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August 2012
Adirondack Chapter Newsletter

From the President's Desk

by Tim Devine

As I strike these first key strokes, I must admit that I feel grossly unqualified to write this month's "From the President's Desk" article. I want to speak of the loss of Jack Schleich to the aviation community, and I feel that there are many individuals in the chapter who knew Jack longer, and much better, than I did. It wasn't until I became chapter president and became the point person for the annual wings and wheels event that I really got to know Jack.

A common thread that I always hear, and see, when I attend fly ins and aviation events, is the fact that aviation oriented people are some of the nicest and most generous people that you would ever want to meet. Jack Schleich was the embodiment of that fact. While he held a certain affinity for tail wheel aircraft, anyone who ever landed at his strip received a warm welcome and conversation about their individual aircraft. If you were in need of some assistance, Jack was always ready to extend whatever resources he had at hand to help.

EAA Chapter 602 was a fortunate benefactor of Jack's generosity in many different aspects of aviation. I have lost track of the number of times that I, and other members of EAA 602, have practiced touch and goes on Jack's perfectly manicured strip in pursuit of polishing our flying skills.

EAA Chapter 602, along with the Lions Club and the Galway VFD, have all

also benefited from the Schleich family's beneficence each year when they opened their property to the public to attend the annual Wings and Wheels car show and fly in which became the premiere event of the summer.

With Jack's passing there is now a void in aviation that will never be refilled. Aviation aficionados of Jack's generation were cut from a different cloth. Unfortunately, like the vintage airplanes we fly, we are all getting older. While the airplanes can be restored, repaired and kept airworthy, gentlemen of Jack's character and stature can never be replaced. So to Jack Schleich we wish you "calm winds and clear skies", and a heartfelt "thank you and farewell" from all of the EAA 602 members past and present. May you rest in peace.

events

July Monthly Meeting
Tuesday, July 31
7:00 PM
Fulton County Airport
NY0

Saturday, August 11
11:00 AM to 2:00 PM
Morse State EAA Pot Luck
Bennington, NY
DDH

Saturday, August 18
7:30 AM
Cooperstown Pancake Breakfast
K23

August Monthly Meeting
Tuesday, August 28
7:00 PM
Fulton County Airport
NY0

This article was featured in Life In Galway, and written by Wayne Brandow, pastor of the Bible Baptist Church of Galway. It is reproduced here with Wayne's permission, in honor of Jack Schleich.

Note that this article is reproduced as originally written, with no mention of Jack's passing. It is included in this publication as a tribute to his life and an inspiration to us all.

As a young man, Jack Schleich had a mechanical bent and he loved to work on cars. After graduating early from high school, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and served aboard a weather ship.

One day an accident occurred that changed the course of his life. Ordered to secure some equipment on the top of the mast, Jack scurried up to the top in the midst of a storm. The ship was docked, but a gust of wind and the negligence of a sailor below sent him plummeting 80 feet downward to crash onto the steel catwalk. This was a defining moment in Jack Schleich's life.

The accident left him hospitalized. It was a career ender. He was honorably discharged as a disabled vet. Jack soon found out in the 1950s that once employers discovered that he was a disabled vet, they would let him go. If he was going to make it in this world, he would have to start his own business.

It was during those days of recovery that Jack worked at a gas station. While on crutches pumping gas, he met Gail. She had been visiting her grandmother at the time. Not long after that Jack and Gail fell in love and they were married.

Jack purchased waterfront property on Long Island and he was determined to build a marina. It would be a full-service marina, which would not only dock boats but also repair them.

All was going as planned when Jack ran out of money. Gail was eight months pregnant at the time. Not knowing where to turn, he called his best friend who lived in California.

His friend sent out all the money he had, which Jack repaid in time! Due to the generosity of his friend, Jack and Gail made it through the difficult beginnings of his business.

To make a go of it, Jack worked long hours. Sometimes Gail would bring both dinner and the kids to his office so they could have a meal together. One day Gail asked Jack if he might take a day off to do something with the family. They went to Rhinebeck to see an air show with bi-planes. Jack was so enamored with what he saw that he purchased a biplane before he learned to fly.

Looking for property in upstate New York, Jack bought a farm on Perth Road in Galway in 1976 and began to work on improving the airfield that was there. It was Jack's love of flying that brought him to Galway.

There is more to Jack than being a successful businessman and his pursuit of flying. Meeting Jack, one cannot help but sense his inner strength and kindness. Such qualities are often not found except in those who have weathered great adversity. Gail and Jack had four children. Their youngest son, Kenny, shared his father's love for flying. Great sorrow came into the Schleich household when Kenny died in a motorcycle accident as a young man 20 years ago.

Jack is known for the concern he has for others. In 2010, Jack was awarded "The Knight of the Blind" by the Galway Lions Club for his community service. Past Fire Chief Doug DeRidder started the "Explorer Post" program designed to recruit high school students into the fire department, and Jack opened up his airfield to these prospective firemen.

For the past four years at his airfield Jack has hosted a car show and fly-in called "Wings and Wheels." It is a fundraiser for both the Galway Fire Company and the Galway Lions Club. There is no admission, just $5 to park a car. The show features vintage cars and aircraft as well as aerobatics. The next Wings and Wheels will be held on Saturday, August 20,th from 10 AM to 4 PM.

Jack is a member of the Galway Fire Company. It was Doug DeRidder who told me I ought to write an article on Jack. I am glad I did. What a remarkable person!

A very special thanks to Wayne for sharing this article with our EAA602 Chapter. We are all honored to have known Jack, and are thankful that you did get to know him, and to share this article with us. May Jack rest in peace.

Solo Flight!

Sometimes, the conversation between two pilots is just a pleasure to overhear. To some, it's a foreign language. But to most of us, it's music to our ears. Some call it hangar flying -- sharing stories of accomplishments, recounting a glorious view, reenacting a harrowing experience. All in all, we connect and explore our passion of flying together.

Every pilot will recount their first solo experience in a different way. Some with information down to the last detail. Others with excitement that could never possibly be contained.

As a highlight of this month, EAA602 member Jim Gabriel, shares his first solo experience. Here, reproduced, is the email correspondence that Jim shared with me to include in the newsletter. At first I thought about chatting with Jim on the phone to make the story a bit longer. Then, I realized that this email captures the entire experience, and it would best be shared as is.

Next time you see Jim, ask him about his solo flights that day. My guess is that he'll tell you the exact shade of blue that the sky was!

From Jim Gabriel:

It went great! My CG was a little off, so I was a little nose down coming in, but with power, throttle full I was fine. In the morning I adjusted the CG and she flew much better, nice 45 minute flight. Admittedly a little nervous setting up to land but flew in fine and smooth. Third flight fine, smooth inflation and landing, and even taxied all the way up the strip, kiting the wing.

It was a great fly-in and my daughter (12yo) flew twice – in Darryl's green hawk and a PPC. :-)

I think the emoticon sums it up!

History of the Paraplane

by Phil Dietro

The development of the first mass-produced powered parachute took approximately two and one-half years.

Aeronautical Engineer Steve Snyder was implementing and perfecting the use of square ram-air parachutes which had properties of a lifting wing, he found that increased glide ratios were developed. He therefore assumed that if the person or payload suspended under the chute had some thrust added, the distance traveled could be extended. With more power, it could fly level or even climb. He then decided to pursue this idea with the objective of creating a safe and simple aircraft that even amateurs could fly easily. This was the start of the birth of Paraplanes.

With the help of Adrian Vandenberg, who had expertise in metalworking and machining, he completed the first basic paraplane powered parachute frame design in March of 1981. Daniel Thompson, a small engine expert, was brought on to the project three months later to produce a power plant for the paraplane. He fitted the paraplane aircraft with two small Chrysler engines and the P-1 (prototype 1) was born.

On the first day of test flying, attempts were made to get the paraplane powered parachute aircraft off the ground. Steve, at 150 lbs., finally tried easing the power away from full throttle at takeoff, and managed to fly the powered parachute craft to a height of 40 to 50 feet. He had a difficult time with control of the powered parachute craft because of the torque produced by both engines spinning their propellers in the same direction. The total flight time was 30 - 35 seconds at a speed of 20 to 25 mph.

The P-1 flew more than 10 times, once by a woman weighing 110 lbs., which allowed for better performance of the test flights. Many revisions were made during those test flights, including the addition of a vertical stabilizer, flaps, ailerons, and optimizing the parachute trim.

Ram air parachutes of the day had a flat profile and offered limited control. More anhedral (downward curve) and ribs were added to the chute ultimately giving the powered parachute craft more stability and pressurization on the P-1's parachute thus solving the control issue.

While the parachute control solutions were being worked out, Dan came up with an improved airframe design for the paraplane, and with Steve's idea of folding landing gear for portability, the P-2 was completed in January of 1983. The problem of torque was also solved by having the propellers counterrotating, thus canceling out each other's torque effect.

Three months later the P-3 made its debut at the Sun & Fun Airshow in Florida. Response was overwhelming, and the ParaPlane Corporation was formed to produce the portable, safe, and easy to operate powered parachute Paraplane aircraft the P-3 had proven itself to be. This was the birth of Powered Parachutes, and many innovations and improvements have come from these humble beginnings since then.

Much thanks for permission to print this content goes to Phil Dietro, EAA Chapter 768 member and Newsletter editor.

Phil Dietro, President of Inland Paraflite, Inc. is an FAA Certified Flight Instructor (CFI) with a Sport pilot rating for Powered Parachute Land, (PPCL). He is also an FAA SPE (Sport Pilot Examiner) and an SFIE (Sport Flight Instructor Examiner). Phil has been flying powered parachutes since August of 1992, and has tremendous experience that he shares with all of his students.

Phil was very fortunate to go through the last class given by the inventor of the Paraplane, Steve Snyder. He's also the inventor of the self-opening ram air parachute, which is used by the military and most sport skydivers.

You can learn more about Phil, and the Inland Paraflite team online at http://www.paraplane.com.

Gulliver's Finale! by Tim Devine

A number of years ago, Dave Newel told me about this fly in at a place called Gullivers's Air Park in Palermo New York. Palermo is a stone's throw from Oswego, so it sits in the lee of Lake Ontario and some absolutely gorgeous country.

One reason or another kept me from attending over the years, and it wasn't until Darryl and Kevin came back raving about last year's event that once again I vowed to try and make the trip. I am so glad that I did! As luck would have it, after 14 years the Gulliver family, due to some personal problems and just being tired, decided that this year's event would be their last.

Darryl did a great job of keeping people informed and disseminating the necessary information to anyone that was interested in attending so they could plan accordingly.

Kevin and Darryl decided to repeat their experience of 2011. Mike Clukey, Tim Cowper, new PPC member Jim Gabriel and his daughter Haley, Dave Newel, and I all decided to fly or tow our aircraft to the finale. Larry Saupe, I am told, showed up on Sunday to check things out and take advantage of the great food that was available on site. So, in the end, EAA Chapter 602 far and away ruled attendance and aircraft participation in Palermo!

Darryl headed out on Wednesday morning and probably was one of the first arrivals along with Jim Gabriel who trailered his new PPC in from Schenectady. Kevin followed early Friday morning, and Tim C. and I were airborne by 13:30 Friday afternoon.

I knew right away that it was going to be a fun trip because we had a rare easterly tail wind helping us as we headed for Herkimer. The plan was to fly to Herkimer and then make the turn Northwest to follow the narrow corridor between Syracuse and Griffis airspace. Somewhere around Utica we got our signals crossed and got separated!

Tim C. had gotten north of our intended flight route and it took us a few minutes to get back in formation and squared away. By the time we did this we were north of Holland Patent so I decided to parallel route 12 to Remsen and then turn northwest. This route took us up over the escarpment of the Tug Hill Plateau, which eventually opens up onto the glacial plain which runs along the south shore of Lake Ontario. Kevin and Darryl were just returning from a sightseeing trip around Oswego and we followed them in to land on runway 19 and taxi to the camping area.

Darryl, Kelly and Kevin had already set up their tents and had saved Tim and I a couple of places to park and set up our shelters. After signing in and meeting Jean Gulliver it was time to set up and get to the pilot briefing. Pilot briefing was straightforward with a major focus on safety. At that time I was the only GA aircraft on site, and with the mix of ultralights, PPCs and other assorted AC it was going to be essential to for all of us to be vigilant.

After getting our campsite squared away, Darryl, Kevin, and I took a scenic flight up to Oswego and out over Lake Ontario. Haze prevented us from seeing the Canadian side, but it was more like flying by the ocean than a lake. We returned to Gulliver's in time for a great roast beef dinner followed by a ceremony for Jean Gulliver's father who passed away last year.

Once the ceremony was completed it was time for the PPC's to fill the still cool summer air. The next hour or so was filled with the sound of rotax engines filling the air as the PPC's buzzed and swooped around the field and adjacent pond. Darkness eventually brought everyone to ground and we concluded the evening sitting around our little campsite swatting mosquitoes and talking airplanes.

Kevin and I were already up to watch Dave Newell launch at 05:30 into a layer of ground fog and a beautiful blue sky. Dave's first pass was through the camping area to make sure everyone was up, and soon the rest of the PPC flyers were hustling to take advantage of the still morning air. After breakfast we started breaking down our camping gear, as Tim and I were only able to stay the one night. Tim and I then flew to Oswego for fuel, and then it was time to get headed home. Intermittent clouds and thermals were the rule of thumb going home, but 1:40 after departure I touched down at Johnson's and taxied to the hanger.

A nicer bunch of people you could not have met anywhere, and a better-run event would be hard to find. I was fortunate enough to be able to share the experience with a great group of fellow aviators. My only regrets are that I waited so long to attend, and that this was the final year.

Fly safe, fly smart!

McFly your Density Altitude

by Joel Glickman

"Yes. Yes. I'm George. George McFly. I'm your density. I mean, your destiny." One of my favorite lines from the movie Back to the Future can serve as a reminder to those of us that McFly the friendly skies during the warm, humid summer months.

Density altitude is not just a concern for our western counterparts where high altitudes combined with summer heat and humidity can keep pilots grounded for days. It is of the utmost concern to these pilots, but we are not immune from the effects of density altitude and must also take it into consideration during these dog-days of summer.

Ignoring the effects of density altitude is as dangerous as misjudging a headwind on a long trip. In that scenario, the complacent pilot notes that she has always been able make a particular trip in a prescribed amount of time, consuming a certain quantity of fuel. With an unusually strong headwind, that trip could take twice as long, consuming double the fuel expected. Imagine her surprise when she discovers empty tanks far short of the destination.

Ignoring the effects of density altitude will present you with an even deadlier surprise far sooner than this, during your takeoff roll. The runway that has served you so well over the years is suddenly too short. This is of particular concern if you typically find yourself skimming the treetops on an average departure from this runway. Certainly, density altitude should never be ignored, even for near-sea-level fliers like ourselves.

So, what exactly is this invisible sinister culprit that steals runway length from unsuspecting pilots? Let's start with some definitions. The International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) has established the standard atmosphere at sea level to have a standard temperature of 59° F (15° C) and standard barometric pressure of 29.92 inches of mercury. These are the presumed averages for these measurements throughout earth at sea level. Density altitude is not your actual altitude, but instead an altitude derived from your pressure altitude, corrected for non-standard temperature, any temperature at sea level that deviates from 59° F. Pressure altitude is also not your actual altitude, but the altitude your altimeter would display should you adjust your altimeter to the standard barometric pressure of 29.92 inches of mercury.

Density altitude, therefore, is a calculated reference altitude derived from your indicated altitude, and the local barometric pressure and temperature readings. In the ideal standard atmosphere model where the air conditions would be exactly at standard temperature and pressure at sea level, the density altitude you just calculated is the precise altitude in this standard atmosphere where you would find the density of air molecules to match that of the non-standard air you are presently flying in. Your aircraft cannot tell the difference between flying in a standard atmosphere at this calculated density altitude or flying at your present altitude in your non-standard air.

Your aircraft performance is not based on your actual altitude, but instead this calculated density altitude. It is not necessarily your altitude, but the density of the parcel of air you are flying through that effects the production of lift, the ability of the propeller to produce thrust, and the amount of power your engine is capable of producing.

"I'm your density altitude", says McFly, and indeed it has everything to do with the density of air molecules for the parcel of air you are flying through. When the barometric pressure is high on a given day, you can imagine this additional pressure pushing air molecules closer and tighter together. When the temperature is very low, you can imagine the reduced energy of the bouncing air molecules causing them to move about less, thus they stay closer together. The overall effect for each of these conditions would cause the density of air molecules in a given parcel of air to be higher, meaning that there are more molecules packed per unit volume. This would be beneficial to the performance of your aircraft. Low pressure and high temperature have the opposite effect, the combination of which will cause much lower air density, fewer air molecules per unit volume.

Yes, the lift produced by your wing is directly related to airspeed and angle of attack, but is also dependent on how many air molecules are flowing over your airfoil. At a given airspeed such as 100 knots, fewer molecules will flow over your airfoil on a hot, low pressure day than on a cold, high pressure day due to the reduced density of air. Your propeller is also an airfoil, so it suffers the same degradation in performance as the wing. Low air density leads to loss of both lift and thrust.

If it is a low air density condition that degrades our performance, why is this condition referred to as high density altitude? This is because the density altitude is the specific altitude in the standard atmosphere at which the density of air matches your present low air-density condition. In order to find that low air-density condition in the standard atmosphere model, we would have to go to a higher altitude, where the air is naturally thinner due to the standard pressure and temperature lapse rates.

Rather than calculating the actual air density, pilots use a yardstick that is more easily interpreted: altitude. A pilot wouldn't be able to quickly reason through the performance degradation if they were told that there were a certain number of air molecules per cubic centimeter, but tell a pilot that the air they are now flying in is no different than flying at 15,000 feet in the standard atmosphere, and she quickly realizes that the air is thin and can interpret the magnitude of performance degradation to expect.

I draw my first density altitude example from personal experience. In the summer of 2009, I completed a journey that spanned 8,700 miles across the entire United States. During the trip, I discovered that my anemic Cherokee 140 could barely achieve 11,500 feet when

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asked to do so by ATC, well below the advertised 14,000 foot service ceiling. As I made my way out west, I began to experience the effects of high density altitude, mainly due to the higher terrain. I noticed that the runways were much longer here, and for good reason. This was never more evident to me than at Flagstaff, AZ (KFLG) and at Grand Canyon National Park (KGCN). The airport elevation at Flagstaff is 7,014 feet. At maximum gross weight and using this elevation alone, my performance charts tell me that I need approximately 3,800 feet of runway to clear a 50 foot obstacle. Of course, if you look more closely at the performance chart, it doesn't care what actual altitude you are at, but it relies on your density altitude. Only the density of air molecules matters when determining your aircraft's performance. Of course, I diligently checked the local barometric pressure and temperature: 30.35" and 70° F, dew point 50° F. Note that the humidity, or dew point, also plays a small role in density altitude in which higher humidity produces a higher density altitude. With these numbers and a handy online density altitude calculator, I determined that the density altitude to be 9,000 feet. Looking back at the chart, I discovered that it does not cover this high a density altitude. In fact, it clearly states "Extrapolation of chart above 7,000 feet is invalid". You'll notice that the curve starts leaning over and in fact will at some particular density altitude should become completely horizontal, meaning you would need an infinitely long runway to take off at that density altitude.

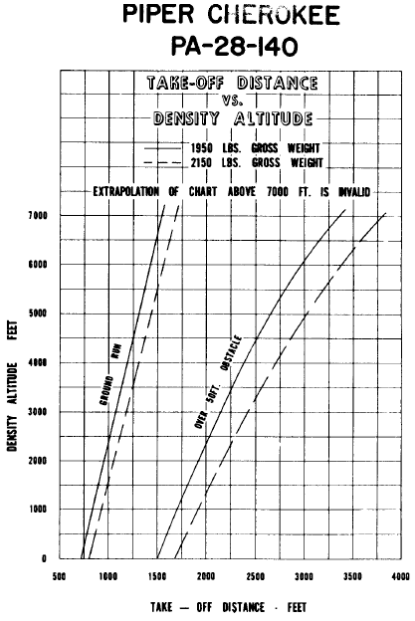
When considering taking off at such a high a density altitude, you become a test pilot. Before taking off, you have to imagine how the aircraft normally performs at 9,000 feet in a standard atmosphere. My aircraft is a dog at this altitude and can only climb at about 100 fpm. You also have to remember that cruising at that altitude, you have leaned your engine out considerably due to the thinner air. Nevertheless, I was determined to take off and decided that if I wasn't airborne 2/3 of the way down the runway, that I should abort the takeoff. The runway length was 8,800 feet. Surely, this would be enough?

Before takeoff, I leaned out the engine for maximum power and began the takeoff roll. While it certainly wasn't worth my life to determine that my weak aircraft could become airborne under such conditions, I learned that it could, but just barely. I was able to climb out of ground effect and just clear the trees, but I needed every bit of that runway.

The next takeoff was later in the day at Grand Canyon National Park. There, the elevation of the airport was lower (6,609 ft), however, I calculated the density altitude to be an astonishing 9,500 feet since it was hotter later in the day. I had noticed an abundance of much more powerful aircraft on the ramp, and I certainly knew why. The runway was a full 9,000 feet long, so I reasoned that the extra runway should compensate for the higher density altitude. Again, as a test pilot, I just barely made it out of that airport. While I now know what my airplane is capable of, I would never repeat these takeoffs. The slightest downdraft at the departure end would have put me in the trees. There was zero margin for error. Never put yourself in a position where you are off your performance charts.

Also, density altitude prevented me from visiting airports out West that I would have loved to land at. Leadville, Colorado sits at an elevation of 9,934 feet. Imagine trying to take off from here on a warm summer day in my anemic Cherokee. With an altimeter setting of 29.62, a temperature of 85 degrees, and dewpoint of 80 degrees, the density altitude is almost 15,000 feet!!

Since that is above the advertised service ceiling and well above the 11,500 foot mark where I struggled to climb, a departure from Leadville will most assuredly end in failure. Density altitude



can be an invisible killer. I've added a reference to a 60's vintage FAA video in which Leadville is featured as the highest altitude airport in the US., but this is not the airport that presents the most trouble for the subject pilot. He encounters trouble at a lower airport, but it was much hotter there, so it was actually at a higher density altitude. This pilot thought he was invincible in his powerful Bonanza because he had previously taken off from the highest airport in the US, but density altitude caught him off guard.

So, again, why should we care about density altitude at our near-sea-level airports? We have many active and experienced members that routinely fly in and out of smaller grass strips. For example, a private grass strip just west of Amsterdam, NY has a runway that is only 1,400 feet long. The airport sits at 340 feet MSL, but what is the density altitude on a scorching hot summer day and is your airplane capable of operating out of such a short strip on that day? To take this to an extreme, imagine it is 98° F with a dewpoint of 98° F (100% humidity). The altimeter setting is 29.62". That sea-level airport now sits at a density altitude of 4,000 feet! We're not at sea-level anymore, Toto!

Referring to my performance chart, I note that even if it were a standard atmosphere day, I would need 1,700 feet plus 10% for the fact that it is a grass runway. I have no business being here even on a cool day, but on this scorching hot summer day, the chart tells me that I would need 2,500 feet of runway plus 10%. This is a full 50% more runway needed! While your aircraft may very well be able to operate out of a 1,400 foot grass strip routinely, what does your performance chart say about doing so when the density altitude is 4,000 feet? This is not just a west coast problem. So, for those shorter runways, be sure to calculate density altitude on these hot summer days. You may want to find a longer runway. Also, for high density altitudes, you may want to consider leaning your engine before takeoff and lightening the load.

FAA Instructional Video from FAA (60's vintage): http://www.askacfi.com/1109/density-altitude.htm

Online Density Altitude Calculator: http://wahiduddin.net/calc/calc_da.htm

member spotlight

What is your name? Jim Gabriel

What is your home base? Niskayuna NY

How long have you been an EAA602 member? Joined April 2012

How long have you been flying? I started flying hang-gliders before the third grade. My father built gliders in Syracuse through the 70s. No cliff jumping mind you, just ground skimming down reservoirs and ski hills. In my 20s I took a ride in an ultralight in Illinois. That hour long flight rekindled the urge for personal flight. Over the past 20 years I've been working my way back to it.

From hang gliding I remember entire summers spent running up and down grassy hills, the ground effects, and skipping off the cushion of air at about 3-5ft AGL. Very cool! I've always had "flying" dreams and now it is a reality.

What do you fly? I currently own a single seat Parascender Powered Parachute. I first PPC soloed on July 18th, 2012. Very excited! Thrilled my father and daughter and friends were there to share the moment.

What do you do when you're not flying? When not working on my Parascender, I enjoy my family. I'm a proud father of two -- Haley (12) and Nicholas (9). And I'm a Civil Engineer for Schenectady County.

If you could give one piece of advice to a student pilot, what would it be? Read everything and get good training! The EAA has provided me with the contacts and resources needed to bring my dream to life.

Editorial Corner

In honor of Jack Schleich, I would like to share this poem, written by Nancy Robinson Masters.

Are All the Airplanes In?

I think oft times as the night draws nigh
Of an airport on the hill,
Of a runway wide and bordered with grass,
Where the airplanes taxied at will.
And when the night at last came down,
Hushing the whirling din,
Masters would look around and ask,
"Are all the airplanes in?"

Tis many and many a day since then,
And the airport on the hill
Echoes of pilots who've come and gone,
And the runway is never still.
But I see it all as it used to be,
And tho' many the voices have been,
In the old north hanger, I hear Masters ask,
"Are all the airplanes in?"

I wonder if as the shadows fall
On his hair now turning gray,
As he steps aside as men must do
For new pilots to come the way,
If forgotten they'll pass him while calmly he stands,
Eyes focused upon the wind,
And quietly he'll ask tho' no one may hear,
"Are all the airplanes in?"

With sincere thanks to all who have shared their stories,

Phylise