

KEYSTONE WING SLIP

Pennsylvania Wing Civil Air Patrol NEWS MAGAZINE

www.pawg.cap.gov



Are you up for the challenge?

Pictured above, Cadet Staff members; (from left to right), C/Lt Col Steven Kantner from Squadron 811 in Reading, C/Lt Col Kim Sorber from Squadron 209 in Wyoming and C/Lt Col Matt Postupack from Squadron 902 from Willow Grove, demonstrate push-ups during PT exercises at Cadet Leadership School June 18 to 25, 2005. (Photo by C/LtCol Alex Tullo. Story on page 1 and additional photos on back cover.)

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Airmen, Spiritual Strength and Core Values

Our lives changed when we took the oath to defend our nation and put on the uniform of an Airman. But what was that change? Was it merely symbols -- uniform, rank, and badges? No, it was a transformation from whoever we were before to someone vested in higher order values, a transformation into a part of something bigger than ourselves. We come from all walks of life, from every part of our Nation. We are different people from diverse backgrounds and with our diversity we bring different sets of values. We have different hopes and aspirations, different goals and different beliefs. It is perhaps our Nation's greatest strength that, since its founding, we can stand shoulder to shoulder with people of different origins and beliefs for a single purpose -- to serve.

As part of our service in the United States Air Force we are expected to embrace its Core Values: Integrity First, Service Before Self and Excellence In All We Do. These Values are a guide that binds us together, even as we fight for the right to be different in so many other ways. We use the word "Core" because we expect these values to be fundamental to our service, to guide our commitment to our country and our mission, and to serve as a test for the decisions we make in both our personal and professional lives. Our commitment to these Core Values means that they are more than just words posted on a wall or recited by rote. They reside in the front row of our daily lives to help us wrestle with our toughest decisions and to guide us on our path of service as Airmen.

At our Air Force Academy, we have experienced issues with expressions of religious beliefs and with perceptions that one set of beliefs is favored over others. Remember Service Before Self. Religion is intensely personal and disagreements can detract from the teamwork necessary for Air Force units. In particular, sharing personal beliefs in a professional setting, one where leaders are performing their duties in a chain of command or in a superior-subordinate relationship, can easily become improper influence about personal matters. Furthermore, it can be resented. A friend of mine recently expressed it this way: "The core task of every leader in the profession of arms is uniting his or her people into a strong team, with levels of trust and commitment so high the unit keeps working well even under extreme pressure. Everyone in a unit contributes to that task." Anything that detracts from that teamwork ultimately detracts from the mission.

What does this mean about how leaders should approach spiritual strength? Spiritual strength is an integral part of leadership. Our greatest leaders are able to elevate the human spirit and inspire extraordinary performance. Spiritual strength is what drives us to make sacrifices for others, for our Nation, and for the greater good. For some, a commitment to a specific religious faith is a source for that spiritual strength, but not for all. For some, it is their heritage and the experience of a community of people within our human family. For others, it is the way they were touched as individuals by a family member, teacher, or leader's work of faith or charity. As we stress our Core Value of Service Before Self, we see spiritual strength as its foundation, whether or not an individual sees himself or herself as religious.

Faith and religious freedom were fundamental to the founding of this Nation. Chaplains are part of our profession of arms and have a unique charter: to minister to those who share their specific faith, to facilitate ministry to those of other faiths, and to care for all -- including those whose spiritual strength does not come from religious belief. Our chaplains should set the example for mutual respect among different faiths and beliefs. Service Before Self.

There will be more specific guidance about expressions of personal religious beliefs. This guidance will emphasize mutual respect and the wingman culture fundamental to all Airmen. The expression of personal preferences to subordinates, especially in a professional setting or at mandatory events, is inappropriate. More importantly, we should always be guided by our Core Values. That's what makes us the superb Airmen that we are.



“The Cadet Leadership School is an opportunity to create more dynamic young leaders for our Civil Air Patrol Program”, said CLS Commander, Major Richard Gray.

The Pennsylvania Wing Civil Air Patrol held their Cadet Leadership Encampment during the week of June 18 with 48 cadets attending. The cadets were challenged physically, mentally and emotionally all through the week with graduation and an awards ceremony held on the last day of encampment.

The training events held during the Cadet Leadership School, are designed to prepare the cadets to be present and future leaders for Civil Air Patrol as well as in their communities.

Major Richard Gray, served as the encampment commander with a staff of experienced and qualified senior members. The week-long encampment included many hours of curriculum including instructional classes, physical fitness training, and competitive events. The combination of mental and physical challenges are all to help the cadets gain strategy and self-confidence. Beyond the regular curriculum, an adventure challenge is held, which teaches safety regulations and pushes the participants to the limits of their own safety zones through pre-planned scenarios.



“These cadets are challenged to think beyond themselves and their actions, to take responsibility for those that may be entrusted to them. More importantly, they begin to understand the need to lead by example and inspire others to follow them,” said Pennsylvania Wing Commander, Colonel M. Allen Applebaum.

Throughout the week of the Cadet Leadership School, a daily newsletter, “The Cadet Leader”, was produced by the public affairs staff. Editor, C/ LtCol Alex Tullo and his staff, took numerous photographs and questioned the cadets and staff about their experiences during the week. One such question was answered by C/Maj Jason Tartalone on his thoughts of what he could offer as a staff representative and what the school had done for him. “I believe there is a lot of training and guidance I can offer to the cadets at the school and there are many cadets attending, that can also teach me. CLS has defiantly turned out to be a great experience,” he said.



(See more CLS photos on back cover.)

SUMMER SAFETY

by Lt Col Ray Whetstine, PAWG'S Safety Officer

1. We are in the middle of the critical 100 days of Summer. These are the 100 days that historically is the most dangerous for accidents and injury. Every year these three months plus show us we need special attention for our activities. Just a few items worth mentioning are:
 - A. LIGHTNING - If you can hear thunder or see lightning take necessary precautions.
 - B. DEHYDRATION - If you get thirsty your are already starting to dehydrate and your body is sending you a message. Don't wait for the message - Drink water routinely.
 - C. LYME DESEASE - Examine yourself for ticks using the buddy system to check for possible tick contamination. Distribute information on ticks and lyme disease.
2. ORM TIPS- (Operational Risk Management) There are no generic outlines for ORM reports. They should be VERY SPECIFIC to your event and location. There is a tendency to use one from previous years and I feel it is highly un-likely that nothing has changed from earlier years. Use the National HQ web-site as a guide for your preparation. Safety officers need to apply this principle to everyday events.



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Brig. Gen. Pineda assumes command of CAP - Maj. Gen. Wheless resigns for family, professional reasons

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS — Civil Air Patrol officials have announced that Brig. Gen. Tony Pineda will assume command of CAP on July 1 after CAP National Commander Maj. Gen. Dwight Wheless submitted his resignation citing personal and professional reasons for stepping down.

"During these 10 months (as national commander) I essentially retired from the practice of law to devote full time to this command, but I have clients I have served for more than 38 years who still rely on me for advice, and I have yet to fulfill my promise to finish the completion of our law office's construction of a branch office and the training of new associates," wrote General Wheless in a June 15 letter to the members of CAP's Board of Governors and National Board.

General Wheless went on to write that outside of the joy of his family and personal friends, his greatest joy in life has been his 24 years of service to America through Civil Air Patrol. "The past 10 months since assuming command of this great organization have taken me all across the nation, carrying our story of 64 years of commitment to the principles of freedom and liberty for all people, the protection of our shores, the training of young people in the ways of respect and discipline, and the teaching of the lessons of air power."

According to General Pineda, the national commander's resignation is a saddening turn of events, but he understands the decision. "The future was bright with General Wheless at the helm — he is an inspirational leader and consummate professional. However, I fully understand his pressing need to focus on family and a host of professional commitments at this point in his life. Needless to say, in light of this decision, I stand ready to assume command of this tremendous organization and lead its membership until such time as a new national commander has been selected."

General Pineda began his CAP career as a senior member of Florida Wing's West Broward Composite Squadron when he and his son, Robert, joined in 1988. Since that time, he has completed all levels of the CAP Senior Training Program, having received the Garber, Loening, Yeager and Wilson awards. He attended both the Southeast Region Staff College and National Staff College, and is a graduate of the National Commanders Course and Air Force Air Command and Staff College.

The general's CAP awards include numerous meritorious and exceptional service awards for his service as both a squadron and group commander. He received the Distinguished Service Medal for his service as both the Florida Wing and Southeast Region commander. He has also received CAP's highest senior member academic award — the Gill Rob Wilson Award.

General Pineda holds an associate degree in police science and criminology from Miami Dade Junior College, a bachelor's degree in criminal justice from Florida International University, and he has completed numerous specialized courses in law and criminal justice. The general also holds a Federal Aviation Administration private pilot license.

WHERE: The Makefield Highlands Golf Course, located in Makefield Twp., PA
- a beautiful Scottish links type course, recently opened June 2004.

ENTRANCE FEE: \$100.00 per person; including greens fee, cart rental, unlimited use of full practice facility and banquet.
Course closed for our exclusive use for the day.

FORMAT: Four person scramble, with prizes for first place team, longest drive and closest to the pin.

Reserve your tee time now: Please fill out the attached form and return with a check for \$100.00 per person by July 31st. This early sign-up date helps us fill the event with family and friends first before advertising publicly. Write checks payable to **The CPT Brian Faunce Memorial Fund**, and mail to Rich Faunce at 667 Barclay Ave. Morrisville, PA 19067.

Proceeds to benefit the CPT Brian Faunce Memorial Fund

Singles and pairs will be placed in a foursome. Every effort will be made to accommodate requests for preferences. We hope to see you there!

Name	Handicap	Paid In Full	Team player preferences
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Please return by July 31, 200
Make checks payable to: CPT Brian Faunce Memorial Fund.
Mail to: Rich Faunce, 667 Barclay Ave, Morrisville, PA 19067.



Samantha & Danielle & Beer

SQUADRON 811 PARTICIPATES IN FLAG DAY CEREMONY

Fifteen cadets and senior members joined National Guardsmen, Veterans and members of the public at a Flag Day ceremony, Tuesday, June 14.

The CAP Color Guard stood vigil at the memorial. Major Wenrich gave the opening and closing prayers and cadets, senior members and others present assisted with folding flags and presenting them for proper disposal.



Memorial Day Activities

by Lt Col Edgar R. Flick

Squadron 1502 assisted the Somerset Memorial Day Committee with various details. The cadets took care of lining up the different units for the parade.

Later in the morning the members assisted the Somerset Borough Police Department with closing streets off for the parade.

The commander kept in radio contact with each intersection by using the ISR (inter-squad radios). "This was a great communications exercise", said Major Catherine Flick, Commander of Squadron 1502.

After the parade was over, the members went to the VFW Picnic Ground for a barbecue with the Parade Committee workers.

*This is a reminder...as required by CAPR52-10 para 3C, all Cadets within 6 months following their 18th Birthday must complete the CADET PROTECTION POLICY TRAINING (CPPT) Don't forget the Wing Conference Sept 23, 24, 25, 2005 Mark your Books!!!!
Bruce Brinker, Lt. Col., CAPPAWG
Director of Cadet Programs*

Scholarship Winners Awarded to Eleven Squadron 811 Cadets.

This year, Squadron 811 awarded eleven scholarships for summer CAP training activities. The recipients were announced at the June 1st meeting. The following cadets will receive their scholarships after they completion of their activities;

Cadets; Amanda Schwartz, Abby Ross, Carl Frey, Lauren Hartman, Ethan Frey, Sheila McQueen, Clinton Ross, Brian Tusher, Eli Frey, Thorne Harkin and Stephen Kantner.

Congratulations to all the winners!



Colonel Charles Bechtel, (US Army Retired), Swears in Squadron 306 Senior Member into the US Air Force

With family and friends looking on, Civil Air Patrol's Lt Col Charles Bechtel, (Col US Army Ret), swears in former Cadet Commander of Squadron 306, John M. Huffstutler into the the United States Active Air Force.

Recently becoming a Senior Member of the 306, John Huffstutler decided to follow in the family's tradition by enlisting in the armed forces. SM Huffstutler's sister is also serving her country. She is member of the Pennsylvania National Guard.

Civil Air Patrol's Major Michael A. Huffstutler proudly stands by his son with Colonel Bechtel, standing on the right. (See photo above.) "It was unique having Colonel Bechtel there to "swear in John," said Major Huffstutler.

Congratulations to the Huffstutler family!

907 CADET BECOMES A PRIVATE PILOT

Former Cadet Commander, Kelly Wright earned her private pilot license through CAP'S Private Pilot Program.

"She is number 14! I remember taking her on her first orientation flight and she has been along on many trips to USAF bases. This makes all the gray hair worth it! I don't think there is a successful full program, (from 0 hours to Private Pilot), in the country," says Captain Dan Pompei. "I am proud to be a part of a great CAP Wing," continued Captain Pompei.

Cadet Wright will be attending the Air Force Academy this fall.

CONGRATULATIONS KELLY!

Hazleton Composite Squadron 203



The Hazelton Compostie Squadron 203 would like to announce the graduation of several of its members and their honors of being accepted into

military programs. C/LtCol Brian Rizeg, top photo, has been accepted into the U.S. Naval Academy. C/LtCol Paul Rizeg, bottom photo, has been accepted into the U.S. Coast Guard

Academy. C/Maj Scott Brenner has recently begun classes at the U.S. Air Force Academy, and C/Capt Jared DeWire has been given a full ROTC scholarship to Wilkes University. The squadron has no doubt that these excellent cadets have begun what will most definitely be successful military careers.



by Capt Bret Stemrich
CC, Hazleton Composite Squadron 203



Join Squadron 907 at the Philadelphia Phillies on Aug 6!

Squadron 907 will be presenting the colors for the opening of the game. Come help us show off CAP to Philadelphia. Check with Chris Comly to see if tickets would still be available. Phone: 215-260-2076 or Email: CACOMLY@aol.com





MISSING PERSON SEARCH JUNE 18, 2005

“To the men, women and organizations that took part in the search and to the businesses that donated the supplies to keep us going, a very sincere THANK YOU for a job well done”, Harry Gardner, Chief of Ridgway Fire Department, Ridgway, Pennsylvania.

Photo:

From left to right, the following members from Squadron 401 that participated in the search on June 18, 2005; Cadets Andrew Brauning, Drew Meyers, James Reiner, Aaron Williams, 1st Lt Justin Fetter and Captain Arnie Andresen. Kneeling; SM Jonathan Reyes, Cadet Ann Reiner, SM and 1st Lt William Schlosser.

Pennsylvania Wing Civil Air Patrol was asked to participate in a search for a missing person in Elk County, around the Clarion River and surrounding forest area, on June 18, 2005. The 56 year old male failed to return home from a fishing trip. Squadron 401 from Williamsport, found themselves at the staging area in Ridgway, Pennsylvania, ready to assist in the search mission. “I am very proud of the fact that if for only 1 day, I and our Fire Department had the opportunity to be part of and work with some of the most dedicated and professional emergency personnel I expect we will ever be involved with,” said Chief Harry Gardner. This particular mission may have closed for the Civil Air Patrol at end of the day and they may not have found the missing person, but this squadron will be ready when called upon again to aid and assist as needed. “The out-pouring of selfless support for this incident from the men and women that took part in the search on a summer day that could have been spent at home with family is truly mind boggling” said Chief Gardner.

Photos credits; 1st Lieutenant Dale Gaffney



Open Letter - by Senior Member Dave Briddell, York 301 Squadron

*I just 'gotta' tell someone at Wing of the success at the SLS school last weekend in Quakertown. (4-5 June 2005) As a new CAP senior (having been a MD Wing cadet and senior), my "batteries" were charged as much as the other attendees had at the SLS. Major Rand Woodward, Group 3, (a Texas transferee and Group CO) did a superb job as school director and instructor. His staff assistants were very well prepared to share parts of the overall course content. The outside speakers were well informed and added depth to our understanding. Bruce Berner, (Lt Col USAF Ret.), Wing's USAF/Liaison, gave us a friendly feeling of concerned support and left us feeling that the Air Force was indeed a big brother to our volunteer mission. The course visuals and hard copy handouts were simple and direct. It was a lot of information but not force-fed. Everyone's retention, I feel, could not have been better. Training aids will be of good future reference. I didn't have to take copious notes and everyone could share equally in the experience. The fun was sharing one another's experiences and ideas on course topics that had worked for them and possibly be used by us. When it was over, **ALL OF US**, left motivated and enthusiastic with new possibilities for our squadrons. I don't ever remember enjoying a learning weekend as much. Personally I think Major Woodward deserves a special **THANKS** by Wing and Group. He is a natural teacher and concerned leader. He should have a part in the Fall Wing Conference, because his CAP knowledge and enthusiasm is contagious. PA 31st Wing is indeed blessed to have a man of this caliber joining us. Thanks for the opportunity to attend this orientation school. I look forward to attending future CAP events.*



C-130 Flight to Wright/Patterson Air Force Base

By DONALD N GREENFIELD, LtCol, CAP, Commander 306

It took over a year for Sq. 306's Lt Col Donald Greenfield, Commander, and Capt John Smith to arrange a flight on a 193rd Air National Guard C-130 to Wright/Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio, and the National Museum of the United States Air Force there. Those plans were realized on 30 June 2005 at 1000 hours when thirty-seven cadets and nine senior Civil Air Patrol members took off from the 193rd ANG base at Harrisburg International Airport.

There were extra seats available so Lt Col Greenfield invited interested persons from Group II to participate. Joining eighteen members from Sq. 306 were eleven cadets from Capitol City's Sq. 302, nine cadets and one senior from Lebanon's Sq. 307, four cadets and one senior from Williamsport's Sq. 401, one senior from Altoona's Sq. 1504 and one representative from Group II.

The excursion was a "thank you" for Sq. 306's help at the Air National Guard's Family Day in August plus their annual Family Christmas Dinner last year and our contact with Sabrina Lengher of ANG. Capt Smith was Sq. 306's liaison person. Further assistance in putting together the complicated plans was provided by Col Jerry Otterbien, Capt Chris Post, and Capt Brian Jones of the ANG. In addition to the flight, arrangements for transportation at Wright/Patterson were needed plus permission to eat at the base mess hall.

Pre-flight briefing was supplied by MSgt Mark Fry who also provided in-flight assistance and information. Lt David Ehrhart was particularly helpful in rotating cadets through the flight deck to observe a C-130 takeoff and landing. In addition to MSgt Fry and Lt Ehrhart, the flight crew consisted of Maj Roger Kay, Capt Matt Wise, Capt Gordon Frankonfield and TSgt Shawn Kovak.

The Air Force Museum is the "public's window on the Air Force." It dramatizes the service's mission, history and evolving capabilities to 1.2 million visitors a year. The galleries contain more than 300 aircraft and aerospace vehicles and thousands of historical items that bring history to life and connect the Wright brothers' legacy with today's stealth and precision technology. Details are available at <http://www.wpafb.af.mil/museum>.

This was an excellent experience for CAP seniors as well as cadets and the generosity and services provided by ANG personnel to make it happen are appreciated beyond words.

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Group 2 Day at Hersheypark

In response to requests from many cadets for a fun activity, I have put together a trip to Hersheypark for the members of Group 2. This should be a very fun and exciting day for all the cadets in the Group.

Date: Thursday, August 11, 2005 **Time & Meeting Location:** TBA

Cost: \$20 per Group 2 member, \$27 all others **Uniform:** Comfortable civilian clothes with orange CAP T-Shirt. **Contact:** Major Richard Gray at 814-327-9615 or pawg1504@earthlink.net for more information.



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Then and Now; A story of a Pilot's Cross Country Flight (story continued from the 2005 May issue.)

Part II by William J. Doyle, Jr. (CFI A&I, AGI, IGI, ASC)

And so our story continues ...

No, I'll never forget that day. The sound of the fuel truck pulling up to the Mooney brought me out of my reveries. Now I really had to get moving. I had to rent a car and get myself downtown for a business meeting. If all went well, I'd have a very nice network support contract.

'Twas now four o'clock in the afternoon on the Eve of Christmas. The sun was setting on both the day and the year. Oh what a year it was! And to think that just this past January I had opted for a retirement package from my home school district and ventured out on my own as a systems and network consultant. With this latest contract, I would need to hire some people. Wow! I was going to be an employer! Life was definitely going from good to great.

Most of my support contracts had come from churches and schools. I suppose that a lot of this was that they trusted me since I was known to have been raised in a Christian faith. I guess it also helped that I was known to have a good work ethic, to wit a good job for a fair price. The irony was that I'd not been inside a church in many, many years. So what did that make me? No time to dwell on that now. I needed to get back to the airport, obtain a weather briefing, file an instrument flight plan, preflight the Mooney, and get home. It was Christmas Eve, a time to be celebrated with family and friends, good food and good drink. And Christmas or not, I'd worry about religion and the practice thereof some other time.

"Mooney Eight-Four-Bravo is cleared from the Elmira Airport to the Doylestown Airport, runway heading then radar vectors to Victor 147 to Wilkes-Barre VOR to Victor 613 to Allentown VOR to Victor 149 to Mazie Intersection then direct to Doylestown. Climb and maintain 4,000 expect 7,000 in one-zero minutes, departure frequency is one-one-eight-point-one-five, squawk three-four-two-four." This was the instrument flight clearance, or routing home, given me by Elmira Ground Control. When I repeated it for confirmation they replied, "Mooney Eight-Four-Bravo, read back correct."

I was cleared to taxi to runway 6. At the runway threshold I did the run-up, or pre-takeoff check. Though it would later prove not to be the case, all was as it should be at the time. The tower cleared me for takeoff. As I held the runway heading and passed 3,000 feet, I was handed off to Elmira Departure Control. Departure gave me right turns to intercept the airway named Victor 147 and cleared me to climb to 7,000 feet.

The Victor Airways are like airborne interstate highways. The center of the airway consists of a VOR-based radio beam. The width of the airway is 4 miles on either side of the radio beam. So in my case I was flying a radio beam between Elmira VOR and Wilkes-Barre VOR. An intersection is similar to an intersection of streets or a highway, except it is where radio beams from two VORs cross. Mazie Intersection was literally right next to Doylestown Airport. This flight home was going to be a breeze. Also, since it was Christmas Eve and all, the controllers were going to be full of cheer, spiritually not liquidly. Tonight they should really be men, and women, of good will.

By now it was dark and I had just been handed off to New York Center. I was cruising along the airway at 7,000 feet, intermittently in and out of IMC. Each time I went into the clouds I could see the reflections of the wingtip strobe lights as well as the port and starboard navigation lights. Port and starboard, now those were terms that gave me pause as a student pilot. I could never get straight in my mind, which was which and what colors went where. Finally I came up with the memory jogger, "Left port, red wine" meaning that the red navigation light was on the left or port wingtip. After mastering that, I would always be able to figure out the opposite, "Right, starboard, green."

I was also thinking that everyone always made a big deal of night IMC, but so far it didn't seem so bad. I must have been daydreaming because the next thing that happened brought me to full consciousness with a start. The vacuum warning light just lit up on the annunciator panel! The pucker factor just increased! This latter was a crude reference to my time in Vietnam where one's pucker factor, to wit sphincter tension, varied in direct proportion to the body's perception of threat or physical harm. My pucker factor was definitely moving out of the green arc, or normal operating range, into the caution range, also known as the yellow arc.

I checked my throttle setting. It was where it should be, so a creeping throttle didn't cause the warning light. As I watched, both the attitude indicator and the HSI seemed to be falling off to the left. This wasn't good. It definitely looked like a failure of the engine-driven vacuum pump. On the upside, route tracking on the GPS seemed to be okay; the miniature airplane was exactly centered on the magenta route line on the GPS screen. My electrically driven systems were working fine. The autopilot still had control of everything.

I pressed the toggle switch to activate the stand-by vacuum pump. It came right up. The attitude indicator and the HSI resumed erectness; the Sby Vac light lit up on the annunciator. I switched the flight director control mode from navigation to heading then twisted the HSI's heading knob 10° to the left then 10° to the right. The autopilot responded properly by turning the airplane in each of the selected directions. The sphincter tension was receding. After a few more moments Joe Cool, Hot Stick and Super Pilot was back! Believing that, I began to think this problem was so easily fixed that it wasn't even worth a prayer for help.

I resumed navigation mode and got us back on course. "Us" and "we" are terms pilots use even when flying solo. I guess it refers to the pilot, me in this case, and the airplane being a team. It certainly wasn't God or Guardian Angels. That was stuff I left behind in grade school.

After another check and a few minutes of steady on-course flight, I reported the problem to Center, telling them that I thought everything would be okay. And it would, so long as I had the electrical system to sustain the stand-by vacuum pump, and the GPS and the flight director and the autopilot and the HSI and the radios and all the other electrically driven navigation and communication components.

They say that flying is endless hours of boredom punctuated by moments of sheer terror. No need to invoke a deity here, though. Everything was very much under control. Little did I realize that all of this would change, and very soon at that.

Things settled back in to a comfortable monotony, perhaps even a comfortable complacency. I was past Wilkes-Barre VOR and headed south to Allentown VOR. I was about halfway to Allentown when the ALT VOLTS light began flashing brightly on the annunciator panel. Something was wrong with the alternator. My head instantly swiveled to the circuit breaker panel. And there I saw the popped breaker for the alternator! I recycled the alternator field switch then pushed in the alternator circuit breaker. It popped right back out.

I remembered from the P-O-H, Pilot's Operating Handbook, that once the main alternator circuit breaker trips there wasn't much to be done. The bold-faced instructions in the P-O-H said to turn the alternator field switch off. I did this. Next the P-O-H indicated that I should turn off all non-essential electrical equipment and land as soon as practicable. As soon as practicable, now there was a term that lawyers had been seeking to define in the courts for years.

Legal smugness notwithstanding, I was starting to break out in a sweat. My feet and hands felt wobbly. I was in IMC and flying on battery. I needed to start reducing the electrical load on the battery, and quickly! What's non-essential? Okay, let's start with the lights. So I turned off the navigation lights, rotating beacon, and strobe lights. What else didn't I need? Off went the COM2 and the NAV2 radios, then ADF (automatic direction finder to point toward an NDB or non-directional beacon), DME (distance measuring equipment to determine the distance to a VOR), LORAN (a ground-based predecessor to the GPS).

(continued on page 8)

Story continued - Then and Now; A Story of a Pilot's Cross Country Flight

I didn't need any of this equipment with the GPS. I turned down the instrument panel lights as low as possible. The auxiliary fuel pump was already off, as were the recognition lights, landing lights and taxi lights. I needed electricity to drive the autopilot, standby vacuum pump, turn coordinator, COM1 and the GPS, as well as the pitot heat. This latter was necessary since I was IMC and I needed to prevent icing of my pitot tube.

Okay, the aviating and navigating were covered. Now it was time to do the communicating part. New York Center had long since handed me off to Wilkes-Barre Approach who had recently handed me off to Allentown Approach. So I was going to be complicating Allentown's Christmas Eve. "Allentown Approach, Mooney Eight-Four-Bravo is declaring an emergency!"

"Mooney Eight-Four-Bravo, say nature." I told them that I had just had an alternator failure and that I had previously reported a vacuum failure. They cleared me direct to ABE, Lehigh Valley International Airport. I was happy for this since the closer I got to ABE, the flatter the terrain became. Had this happened closer to Wilkes-Barre I would have been confronted with high terrain and mountain ridges. I felt better about that. The big question was whether I would make it before my battery died.

On the GPS moving map display I could see Jake Arner Memorial Airport at about 10 miles at my 3 o'clock position, which was directly off my right wing tip. Just after this everything in the cockpit began to dim and then went completely black. The last thing I heard was a strangled chirp as the autopilot turned itself off. I felt a mind-numbing and sweat-soaking terror. I needed to keep a grip on it. Always fly the airplane as what my instructor had said. Said hell! He had drilled it into me! Now the big question was whether I could overcome my terror enough to pull it off.

The only other sound was the engine, humming and thrumming. Now what to do? There was no vacuum and now no electricity. If I attempted to fly the airplane without critical instruments such as the attitude indicator and the heading indicator, both of which were vacuum-powered, and the turn coordinator, which was electrically driven, it was going to be a challenge to keep the airplane in an upright and level position. There was a better than even chance that I was going to become spatially disoriented and the airplane was going to go into an unusual attitude resulting in a steeply tightening and accelerating descending spiral. This is also called a graveyard spiral and was what killed JFK, Jr., his wife and sister-in-law in the late nineties. The other possibility was a nose-high unusual attitude resulting in a wing stall, causing a loss of aerodynamic lift. In a Mooney, failing to recover promptly from a stall quickly degenerates into a spin.

Prospects of my continued longevity were not boding well. My death seemed all too likely. Praying began to look like an appealing option. Dear God please.... Please what? I thought of all those years that I neglected my religion and I was going to say dear God please don't let me die? No, I had done too many dear Gods over my life. Dear God please do this or dear God please do that. Usually it was dear God please let me pull this off this time or dear God don't let me get caught this time. Seeing that my come-uppance was at hand, I settled on, "Dear God, please don't let my crash hurt anyone on the ground."

But that didn't mean I was giving up. They say that in a crisis everything is in slow motion. I think that may be true because the brain is working at such a fast speed. What did I have to work with? I still had an altimeter, an airspeed indicator and a VSI, vertical speed indicator. These instruments were from the pitot-static system and were powered by outside air pressure. They would tell me if I was going up or down or flying level, as well as how fast. I also still had a wet compass that would tell me if I was going right or left. I still had a chance. Maybe I'm not yours yet God! Though there was a time when I would have said that smugly, now I was just thankful for finding what might be a way out.

First I needed some light. I turned on a Mini-MagLite and stuck it between my teeth. I had five of them with me. One was on a string around my neck. Two were in my coat pocket and two were on belt clips. I had plenty of light available to me. I needed to fly the airplane upright and straight. Now if I could just get it down.

As I pushed the yoke forward, the nose went down and the airspeed needle leapt high into the cautionary yellow arc. The VSI needle leapt past 1,500 FPM. The Mooney was a slippery airplane; it really liked to go fast.

I couldn't believe that I just did something that dumb. I felt a leamer coming on. More gallows humor from the Vietnam War, this one meant a shot of ice water, straight to the heart! I felt that chill! Heartbeats were missed! Joe Cool the Hot Stick was beginning to lose his composure. Coming un-glued he was! I needed to slow this airplane down and do it quickly. Now I did what I should have done to begin with. I pulled the throttle back to 17 inches of manifold pressure, then pulled the propeller back to 2200 RPMs, and gently put some backpressure on the yoke. This quickly slowed the descent. I needed to make sure that I didn't over-control the airplane, jerking it up into a climb.

The speed slowed and I now pushed slightly forward on the yoke, to get 500 FPM rate of descent, and then used the trim wheel to keep it at that rate. This was exactly what would be done on an instrument approach, except that I was doing it blind. The wet compass was more or less steady, indicating that I was more or less going straight.

Now if I could just run out of clouds before I ran out of altitude. The pitot tube and static ports needed to remain clear of ice or I would lose most of the remaining instruments: airspeed indicator, altimeter, and VSI. Normally I would simply turn on the pitot heat but without electricity that wasn't an option. My only choice was to rely on my co-pilot. And so I did! Dear God, please don't let me get ice on the pitot tube!

The descent seemed to take forever. Still descending and still in the clouds, I passed 4,000 feet, the MEA for this segment of my route. My sweating intensified. MEA is the minimum enroute altitude and guarantees vertical separation from terrain and obstacles. They built safety margins into the MEAs, 2,000 feet for mountainous terrain and 1,000 for non-mountainous terrain.

3,000 feet and I was still in the clouds. Damn! Was I ever eating into my safety margin! 2,500 feet and I was finally out of the clouds. Actually the clouds were behind me. The moon brightly illuminated the snow-covered fields below. Thank you God! All I had to do now was make sure I didn't hit a ridge or one of the ubiquitous cellular phone towers.

Just as I was convincing myself that I was going to live and that the rest of the flight was going to be a walk in the park, the engine sputtered and stopped. In frustration I lamented, "God! If you're going to take me, please do it and get it the hell over with! If not, please quit screwing with me!" Once upon a time, back in the time of my teens, my clergyman mentor had told me that God does everything for a reason, though His reasons are often beyond us. Amen to that! It seemed to me that God was wasting a perfectly good set of emergencies when no examiner was on board to evaluate me.

In slow motion again, or so it felt, I went through the engine failure and restart procedure. This, hopefully, is something etched into the souls of all pilots: mixture set to full rich, auxiliary fuel pump on (not particularly useful without electricity), magnetos on both (magneto systems self-produce the electrical spark for ignition and combustion), fuel selector switch tanks. Still nothing! I was going down. Time to go back to doing what I was taught: fly the airplane! Okay, where do I put this thing? I had just established my best glide speed at 90 knots. I put the gear handle in the down position, though without electricity, it would be a manual extension. I finished the rest of the setup for manual gear extension by pulling the gear actuator circuit breaker and unlatching the emergency gear handle. All that remained was 7 to 20 pulls on the T-handle. Without electricity there weren't going to be any flaps to extend. Fortunately, I had been trained in emergency landings without wing flaps.

Suddenly I noticed the moon! Like the Star of the Magi, it seemed to be beckoning me toward it. And then I saw it! Right off the nose! Right there below on a large moonlit field was a barn or farmhouse adjacent to a long, thin rectangular cutout. Could it be? Yes! It most definitely could because next to that rectangle, which I hoped was a runway, stood a windsock. *(story continued on page 9)*

Even at the best glide speed, my altitude was steadily dwindling. As I crossed the runway at midfield, the altimeter showed 1,100 feet. I immediately made a left turn onto the downwind leg of the pattern. This was going to be tight, just like the circle-to-land instrument procedures that my revered master made me practice all those years ago. I was abeam the runway threshold. Normally at this point I would extend the wing flaps and pull back the throttle, but I had neither electricity nor an engine. I did the next best thing. I started pulling on the T-handle to extend the gear. Many pulls later I heard a series of thunks and clunks as the gear locked. I shined my Mini-MagLite on the gear indicator on the center floorboard. It indicated down and locked.

I turned left twice more for a quick base to final and put the Mini-MagLite back in my mouth so I could see the airspeed indicator and the VSI. Considering the circumstances things weren't looking bad, 75 to 80 knots and 500 FPM rate of descent. On short final, I reached down and turned the fuel selector to the off position, minimizing, hopefully, the likelihood of a fire. I also reached over and unlatched the door. I needed to be able to get out of the airplane if this landing turned out to be one of those where after they couldn't use the airplane again.

The Mooney was a bit fast so I gently applied backpressure on the yoke. She slowed. As I crossed the runway threshold, I applied some more backpressure. She slowed some more and then the main tires were on the runway. The covering of powdered snow created some drag and helped us slow some more. After a few seconds I applied some gentle brake pressure. We slowed to a stop. I was down; nothing was broken on either the Mooney or me. And the Mooney could be used again. It was time for rejoicing and prayers of thanksgiving. I really didn't think I was going to come out of it this well.


Now I needed to take stock of my situation. The Mooney held signal flares, two blankets and a first aid kit. In terms of victuals, there were several bottles of water, a canned ham, and a bottle of Asti Spumonte. The ham and Asti had been holiday gifts from my new clients while I had brought the water with me. I wrapped these items in one of the blankets. The last thing I did before getting out of the cockpit was press the activate button for the ELT, or emergency location transmitter. With my survival bundle in hand I went to look for shelter I could use for the night. Just one night or was I being overly optimistic? Would my ELT signal even be picked up on Christmas Eve?

To be continued ...

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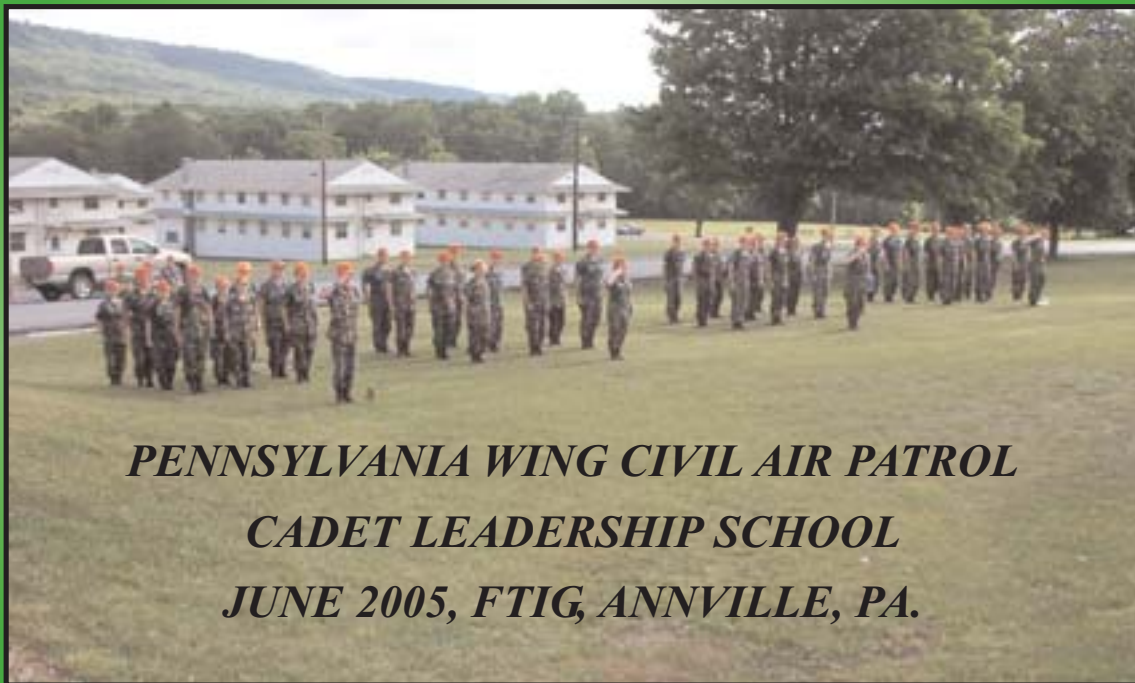
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