



*In Memory of
First Officer
Warren Wise*

February 5, 1955–March 6, 2002

US Air introduced me to Warren Wise when we gathered at the Allegheny Motor Inn for a Captain's board interview, which was the last step before hiring on with the airline. On that day, we all were sizing each other up in order to create a relative ranking, yet all in attendance that day were hired.

Warren was in my new-hire class. As I got to know him, I discovered someone who had lived more than most, even at this relatively early stage. After training, we were assigned to DCA, and we soon decided to room together in order to defray the high cost of living. (As he was senior to me, he often took a trip that I would have liked.)

Warren raced sailboats, planned to compete in triathlons, and utilized our travel privileges to the hilt. He was always jumpseating on Pan Am or TWA to Europe, or flying to some tropical location for a diving trip. With his encouragement, I accompanied him to India to see the Taj Mahal. We traveled courtesy of Pan Am and a friendly captain who told us that we would want to return as soon as we saw it. He was right. Later, as I began racing sailboats, joined the ski club, and traveled more, I would think that I was only attempting to keep up with my good friend. We both had fun in that race.

We each moved from Washington, DC, and later married, but remained close friends. Last summer, Warren was diagnosed with stomach cancer. Through eight months of difficult treatment, he managed to keep his sarcastic wit. When I last saw him in December, he was still strong, even while fighting the side effects of his therapy. I was fortunate enough to speak with Warren a few days before he died. He was still looking toward his eventual return to the line.

His last trip assignment came March 6, 2002. So long, Lieutenant.

*Terry Claussen (BWI)
B-737-300*