

## *Frisco Eddie's Revenge: The Return*

*A series by Balboa Ron Schweikert*

*(In last month's episode, Frisco Eddie and Lil had made their hasty exit from Dallas/Ft. Worth and were headed to Seattle, Washington, when the Boeing 727 on which they were flying developed engine problems just before they were to land at the Sea/Tac Airport. Before we continue this exciting series, a word from the author:*

*"I was a pilot in the military for 24 years and a lot of the things in this episode could -- and have -- happened to me. I realize that this episode won't be very interesting for a lot of folks, because it's pretty far removed from shuffleboard.*

*"I'm sure our readers know that what I'm writing about is fiction. Fiction of any kind is usually based on a slim thread of facts somewhere along the line. In order to try to make things interesting, I've added some totally unreal situations. In this effort, I'm not trying to give shuffleboard a 'bad name.' It would be easy to present a scenerio where everyone 'lags a 3 or 4' and we all have big smiles on our faces, and wear dress suits while we're playing the game! It would make for pretty dull reading after a while.*

*"I have a pretty good notion of how Frisco Eddie will end -- and the end will have 'redeeming value' and also carry a strong 'moral message.' Until then, I hope it is understood by our readers that this is intended to be humorous, entertaining ---- and fiction."*

*Editor's Note: We, along with our readers, hope that "end" will not come soon. Your unique blend of fiction with the reality of experience have kept us on the edges of our seats -- and right now, we're glad those seats are not on the same plane as Eddie and Lil.....)*

Lil and Eddie were looking at one another after they had quickly put on their oxygen masks. The same thoughts were passing through both of their minds: "What the hell are we doing here....and are we going to live through this thing?" This was certainly turning into one wild trip!

The flight attendants had managed to calm down most of the hysterical passengers by now. An announcement came over the intercom: "This is Captain Johnson. We have some maintenance problems with our aircraft. We are receiving special handling from Seattle Approach Control and we'll be landing shortly. Please try to be calm and, above all, follow the instructions given by your flight attendants. Everything is under control, so please be calm. I'll keep you advised on our progress."

The situation in the cockpit was far from being "under control." It would be better described as "partially controlled chaos." The passengers could hear all the bells and buzzers going off from inside the cockpit as the captain was making his announcement. This greatly

lessened the feeling of security he had tried to convey. What they were dealing with here was an engine failure on number one (the left engine) and a possible fire on the same wing. The circuit-breakers and warning lights were going crazy on the console in front of the pilots.

Seattle Approach Control was "vectoring" them into position for a straight-in final approach and they were now cleared to "descend and maintain 6000 feet -- at pilot's discretion." The descent, however, wasn't at Captain Johnson's discretion. They were losing altitude -- and losing it fast!

Just after the captain had "re-trimmed" the controls to compensate for the dead engine, they found out why they were losing the altitude. The first officer shouted: "We've got a loss of torque on number two engine!" It was obvious that they couldn't maintain altitude now, and the landing was going to be close -- too damn close!

The turbulence eased up a bit when they reached the lower altitude. Seattle Approach came on the line then: "This is Approach Control 827. Turn left heading 360 degrees. You're approaching the glide path. You are cleared to land 827. Be advised that the active runway has been foamed and all emergency vehicles are in place. We're calling the ceiling and visibility at 200' and 1/2 mile, but it's ragged. Winds are 030 degrees at 20, gusting to 45. There is no wind-shear advisory. You are now on glide path -- do not acknowledge further transmissions."

Captain Johnson called for the landing gear to be lowered by 1st Officer James as they descended through 4000 feet. The approach flaps were already down and they were still on the glide path. They could hear the gears as they were extending into place for landing. Just when they were feeling a little better about things, 1st Officer James hollered out: "Oh, no! I've got an unsafe nose gear indication on the panel!" Captain Johnson told him to recycle the gear -- "NOW!" He did that, but the nose gear still showed that it hadn't extended, and locked into place. There was a feeling of total despair now in the cockpit. There was no possibility for a "go-around" even if they didn't break out of the overcast. The whole situation was in God's hands now. There was nothing more they could do but "ride it out." They were down to 600 feet now and the ground still wasn't in sight. As they passed 300 feet, they still didn't see the runway. "This is it," 1st Officer James hollered out, "We going in!"

Lil and Eddie were already in the "crash position," with their heads down between their knees, bracing for the landing. Eddie had been raised a Christian, and he was now saying prayers he hadn't said since his youth. Lil had a very sick feeling in her stomach. She had an

overpowering premonition of the inevitable -- there was no hope.... no hope at all!

They were now below the 200 feet minimum and passing through 100 feet and still didn't have the runway! The 1st Officer threw his arms over his face. Captain Johnson shouted: "We didn't make it! My god, we're going to....."

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

If you are enjoying Balboa Ron's series, and/or have story ideas for him, write: Balboa Ron Schweikert, 8301 W. Charleston Blvd. #1050, Las Vegas, NV 89117. Remember, your positive feedback is the only "salary" he receives!



Giving the "We're No. 1" sign are the winners of the team event: (left to right): Russ Miller, Washington; Ferlin Kearns, Oklahoma; Gordy Smith, Canada; Bob Lewis, Arizona; Nick Chaffin, California; and Mike Redinger, Oregon. The name of this "international team" -- The Stroke & Jokers.

## North American Championships

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Ron Huddleston gives a "thumbs up" victory sign for taking first in the Pro/Division I Doubles with partner Sam Summers. Both winners are from Oklahoma.



Also from Oklahoma were the winners of the Division II Doubles, Ron Blalock and Tom Hendrix.

Darrol Nelson (right) won the Pro Singles, and with partner Karl Spickelmier took second in the Pro/Division I Doubles. Darrol also took first with Ken Hawkes in the A-B Draw, and Fred Thumann in the Pro Draw.



### 1995 North American Champions

A-B Draw: Darrol Nelson, Oregon, and Kenny Hawkes, Colorado

Division I Singles: Dan Hitt, Washington

Division II Open Singles: Desi Guches, Oregon

Division II Ladies' Singles: Diana Madsen, Canada

Pro Singles: Darrol Nelson, Oregon

Pro Draw: Darrol Nelson, Oregon, and Fred Thumann, California

Pro/Division I Doubles: Ron Huddleston and Sam Summers, Oklahoma

Division II Doubles: Ron Blalock and Tom Hendrix, Oklahoma

Amateur Team Event: Nick Chaffin, California; Bob Lewis, Arizona, Gordy Smith, Canada; Russ Miller, Washington; Ferlin Kearns, Oklahoma; Mike Redinger, Oregon

Legends Draw: Jim Foran, Washington, and Bobby Williams, Texas

Deuces Wild: Bill Melton, Oklahoma; Lyndon Baize, Texas; Steve Burkett, Oklahoma; Johnny Wayne Crawford, Texas

**FOR A COMPLETE LIST OF THE WINNERS, SEE (AND KEEP) THE ENCLOSED FLYER.**

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