

Captain replied: 'Go ahead with the alternate system.'
Third pilot opened the **ABNORMAL AND EMERGENCY** checklist and went down through the details with the other pilot. He glanced at the captain and said: OK Skipper-stop worrying about it; you just fly away and leave the problem to us.'
2237 Hours.
'Shamrock 109 — what's your speed. I told you to slow down to 180 knots.'
'Sorry New York — we have a problem with the flaps.'
'OK Shamrock — do you want emergency equipment standing by?'
'Negative New York we will be able to commence normal approach in five minutes.'
'OK Shamrock 109. I'll vector you out of the traffic pattern; turn right to a heading of 340 degrees'
Ten minutes later the big jet was safely on the ground. It was 5.47 pm, local time.

Chapter Two

ROOTS

*Beautiful yet barren west -
rain washed in history.*

Percy French, a celebrated Irish entertainer of some years ago, in one of his recitations recalled 'the bog below Belmullet in the County of Mayo. I grew up near there in the 1930's in the small town of Foxford — it was a haven of prosperity in an otherwise depressed area. The town possessed a woollen mill and two schools, national and convent, and there was even the sophistication of a music academy.

The money from the factory was good, but it was paid by a differential scheme, and in practice this meant that two men could do precisely the same work at a loom, but the man with a wife and family would earn more than the bachelor. At Christmas, those employees in need received blankets or suitlengths of tweed or