennobles.

As Jefferson understood it, education had a distinctly political mission, beginning at the elementary level: schools were to form citizens who understood their rights and duties, who knew how earlier free societies had risen to greatness, and by what errors and vices they had declined. Knowing was not enough, however. Jefferson also believed that citizens must have the opportunity to act. Anticipating Tocqueville, Jefferson admired the strength of the New England townships and sought to adapt them to Virginia. The wards, as he called them, would allow citizens to have a say on those matters most interesting to them, such as the education of their children and the protection of their property. If ever they became too dispirited to care about these things, republican government could not survive.

The wards were certainly not the greatest of Jefferson's contributions to the natural rights republic—that honor must be awarded to the Declaration—but they were his most original. Instead of consolidating power or attempting to forge a general will, Jefferson went in the opposite direction, “dividing and sub-dividing” political power, while multiplying the number of interests and views that could be heard. He saw these units of local self-government as a way of bringing the large republic within the reach of citizens and so keeping alive the spirit of republicanism so vital to its preservation. And in this day and age, when the federal government seems to intrude on every aspect of our daily lives, and people feel powerless over matters of most interest to them, can we doubt that he was right? For this insight, too, let us echo Lincoln: “All honor to Jefferson”!

**The safest road to hell is the gradual one—the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without sudden turnings, without milestones, without signposts.**

*C. S. Lewis*

## Seeds

Bill loaded the pickup with his personal belongings and backed out of the driveway. He felt a heaviness that plagued him since his young bride had died in a horrible auto accident only a month ago. They had been married for only five years and hadn't planned to have children—so now he was utterly alone with his grief.

Money was limited but he had enough to get to Alaska with a few bucks left over. He had always had a deep burning desire to fly the Bush. With a little bit of luck maybe he would land a new job in a different place. He was barely qualified to fly a floatplane, but why not drive up there and try for a job, it had been something that he had always wanted to do. Although, he was heavy hearted there was nothing to stop him. For the past three years he had instructed at a flying school and had barely scraped a living together.

As Bill entered the parking lot of a nearby Wal-Mart, to pick up some travel supplies, he noticed an older sedan parked with a young couple sitting in the front seat. There was a noisy

little dog peering out of the rear window, barking at cars as they passed. There was a sign scribbled with a Sharpie on a brown paper bag that was taped to the windshield that read; HELP! OUT OF GAS MONEY——TRYING TO GET HOME!

Bill stopped his pickup where he could talk to the driver of the sedan, and wished them a good morning, "Where are you guys headed?"

The driver replied, "Modesto."

"California?"

"Yep."

"That is a long way off. Ya'll hungry?" Bill asked.

"Kinda."

"You want go across the street and have lunch with me? The fried chicken is pretty good and the mashed potatoes and gravy are great, and I'm buying." Bill shouted over the obnoxious noise of a kid showing off his hotrod——racing his unmuffled engine and burning the rubber off of his rear tires which drove their little dog crazy.

"Sure," the young woman said as she shouted over the commotion.

"Okay then follow me," Bill said as he eased out of the parking lot toward the restaurant.

Bill bought lunch, paid for a tank of gasoline for both his pickup and the sedan, and gave the couple a crisp hundred-dollar-bill for more gas down the road.

The young woman had tears in her eyes as they said goodbye to Bill, neither of them had ever experienced such love and generosity from a total stranger that appeared to be almost as poor as they were.

They both had tried to ignore Bill as he prayed over lunch and when he told them about Jesus. He had planted a seed of the Gospel which was already beginning to germinate.

They had no idea that this hundred dollar gift, along with the forty dollar fuel for their car was a real sacrifice on Bill's part. They didn't know that his little lost darling had taught him the art of generosity and faith in Jesus Christ or that he was a new widower. They only knew that he had expressed an importance in what Jesus had done for Him and what He could do for them. They had no clue of what he did for a living, where he lived, they only knew that his name was Bill, and that he was hilariously generous and kind.

Thoughts about this Savior were bouncing around in their minds as they moved closer to home with a full tank of gas, full bellies, and a strange feeling of wonder. The name, "Jesus," seemed to have power, and the name of this strange historical character made them feel a little weird and forlorn. However, the thought of Him gave them a feeling of peace that there might be such a Savior——yet a feeling of insecurity because neither of them seemed able to find the faith to believe in him or even that he existed. The words of Bill were still in the air, "You don't have to have enormous faith, all you have to do is ask God for the faith to believe and he would provide it for you. It's very simple, God loves you just as your are this very minute, and Jesus has already paid the price for your salvation with His shed blood and death on a cross more than two thousand years ago. None of us deserve all that God has for us, but what Jesus did for us is a gift, and it's free."

The young woman said to her companion, "You know there has to be something to what Bill was saying, he went above and beyond what anyone else would do for us, even our parents. If there were nothing to it, about Jesus I mean, he wouldn't have been so unconditionally kind to

us, total strangers. He never asked us a thing about what we were, whether we were married or not or where we came from or what we had been doing. He never judged us at all and he seemed to think the best of us. He just fed us a great meal, bought us some gas, gave us a hundred bucks and told us about Jesus. There has to be something to it. Bill knows something that we don't. You know?"

Her companion beginning to cool wasn't so moved and gave her a skeptical, "yea right, and Big'n," the name of their little dog, "will someday sprout wings and fly."

"I just have a good feeling about Jesus," she said, "and I think we should give Him some serious consideration. I have never met a man like Bill. I am convinced there is more to him than just religious fanatism."

"Maybe there is," he answered, "if so I hope we find what ever it is that Bill has."

\* \* \* \* \*

Northbound on the interstate, Bill thanked the Lord for the opportunity to serve Him through helping this young couple. Sacrifice was what life was all about, since Bill had given his life to Christ five years ago while dating his wife, who had just now moved to Heaven to be with Jesus. He had consciously decided to try and walk with God the remainder of his life and serving others was serving God.

It was late winter when he departed and the weather was wonderful, very little wind, cool but the sunshine was warm and invigorating. The farther north he traveled the more concern he gave to his survival. Sleeping in the back of his truck was okay, but staying warm meant eating well and having a great bag to sleep in which he did. After five days on the road Bill crossed from the Yukon Territory into Alaska on the famous Alcan Highway. The spring equinox was fast approaching and the night and day were about equal in hours. Everything was covered with a thick blanket of snow and the nighttime temperatures often dropped to near forty below zero, he managed to survive as the winter struggled to stay alive another week or two. There were a few times Bill had wished he had waited for a month before beginning this trek, but he figured that the chances of him finding a job were better the earlier he arrived.

Finding a flying job this first year was not likely but his attitude was positive. The past month had been the toughest of his life, but he felt at peace with God, and refused to worry about anything. This nagging loneliness was present but thoughts of the past were growing farther and farther away and were being replaced with hope.

As he drove into Anchorage and found Merrill Field. It was an extremely busy place. Airplanes were coming and going constantly. Only two runways but airplanes were everywhere. Surely there would be some kind of job for Bill in an airplane rich environment like this one.

*By Adverse Yaw*

*This story will continue in later issues of the Viewsletter.*

**Tyranny is the political corollary of socialism, as  
representative government is the  
political corollary of the market economy.**

*Ludwig von Mises*



# Around the House

*By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

Bark, bark, bark. It seems that is all I ever do anymore that has any significance is bark. Linda even went so far as to name me Barkley. And then the Boss is on my case for barking so much. What does he expect? He has been quite grouchy to me of late. The other day, I was carrying on a little at the kids in the lot next door and I hear him yelling for me to knock it off. What does he mean 'Knock it off?' I thought that barking was part of my job description! Oh well, I think what we have is a little communication glitch, or something. One way or another, I guess I'll have to cool the barking, especially when the Boss is around.

The Boss is still limping a little on that right ankle and complaining about it some, but all in all I think he is getting a little better. He is back full swing in the routine of leaving for the farm early Tuesday morning and coming home late Saturday night. I know for sure Linda is glad for that.

Andy and Ashley just don't come around much anymore. I suppose they are busy as most young people are these days. Oh well, everyone has their position and jobs to do. I'm happy with mine. Being the greatest guard dog in Mustang, Oklahoma is not the easiest mission in the world, but so far I am maintaining my reputation.

Springtime was fascinating this year as always, it is like new beginnings all over again. I just love to be alive in the Springtime, and now it has passed until it comes again next year. The dog days of summer are upon us, and it is time to find that cool piece of concrete to lay on, and watch the bugs crawl by. Summertime is good—cool mornings and warm afternoons. A time for sleeping away the hot days, and trying to catch small birds for an occasional snack in the evenings.

My reflexes have become very fast. The other day I was pretending to sleep on my favorite cool piece of concrete. There was this fly buzzing around my face. I lay very still and closed my eyes almost completely shut but not so much that I couldn't watch that fly. Perfectly still and patiently I waited. I was frozen in space for two maybe three minutes, my eyes barely open. I watched it. I was hardly breathing. The fly landed on the end of my nose, I could hardly stand it, I thought he was going to crawl down one of my nostrils. Then suddenly, I opened my eyes wide and when the fly flew I caught it in my mouth. I could feel it trying to get away, it kind of tickled me inside my mouth, but then I mashed it between my tongue and the roof of my mouth. It didn't have much substance and no taste what so ever. It was almost a waste of effort except it sharpened my skills at ambushing other critters.

I haven't been able to catch a bird yet, but I will have caught one before summer is over. So far, the birds are too flighty and seldom come near enough. I am going to have to sneak up on them or find a way to hide better. I have come close, but so far, no cigar.

No matter what time of the year it is it's so nice to be at home at a place where I am loved. Where I am treated with dignity even when I act like a complete IGMO. There is plenty of food and water. I have learned to catch popcorn kernels in flight. Popcorn has the best flavor and aroma. I can smell it when the neighbors are having it. There is just something about the way it looks, tastes and smells. I crave it.

Well, I can see the end of the page so I best start winding up my little essay.

With all the talk going on the television and all; I'm worried that the USA will be unable to survive the first half of this 21 Century. I mean if the President has his way we will be a Fascist country by then. Not only will the Boss tell me where, what, and when, but the government will tell him how, what, where and when about me. Somehow I don't think he will take it lying down.

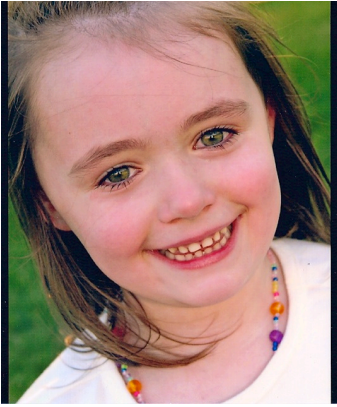
Keep your sniffer pointed windward! Barkley

**When I get to heaven, I shall see three wonders there. The first wonder will be to see many there whom I did not expect to see; the second wonder will be to miss many people who I did expect to see; the third and greatest of all will be to find myself there.**

John Newton, *the author of the hymn, Amazing Grace.*

**When I was a boy, the thought of Heaven used to frighten me more than the thought of Hell. I pictured Heaven as a place where time would be perpetual Sundays, with perpetual services from which there would be no escape.** *David Lloyd George*

# Sisters



**That all folks!**