



Pilot Communication Net - Group Section.....

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Dear PCN (of over 2500 subscribers),

Mark's Remarks

Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukah, and
Happy New Year to the entire PCN!

Wishing you all a very wonderful holiday season and terrific new year!

Our family's personal online [Christmas Card!](#)

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Letter from PBGC:

There is a famous commercial when a car repair shop is called and asked how the progress has been going on a customer's repair. The owner looks out at the car and see his men taking a ciesta on the hood and trunk, and answers the customer with "I got 3 of my best men on it right now." This is what the PBGC has on our filed appeal. I received (as many of you) a letter that states they have received our "timely" appeal filed by our law firm and are getting right to it. Okay, I hope that is true and I further hope that their review board see

the merit in the appeal and orders remedy. The wheels in Washington turn slowly so I am not expecting news anytime soon. I kept my letter and like you, will keep an eye and ear open for news.

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As the World Turns at AMR:

There are pundits and analyst on every side of this business decision to file for Ch11. AMR may well be in a more precarious position than our own DAL was. Certainly times will be interesting and certainly we will see and airline try to mimic its predecessors. And what is going to happen? Time will tell.

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Airline Contract Comparisons:

Well, it has been a while since I have had any interest in looking at a current contract comparison. Maybe it has been that way for you too. However, DALPA is about to start negotiations for an amendable date at the end of 2012. Here is a brochure that they have produced to compare contracts of various industry leaders.

[http://pcn.homestead.com/files/Misc Files/Delta Pilots Contract Comparison 091211.pdf](http://pcn.homestead.com/files/Misc%20Files/Delta%20Pilots%20Contract%20Comparison%20091211.pdf)

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No Place Like Home:

Well, we have heard that quote for a long time maybe made most famous by the Wizard of Oz movie. Every one of us have experienced a drawn out assignment, TDY, or some lengthy reason to be away from home. Sometimes while away, there is so much going on you have little time to think about being lonely or homesick. Other times a hotel with 4 walls feels like it is on Mars. One thing I am currently experiencing in reoccurring fashion is separation followed by homecoming. Each time when I get home, (like now being in the house for a little over 18 hours) I look around and see that it isn't the Taj Ma Hal, but it is home. It is familiar. It is ours. And there is no place like home. Glad to be here during the approach to Christmas and all that that entails.

Tools for our members:

PCN Main Website: <http://pcn.homestead.com/home01.html>

PCN Google Group archives: <http://groups.google.com/group/PilotCommunicationNet>

PCN Ads - <http://pilotcommunication.net/Ads/> *Updates temporarily suspended*

PCN Tool Bar (for IE browser) - <http://pcntools.ourtoolbar.com/>

PCN Calendar - <http://pcn.homestead.com/Calendar.html>

PCN specific emails: misc@pilotcommunication.net

pcn.calendar@gmail.com

signup@pilotcommunication.net

illness@pilotcommunication.net

death@pilotcommunication.net

ads@pilotcommunication.net

News Section.....

Delta News (Recent stories of interest): [Yahoo](#), [AJC](#)

Delta Says Labor Board Upholds Election by Reservations Agents

By Mary Jane Credeur - Dec 9, 2011 4:15 PM ET Fri Dec 09 21:15:54 GMT 2011

[Delta Air Lines Inc. \(DAL\)](#) said the [National Mediation Board](#) rejected interference claims by the Machinists union in a November 2010 election among 15,000 reservations and ticket agents.

The move allows the carrier to begin aligning work rules and pay for employees in the group, according to an e-mailed statement today.

The case was the last unresolved election for union representation triggered by Atlanta-based Delta's purchase of Northwest Airlines Corp. in 2008. Most Delta employees were non-union, while their counterparts at Northwest were mostly unionized.

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Delta to Buy Minority Stake in GOL

By Zacks Equity Research | Zacks – Fri, Dec 9, 2011 1:45 PM EST

The second largest U.S. airline *Delta Air Lines Inc.* (NYSE:[DAL](#) - [News](#)) plans to acquire a minority stake in Brazil's second largest airline *GOL Linhas Aereas Inteligentes* (NYSE:[GOL](#) - [News](#)).

Delta will buy a 3% of stake in GOL Linhas for \$100 million and will become a member of its board. The investment, awaiting approval from the board of directors of both companies, will be in the form of American Depositary Shares.

The acquisition will aid Delta to accelerate its presence in Latin America, where it is lagging its peers American Airlines, a subsidiary of *AMR Corp.* (NYSE:[AMR](#) - [News](#)) and *United Continental Holdings Inc.* (NYSE:[UAL](#) - [News](#)). Under the terms of the deal, Delta will use its code for GOL flights in Brazil, the Caribbean and South America. In exchange, GOL will use its code for Delta's flights between Brazil and the US, and from the US to other destinations.

This is the second time the company has invested in a foreign carrier this year to expand its footprint domestically. In August, Delta invested \$65 million in the largest Mexican airline, Grupo Aeromexico, which boosted its network capacity in Mexico.

Read more: <http://finance.yahoo.com/news/Delta-Buy-Minority-Stake-GOL-zacks-2331225053.html?x=0>

Other Airline News (Recent stories of interest): [Yahoo](#), [AJC](#)

Surprised By AMR Going Up?

[4 comments](#) | by: Paulo Santos December 11, 2011 | includes: [AMR](#)

Were you surprised by AMR Corporation's ([AMR](#)) stock going UP after the company announced bankruptcy and the stock took an initial plunge of \$0.20-\$0.30, as seen in the chart below?

Don't be. It's actually a pretty common effect; it has happened in dozens of different well-known bankruptcies, like K-Mart, Enron, Worldcom and US Air. It goes like this, on the day bankruptcy (usually chapter 11) is announced, these stocks open with a deep plunge, perhaps starting on the pre-market if trading is allowed. This part of the plunge, however, is usually the deepest – then the stocks simply turn and go into a steep ascent for days or even weeks, a rise that can easily be 100-200-500% from the lowest prices attained right after trading restarts following the bankruptcy announcement.

It isn't easy to explain this pattern, even though it's very, very common to see it happen. It's like an extreme version of "sell the rumor, buy the news", as if nothing worse can really happen because the company has already gone bankrupt. A possible explanation might lie with the closure of short positions, namely short positions assumed to hedge debt instruments, because of the way keeping these positions would eat up margin.

Read more: <http://seekingalpha.com/article/313096-surprised-by-amr-going-up?source=yahoo>

Finance Section ((Claims, PBGC, HCTC, Insurance, Planning, Tax, Estate) - section containing items with financial consequence to our group)):

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Remaining financial items for retirees to watch:

After Aug 2007 these are retirement items remaining with financial consequence.

1. PBGC 2nd look re-calc at qualified annuity benefits - **completed 8/24/07**
2. PBGC make-up lump payment for underpayments since termination: **most reported received 1/31/08**
3. ~~Final claim distribution by DAL through BSI~~ – distributed at or around Mar 23, 2011.
4. Class Action suit against DAL concerning 5-yr look back worth in excess of \$100 million - **withdrawn**
5. Appeal of Final Benefit Determination Letters (BDL's) PBGC re-calc "determination" of qualified annuity (likely after claim stock sale) – **in process until end of year (only 45 days to appeal) Appeal extensions generally granted in Nov 2010 now extended by our law firm for all to: revised to Feb 18, 2011 Now Mar 18, 2011, April 29, 2011, July 29, 2011, Aug 29, 2011, Filed with PBGC on Oct 28, 2011**
6. Pension reinstatement/contribution request by DP3 representing the retired pilots. **very long shot....pending**
7. ~~Roth IRA creation as per Worker, Retiree, and Employer Recovery Act of 2008 – deadline June 22nd, 2009~~

8. Expiration of HCTC 80% premium subsidy will expire on December 31, 2010. ~~Action has continued 80% for Jan & Feb.~~ **Action expired and subsidy effective** April 1, 2011 payment, **the HCTC is at 72.5%.**)
9. Financial condition of the D&S Plan--a plan that pays benefits to eligible survivors of deceased pilots as well as to disabled pilots. A form 5500 for the D&S Plan is filed annually.
10. Formation of a VEBA Health Insurance plan by DP3 – VEBA has been created and in effect.

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Insurance (issues about health, life or disability that are of interest):

Pension:

As the PBGC appeals progresses the sensitivity of the information does as well. While the PCN has re-published many of DP3 general postings, we will refrain from re-publishing “private emails” in view of the nature of the process. So when there is a general update we will re-publish and when there is a private email we will help announce its existence.

To PCN subscribers these links are “hot” and will take you directly to the DP3 resource page or checklist for filing an appeal concerning your PBGC benefits.

Click for **Appeal info:**

<http://www.dp3.org/>

Call PBGC in DC- 1-800-400-7242

Link of explanation for BSW ([Benefit Statement Worksheet](#))

(Note: Must know your DP3 assigned passwords which cannot be shared in our newsletter!)

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Commercial Section.....

Investment (Legitimate firms that have helped our group are encouraged to contact PCN to add articles here):

Travel & Non-Revving (share a quick reco):

From: [Tom Jacobus](#)

Date: 12/06/11 12:19:14

To: mark@pilotcommunication.net

Subject: Non Rev Travel

Hi Mark,

My 777 pilot neighbor said Delta put out **a short blurb recently that non revs could be denied business class** due to cargo/weight and balance considerations. He told me of a recent JFK - Venice flight where all non revs were boarded in coach and 35 business class seats went unfilled. We remarked that it couldn't be cargo, or they probably wouldn't have been boarded at all. How much fuel burn can be saved by moving non revs to the back? It sounds like a way to deny non revs one of the last good deals available. It also begs the question, would they treat management non revs this way? I flew ATL - NRT then ICN - DTW home in September and got business both ways. It was fantastic! So, either this is a very new policy or it is being selectively enforced. Anyway, my hope is that someone on the network could check this out and get back to us.

Tom Jacobus

Editor: Tom, I went on the DeltaNet for about ½ hour looking for the memo that addresses this issue. I couldn't find it but will publish it when either I find it or a member sends it in.

Life Section...

Misc Posts:

From: [robert moser](#)

Date: 12/5/2011 9:03:50 PM

To: [Mark Sztanyo](#)

Subject: I am sure you have seen this.

[FAA ADMINISTRATOR ARRESTED FOR DUI](#)

Randy Babbitt, administrator of the FAA, was taken into custody Saturday by Fairfax County police and charged with driving while intoxicated, local news has reported. At about 10:30 p.m. Babbitt was seen driving on the wrong side of the road and was pulled over. He was alone in the car at the time and no accident related to the incident has been reported. After being taken to a local jail, he was released on a personal recognizance bond. Babbitt flew 25 years for Eastern Airlines and was sworn in to lead the FAA on June 1, 2009.

<http://www.eset.com>

From: T28CDKMK@aol.com

Date: 12/05/11 15:33:49

To: mark@pilotcommunication.net

Subject: TSA incompetence

Took a trip with my wife down to RDU from TVC. First airline trip in 4 years since knee replacement. I knew I was going to be patted down.

We arrived in plenty of time. Had tickets for boarding. Showed him my Delta ID, which he said was unacceptable. Pulled out drivers license, that was ok, commenced search, guy was very rude. Told him who I was, and show a little courtesy. That kind of took him back. Meanwhile, my 5ft 1 red head is missing along with all my stuff, and they are calling our names.. I am wandering about the terminal in stocking feet looking for her.

Mean while she was pulled back into a secret room , because my wife had hand lotion on, so woman went nuts and thought it was some kind of explosive stuff. Checked her all over in secret room with another female agent, who was also rude, and told my wife that just because they were calling our name wasn't going to speed things up. Net result was we missed the flight. Fortunately my son works for United and daughter works for American , so we had a backup.

Coming back from RDU was simple, ID was recognized and all went smoothly. I am seriously thinking of going to the local idiot- in- charge, to file a complaint, probably will do no good. Duane

Human Interest:

A Wounded Warrior – With an incredible spirit!

This flight (Killeen to Dallas) I thought was going to be quite blah and very vanilla pudding. I was wrong. It started when the plane taxied in. The plane was an ATR turbo prop. Heck I haven't flown on one of those in years. I actually thought that most of them had been mothballed. Getting on board with my "gear" was a little adventure all in itself. As I sat there thinking ahead of what I would be doing in Dallas and the airplane continued to board, I heard, "I got the window." That's when I met someone who I will have a hard time forgetting.

For the sake of this story I will call him John. John appeared alert and full of a little nervous energy. After buckling in he started to manipulate a tablet, and I asked him if that was an iPad? That is the question that opened up an interesting and unforgettable conversation. He said, "no, it is a sony but I'm really impressed with its speed." We then talked a bit about tablets and their capability. After a bit he told me, "this is my first flight since the attack." He was a little worried about how his ears would handle the pressurization. At first that comment went right over my head (no one can accuse

me of being overly perceptive and this time I wasn't). Later I had to re-visit the "attack" comment and learn more so we did.

John (in his 30's and in the warzone multiple times) had talked with his wife and optimistically said he is going to be just fine and get through his mission ok. He reminded her that he has missed land mines and two rockets flew over his head and he felt he would skate for his last 30 days there. She scolded him by saying not to be so confident and be careful. At his base he just picked up a coke. John always drinks Pepsi but they were out so it had to be coke this time. As he was walking away his buds told him not to drink that coke because it's bad luck. He laughed and joked and walked away until the rocket hit. In his word "a deliberate attack of the base," and he was right underneath it. These rockets are designed to kill anything and anyone within 100 meters. He was 30 feet from impact and lived. But it wasn't pretty.

He had extensive head injuries and had to have cleaned, re-assembled and re-built much of his brain, skull and facial bone areas. He remembers as he awoke in Bagram Head Injury Unit that the doctors were amazed and talking about how his eyes escaped the shrapnel. He even remembers joking a bit with them as they were trying to re-build his head and clean it from all the shrapnel damage. Oh by the way, that coke can? He was told that it was pinned inside his hand grip, crushed and empty but held there by shrapnel.

Miraculously, his vision is just fine and the facial reconstruction was amazing. His memory, however, not so good. Since the attack he has repeatedly fallen. In those falls he has suffered over 20 concussions. He is a very intelligent guy and had known 6 computer languages. He used to write software applications just for fun. Now that is gone. Gone also is a great deal of memory. During his last trip home to Oregon, he saw an old acquaintance but could not place him until his 11 year old son mentioned that it was John's best high school friend. He is enroute to his home again. Happy homecoming this time? Unfortunately not. John has been going through one medical procedure after another since the attack. He has many more to go. He pointed to his legs and they are still full of metal shrapnel. Today he is enroute to his home in Oregon and it seems like the 15 year relationship with his wife is over. She cannot handle living with "half" the man that she married so she had filed for a divorce. He will be going back to figure out how he can remain in his two children's lives. John also has a 9 year old daughter.

As I heard this I didn't say anything and really didn't know what to say. Here is a guy that has gotten blown up for us in his service and is facing numerous medical procedures, doesn't have a job, and now is losing his wife. Wow! A wounded warrior, a man afflicted for life, a hero yet without a job or a home. All the while maintaining an incredible upbeat attitude and spirit. With that attitude I believe it will serve him well in his recovery and also in future opportunities to serve others. This was an incredible meeting with a super individual.

After landing and taxing in, I had little words for him, but I did focus, as he does, on the future and I mentioned that he faces a lot of new beginnings. He agreed and said, "Yes, a lot of them." I told him God has blessed him and hope that he received a complete and full recovery. I thanked him on behalf of our country and from our family for his service and wished him Godspeed. Then we parted. Somehow I don't believe John knows how much his story can impact another. From our chance meeting it wasn't John who was moved nearly as much as I. When I think of this sharp intelligent young family man (the age of my sons) I am greatly moved. A wounded warrior who has given so much yet remains so positive.

As I walked up the ramp I thought of a lot of things and most was sobering. This meeting had just been a happening. What a great country we live in. Why? Because there are things that we stand for that are worth fighting for and there are Johns who serve our cause. It was my honor to have met him.

Mark Sztanyo

Good Read (Good book recommendation & [Community Author's](#) blurbs):

From: [Gene Hall](#)

Date: 12/8/2011 10:50:55 AM

To: [Gene Hall](#)

Subject: Surgery # 9

I WAS BLIND BUT NOW I SEE

Thursday, December 08, 2011

The lady from hospital social services told me that patients who had been through the kinds of major surgery that I had just experienced would often have unexplained bouts of crying. She was standing next to my bed at Emory last Monday morning, helping with any emotional issues before I was released. The surgery been on the preceding Monday and had taken a few hours longer than the neuro and plastic surgeons had expected. They had predicted surgery of 6-7 hours, 2 days in the intensive care unit, and another 3 days hospitalized. The surgery was 9 hours and 33 minutes, 4 full days and nights in the ICU, and 3 days in the hospital. I came home Monday afternoon.

I hadn't experienced any bouts of crying, but Tuesday morning the Italian tenor, Andrea Bocelli was singing Amazing Grace on ABC-TV, and I wept as the great blind singer sang; "I was blind, but now I see." The social services lady was half right – I had my bout of crying, but it was not unexplained.

We have been chasing Melanomas for 3 years. I discovered the first one "accidentally" because I bumped my head. It didn't look like Melanoma. It was amelanotic – normal skin color - as were the next 3. One nurse said your melanomas are like secret agents, and are hiding. We started calling them 007, and the surgeons would excise each as it showed up. We didn't think we were ahead of them, but we thought we were keeping up. Then we had another "accidental" finding. A big pimple showed up on my scalp, and I went for a biopsy. A surgeon looked at it, and said it was a suture from the last surgery being ejected, but he felt my scalp, and told me there was another area that might need a biopsy. There was nothing on the surface, but something that felt like it could be a tumor under the surface. So he did the biopsy, and found another Melanoma - because I had gone in to have an innocuous pimple checked.....another "accidental" finding.

The Melanoma surgeon thought there should be a PET scan before surgery, and I am grateful he did, because if he hadn't, the surgery would have started without a neuro surgeon in the operating room. 007 had tricked us, and was now ahead. The PET scan showed the Melanoma had gone down into the skull. Old 007 had gone through the skull, dura, and a few cells were resting smugly on my brain. We are very confident that they will not be smug for long, because the oncologists have lots of arrows in their quiver to war with them.

Meanwhile, I am feeling great. My head is covered with a full bandage, I still have lots of staples and sutures as well as a couple of drains from skin donor sites, but I can handle all body needs without assistance.

Dozens of my friends have marveled at how fast I have bounced back each time. I have been back on the golf course, and traveling within a month after every surgery. I have heard terms like; "You are a trooper; you are tough, you have a great attitude, etc."

I think the underlining theme is that folks are amazed that I don't seem to be worried about death. Well, I am worried about death..... but not mine. I am worried about the slow death of the greatest nation in the history of the world. I

watch and listen to the political midgets who are running, or vying to run our country, and I grieve. I have nothing else to say about that except our only hope is the intervention of almighty God.... God have mercy on us.

My future is secure – I know where I am going whenever this earthly phase of my life is finished. I grieve for my friends who don't know what is next. I can't imagine the terror of wondering if one just goes to sleep and never wakes up, or suppose there is a Hell, have I been good enough to escape eternal punishment?

I have had wonderful support from my family, my Emory family, and my friends. Thanks to all of you for your prayers!

"If my people, who are called by my name, will humble themselves and pray, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and heal their land." 2 Chronicles 7:14

Merry Christmas,

Gene

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Zero/Zero by Charles Svoboda

It happened sometime in 1965, in Germany. I was a copilot, so I knew, everything there was to know about flying, and I was frustrated by pilots like my aircraft commander. He was one of those by-the-numbers types, no class, no imagination, no "feel" for flying.

You have to be able to feel an airplane. So what if your altitude is a little off, or if the glideslope indicator is off a hair? If it feels okay then it is okay. That's what I believed. Every time he let me make an approach, even in VFR conditions, he demanded perfection. Not the slightest deviation was permitted. "If you can't do it when there is no pressure, you surely can't do it when the pucker factor increases," he would say. When he shot an approach, it was as if all the instruments were frozen – perfection, but no class.

Then came that routine flight from the Azores to Germany. The weather was okay; we had 45,000 pounds of fuel and enough cargo to bring the weight of our C-124 Globemaster up to 180,000 pounds, 5,000 pounds below the max allowable. It would be an easy, routine flight all the way. Halfway to the European mainland, the weather started getting bad. I kept getting updates by high frequency radio. Our destination, a fighter base, went zero/zero. Our two alternates followed shortly thereafter. All of France was down. We held for two hours, and the weather got worse. Somewhere I heard a fighter pilot declare an emergency because of minimum fuel. He shot two approaches and saw nothing. On the third try, he flamed out and had to eject.

We made a precision radar approach; there was nothing but fuzzy fog at minimums. The sun was setting. Now I started to sweat a little. I turned on the instrument lights. When I looked out to where the wings should be, I couldn't even see the navigation lights 85 feet from my eyes. I could barely make out a dull glow from the exhaust stacks of the closest engine, and then only on climb power. When we reduced power to maximum endurance, that friendly glow faded. The pilot asked the engineer where we stood on fuel. The reply was, "I don't know--- we're so low that the book says the gauges are unreliable below this point. The navigator became a little frantic. We didn't carry parachutes on regular MAC flights, so we couldn't follow the fighter pilot's example. We would land or crash with the airplane.

The pilot then asked me which of the two nearby fighter bases had the widest runway. I looked

it up and we declared an emergency as we headed for that field. The pilot then began his briefing.

“This will be for real. No missed approach. We’ll make an ILS and get precision radar to keep us honest. Copilot, we’ll use half flaps. That’ll put the approach speed a little higher, but the pitch angle will be almost level, requiring less attitude change in the flare.”

Why hadn’t I thought of that? Where was my “feel” and “class” now?

The briefing continued, “I’ll lock on the gauges. You get ready to take over and complete the landing if you see the runway – that way there will be less room for trouble with me trying to transition from instruments to visual with only a second or two before touchdown.” Hey, he’s even going to take advantage of his copilot, I thought. He’s not so stupid, after all.

“Until we get the runway, you call off every 100 feet above touchdown; until we get down to 100 feet, use the pressure altimeter. Then switch to the radar altimeter for the last 100 feet, and call off every 25 feet. Keep me honest on the airspeed, also. Engineer, when we touch down, I’ll cut the mixtures with the master control lever, and you cut all of the mags. Are there any questions? Let’s go!” All of a sudden, this unfeeling, by the numbers robot was making a lot of sense. Maybe he really was a pilot and maybe I had something more to learn about flying.

We made a short procedure turn to save gas. Radar helped us to get to the outer marker. Half a mile away, we performed the Before Landing Checklist; gear down, flaps 20 degrees. The course deviation indicator was locked in the middle, with the glideslope indicator beginning its trip down from the top of the scale. When the GSI centered, the pilot called for a small power reduction, lowered the nose slightly, and all of the instruments, except the altimeter, froze. My Lord, that man had a feel for that airplane! He thought something, and the airplane, all 135,000 pounds of it, did what he thought.

“Five hundred feet,” I called out, “400 feet.....300 feet.....200 feet, MATS minimums.....100 feet, Air Force minimums; I’m switching to the radar altimeter75 feet nothing in sight.....50 feet, still nothing....25 feet, airspeed 100 knots,”

The nose of the aircraft rotated just a couple of degrees, and the airspeed started down. The pilot then casually said, “Hang on, we’re landing.”

“Airspeed 90 knots....10 feet, here we go!”

The pilot reached up and cut the mixtures with the master control lever, without taking his eyes off the instruments. He told the engineer to cut all the mags to reduce the chance of fire. CONTACT! I could barely feel it. As smooth a landing as I have ever known, and I couldn’t even tell if we were on the runway, because we could only see the occasional blur of a light streaking by “Copilot, verify hydraulic boost is on, I’ll need it for brakes and steering.” I complied.

“Hydraulic boost pump is on, pressure is up.” The brakes came on slowly---we didn’t want to skid this big beast now. I looked over at the pilot. He was still on the instruments, steering to keep the course deviation indicator in the center, and that is exactly where it stayed.

“Airspeed, 50 knots.” We might make it yet.

“Airspeed, 25 knots.” We’ll make it if we don’t run off a cliff. Then I heard a strange sound. I could hear the whirl of the gyros, the buzz of the inverters, and a low frequency thumping.

Nothing else. The thumping was my pulse, and I couldn't hear anyone breathing. We had made it! We were standing still!

The aircraft commander was still all pilot. "After-landing checklist, get all those motors, radar and un-necessary radios off while we still have batteries. Copilot, tell them that we have arrived, to send a follow me truck out to the runway because we can't even see the edges."

I left the VHF on and thanked GCA for the approach. The guys in the tower didn't believe we were there. They had walked outside and couldn't hear or see anything. We assured them that we were there, somewhere on the localizer centerline, with about half a mile showing on the DME.

We waited about 20 minutes for the truck. Not being in our customary hurry, just getting our breath back and letting our pulses diminish to a reasonable rate. Then I felt it. The cockpit shuddered as if the nose gear had run over a bump. I told the loadmaster to go out the crew entrance to see what happened. He dropped the door (which is immediately in front of the nose gear) , and it hit something with a loud , metallic bang. He came on the interphone and said "Sir, you'll never believe this. The follow-me truck couldn't see us and ran smack into our nose tire with his bumper, but he bounced off, and nothing is hurt."

The pilot then told the tower that we were parking the bird right where it was and that we would come in via the truck. It took a few minutes to get our clothing and to button up the airplane. I climbed out and saw the nose tires straddling the runway centerline. A few feet away was the truck with its embarrassed driver.

Total damage---one dent in the hood of the follow me truck where the hatch had opened onto it.

Then I remembered the story from Fate Is the Hunter. When Gann was an airline copilot making a simple night range approach, his captain kept lighting matches in front of his eyes. It scarred and infuriated Gann. When they landed, the captain said that Gann was ready to upgrade to captain. If he could handle a night-range approach with all of that harassment, then he could handle anything.

At last I understood what true professionalism is. Being a pilot isn't all seat-of-the-pants flying and glory. It's self- discipline, practice, study, analysis and preparation. It's precision. If you can't keep the gauges where you want them with everything free and easy, how can you keep them there when everything goes wrong?

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From: [Eric Jensen](#)

Date: 12/06/11 05:55:14

To: [Eric Jensen](#)

Subject: Fighter Pilot Story

An entire book in one good read. You can visualize and be there through this read...a good one ...Eric Jensen

The Good Old Days...

An interesting account.

Subject: Fighter pilot

This is a true story of 20 year old Bruce Carr, a fighter pilot shot down behind enemy lines in World War Two.
20 year old Bruce Carr, a fighter pilot

The dead chicken was starting to smell. After carrying it for several days, 20-year-old Bruce Carr still hadn't decided how to cook it without the Germans catching him. But as hungry as he was, he couldn't bring himself to eat it. In his mind, no meat was better than raw chicken meat, so he threw it away.

Resigning himself to what appeared to be his unavoidable fate, he turned in the direction of the nearest German airfield. Even POW's get to eat sometimes. And aren't they constantly dodging from tree to tree . . . ditch to culvert? He was exhausted!

He was tired of trying to find cover where there was none. Carr hadn't realized that Czechoslovakian forests had no underbrush until, at the edge of the farm field, he struggled out of his parachute and dragged it into the woods.

During the times he had been screaming along at treetop level in his P-51 Angels Playmate' the forests and fields had been nothing more than a green blur behind the Messerschmitts, Focke-Wulfs, trains and trucks he had in his sights. He never expected to find himself a pedestrian far behind enemy lines.

The instant antiaircraft shrapnel ripped into the engine, he knew he was in trouble. Serious trouble. Clouds of coolant steam hissing through jagged holes in the cowling told Carr he was about to ride the silk elevator down to a long walk back to his squadron. A very long walk.

This had not been part of the mission plan. Several years before, when 18-year-old Bruce Carr enlisted in the Army, in no way could he have imagined himself taking a walking tour of rural Czechoslovakia with Germans everywhere around him. When he enlisted, all he could think about was flying fighters.

By the time he had joined the military, Carr already knew how to fly. He had been flying as a private pilot since 1939, soloing in a \$25 Piper Cub his father had bought from a disgusted pilot who had left it lodged securely in the top of a tree. His instructor had been an Auburn, New York, native by the name of 'Johnny' Bruns.

"In 1942, after I enlisted," as Bruce Carr remembers it, "we went to meet our instructors. I was the last cadet left in the assignment room and was nervous. Then the door opened and out stepped the man who was to be my military flight instructor. It was Johnny Bruns!

"We took a Stearman to an outlying field, doing aerobatics all the way; then he got out and soloed me. That was my first flight in the military.

"The guy I had in advanced training in the AT-6 had just graduated himself and didn't know a damned bit more than I did." Carr can't help but smile, as he remembers: "which meant neither one of us knew anything. Zilch!

"After three or four hours in the AT-6, they took me and a few others aside, told us we were going to fly P-40s and we left for Tipton, Georgia. We got to Tipton, and a lieutenant just back from North Africa kneeled on the P-40s wing, showed me where all the levers were, made sure I knew how everything worked, then said, 'If you can get it started . . . go flying,' just like that!

"I was 19 years old and thought I knew everything. I didn't know enough to be scared. They didn't tell us what to do. They just said: 'Go fly!' so I buzzed every cow in that part of the state. Nineteen years old and 1,100 horsepower, what did they expect? Then we went overseas."

By today's standards, Carr and that first contingent of pilots shipped to England were painfully short of experience. They had so little flight time that today; they would barely have their civilian pilot's license. Flight training eventually became more formal, but in those early days, it had a hint of fatalistic Darwinism: if they learned fast enough to survive, they were ready to move on to the next step.

Including his 40 hours in the P-40 terrorizing Georgia, Carr had less than 160 hours flight time when he arrived in England.

His group in England was to be the pioneering group that would take the Mustang into combat, and he clearly remembers his introduction to the airplane.

"I thought I was an old P-40 pilot and the P-51B would be no big deal. But I was wrong. I was truly impressed with the airplane. I mean REALLY impressed! It flew like an airplane. I just flew the P-40, but in the P-51 I was part of the

airplane. And it was part of me! There was a world of difference."

When he first arrived in England, the instructions were, 'This is a P-51. Go fly it. Soon, we'll have to form a unit, so go fly.' A lot of English cows were buzzed.

"On my first long-range mission, we just kept climbing, and I'd never had an airplane above about 10,000 feet before. Then we were at 30,000 feet with 'Angels Playmate' and I couldn't believe it! I'd gone to church as a kid, and I knew that's where the angels were and that's when I named my airplane Angels Playmate.'

"Then a bunch of Germans roared down through us, and my leader immediately dropped tanks and turned hard for home. But I'm not that smart. I'm 19 years old and this SOB shoots at me. And I'm not going to let him get away with it

"We went round and round. And I'm really mad because he shot at me. Childish emotions, in retrospect. He couldn't shake me, but I couldn't get on his tail to get any hits either.

"Before long, we're right down in the trees. I'm shooting, but I'm not hitting. I am, however, scaring the hell out of him. But I'm at least as excited as he is. Then I tell myself to calm down.

"We're roaring around within a few feet of the ground, and he pulls up to go over some trees, so I just pull the trigger and keep it down. The gun barrels burned out and one bullet, a tracer, came tumbling out and made a great huge arc. It came down and hit him on the left wing about where the aileron is. He pulled up, off came the canopy, and he jumped out, but too low for the chute to open and the airplane crashed. I didn't shoot him down, I scared him to death with one bullet hole in his left wing. My first victory wasn't a kill; it was more of a suicide."

The rest of his 14 victories were much more conclusive. Being a red-hot fighter pilot, however, was absolutely no use to him as he lay shivering in the Czechoslovakian forest. He knew he would die if he didn't get some food and shelter soon.

"I knew where the German field was because I'd flown over it, so I headed in that direction to surrender. I intended to walk in the main gate, but it was late afternoon and, for some reason, I had second thoughts and decided to wait in the woods until morning.

"While I was lying there, I saw a crew working on an FW 190 right at the edge of the woods. When they were done, I assumed, just like you assume in America, that the thing was all finished. The cowling's on. The engine has been run. The fuel truck has been there. It's ready to go. Maybe a dumb assumption for a young fellow, but I assumed so. So, I got in the airplane and spent the night all hunkered down in the cockpit.

"Before dawn, it got light and I started studying the cockpit. I can't read German, so I couldn't decipher dials and I couldn't find the normal switches like there were in American airplanes. I kept looking, and on the right side was a smooth panel. Under this was a compartment with something I would classify as circuit breakers. They didn't look like ours, but they weren't regular switches either.

"I began to think that the Germans were probably no different from the Americans in that they would turn off all the switches when finished with the airplane. I had no earthly idea what those circuit breakers or switches did, but I reversed every one of them. If they were off, that would turn them on. When I did that, the gauges showed there was electricity on the airplane.

"I'd seen this metal T-handle on the right side of the cockpit that had a word on it that looked enough like 'starter' for me to think that's what it was. But when I pulled it, nothing happened. Nothing.

"But if pulling doesn't work . . . you push. And when I did, an inertia starter started winding up. I let it go for a while, then pulled on the handle and the engine started!"

The sun had yet to make it over the far trees and the air base was just waking up, getting ready to go to war. The FW 190 was one of many dispersed through-out the woods, and at that time of the morning, the sound of the engine must have been heard by many Germans not far away on the main base.

But even if they heard it, there was no reason for alarm. The last thing they expected was one of their fighters taxiing out with a weary Mustang pilot at the controls. Carr, however, wanted to take no chances.

"The taxiway came out of the woods and turned right towards where I knew the airfield was because I'd watched them land and take off while I was in the trees.

"On the left side of the taxiway, there was a shallow ditch and a space where there had been two hangars. The slabs were there, but the hangars were gone, and the area around them had been cleaned of all debris.

"I didn't want to go to the airfield, so I plowed down through the ditch and then the airplane started up the other side.

"When the airplane started up . . . I shoved the throttle forward and took off right between where the two hangars had been."

At that point, Bruce Carr had no time to look around to see what effect the sight of a Focke-Wulf erupting from the trees had on the Germans. Undoubtedly, they were confused, but not unduly concerned. After all, it was probably just one of their maverick pilots doing something against the rules. They didn't know it was one of OUR maverick pilots doing something against the rules.

Carr had problems more immediate than a bunch of confused Germans. He had just pulled off the perfect plane-jacking; but he knew nothing about the airplane, couldn't read the placards and had 200 miles of enemy territory to cross. At home, there would be hundreds of his friends and fellow warriors, all of whom were, at that moment, preparing their guns to shoot at airplanes marked with swastikas and crosses-airplanes identical to the one Bruce Carr was at that moment flying. But Carr wasn't thinking that far ahead.

First, he had to get there, and that meant learning how to fly the airplane. "There were two buttons behind the throttle and three buttons behind those two. I wasn't sure what to push, so I pushed one button and nothing happened I pushed the other and the gear started up. As soon as I felt it coming up and I cleared the fence at the edge of the German field, I took it down a little lower and headed for home.

"All I wanted to do was clear the ground by about six inches, and there was only one throttle position for me . . . full forward!

"As I headed for home, I pushed one of the other three buttons, and the flaps came part way down. I pushed the button next to it, and they came up again. So I knew how to get the flaps down. But that was all I knew.

"I can't make heads or tails out of any of the instruments. None. I can't even figure how to change the prop pitch. But I don't sweat that, because props are full forward when you shut down anyway and it was running fine."

This time, it was German cows that were buzzed, although, as he streaked across fields and through the trees only a few feet off the ground, that was not the intent. At something over 350 miles an hour below tree-top level, he was trying to be a difficult target as he crossed the lines. But he wasn't difficult enough.

"There was no doubt when I crossed the lines because every SOB and his brother who had a .50-caliber machine gun shot at me. It was all over the place, and I had no idea which way to go. I didn't do much dodging because I was just as likely to fly into bullets as around them."

When he hopped over the last row of trees and found himself crossing his own airfield, he pulled up hard to set up for landing. His mind was on flying the airplane. "I pitched up, pulled the throttle back and punched the buttons I knew would put the gear and flaps down. I felt the flaps come down but the gear wasn't doing anything. I came around and pitched up again, still punching the button. Nothing was happening and I was really frustrated." He had been so intent on figuring out his airplane problems, he forgot he was putting on a very tempting show for the ground crew.

"As I started up the last time, I saw our air defense guys ripping the tarps off the quad .50s that ringed our field. I hadn't noticed the machine guns before. But I was sure noticing them right then.

"I roared around in as tight a pattern as I could fly and chopped the throttle. I slid to a halt on the runway and it was a nice belly job, if I say so myself."

His antics over the runway had drawn quite a crowd, and the airplane had barely stopped sliding before there were MPs up on the wings trying to drag him out of the airplane by his arms. They didn't realize he was still strapped in.

"I started throwing some good Anglo-Saxon swear words at them, and they let loose while I tried to get the seat belt undone, but my hands wouldn't work and I couldn't do it. Then they started pulling on me again because they still weren't convinced I was an American.

"I was yelling and hollering. Then, suddenly, they let go, and a face drops down into the cockpit in front of mine. It was my Group Commander: George R. Bickel.

"Bickel said, 'Carr, where in the hell have you been, and what have you been doing now?'"

Bruce Carr was home and entered the record books as the only pilot known to leave on a mission flying a Mustang and return flying a Focke-Wulf. For several days after the ordeal, he had trouble eating and sleeping, but when things again fell into place, he took some of the other pilots out to show them the airplane and how it worked. One of them pointed out a small handle under the glare shield that he hadn't noticed before. When he pulled it, the landing gear unlocked and fell out. The handle was a separate, mechanical uplock. At least, he had figured out the important things.

Carr finished the war with 14 aerial victories on 172 missions, including three bailouts because of ground fire. He stayed

in the service, eventually flying 51 missions in Korea in F-86s and 286 in Vietnam, flying F-100s.

That's an amazing 509 combat missions and doesn't include many others during Viet Nam in other aircraft types.

There is a profile into which almost every one of the breed fits, and it is the charter within that profile that makes the pilot a fighter pilot . . not the other way around. And make no mistake about it; Colonel Bruce Carr was definitely a fighter pilot.

Event Announcements (Click here for [Calendar](#)): to post pcn.calendar@gmail.com

This is the PCN Calendar designed for you to publish your 2011 event dates. Please send them in to Kim.
Click here for our PCN [Calendar](#).

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Get your holiday events in to be listed!

+++++

I am looking for.....” (Share a post of who you are seeking, if one sought answers....wallah):

Good Deal/Bad Deal (Share a quick good deal or bad deal you have found – no commercials here!)

Hangar Flying (Share a bit of ole hangar flying with the net. Need a sim buddy? Use PCN for request) :

From: [Michael Stewart](#)

Date: 12/7/2011 4:13:07 PM

To: [PCN Dir](#)

Subject: Re: Check out Alpine Coaster with no brakes.... NOT FOR ME!!!

This is a good one too. If you can watch it on a BIG monitor with good sound that's best. Captain Schwirtz. You'll especially get a kick out of this one.

http://www.angelfire.com/ak2/intelligencerreport/insane_race.html

From: [David L. Roberts](#)

Date: 11/27/2011 8:28:22 PM

To: [MY AVIATION PHOTO FANS](#)

Subject: C-130J Paris International Air Show 2011

Thanks to Don in Grant, Alabama for sending this video of a great demonstration flight.....

OPERATING RIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE PERFORMANCE ENVELOPE

This guy is a good pilot.

Heads up, fighter pilots!!!

The "J" is certainly impressive, a bit better than the "A" and "C" models.

C-130J Paris Air Show 2011

<http://player.vimeo.com/video/32377125?autoplay=1&mid=53>

Political (food for thought):

Humor/Sobering or Fun (Share some humor with the net):

From: [dave wall](#)

Date: 12/06/11 18:44:07

Subject: Amazing

Someone tell me how this is done!! Turn your sound up.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uh0CMcLiRkw&feature=share>

A little boy wanted \$100.00 very badly and prayed for weeks, but nothing happened .

Then he decided to Write God a letter requesting the \$100.00.

When The postal Authorities received The letter addressed to God, USA They decided to send it to President Obama.

Obama was so amused that he Instructed his secretary to send the little boy a \$5.00 bill.

He thought this would appear to Be a lot of money to a little boy.

The little boy was delighted With the \$5.00 bill and sat down to write a thank-you Note to God, which read:

Dear God:

Thank you very much for sending the money. However, I noticed that for some reason you sent it through Washington, D.C. and those A\$\$holes took \$95.00 in taxes.

+++++

Reporters interviewing a 104-year-old woman:

'And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?' the reporter asked..
She simply replied, 'No peer pressure.'

Mark

Mark Sztanyo (Stăn'yō), PCN Dir & HL Editor
[Pilot Communication Net](#) from Aug 2009
[Contact the Net](#)

Life on earth will soon be past, only what's done for Christ will last!

Serving the Delta community, and pilots (active and retired) and their families, *including original Delta, and former: C&S, Northeast, Pan-Am, Western, NWA, Republic, North-Central, Southern Airways, Hughes- Airwest, and all the Delta Connection carriers.*

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Delta Retirement Committee - <http://www.dalrc.org/>
DAL Pilots DDPSA - <http://www.ddpsa.com/>
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