



I found this on one of our Navy Facebook pages and it struck me as so true I had to repeat it.

“Lockheed P3:The Old Girl Known as the Orion:

Sometimes I reflect on my life, and have to say that being a sailor, my worst day was wonderful! I miss strapping into the Orion and flying to some remote place and operating. I miss the comraderie, and I miss being an active part of patrol aviation. Now, the kids have the watch and the world is becoming less acquainted with the aircraft I grew up with. As she and I enter our twilight years, I still glance up with pride at the sky when the old girl flies by. Memories, like ghosts, flood my mind and I can still hear the call of Sensor Three calling out “Madman! Madman! Now Now Now!” as we flew over the submarine. There was a time when an Orion, every minute of every day, was on patrol in some remote ocean of the world. Navy P3 sailors like me are the old breed now. I salute the new patrol aviation sailors and have all the confidence that they will carry on the legacy of my generation, ensuring that no hostile underwater fleet will ever find sanctuary in the deep. God bless all of us.”