
VIEWS LETTER

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Not So Typical Tokyo Arrival

Written by a Delta pilot on approach to Tokyo during the recent earthquake. For all my friends that think we sit up front doing the crossword! This is a good read.

I'm currently still in one piece, writing from my room in the Narita crew hotel. It's 8 am. This is my inaugural trans-pacific trip as a brand new, recently checked out, international 767 Captain and it has been interesting, to say the least, so far. I've crossed the Atlantic three times so far so the ocean crossing procedures were familiar.

By the way, stunning scenery flying over the Aleutian Islands. Everything was going fine until 100 miles out from Tokyo and in the descent for arrival. The first indication of any trouble was that Japan air traffic control started putting everyone into holding patterns. At first, we thought it was usual congestion on arrival. Then we got a company data link message advising about the earthquake, followed by another stating Narita airport was temporarily closed for inspection and expected to open shortly (the company is always so positive).

From our perspective things were obviously looking a little different. The Japanese controller's anxiety level seemed quite high and he said expect "indefinite" holding time. No one would commit to a time frame on that so I got my copilot and relief pilot busy looking at divert stations and our fuel situation, which, after an ocean crossing is typically low.

It wasn't long, maybe ten minutes, before the first pilots started requesting diversions to other airports. Air Canada, American, United, etc. all reporting minimal fuel situations. I still had enough fuel for 1.5 to 2.0 hours of holding. Needless to say, the divers starts complicating the situation. Japan air traffic control then announced Narita was closed indefinitely due to damage. Planes immediately started requesting arrivals into Haneda, near Tokyo, a half dozen JAL and western planes got clearance in that direction but then ATC announced Haneda had just closed. Uh oh! Now instead of just holding, we all had to start looking at more distant alternatives like Osaka, or Nagoya.

One bad thing about a large airliner is that you can't just be-bop into any little airport. We generally need lots of runway. With more planes piling in from both east and west, all needing a place to land and several now fuel critical, ATC was getting over-whelmed. In the scramble, and without waiting for my fuel to get critical, I got my flight a clearance to head for Nagoya, fuel situation still okay. So far so good. A few minutes into heading that way, I was "ordered" by ATC to reverse course. Nagoya was saturated with traffic and unable to handle more planes (Read- airport full). Ditto for Osaka.

With that statement, my situation went instantly from fuel okay, to fuel minimal considering we might have to divert a much further distance. Multiply my situation by a dozen other aircraft all in the same boat, all making demands requests and threats to ATC for clearances somewhere. Air Canada and then someone else went to "emergency" fuel situation. Planes started to head for air force bases. The nearest to Tokyo was Yokota AFB. I threw my hat in the ring for that, initially. The answer - Yokota closed! No more space.

By now it was a three-ring-circus in the cockpit, my co-pilot was on the radios, me flying and making decisions and the relief co-pilot was buried in the air charts trying to figure out where to go that was within range while data link messages were flying back and forth between us and company dispatch in Atlanta. I picked Misawa AFB at the north end of Honshu Island. We could get there with minimal fuel remaining. ATC was happy to get rid of us so we cleared out of the maelstrom of the Tokyo region. We heard ATC try to send planes toward Sendai, a small regional airport on the coast which was later the one I think that got flooded by a tsunami.

Atlanta dispatch then sent us a message asking if we could continue to Chitose airport on the Island of Hokkaido, north of Honshu. Other Delta planes were heading that way. More scrambling in the cockpit - check weather, check charts, check fuel, okay. We could still make it and not be going into a fuel critical situation ... if we had no other fuel delays. As we approached Misawa we got clearance to continue to Chitose. Critical decision thought process. Let's see - trying to help company - plane over-flies perfectly good divert airport for one farther away...wonder how that will look in the safety report, if anything goes wrong.

Suddenly, ATC comes up and gives us a vector to a fix well short of Chitose and tells us to standby for holding instructions. Nightmare realized! Situation rapidly deteriorating! After initially holding near Tokyo, starting a divert to Nagoya, reversing course back to Tokyo then to re-diverting north toward Misawa, all that happy fuel reserve that I had was vaporizing fast. My subsequent conversation, paraphrased of course., went something like this:

"Sapparo Control - Delta XX requesting immediate clearance direct to Chitose, minimum fuel, unable to hold."

"Negative Ghost-Rider, the Pattern is full" <<< 'Top Gun quote' >>>

"Sapparo Control - make that - Delta XX declaring emergency, low fuel, proceeding direct Chitose."

"Roger Delta XX, understood, you are cleared direct to Chitose, contact Chitose approach....etc...."

Enough was enough, I had decided to preempt actually running critically low on fuel while in another indefinite holding pattern especially after bypassing Misawa, and played my last ace...declaring an emergency. The problem with that is now I have a bit of company paperwork to do but what the heck.

As it was - landed Chitose, safe, with at least 30 minutes of fuel remaining before reaching a "true" fuel emergency situation. That's always a good feeling, being safe. They taxied us off to some remote parking area where we shut down and watched a half dozen or more other airplanes come streaming in. In the end, Delta had two 747s, my 767 and another 767 and a 777 all on the ramp at Chitose.

We saw two American Airlines planes, a United and two Air Canada as well. Not to mention several extra Al Nippon and Japan Air Lines planes.

Post-script - Nine hours later, Japan air lines finally got around to getting a boarding ladder to the plane where we were able to get off and clear customs. - that, however, is another interesting story.

By the way - while writing this - I have felt four additional tremors that shook the hotel slightly - all in 45 minutes.

Cheers, ~J.D.~

All that you accomplish or fail to accomplish with your life is the direct result of your thoughts. ~James Allen

My Parents

My father never drove a car. Well, that's not quite right. I should say, I never saw him drive a car. He quit driving in 1927 when he was 25 years old, and the last car he drove was a 1926 Whippet.

"In those days," he told me when he was in his 90s, "to drive a car you had to do things with your hands, and do things with your feet, and look every which way, and I decided you could walk through life and enjoy it or drive through life and miss it."

At which point my mother, a sometimes salty Irishwoman, chimed in:

"Oh, BS!" she said. "He hit a horse."

"Well," my father said, "there was that, too."

So my brother and I grew up in a household without a car. The neighbors all had cars -- the Kollingses' next door had a green 1941 Dodge, the VanLaningshams' across the street had a gray 1936 Plymouth, the Hopsons' two doors down had a black 1941 Ford -- but we had none.

My father, a newspaperman in Des Moines, would take the streetcar to work and, often as not, walk the three miles home. If he took the streetcar home, my mother, brother and I would walk the three blocks to the streetcar stop, meet him and walk home together.

My brother, David, was born in 1935, and I was born in 1938. Sometimes, at dinner, we'd ask how come all the neighbors had cars, but we had none. "No one in the family drives," my mother would explain, and that was that.

But, sometimes, my father would say, "But as soon as one of you boys turns 16, we'll get one." It was as if he wasn't sure which one of us would turn 16 first.

But, sure enough, my brother turned 16 before I did, so in 1951 my parents bought a used, 1950 Chevrolet from a friend who ran the parts department at a Chevy dealership downtown.

It was a four-door, white model, stick shift, fender skirts, loaded with everything, and, since my parents didn't drive, it more or less became my brother's car.

Having a car but not being able to drive didn't bother my father, but it didn't make sense to my mother.

So in 1952, when she was 43 years old, she asked a friend to teach her to drive. She learned in a nearby cemetery, the place where I learned to drive the following year and where, a generation later, I took my two sons to practice driving. The cemetery probably was my father's idea. "Who can your mother hurt in the cemetery?" I remember him saying that more than once.

For the next 45 years or so, until she was 90, my mother was the driver in the family. Neither she nor my father had any sense of direction, but he loaded up on maps -- though they seldom left the city limits -- and appointed himself navigator. It seemed to work.

Still, they both continued to walk a lot. My mother was a devout Catholic, and my father an equally devout agnostic, an arrangement that didn't seem to bother either of them through their 75 years of marriage. (Yes, 75 years, and they were deeply in love the entire time.)

He retired when he was 70, and nearly every morning for the next 20 years or so, he would walk with her the mile to St. Augustine's Church. She would walk down and sit in the front pew, and he would wait in the back until he saw which of the parish's two priests was on duty that morning. If it was the pastor, my father then would go out and take a two-mile walk, meeting my mother at the end of the service and walking her home.

If it was the assistant pastor, he'd take just a one-mile walk and then head back to the church. He called the priests "Father Fast" and "Father Slow."

After he retired, my father almost always accompanied my mother whenever she drove anywhere, even if he had no reason to go along. If she were going to the beauty parlor, he'd sit in the car and read or go take a stroll or if it was summer, have her keep the engine running so he could listen to the Cubs

game on the radio. In the evening, then, when I'd stop by, he'd explain: "The Cubs lost again. The millionaire on second base made a bad throw to the millionaire on first base, so the multimillionaire on third base scored."

If she were going to the grocery store, he would go along to carry the bags out -- and to make sure she loaded up on ice cream. As I said, he was always the navigator, and once, when he was 95 and she was 88 and still driving, he said to me, "Do you want to know the secret of a long life?"

"I guess so," I said, knowing it probably would be something bizarre.

"No left turns," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"No left turns," he repeated. "Several years ago, your mother and I read an article that said most accidents that old people are in happen when they turn left in front of oncoming traffic.

As you get older, your eyesight worsens, and you can lose your depth perception, it said. So your mother and I decided never again to make a left turn."

"What?" I said again.

"No left turns," he said. "Think about it.. Three rights are the same as a left, and that's a lot safer. So we always make three rights."

"You're kidding!" I said, and I turned to my mother for support.

"No," she said, "your father is right. We make three rights. It works."

But then she added: "Except when your father loses count."

I was driving at the time, and I almost drove off the road as I started laughing.

"Loses count?" I asked.

"Yes," my father admitted, "that sometimes happens. But it's not a problem. You just make seven rights, and you're okay again."

I couldn't resist. "Do you ever go for 11?" I asked.

"No," he said, "If we miss it at seven, we just come home and call it a bad day. Besides, nothing in life is so important it can't be put off another day or another week."

My mother was never in an accident, but one evening she handed me her car keys and said she had decided to quit driving. That was in 1999, when she was 90.

She lived four more years, until 2003. My father died the next year, at 102.

They both died in the bungalow they had moved into in 1937 and bought a few years later for \$3,000. (Sixty years later, my brother and I paid \$8,000 to have a shower put in the tiny bathroom -- the house had never had one. My father would have died then and there if he knew the shower cost nearly three times what he paid for the house.)

He continued to walk daily -- he had me get him a treadmill when he was 101 because he was afraid he'd fall on the icy sidewalks but wanted to keep exercising -- and he was of sound mind and sound body until the moment he died.

One September afternoon in 2004, he and my son went with me when I had to give a talk in a neighboring town, and it was clear to all three of us that he was wearing out, though we had the usual wide-ranging conversation about politics and newspapers and things in the news.

A few weeks earlier, he had told my son, "You know, Mike, the first hundred years are a lot easier than the second hundred." At one point in our drive that Saturday, he said, "You know, I'm probably not going to live much longer."

"You're probably right," I said.

"Why would you say that?" He countered, somewhat irritated.

"Because you're 102 years old," I said..

"Yes," he said, "you're right." He stayed in bed all the next day.

That night, I suggested to my son and daughter that we sit up with him through the night.

He appreciated it, he said, though at one point, apparently seeing us look gloomy, he said: "I would like to make an announcement. No one in this room is dead yet."

An hour or so later, he spoke his last words:

"I want you to know," he said, clearly and lucidly, "that I am in no pain. I am very comfortable. And I have had as happy a life as anyone on this earth could ever have."

A short time later, he died.

I miss him a lot, and I think about him a lot. I've wondered now and then how it was that my family and I were so lucky that he lived so long.

I can't figure out if it was because he walked through life or because he quit taking left turns. "

Life is too short to wake up with regrets.

So love the people who treat you right.

Forget about the one's who don't.

Believe everything happens for a reason.

If you get a chance, take it and if it changes your life, let it.

Nobody said life would be easy, they just promised it would most likely be worth it."

~Told by their son who was President of NBC NEWS.~

ENJOY LIFE NOW - IT HAS AN EXPIRATION DATE!

TRUTH

**Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Truth is the only angel that can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last.**

~James Allen

Everyone will ask! What Happened?

I have been sounding the alarm for more than several years about the corruption and debauchery of the FED. Aka The Federal Reserve Bank, or the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 or the Central Bank. All of these are the same single, deceitful and cruel organization that has taken America to the very edge of a very high cliff, but, not before robbing Americans of their homes, farms, jobs, silver, gold, businesses, dignity and self-respect.

During the past Presidential Campaign all of the media, including FOX lambasted or ignored Ron Paul, the only Candidate with the courage to express the truth. It is doubtful that America will survive the fall she is about to take, and Ron Paul was doing his best to get the truth out more than two years ago. He not only tried to spread the truth but he had a solution—a way to fix the problem.

I have recently noticed that Glenn Beck is now talking about the evils of the FED. The FED is a powerful adversary who I believe is capable of murder, and I believe has been involved in several murders in the past. For this reason Beck's coming down on the FED was very surprising to me, but with the pending disaster what else could he do. After the fall of America, it will become evident that the FED and

their greedy actions was the primary reason for the greatest disaster since the Flood. This great Nation created by the people to promote freedom and liberty will be reduced to a third world country or less.

I am defined by people closest to me as crazy and irrational. It would be wonderful if I were wrong, I hope that I am, but I am sad to say that I'm not.

~*Adverse Yaw*~

**Mind is the Master power that moulds and makes,
And Man is mind, and evermore he takes
The tools of Thought, and, shaping what he wills,
Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills:—
He thinks in secret, and it comes to pass:
Environment is but his looking glass** ~*James Allen*

Just a Thought

By Adverse Yaw

May the younger men and women of this day acquire new and different understandings of how many of their mistakes, trials and tribulations can be avoided and many pleasant successes in this life can be assured by carefully selecting what they allow themselves to think.

Everyone wants to be successful—however the word successful is defined. The fact is that we are each successful in our own way because we are a product of what we think. Most always what we think—comes to pass. There you have it in a nutshell. If we think poorly all our successes will be poorly ones, but those poorly successes are successes just the same because they will always be exactly as we thought they would be. Does that make sense?

I have recently read a very small book by James Allen called “As a Man Thinketh.” The book so excited me that I have already read it twice. Each time that I read it another light illuminates in my mind. I’ve wondered why I hadn’t found this book earlier in my life.

The book is a life changer for me, and could be a life changer for many others, IF they read it. I don’t remember how it got there, but each time that I went to the home page of my Kindle I found it the first book on the list. As I look back, I realize that it was one of those books that I downloaded from Amazon because it was free. I’ve downloaded several free books and almost all of them have been wonderful reads. Anyway, before I read it, I investigated the history of the book and found that it is quite old. It was first published in 1902. I also learned that the Title came from the King James Bible, Proverbs 23 verse 7, says; **“As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.”** Until this time, I thought the book might have been some satanic writing that taught one how to use demonic powers of thought to do evil, and I avoided it as if this might be so. I don’t know why I thought this, but I did. I’m glad that I’ve investigated it farther because my thoughts about this book couldn’t have been farther from the truth. I am transcribing a portion of the book below to give you an idea of how much power is in this little book:

Law, not confusion, is the dominating principle in the universe; justice, not injustice, is the soul and substance of life; and righteousness, not corruption, is the molding and moving force in the spiritual government of the world. This being so, man has but to right himself to find that the universe is right; and during the process of putting himself right he will find that

as he alters his thoughts toward things and other people, things and other people will alter towards him.

The proof of this truth is in every person, and, therefore, admits of easy investigation by systematic introspection and self-analysis. Let a man radically alter his thoughts, and he will be astonished at the rapid transformation it will effect in the material conditions of his life. Men imagine that thought can be kept secret, but it cannot; it rapidly crystallizes into habit, and habit solidifies into circumstances. Bestial thoughts crystallize into habits of drunkenness and sensuality which solidify into circumstances of destitution and disease: impure thoughts of every kind crystallize into enervating and confusing habits which solidify into distracting and adverse circumstances: thoughts of fear, doubt, and indecision crystallize into weak, unmanly and irresolute habits which solidify into circumstances of failure, indigence and slavish dependence: lazy thoughts crystallize into habits of uncleanness and dishonesty which solidify into circumstances of foulness and beggary: hateful and condemnatory thoughts crystallize into habits of accusation and violence which solidify into circumstances of injury and persecution: selfish thoughts of all kinds crystallize into habits of self-seeking which solidify into circumstances more or less distressing. On the other hand, beautiful thoughts of all kinds crystallize into habits of grace and kindness which solidify into genial and sunny circumstances: pure thoughts crystallize into habits of temperance and self-control which solidify into circumstances of repose and peace: thoughts of courage, self-reliance and decision crystallize into manly habits which solidify into circumstances of success, plenty, and freedom: energetic thoughts crystallize into habits of cleanliness and industry which solidify into circumstances of pleasantness: gentle and forgiving thoughts crystallize into habits of gentleness which solidify into protective and preservative circumstances: loving and unselfish thoughts crystallize into habits of self-forgetfulness for others which solidify into circumstances of sure and abiding prosperity and true riches.

A particular train of thought persisted in, be it good or bad, cannot fail to produce results on the character and circumstances. A man cannot directly choose his circumstances, but he can choose his thoughts, and so indirectly, yet surely, shape his circumstances.

I could copy the whole book, as there seem to be no words in the book that are irreverent. It all boils down to thought and what we think. Nothing of any consequence, good or bad, ever happens, but the thought happens first.

All my many failures are due to thoughts of failure. On the other hand, all my accomplishments were preceded with visions of accomplishment. Learning to fly was preceded with visions of me flying. My failures in businesses were all preceded by visions of failure.

Think about it! How many young boys and girls could benefit and profit from the simple knowledge of learning to control their thoughts. All failures are preceded by thoughts of failure. All efforts and accomplishments of goodness are preceded by thoughts of goodness.

There is another scripture in the Bible that is relevant here. Philippians 4:8 of the NIV Bible reads:

Finally, brothers and sisters, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable—if anything is excellent or praiseworthy—think about such things.

In other words control your thoughts! I can not prevent bad thoughts from coming into my mind, but I can choose to put them out as soon as they arrive and replace them with good thoughts.

The saying; “Practice Makes Perfect” applies here. Let your mind run wild with good, true, noble, righteous, pure, lovely, excellent and praiseworthy thoughts, and you will be pleasantly surprised at what will happen in your life. Remember, God is Love, God is Good. Think about God and His goodness all the time. Drive out evil thoughts about anything that is not of a good nature and particularly drive out arrogant thoughts of gossip, envy and of hateful thoughts about others.

It’s just a thought! But, thoughts have impact!

~A.V. Yaw~

Around The House

~By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Hello everyone, nothing much different around here. I’m getting so good at hunting that I have Boat Tail Grackle pie at least once a week. The Boss is always amused when there are black feathers lying around in the yard. The weather has been quite cool here which is just fine with me. I agree with Linda, we need more rain, I just hate when the rain comes in the form of stormy weather. I can’t stand the thunder.

Have a great summer, the Boss says that I have said all that I am going to say this time. Best hunting and keep your nose into the wind!

~Barkley

Around the Farm

~ By Twister Doudney Quarter Horse

You would not believe what has been going around here. Blackie has had a colt, and it is the weirdest looking horse I have ever seen. The Boss says that it is not a horse at all, but a mule. He says that the father is Nipper. . . . **Heaven Help Us!!!** . . . I just don’t understand, how that Jackass fathered that weird looking colt? His face, his eyes and all about his look is just out and out weird. I tell ya there is a whole lot about life here at the Flippo Farm that I just don’t understand at all. I can’t believe that the beautiful filly, Blackie, could allow that Jackass to breed her! I just can’t believe it. I dono. I just don’t understand it. Oh well Blackie and I are still the best of friends, and I have even become to like that weird looking mule that the Boss has named Joe Biden. He loves to run like us real horses, and he is already much faster than his father and his half sister.

Al, the bull, has been doing his job. We now have seven baby calves on the ground. And more pregnant cows still to give birth. The Boss seems to be happy about that. He says that if the price of cattle stays up, he just might break even this fall when he takes the calf crop to market. The Boss has become a great farmer as he hasn’t made a dime since he has been at it. This is the code of all good farmers. None of them ever admit to making a dime.

I am totally surprised that the Boss hasn’t saddled me up for a ride. Ever since Thunder fell on him he has seemed to be lacking any desire to get the saddle out. And, that pleases me just fine. I haven’t seen Thunder for a good while, it’s been more than a year. Not much telling were he ended up.

We have had plenty of wonderful rain. It rained over a foot in four weeks. At the time, I thought that it was a little too much. However, it is hot and dry now with a strong southwest wind blowing a gale. I long for the coolness of rain drops, to soften the grass and sweeten its taste. Another thing, I’ve never been bothered with flies when it’s raining.

Well I got to go. Take ‘er easy and enjoy the warm weather.

~Twister

Money and Joy

There is no joy in money, there is no joy in property, there is no joy in material accumulations or in any material thing of itself. These things are dead and lifeless. The spirit of joy must be in the man or it is nowhere. He must have within him the capacity for happiness. He must have the wisdom to know how to use these things, and not merely hoard them. He must possess them, and not be possessed by them. They must be dependent upon him, and not he upon them. They must follow him, and he not be forever running after them; and they will inevitably follow him, if he has the moral elements within to which they are related.

Nothing is absent from the Kingdom of heaven; it contains all good, true, and necessary things, and "the Kingdom of God is within you." I know rich people who are supremely happy, because they are generous, magnanimous, pure and joyful; but I also know rich people who are very miserable, and these are they who looked to money and possessions for their happiness, and have not developed the spirit of good and of joy within themselves.

~James Allen~



Top to bottom, left to right;

**Addison, L'iana, Emerson,
Andrew, Cayeden Doudney.**

Emerson Doudney

Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog