
VIEWS LETTER

Volume 22, Issue 1

AWD's Views, News & Other Things of Interest

January & February 2002

The Miserly Misanthrope

By John Keboe

This article came from Bio/scope Magazine May 2001 about Billionaire J. Paul Getty:

J. Paul Getty was perhaps the richest skinflint who ever lived, famous for both his insatiable pursuit of money and his incredibly penny-pinching ways (among other things, he installed a pay phone at his mansion in the English countryside so guests would have to pay for their own calls). Getty's five marriages brought new meaning to the phrase "dysfunctional family" (he declined to break off a business trip to return home for one child's death, and when a grandson was kidnapped, initially refused to pay the ransom, then reluctantly loaned the boy's father the money but charged him 4% interest). In fact, if not for the large endowment Getty left to the art museum founded in his name, enabling it to become a world class facility, he would most likely be remembered mainly for his muddled and mean-spirited personal life.

Continued on page 2 See: Miserly

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Farming Can Be Funny

The Author is unknown.....Page 3

Expensive Lessons

The Author is unknown.....Page 4

What I Really Think

By AWD.....Page 4

Retire This Old, Outdated Rule

The Author is Unknown, comment by AWD.....Page 8

Around The House

By Shelby Doudney Schanauzer Dog.....Page 9

Nourishment

By AWD.....Page 10

Isaiah 45

"Thus saith the LORD".....Page 10

My First Spray Job

~By Gaylon W. Stamps~

I will forever remember the first time I ever dispensed spray from an airplane. It's etched deeply in my memory! I had been "turned loose" with the Piper Cub, and flew it as often as I was allowed. Dad had even flown on a few spray-runs with me, shown me the best way to turn, and given me a rough idea of what it was like to be a spray-pilot. Pop couldn't take too much of this kind of flying. When some pilots are not at the controls during maneuvers, they tend to get sick! That's the way Pop was! So my "instruction" time was limited.

When I would fly, I would cruise low around the countryside seeing whatever I might notice and usually, I would practice doing spray runs for awhile. I felt comfortable in that little plane... going back and forth... back and forth... till I decided I should go somewhere else to "be", "see", and "do".

I practiced a lot on landings. The reason for this is that for some reason, when there are a bunch of pilots around, regardless of how good you flew while you were out, your skill was always judged by your landing. I could have performed some of the most perfect chandelles and lazy-eights out flying around, but if I bounced the landing, I could really get "Yee-Haw'd" by Pop, Mr. Hulsey, or Charlie Wright.

So, I practiced! And hate to admit, but I think I was pretty darn good! That attitude was enabled when I heard one time that Dad told a fellow he thought I was a "natural"! That made me feel GOOD! (Another gift from Dad.)

Continued on page 5, See SPRAY JOB

Money---getting it and keeping it---was always critical to Getty. Born in Minneapolis on December 15, 1892, to George and Sarah Getty, Jean Paul (he never used his first name) was a coddled only child whose life changed dramatically when his father suddenly decided to become an oilman. Abandoning his law practice, George moved his wife and 10-year-old child from the suburbs of Minneapolis to the rough and tumble oil boomtown of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, where he established a small oil company, and then to Los Angeles.

Young Paul was never a good student---in fact, he was asked to leave several of the schools he intermittently attended---but he *was* attuned to sources of income. Not long after he turned 18, the boy asked his father---who had promised him some stock in his oil company---to transfer the shares to his own name. His father refused, sparking a lengthy feud that included letters threatening legal action.

George Getty died in 1930, the rift with his son forgiven but not forgotten. By then Paul had struck out on his own and made his first million dollars buying and selling oil rights to land parcels. When majority ownership in his father's oil company transferred to his widow, Paul's mother, the son spent years trying to wrench control from her. Finally she transferred the stock into a trust, which her son controlled but did not own (Getty later confided to an associate that he had "fleeced" his mother).

After taking charge of the company, Getty began to assemble his empire. Buying oil leases when the market was bad, and selling them when it was good, he became one of the very few cash-rich people in the depression era. He also practiced the art of doing nothing: "He was one of the first to realize that keeping the oil in the ground was the cheapest way of storing it," an industry observer later said.

With the money pouring in, the short, dour-looking Getty had time for leisurely pursuits, primarily his interest in teenage girls. He was 31 when he married Jeanette Demont; she was barely

18. They had a son, George Getty II, but by then Getty had lost interest in her and was pursuing his second wife, whom he married before the divorce with his first had been finalized, leaving him open to a bigamy charge. That marriage lasted just two years; his equally brief third marriage produced another son, Jean Ronald. His fourth marriage lasted long enough to give him two more sons, Eugene Paul (who later changed his name to Jean Paul II) and Gordon, before that marriage also ended in divorce.

Getty was a compulsive philanderer but his idea of intimacy apparently did not include emotion, since all five of his wives characterized him as aloof and unapproachable. He was even crueler toward his sons than his wives; when they were of age he employed them, but often publicly humiliated them in front of subordinates by questioning their competency. The most telling display of coldness occurred when Timmy, his son by his fifth wife was born with a disfiguring ailment that required numerous painful surgeries. Getty hardly ever saw him, and when the child eventually died, Getty did not break off a business trip to return home. He recorded the event in his diary as, "Funeral [for Timmy]. Sad day, Amoco up 2 and 7/8 Gulf down 1 and 3/4..."

By 1957, when Fortune magazine named him the richest man in America, with a personal fortune estimated at somewhere between \$700 Million and \$1 billion dollars, Getty was equally as well known for his miserliness. Besides installing the pay phone at Sutton Place, his English country house, Getty practiced such petty economies as personally washing his underwear each night, not heating large portions of the mansion, and spending hours going over his grocery bill, questioning charges for such items as fruits and vegetables. "He was pathologically cheap," one associate said. "It was a sickness with him."

His love of a bargain was so great that it inspired him to begin collecting art when he discovered that many of the great houses of Europe, faced with the looming specter of World

Continued on page 3 column 1 See: Miserly

Miserly; Continued from page 2

War II, were selling off their treasures at rock-bottom prices. Eventually amassing a sizable collection, he decided to house it in a museum he named after himself and had built in Malibu, California.

His last decades were turbulent. In 1973 his 16-year-old grandson J. Paul Getty III was kidnapped by Italian gangsters. Getty refused to pay a ransom, believing that Paul III was staging the abduction. Hostage negotiations dragged on for 6 months, until the kidnappers decided on a particular gruesome gesture: They cut off one of the boy's ears and mailed it to a newspaper. Getty reluctantly loaned Paul II the money to pay the ransom, about a million dollars, but charged him 4% interest on the sum. (The kidnappers were eventually caught, tried, and sent to prison, but the money was never recovered. A few years later, a drug overdose left J. Paul Getty III blind and paralyzed; he has not recovered.)

Long before the kidnapping, Getty's family life had deteriorated into a shambles. Once, when asked how many grandchildren he had, Getty admitted he did not know. He reacted to the news of his son George's suicide with 30 minutes of silence, ceased to recognize the existence of his son Ronald, and was contemptuous of J. Paul II's efforts to fight a severe drug dependency. His only civil relationship was anyone in his family was with son Gordon, and then only because long periods of time went by without them communicating. Getty passed the time by filling his country estate with mistresses---as many as five were in residence at any one time---and such associates as Claus Von Bulow, then a lawyer in Getty's employ whose primary job was registering the codicils to Getty's will. The aging billionaire made a parlor game out of the revisions, casting out those in disfavor and increasing the size of the bequests to those temporarily in good stead.

When he died on June 6, 1976, Getty left nearly half of his fortune, some \$2 billion in stock, to his museum, which began to upgrade its collection and build a new and immense facility in Los Angeles. When it finally opened in 1997, after

years of construction, it was widely praised. The new Getty Center quickly became so popular that slots in its 1500-car parking lot had to be reserved months in advance. Death had done something for J. Paul Getty that he never was able to manage when he was alive: It made him respectable. ☺

~By John Keboe~

FARMING CAN BE FUNNY!

The Author is Unknown

A farmer had five female pigs and, as time were hard, he had determined to take them to the county fair and sell them.

While at the fair, he met another farmer who owned five male pigs. After talking a bit, they decided to mate the pigs and split everything 50/50.

The farmers lived sixty miles away from one another and so they agreed to drive thirty miles and find a field in which to mate their pigs.

The first morning, the farmer with the female pigs got up at 5AM, loaded the pigs into the family station wagon, which was the only vehicle they had, and drove the thirty miles.

While the pigs were mating, he asked the other farmer, "How will I know if they are pregnant?"

The other farmer replied, "If they're in the grass grazing in the morning, then they're pregnant, if they're in the mud, then they're not."

The next morning they were rolling in the mud, so he hosed them off, loaded them again into the family station wagon and proceeded to try again.

The following morning, MUD again!! This continued all week until one morning the farmer was so tired that he couldn't get out of bed.

He called to his wife, "Honey, please look outside and tell me if the pigs are in the mud or in the field."

"Neither," yelled his wife, "they're in the station wagon and one of them is honking the horn!" ☺☺☺

"Government big enough to supply everything you need is big enough to take everything you have ... The course of history shows that as a government grows, liberty decreases." ~Thomas Jefferson~

Expensive Lessons

The Author is unknown

A guy buys a brand new Jeep Grand Cherokee for \$30,000 and has \$400+ monthly payments. He and a friend go duck hunting and, of course, all the lakes are frozen. These 2 guys go to the lake with the guns, the dog, the beer and the new vehicle. They drive out onto the lake ice and get ready. Now, they want to make some kind of a natural landing area for the ducks, something for the decoys to float on. In order to make a hole large enough to look like something a wandering duck would fly down and land on, it is going to take a little more effort than an ice hole drill. So, out of the back of the new Grand Cherokee comes a stick of dynamite with a short 40-second fuse.

Now these 2 rocket scientists do take into consideration that they should place the dynamite at a location far from where they are standing (and the new Grand Cherokee), mainly because they don't want to take the risk of slipping on the ice when they run from the burning fuse and possibly going up in smoke with the resulting blast. They decide to light this 40-second fuse and throw the dynamite.

Remember a couple of paragraphs back when I mentioned the vehicle, the beer, the guns and the dog? Yes, the dog, a highly trained Black Lab used for retrieving--especially things thrown by the owner.

You guessed it; the dog takes off at a high rate of doggy speed on the ice and captures the stick of dynamite with the burning 40-second fuse about the time it hits the ice.

The 2 men yell, scream and wave their arms and wonder what to do now. The dog, cheered on, keeps coming. One of the guys grabs the shotgun and shoots the dog. The shotgun is loaded with #8 duck shot, hardly big enough to stop a black lab. The dog stops for a moment, slightly confused, but continues coming. Another shot and this time the dog thinks the Nobel Prize winners have gone insane. The dog takes off to find cover (with the now really short fuse burning

on the stick of dynamite) and gets under the brand new Cherokee.

BOOM! Dog and Cherokee are blown to bits and sink to the bottom of the lake in a very large hole, leaving the 2 idiots standing there with this "I can't believe this happened" look on their faces.

The insurance company says that sinking a vehicle in a lake by use of explosives is illegal and is not covered. And he still has to make those \$400-a-month payments.

If you think your day is not going well...



"[There is] a **duty** in refusing to cooperate in any undertaking that violates the Constitutional rights of the individual. This holds in particular for all inquisitions that are concerned with the private life of the citizens..."

~*Albert Einstein*~

We are all born originals - why is it so many of us die copies?

~*Edward Young, poet (1683-1765)*

What I Really Think!

I have no authority or license to write anything about anything. I am slightly uneducated and don't deserve to be heard by anyone, much less any of you. I am among the most unworthy and filthiest of filthy rags when measured by the righteousness of God. But, here I sit, writing away about things that make me feel this way or that, and sometimes about things that I know little about. Still, I write and voice my opinion. That is all that this little letter is about, it is a place where I can gather together things that move me and cause me to say the things that I say, and cause me to feel the way that I feel. I can pass them on to you and others; then add my two cents. A positive thing that this effort is doing for me personally is to cause me to be aware and to inspect my life and the constant process of living it a little more closely. Thanks for reading and thanks for your support and encouragement.

→ ~AWD~

During this time of my life my official title was “Mixer/Loader; Flagger; Floor-Sweeper; Vehicle/Airplane-Washer”, not to mention the fact that I was the one who often times “answered the phone”, and sometimes even “made out tickets”. All I was NOT was, “The Pilot”. To be “The Pilot” only remained my dream! I was A pilot... but I wasn’t a “SPRAY pilot” (AKA "Cropduster").

I remember the morning. Pop flew in from a field way over east of Pampa, and unfortunately had run out of chemical. He only liked about five or six passes finishing the field.

It was about a 35-mile ferry. He was tired because we had really been busy, and he had a lot of other stuff on his mind he needed to tend to. (He was the boss as well as “The Pilot”.) He spoke of his dread at going all the way back over there to finish that little spot. The look on his face accented his feeling about the inevitable task.

My brain went to work (which is often times like over-revving a truck stuck in a muddy bar ditch). Anyway, I came up with what I thought was a BRILLIANT IDEA!

“Pop?” I offered, “Ya want me to go finish that field for ya?”

You should have seen the look on his face. Inaudibly, he said with his eyes, “What do you think... I’m an idiot?”

But in a little bit, I could see his expression changing from a “Heck no!” look to a “Hmmmm...” look. I had seen it in his eyes before, and it gave me hope.

“You said I was doing a good job with the Cub, and I’ve taxied the AgWagon around quite a bit... even had the tail up... remember?”

He said nothing. He was sitting at his desk writing something. A minute or so passed and I’d given up on the possibility of this idea working out. Then he turned in his chair and told me, “Go load 60 acres of 2-4D on the plane.”

“Yes Sir.”

I went out to the loading dock and loaded the plane, put gas in it and cleaned the windshield. Knowing I was finished Pop came walking out to the plane. It was my assumption that he was

gonna climb in and go do the job. But pointing to the cockpit he said, “Well... Get in there.”

I was dumfounded! I didn’t hesitate! I threw my leg in the cockpit like I’d done a hundred times before, flopped down deep into the seat, and harnessed up. When I got the harness buckled I had to pull a lot of slack out of the belts ‘cause I wasn’t near as big as Pop. Taller, but not as big.

He made sure I started the engine correctly, told me where to set the prop, throttle and mixture for cruise and what to watch for. “Nothin’ to it!” I thought but just answered, “Yes Sir.”

The wind was out of the west so he told me to use the short East-West runway so I wouldn’t have a crosswind. “It may seem a little short, but keep it on the ground till you get to 80 mph, then fly it off. You’ve got plenty of room. Any questions?”

“No Sir.” I had a k-zillion “thoughts”, but no questions.

With that, he raised and closed the door, and I latched it from the inside. I started to taxi.

I had taxied the plane a lot. Whenever it needed rinsing, it had become my job to put water in the hopper, taxi down the runway and spray out the rinse water. I imagine because I wanted to make sure it stayed clean, it got rinsed a LOT MORE than it really needed to be. But that was my job!

I taxied to the east end of the short, grass runway and spun it around into the wind. I checked the mags and cycled the prop just like I had been told to do. I checked that the mixture was full rich and that all the gauges were “in the green”. I was ready to go.

I smoothly advanced the throttle and was amazed at the response this plane had at full power! I’d never been behind that 300-hp engine when it was “wide open” before! We rolled down the runway and almost of its own accord, the tail came up! My feet were shaking like crazy on the rudders because this was “DANG’D” exciting!

I kept the nose in the center of the mowed-grass runway and noticed how fast I was

Continued on page 6, See SPRAY JOB

approaching the high-lines on the other end. “You’ve got plenty of room,” echoed in my mind. “Do I?” I wondered. “Pop said I did!”

I checked my speed. 60... 70... My feet were still shaking! “This sure looks close!” 80! I eased back on the stick and the tires lifted from the turf. I was flying! I continued to climb up and over the wires by the hangar and loading dock. By the time I got there, I was way above them! I turned. Looking down I saw Pop looking up at me from under the bill of his cap. I waved... He watched. I continued my turn and headed east. I was on my way!

I set the engine controls for cruise. Pop had said, “Once you get the power set, you won’t have to mess with it any more till your get ready to land.” I was glad I didn’t have a lot of engine-stuff to think about. I knew I just needed to make sure it sounded good, and that the instruments stayed in the green.

My feet had stopped shaking by now and I was starting to relax. I knew exactly where the field was. I had been there several times through the years flagging for Pop. I knew were it was on the ground, but I had never flown to it. I got high enough to keep my eyes on the road, but took the most direct line I could.

The wind had kind of gotten up that morning, and the air was starting to get a little rough. When I got over the “breaks” south of Pampa, the air got even rougher. Believe it or not, it crossed my mind that it may be a little TOO windy, and maybe I should go back! But in the time it takes to snap your fingers, I’d put that thought out of my mind! My assignment was to “finish the field”. And that’s what I was going to do!

I “bumped” past the breaks, then the air smoothed out some when I got back over the flat country. I could see my destination just a couple of miles ahead.

I got to the field and made a circle around it looking for stuff NOT to hit. I didn’t see any obstacles at all... (one reason I’m sure Pop let me do this in the first place). There was only a barbwire fence on each end of the field.

I lined up for the first pass and pointed the nose down. up! I pushed the nose back down, leveled and when I got to “spray-height” I pulled back on the stick to level the bird. WOOAAHHH! I ballooned back ballooned up again... but not so high this time. “This elevator is sure sensitive!” I’m sure an observer would have accused me of looking like a porpoise swimming in the ocean on that first pass, but I made it to the end. Spray off!

I pulled the nose up and over to start my turn just like I had been doing in the Cub. This plane was way faster and more powerful than that cub could ever dream of being, and the controls were much more responsive. I was afraid to turn it very steep. I felt like I was trying to balance on top of a pendulum. But that was ok. I didn’t need to turn steep! My job was to get the field sprayed... not get it sprayed FAST.

I took my time in the turn, and on the second pass, I was much smoother across the field. By the third pass, I was pretty much “getting the hang of it”! Pass four... pass five... I was through. I thought I’d do one more just for good measure. I could see Dad’s last paper-flag-marker where he’d run out of chemical. After the last pass down the field, I flew to line up for a pass across the west end... the “up-wind” end. “All good spray-jobs include a good trim-pass!” I had observed that from watching Dad fly.

“There! It’s all done!” I made a climbing turn and pointed the nose toward Panhandle. I was quite proud of myself.

On the way home I noticed that I had quite a bit of chemical left... maybe 40 gallons. Pop had wanted to make sure I didn’t run out so he’d had me load about 3 times too much chemical. My mind went to a field over between Groom and Panhandle. Two days before, Pop had been spraying 2-4D on that field and had run out before he got to make his trim pass. I remembered this because I had been the “flagger” on that field. I thought, “Why not? Pop will be glad it’s done if I go fix that for him right now.

I headed the plane more south and enjoyed the “cross-country” flight. I don’t remember what all I

*Continued on page 7, See **SPRAY JOB***

SPRAY JOB Continued from page 6

thought about, but I'm sure I was about the proudest kid (17 yr. old) in the whole dang state of Texas that day!

Along the way I saw a farmer who was one of our customers. Like a good cropduster, I swooped down low and flew beside the tractor he was on. As I streaked past, I raised my hand. He waved back. I grinned and thought, "He thinks I'm Dad!"

In due time, I arrived at the field which needed the trim pass. Again I circled, looking for obstacles. I already knew where they were because I'd been there on the ground, but I looked it over anyway. I paid special attention to the phone-line on the east end of the field. That was the end that needed the trim pass.

When Pop was spraying, the wind had been out of the east. Now, since it was out of the west, I could put the trim-pass on the inside of the field and not have to worry much about that line. I squirted a pass in there by the line. Really, I was glad when that one was done! I put two more passes further out in the field. "Good," I thought! "Now that's done, and Pop will have one less thing to worry about."

Turning up and to the northwest, I pointed the nose toward the elevators of Panhandle. I was quite proud of myself... "But I still have to land this thing!"

I imagined Pop thinking, "Since he can land the Cub so good, surely he can "crash" the AgWagon "on" without bustin' it up too bad!" At least I figured that was his line of thinking.

"Hey!" I thought, "He had enough confidence in me or I wouldn't even be here right now!"

When I got close to town, I lined the plane up on a long "final" to the short grass runway. I eased the power back to slow the plane down. "I like the feeling of "fast-flight" better than "slow-flight";" I remember thinking. But I stayed with my task.

My feet started shaking on the rudders again, but I couldn't quit. "There's nothing else to do but land this plane."

When I crossed the highline at the east end of the runway, I dumped the nose over to get the plane down. Just above ground level I flared like I had on that first pass in the field. I ballooned up! I poked the nose back over and this time I was more careful when I flared. Finally, lined up on the runway, I slowed the plane until it quit flying. The plane stalled not quite close enough to the ground, and I bounced. But I only bounced once! Then I was firmly on the ground with all three wheels. I idled the engine and coasted to a slow roll.

I taxied up to the loading dock and "shut 'er down". I opened the door and unhooked the harness. I'm sure the corners of my mouth were above my ears and Pop was standing there. He wasn't smiling! I had been out longer than he thought I should have been, and he had started to worry.

"How come you came in from the south-east?" he asked.

"Well... I had some "stuff" left over so I decided to go hit that pass where you ran out over at Sambo's."

He lowered and shook his head. When he looked back up he said with some disgust, "There's a phone-line on that field."

"Yes sir?"

"The only reason I let you go over to Moody's was because there weren't any obstacles."

"Yes sir... "

He turned on his heel and headed to the office. I followed him.

Pop didn't wear that long face too long. After a little bit we talked about the flight. He was near as excited as I, but he was a lot better at controlling the expression of it!

I told him all about what I'd done, and how I'd done it. I made sure I included the part about the extra pass over at Moody's for "good measure". I made sure he knew I put a trim-pass on the whole west end of the field. I also made sure that he knew I hadn't crowded that phone-line, and that I had been careful. His response

Continued on page 8, See SPRAY JOB

SPRAY JOB Continued from page 7

was simply, "Well... when I tell you to do something, you do what I tell you! And don't be so handy doin' stuff "on your own" in that airplane."

"Yes sir."

I understood perfectly... and I complied... well... "pretty much". There have been times since then that I've had to make decisions. Sometimes a guy just has to make them, and go on.

Did I tell you I only had a student ticket when this occurred? That's right, but I had close to 80 hours of flying time logged around the country. The "flying" wasn't my problem... it was the "book-work" and the "written test" that kinda had me "hung up"... But that's another story.

This story is but another time that Pop trusted in my abilities, and in this instance, truly let me "test my wings". I was glad for that day. It made me sure that I was gonna be someday what I am now... a real live Cropduster!

As an addendum to this story I want all to know: there ain't no need in callin' the FAA. The time as long since passed that I can be prosecuted for "cropdustin" on a student ticket. And, besides that, it was the ONLY time I ever "sprayed" until I got my commercial license. In fact, it was the only time I ever flew it!

Thanks, Pop for that day...and that chance... to fly!

Gaylon Stamps, March 23, 2001

RETIRE THIS OLD, OUTDATED RULE

At a time when skittish travelers want the best, most experienced pilots possible in aircraft cockpits, Congress should immediately repeal an idiotic, 42-year-old rule that forces commercial pilots to retire at age 60. There is no credible medical evidence that pilots above that age are any less healthy or less physically capable of discharging their responsibilities. Numerous other nations, including Israel, Great Britain and Germany, have raised the mandatory retirement age to 63 or 65. We should follow suit and do so

without affecting pilots' pension benefits.

These individuals undergo thorough physical exams every six months. They also must pass mandatory simulator tests to ensure they are capable of handling routine duties and unusual or emergency situations. As Dr. Robin Wilkening, former chief resident in occupational medicine at the Johns Hopkins University Bloomberg School of Public Health, put it in congressional testimony earlier this year: "Forty years of medical scrutiny reveals that no justification exists for maintaining the Age 60 Rule based on the fear that the pilot of a multi-crew aircraft will compromise passenger safety due to his or her sudden or subtle incapacitation, regardless of age. Age does not influence the manner in which disease manifests itself diagnostically."

Although airline layoffs are in the news now, the time will come when air travel again reaches the levels it had before the economic slump and the terrible events of Sept. 11, and carriers will be scrambling to hire new pilots. There is no need for us to suffer an artificially created shortage of these essential individuals. ☺☺

The Author is unknown

In less than 4½ years I will become unemployable as an airline pilot. At that time I'll be 60 years old, no retirement pay, no social security pay. On the day of my last flight I'll get the customary celebration hosted by whatever few pilots happen to be on duty and at the airport on that day. I'll probably get a handshake from the Chief Pilot, and maybe a model of the last type of airliner that I get to fly. If the company is still alive and well, I will get a few passes each year for Linda and I. That is about it for the benefits. "RETIREMENT" It is really more like getting fired than a retirement! It Stinks and that is all there is to that. But, I have known for more than several years that it will probably end just like I have described, I've no one to blame but myself.

I have no doubt that God will continue to look after me. But, it saddens me to think that this great job is almost over. There are many stresses, many long hours, many important dates and holidays are spent in a cockpit away from loved ones but the plusses have always outweighed the negatives. ☺

~AWD~

Keep the cards, letters, comments and contributions coming! New e-mail address is Viewsletter5@aol.com
Snail mail is: Views Letter
1015 West Dorchester Way
Mustang, Oklahoma 73064

Around The House

By *Shelby Doudney Schanauze Dog*

I don't understand why, but Camry seems to be getting all the attention around here. I'm not jealous, but I'm a little irritated. After all who is the biggest female Schnauzer in the house? You guessed it! I am, but I'm not as cute as my two smaller black sisters. I have a silver coat and am a naturally good looking Schnauzer dog, but sometimes I feel like a hair lipped, red headed step child!

I am a highly bred dog, and honor the "Code of the Canine." I know that Jazz is the top dog around here. She is oldest and was here first. She gets to eat first and can pick and choose where she sleeps first. Then, I am after her and ahead of Camry. She is last in the order around here, but she is the one that is getting all the attention from the boss and Linda. I don't think they fully understand how things are supposed to be. Jazz is first and I'm before Camry. Makes sense to me! There has to be some sort of order, and there is nothing better than the "Code of the Canine." The boss and Linda are great folks, as far as human beings go, but they just don't get it. Everyone in the canine world knows that humans are limited in their understanding of certain things. I over-heard Linda telling the boss that it is funny how Jazz seems to have a bluff in on me—said something about pecking order. Sounds like something to do with chickens, and believe me the three of us wouldn't allow any chickens around here.

They are paying particular attention to Cam because she has an unstable personality. She goes completely crazy when it rains—the thunder and lightning drive her bonkers. Even the clothes dryer buzzer going off sends her running for cover. She has this little hole, (I was digging on it long before she came along) and she keeps it cleaned out. Well, when the weather gets the least bit stormy she crawls in her little hole, and if it is raining she proceeds to get soaked and then muddy. It drives Linda crazy as she comes back in the house with mud all over her belly. Linda tends to go ballistic when one of us brings something foreign in, especially mud. Cam is on some type of drug to keep her nerves in check. The Boss calls it doggie Prozac, but she is taking not one, but three

different things to help stabilize her nerves, and they seems to be working. When the boss is in charge of administering the medication to Cam it is good for all of us because he always gives us each a treat just afterward. A treat is a treat even though the boss is a little stingy with the treats. He is so stingy that he breaks the little dog biscuits into half and gives us one half each. He should ration treats to himself the same way, and he might get back that high school figure he keeps talking about. But, hey, half is a whole lot better than none so I shouldn't complain.

Recently we did have some excitement around here. There was a family of mice, rather large ones too, which lived next door under some trash, some old boards or something; whatever the trash was, it was enough trash to give the rodents shelter. They had dug a small hole under the fence and were coming into our yard, climbing our oldest tree and feeding on some birdseed that Linda had placed in a bird feeder. She was appalled when she first saw them and promptly purchased a couple of mousetraps. The little rodents weren't interested in the bait that she used and this frustrated her all the more. She switched around until she finally caught one. Well, that did it for the traps; the mice were smart enough not to fall for that trick again. She then went to a different type trap that failed to work. Her and the boss got out the BB gun and went to trying to shoot them, but neither seemed able to hit the broad side of a barn, much less something as tiny as a mouse. The boss swears up and down that he got one, but I never saw any remains or mouse blood for that matter. Well, the boss said that something had to be done or mice would plague us. He suggested that Linda get some D-con rat poison, but Linda was afraid that one of us schnauzers might get a hold of some of it. After giving it careful thought and consideration, she bought some and placed it out there by the mouse hole. By the next morning those stupid mice had eaten all of it. Then she went into a panic worrying about us eating a dead rat killed by the D-con. She found one carcass and heard that the neighbor's dogs were playing with another one. Dogs are smarter than that they didn't eat the mouse. They just played with it. We haven't seen a mouse or rat since. 

NOURSHMENT

I was on my way home after a four-day trip, and I found a center seat near the front of the airplane. The lady on the aisle graciously moved to the center, which allowed me the much preferred aisle seat. I wouldn't have minded sitting between the two ladies, but they were together and she insisted.

I'm so very thankful that I was able to sit by this wonderful Christian lady who was willing to visit with me for the two-hour flight to OKC. It was just a short time before we realized the other a Christian and our conversation covered a myriad of topics.

She is a little younger than I, married and presently living in Enid. She and her husband are quite busy, she in the buying and selling of children's clothing, and he in real estate. She bragged about her husband and all that he did to serve the Lord. When they first moved to Enid, they were unable to find a church where they felt "fed" after attending the worship service. She went on about other things in her and her husband's lives, but the thing that spoke to me was the fact that Christians need to be "fed." The realization wasn't like being struck by a bolt of lightning; actually it didn't really dawn on me for a while.

It has been several years since I've really felt good about things in general. Oh, I have had normal feelings of ups and downs, but there has been something missing. A feeling of anemia and weakness seems to have plagued me. (For the past seven or eight years my weekends have been spent in the cockpit. My seniority is not sufficient to hold Sundays off.)

Day-before-yesterday, I attended the funeral of a friend of mine, Dale Elliott, and received some spiritual nourishment from a former pastor, Raymond McDowell. My feelings for the past couple of days have been absent of this uneasiness and the stupor of spiritual anemia. I had been missing those spiritual meals for so long that the hunger pains had disappeared, and I had become very undernourished, spiritually. I could blame flying on Sunday for not being in church,

but I could have been there on most Wednesday evenings.

There is nothing more important to our health than eating good nourishing meals on a regular schedule. That would be the end of it, but we are much more than the earth suite where we live. We need good nourishing spiritual food on a regular schedule too.

When I consider all of the blessings that the Lord is constantly showering down upon me, one of my favorites is how He manages to love and guide me through this life. He used this Christian lady to get my attention, and she didn't even know it. What a blessing!

The warmest and most comfortable place for a Christian or anyone for that matter to hang out is around and near Christians especially spiritually well fed Christians who allow God's love to flow through them. → ~AWD~

Isaiah 45

¹Thus saith the LORD to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut; ²I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron: ³And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the LORD, which call *thee* by thy name, *am* the God of Israel. ⁴For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me.

⁵*I am the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known me: ⁶That they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me. I am the LORD, and there is none else. ⁷I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the LORD do all these things. ⁸Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together; I the LORD have created it. ⁹Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherd of the earth. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? or thy work, He hath no hands? ¹⁰Woe unto him that saith unto his father, What begetteth thou? or to the woman, What hast thou brought forth?*