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## THE BEST HOLIDAY

by Alan Memley

Shortly after Thanksgiving, the Christmas decorations would appear along Western Avenue in Los Angeles. The large red bells would be hung across the street, from one side to the other, evenly spaced along a three or four block stretch of the Avenue. At evening time, the internal lights of the bells would come on. It was a sight to behold for the young boy named Alan.

Mom would begin her Christmas shopping at that time, and of course, I would accompany her. School would be out of session, and this poor student (used to failing subjects), was more than thrilled to take a little holiday.



At the south side of where the decorations began, there was the Big City Market. Mom would do her grocery shopping there. Next door to the market was the Texaco station. Mom would have the gas-guzzler filled-up there. We'd stroll up Western Avenue and walk into neat little stores like Brody's Children's Clothing, the Shoe Store, and best of all... the Toy Store. Further up the street was Currie's Ice Cream Parlor, with its million foot tall (me exaggerate?) replica of a sugar cone, topped with strawberry ice cream.



Currie's had a tantalizing, peculiar scent inside the store... something like a cross between vanilla ice cream and, what I would call, frost. But, does *frost* have an odor? I don't think so. But, for a seven year-old, it does. Baskin-Robbins can't come close to the ambiance of a Currie's.

Equally interesting about the Ice Cream store was the *Genie Fortune-Telling* machines. These little devices were set out on the tables and the counters. You could put in a coin and get your own fortune, written on a small slip of paper that would emerge from the front. Now, to explain how accurate these fortunes were, one of mine told me that I would be the owner of an aviation company in the Fresno area! (If you believe that one... I have a gold-plated Cherokee for rent... \$4000 per hour).

Soon, we would head off to the Christmas tree lot to pick out the best tree. Mom had a knack for choosing the trees that would fit most attractively in our living room. She would have them covered with fake snow, making them the most attractive trees ever. It wouldn't be long, and gifts would

## LOST IN TIME

by Alan Memley

Some things are worth repeating (just ask my wife... she keeps harping on the same things... over and over... you'd think I'd learn). Ten years ago this article appeared in my newsletter. The story that follows was written for my English class when I was in 11th grade. You can see from this tale that I've *always* been slightly crazy.

After an entire lifetime of devoted research and hard work, Professor Zork had finally developed the machine of his dreams. This device would be able to transport him, bodily, into the far reaches of the future, and to bring him back to tell all the world of his discoveries. The details of the time machine were only known to the professor himself.

On October 25, 1973, the professor prepared his equipment for his first trip into the future. The trip would take him to the year 2673, where he would spend three days of observation. He set his machine to return on October 28, 1973 so as to return three days after his departure. Before leaving, he phoned the cleaning woman and instructed her to clean the lab before his return, since there were to be many people present in the lab observing his arrival.



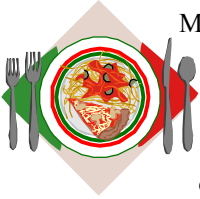
What did the professor find in the world 700 years from now?

Unfortunately, because of the **stupid, blundering error of one woman** [we were kind of sexist in the sixties], **we will never know. The cleaning lady, in her haste to tidy-up the lab, knocked-out the power cord to the time machine, rendering it useless. The professor was left suspended in an unknown dimension, never to be found.**

This little story illustrates a few things. First, the professor kept the workings of his time machine to himself. How was the cleaning lady to know that the time machine required 110 volts AC power? The same problems can arise in flying. We carry passengers... and hopefully, we instruct them on seatbelt use and cabin door operations, as well as asking for their help in looking for traffic.

mysteriously appear under the tree. My older brother and I would shake, wiggle, and otherwise attempt to figure out what was inside each gift. This game would go on until the moment we'd open them up on Christmas day.

Early Christmas morning found John and I pulling the wrappers away from our gifts. Mom and Dad would hear the commotion and come downstairs to observe the two, wild ones at work. I recall that they always looked sleepy on Christmas morning, probably because they really wanted to sleep-in... it was their *only* time of the year to do so.



Mom would be busy in the kitchen on Christmas day, and I'd love to help her set the table.

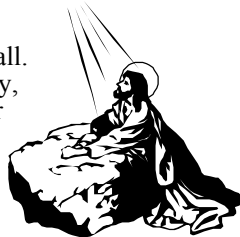
Soon, guests would be arriving, and Mom liked to have everything ready. Since there were only two (later three) boys in the family, I became Mom's *daughter*. I was in charge of vacuuming, dusting, setting the table, and washing dishes, too. I often tell folks that I would make someone a good wife... I'm so *domestic*!

Christmas has many sights, sounds, and smells... all memorable. Most of us have experienced the warmth of the fireplace, enjoyed sipping on hot apple cider, and shared in the cordial cheer of the season. Business slows down, and family activity takes center stage. Special efforts are made to get together with loved ones, and we wrack our brains in attempts to find the *perfect gift*. But, that's the joy of the season...or, is it?

Even though this particular holiday has always had such a wonderful impact on my life, I realized there was more to it than just the glitter, gifts and food. We celebrate the birth of a Savior, and as I entered into my teen years, I began to yearn for something more fulfilling in the celebration of Christmas. My brother, John, returned from M.I.T. for Christmas break in 1960. He had found the Peace with God that I was *seeking*. After sharing the Gospel message with me, I prayed with him and asked the Savior to come into my life... and make Christmas reign in my heart all year long. He came to forgive sin and give eternal life. The Christmas Carole, *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen* sums it up best:

*"God rest ye merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay.  
Remember, Christ our Savior  
Was born on Christmas Day.  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray.  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.  
Comfort and joy,  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy!"*

Christmas is the most wonderful holiday of all. No doubt, it is a celebration that all can enjoy, regardless of belief. There is plenty of cheer and commercialization to go around, for sure. But, let it be known, a real Christmas experience comes only from personally knowing the Savior Who started it all two millenia ago. Merry Christmas.



*Word of Wisdom:  
When the preflight planning takes longer to do  
than the flight... Drive!*

Secondly, the cleaning lady sure deserves her share of the blame, too. Her haste caused a real disaster to occur. Many pilots have lost it because of hasty decisions. They'll whiz through checklists, missing items. Get in a hurry... forget a *killer-item* (gear DOWN; fuel pump ON)... pay the price!



Finally, the hasty lady has shown us we can also 'trip' on objects and never know what we did. Here is a partial list of things we may do that might escape our attention: prop-blast folks and planes behind us while taxiing, not look for traffic (head in cockpit disease... *H.I.C.*), pull onto a runway when there is traffic on short final, or taxi too fast in an attempt to keep rental costs down (not a good idea from *either* of our viewpoints).

My calculus teacher in college always told us to "slow down... you'll go a lot faster!" He was right when it came



to the steps in solving mathematical problems. Speed only caused needless little errors that were hard to detect later. The same could be said for flying... especially the *slow down* part. We get into a mode that hurries us along. After all, the reason we learned to fly was to get somewhere fast. It takes real discipline to slow down our rhythm so that we can minimize, and hopefully, avoid needless errors.

There is little room in flying for errors. Of course, I know that certain things can be done and the airplane will be very 'forgiving'. In my personal approach to flying, I don't count on the airplane to 'forgive' me. Stay on top of things; slow down when needed; take time to look out the window for traffic; take a good look at the weather reports when things aren't picture-perfect; and, mentally stand back from what you're doing to get the big picture... tunnel vision is a bad thing. Practice extending yourself ahead of the airplane and anticipate situations before they become out of hand.

The landing phase of flight is certainly where our problems with flying ability can evidence themselves. Happy with your landings? Do things seem to overwhelm you on final and flare? Then, it's time for a refresher course in landings. We have instructors standing by to join you for an hour in the pattern. Sign up for a refresher today!

Memley Aviation is dedicated to helping pilots achieve the proficiency and professionalism they strive for. We'll be happy to leave Professor Zork suspended in another dimension...but, as for us, we like this dimension just fine,

