



RUPANEWS

Journal of the Retired United Pilots Association

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May, 2006



IN THIS ISSUE

President's Message
Notices
About the Cover

Page 3
Page 3-17
Page 9

Letters
In Memoriam
Calendar

Page 18-36
Page 36-38
Page 40

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I don't know if it's good news or bad news, but there isn't much for me to report this month.

However, I do have one very good piece of news. Right after we went to press last month I had a call from Patti Melin who volunteered to help out as our *Widows Coordinator*. As many of you know, Patti lost her husband, Mike, last August while he was on holiday in Buenos Aires, Argentina. This gives us two *Widows Coordinators* as Patti will be working along side Carol Morgan who came on board last month. Thank you Patti!

Two months ago I mentioned that I had acquired hearing aids and that Blue Shield had paid 80% of the cost. Two members recently contacted me and said when they first submitted their claims for reimbursement they were turned down. When they persisted by making phone calls, Blue Shield then did come through with the 80%. So, if you have the same problem just give them a call and be persistent.

Yesterday, I went to the PBGC road show here in San Francisco and was very disappointed. I don't know how many of you have attended this show or what your opinion may have been, but it seemed to me that it was superficial and had very little of the in-depth information that the audience was seeking. The questions from the audience resulted in answers that were general and not at all informative.

Quite some time ago RUAEA started a Travel Desk in PDX which has expanded to include SEA. They have toll free phone numbers that you can call and they will take your listings for flights and give you load information. These phones are manned by volunteers and RUPA helps to fund the costs. Here are the phone numbers and the times they are in service.

Seattle Retirees Travel Desk:

1-888 UA6-DESK or 1-888-826-3375
Mon, Tues, Wed, Thur, 10:00am to 2:00pm PST
SEA Retirees in the FREE calling areas,
Please us 206-433-4218

Portland Retirees Travel Desk:

1-888-278-7038
Mon, Wed, Fri, 10:00am to 2:00pm PST

Cheers, Clev

DANA POINT RUPA LUNCHEON

TED,

Great day in the Dana Point Harbor. Seems like our summer has started. On deck for a early start at lunch were: Park Ames, Carlos Bernhard, Walt Bohl, Bob Brockmeier, Jim Cronin, Bob Fuhrmann, John Grant, Jim Growweiler, Pete Hansen, Rick Hoefler, Ed Judd, Jerry Meyer, Bill Meyer, Ted Simmons, Bill Rollins and Ken Jones.

Glad to see Ken Jones join our little band.

The road show of the PBGC was brought up. Most felt it would be a waste of time with 'pat' answers! Regardless a few guys said they were curious and would show up at the Sheraton LAX. Must be the 'free' parking.

Personally I was able to talk with someone named Harold, at Poorman Douglas Corp who told me "that I was in the process...give a week" Yep, still nothing three weeks later.

Well, on to May and see what comes out of the May 3rd and May 5 hearings.

Pete Hansen gave a few of us a rundown on his Baltic cruise that he took through Dargel Interline Worldwide. A 10 day northern Europe tour up to St Petersburg. Dargel gave a great price and it was a great trip on a Holland America boat.

Next Lunch May 16

Regards, **TED**

TERMINATION NEWS BY DOUG WILSMAN

Open letter to Roger Hall on 4-22-06: I see on the Internet that there will be talks in early May between PBGC and URPBPA's ERISA attorney and actuary. Evidently the agenda contains a number of issues including the arithmetic that was used to reduce about 3,600 monthly benefits starting with the March 2006 checks.

In case you haven't already heard, PBGC has "nibbled" with questionable reductions for: (1) lowering the IRS cap applicable to Final Average Earnings for anyone who retired after about 12-1-1999 down to no more than \$160,000; (2) giving no participation credit for furlough time; (3) changing the sequence when applying reductions for Partial Lump Sum Amount offsets and early retirement factors----United applies the PLSA offset first and then applies the early retirement factor, PBGC reverses the sequence and creates a greater net reduction; (4) applying a factor of 0.8 for a 50% contingent annuitant where the spouse is 10 years younger while United uses 0.845 and (5) using 35 steps to explain the reduction for the Level Income feature, some of which are the result of sub-calculations which are not displayed and factors from tables which are not shown. In the end the total present value of the before and after Social Security onset benefit stream is less than the present value of a hypothetical straight life annuity for the participant's situation.

I believe there are about 1,700 retirees and maybe 1,600 active pilots whose PC3 benefits are currently being calculated too low by PBGC. It should be noted that PC3 benefits are created solely by divvying up United's money---no federal money is used. So when we talk PBGC into elevating the benefits of one PC3 sub-group, there is generally less of United's money left for the balance of the PC3 group. It is really no skin off their nose---except they will need to defend any suits over their methods.

You may have noticed in the last issue of the *RUPANEWS* an excerpt from a Tom Davis letter to his US Airways retirees. Tom reports that after three years his lawsuit is at the Appeals Court level where the issue is whether PBGC is considered to be a fiduciary during the interim period before they issue their "Final Determination Letters." PBGC is claiming they are not and therefore it is not ripe for retirees to be going to court to force them to change their arithmetic before the Final Determination Letters are issued, maybe three years after PBGC is named plan trustee.

Also, when PBGC calculated the liabilities of about 7,500 in PC3 group, they used an assumed investment return of only 3.8% for the first 20 years. I hear that lawsuits brought by other participant groups have resulted in forcing PBGC to elevate the assumed return and thereby elevating the benefits. That's good for all PC3 retirees. The PBGC's 9-30-05 annual report shows the actual investment return on their entire \$56 billion portfolio was over 8.9 % producing a net income of \$29 million after paying benefits of \$3.685 billion.

The only way for PBGC to cry poor mouth is by listing the present value of their future benefits at \$69 billion while their assets are only \$56 billion, but they don't say what investment return they are using to calculate the present value----I'll bet is well below 8.9% . Note that their audited unfunded liabilities are only \$13 billion----not the \$23 billion you read in the press. To get that larger number they are including the liabilities from plans they have not yet taken over and may never take over.

On another subject, I get questions about the cash or stock being distributed by United for claims in bankruptcy court by unsecured creditors who are pilot retirees. Some inquiries come from some of the 1,600 who followed URPBPA's suggestion and filed for a higher claim amount for their non-qual losses for a lifetime. On an individual basis I have been suggesting to these people that it looks like United is paying about 16% of the claims (before deductions for taxes) to those who have received cash or stock---versus the 4-8% that was estimated on the ballot. So someone who is waiting for the outcome in court of his dispute with United over the amount of his non-qual claim can, in my view, estimate his potential gross yield (before taxes) as somewhere between the product resulting by multiplying the United amount of his claim by a factor of 0.16 and doing the same with the URPBPA claim amount.

Regards, *Doug Wilsmann*

DEN GOOD OL' BOYS RUPA LUNCHEON

The April meeting of DEN Good ol' Boys came off at noon on the 18th as scheduled. Happy hour preceded, and was its usual rousing success. The cuisine was a notch above the usual standard (in this humble scribe's opinion).

This organization being almost impossible to bring to order, a feeble attempt at humor was offered, which elicited a chuckle or two accompanied by an equal number of groans. During the 'boring business meeting' the recuperation of Dick Kobayashi was noted. J. L. "Doc" Bailey was welcomed, as was Chuck Hamm, it being each of their first meetings with the group. It was also noted that the organization is solvent. Bill Hanson noted the article (complete with pictures) about the family of Rick and Kaye Madsen in Sunday's Denver Post Newspaper.

Jim Krasno was called on for an update on the status of our retirement and etc. He opined that there will be little to report until the 3rd and 5th of May, those being important court dates in our pension saga. The humble scribe gave a brief recap of the informational meetings, in Denver, sponsored by the PBGC wherein almost nothing of substance occurred. Following the above, the meeting devolved into serious fertilizer slinging, which continued with elan and vigor.

Those present included: Phil Spicer, Curly Baker, George Benkendorf, Bill Hanson, Mack Connelley, Bob Sannwald, Bill Hoygaard, Hugh Moore, Dick Shipman, Jack Harris, Ralph Wright, Bob Blessin, Stanley Boehm, Chuck Hamm, Mike Williams, J. L. "Doc" Bailey, Herb Giefer, Sam O'Daniel, Ray Bowman, Roger DeLozier, Duane Searle, Bob Clipson, Ed Cutler, Russ Ward, Bill Fife, Jim Jenkins, Jim Harris, Jim Krasno, A. J. Hartzler, George Maize, Chuck Fellows, and the coordinator and scribe , *Ted Wilkinson*

FL TREASURE COAST SUNBIRDS 4/11 LUNCHEON

This was our last lunch together until November as several of us migrate north from May to October. The staff at *Mariner Sands C.C.* again provided an outstanding spread, which was enjoyed by 17 of us (Percy Wood, Ted Osinski, Bob Langevin, Clay Grant, Skip Larocque, Dick Starita, Del Gartner, Dave Hoyt, Sid Sigwald, Bill Cole, Clark Luther, Dick Baese, Andy Lambert, Roger Taylor, Bill Northup, Don Jefferson, and me). Our next luncheon is scheduled to be on Nov. 11, the usual 2nd Tuesday at 1130.

Until November, *Jim Doud*

THE GOLD COAST RUPA GROUP

The Gold Coast RUPA group had the last meeting for this winter season on Thursday, the 13th of the month. We had a good turnout and everyone seemed to be having a great time. Ham Wilson told one of his disgusting stories, and Dick Bodner told a disgusting story about Ham Wilson. They came out about even.

Present on Thursday were Stan Blaschke, Bill Garrett, Sid Sigwald, Walt Kimmey, Les Eaton, Hank Fischer, Ham Wilson, Steve Jakeabaski (guest), Dave Peat, Warren Hepler, Jimmy Carter, Bob Beavis, Bob Hein, Ned Rankin, Lyn Wordell, Dick Bodner, Jim Morehead, Ham Oldham, Tom Llewellyn, Paul Livingway, Mike Muggridge (guest), Bob Dodson, Ed Wheeler and me, Jerry Bradley.

Next meeting in South Florida will be in October. Have a great summer and see you then.

Jerry

NOTICE

Brother Retiree Pilots,

As mentioned at last RUPA luncheon, there is a small light at the end of the tunnel for some of us former military types.

I can now hear, thanks to the VA. It was a simple process and I encourage any who have similar symptoms to consider this money saving way to acquire hearing aids.

If: you are a Vet

you have an honorable discharge DD 214

you have hearing loss attributable to loud noises when in service:

Simply proceed to the nearest Veterans Service Officer, Division of Social Services (in my case 10 North San Pedro Rd, San Rafael), fill out pre-screening forms which are simple, have your doctor request an audiogram, bring same to the Vet Service Officer and make sure the letter to the VA states something very close to the following to insure acceptance into the program:

"I gave you an audiogram and found you have an impaired hearing loss due to acoustical trauma with the same characteristics as a typical "NOISE INDUCED" high frequency sensorineural hearing loss.

In analyzing your history, it became obvious that your exposure to loud noises, early on, commenced during your (service period with related exposure to noises like bombs, engines, jets, explosions et al) without the benefit of noise protection devices.

Based upon this history, I believe, as likely as not, that your impaired hearing loss is due to noise exposure in (ARMY, NAVY, USMC) service"

If you follow this and apply, you will likely be able to enroll in the VA for this limited benefit, a benefit in my case worth \$6K in aids and unlimited supply of batteries till I fly west. Sorry, no soap or free light bulbs!

*however, sometimes there are benefits of hearing loss when honey do's dominate your life...however, you will be able to actually hear what your friends say about you in crowded sitcoms....

I say, GO FOR IT! *Rick Saber* (former proud ALPA member, not now)

RUPA SUN'N FUN APRIL 6, 2006

It was a perfect day for the RUPA get together at the annual EAA Sun'n Fun fly-in. However the turn out was rather small. Apparently there is still some confusion as to the exact day for the meeting. The dates for the Sun'n Fun have changed, which maybe the cause of confusion.

However a good time was had and many stories related. Maybe next year we will have a larger turn out.

Those attending were: Gene Champman, Will Collins, Ted Collins (Will's son), Ellyse Collins (Will's granddaughter), Steve Linsenmeyer, Don Wetzel, Gene & Bonnie Ruder, Jesse Jernigan, Jim Sutton, Gary Crittenden and guests Jack Bakeman and Paul Sosby.

There is nothing like the sound of an Allison engine!

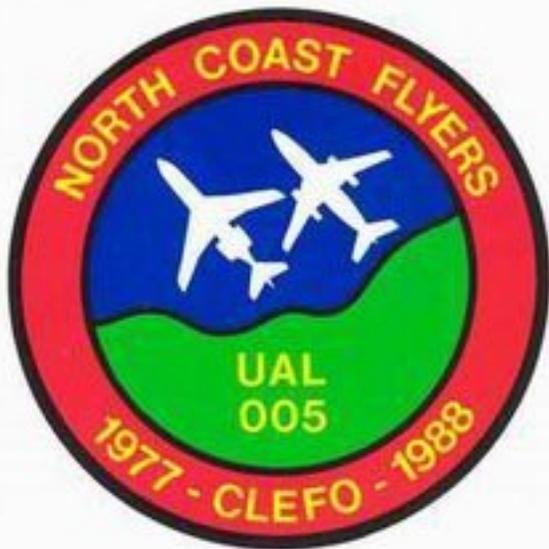
Truly, *Gary*

United Airlines Historical Foundation

Send donated artifacts to: United Airlines Flight Center Mail Room, Attn: Tom Angelos
7401 Martin Luther King Blvd., Denver CO 80207 Phone 303-780-5537



It's happening on June 10, 2006
RUPA & The Cleveland Crazie's
Mid – Summer's Do!



Directions

From I-77 or I-71 go west on I-480 and then...
From I-80 to I-71 North to I-480 West and then...

On I-480 to Great Northern Exits, Take Exit 6A South on Rte 252 (Columbia Road) to the German Cultural Center (approximately 2 miles) on Right. Parking will be there, and transportation will NOT be provided to and from the party site (about three blocks). However drop offs are available.

At Richard and Carol McMakin's Home
24926 Nobottom Road
Olmsted Township, OH 44138

RSVP to Carol or Richard - Phone: 440/ 235-7595 E-Mail: rmcmakin@apk.net

We will start at approximately 4:00 pm. We will finish when we are finished!!!

WE ASK THAT YOU BRING A DISH TO SHARE AND ANY CONDIMENTS, WHICH MIGHT BE APPROPRIATE. ALTHOUGH AN EMERGENCY SUPPLY OF BASICS WILL BE AVAILABLE, PLEASE BRING YOUR OWN BEVERAGE SELECTION.

BIRD FLU IS FOR THE BIRDS

By Marc Siegel, M.D.

My patients are confused. Who should they listen to about bird flu? Should they pay attention to the doomsayers, who speak of millions of dead people and advise us to stockpile emergency supplies, but have little else to offer? Or should they listen to those who say that the whole thing is another needless scare, a bird disease that is destined to remain a bird disease?

Here is what I tell my patients: “I know one thing –people are not birds.”

So let’s try not to blur the distinction between birds and people as we track the path of the H5N1 bird-flu virus across the world. It is very difficult for humans to get sick from this bug.

In fact, two studies published just this week in important scientific journals explain the distinction between the effects on birds versus mammals. The H5N1 virus attaches itself deep in the lungs, but cannot adhere to the upper airways. This is why it is very difficult for humans to get it in its current form. We humans spread flu by sneezing and coughing it on each other. Human flues must attach to our bronchi to make us sick. Bird flues attach deep in the lungs of birds, but probably only make it deep into our lungs with the large exposure that bird handlers sometimes experience.

A mutation is certainly possible as bird flu continues to spread, but these two studies actually outline four mutations that would be necessary before H5N1 could cause the next human pandemic.

In the meantime, my patients grow more and more afraid of birds. It now appears likely that birds in northern Canada or Alaska will spread the dreaded virus here sometime in the next two years. But because most of our poultry lives in protected enclosures, it is unlikely that this bird flu will spread through our poultry population the way it has in Asia, where birds walk the streets, commingle in metal cages and live in close proximity to humans.

We should be able to contain this virus at least as well as Europe has, and yet, Europe is plagued by fear of birds. Poultry consumption has declined 20 percent in France and more than 70 percent in Italy since bird flu hit European shores.

In the United States, poultry consumption is already declining despite the lack of a single sick bird here. I tell my patients that it is salmonella they should fear in cooked chicken, not bird flu. Cooking a chicken kills any flu virus, yet people’s fears are stocked by media alarms going off.

“What about emergency stockpiles?” my patients ask in response to last week’s news that Health and Human Services Secretary Mike Leavitt recommends squirreling away powdered milk and canned tuna.

Emergency supplies kept against the possibility of a blackout or an earthquake are prudent, but labeling the stash “bird flu” risks sounding a premature alarm. Similarly, anti-viral drugs, such as *Tamiflu*, are best kept in the hands of the government and physicians who might prescribe them, if an emergency ever comes.

In the meantime, knowledge of what a flu could do can be helpful, just so long as it doesn’t fuel a panic that does far more damage than the bird flu might.

Marc Siegel M.D., is an associate professor of medicine at NYU School of Medicine and author of “Bird

Address changes, Snowbirds & Others:

The Post Office will forward the *RUPANEWS* for only 60 days. We can keep two addresses in the database for each member. If you want your address changed, just let us know by one of the following methods:

Write: James E. Olson, PO Box 20634, Sarasota, FL 34276-3634

Or: Phone 800-787-2429

Or: E-mail jimboyfl@verizon.net

Check the RUPA Directory and make sure we have the correct information listed for you.

NORTH BAY RUPA LUNCHEON

The April gathering of the North Bay RUPA lunch group marked the two year anniversary of the group! Despite the continuing rains that have plagued the area, there was a good turnout of retirees and friends. Dick Lammerding brought, as his guest, Dr. Virgil Beasley, who has graciously offered his expertise to those who would like to set up some form of assistance to pilots, and their families, during these trying times. A program similar to "Family Awareness" that was popular during summer, 1985. Dr. Beasley answered many questions, informally, and was welcomed by the group.

The latest updates from URPA and other sources were passed around, and discussed. The news that the insurance problems many had encountered, both with life and health, had been eased somewhat by extending the enrollment period or by a one-time amnesty was welcomed by all. A special thanks was extended to Bill Greene and Barney Hagen for their hard work in making our own special North Bay RUPA nametags!! Excellent job, guys!!

A donation of a buck apiece was advised...which led to the suggestion of "a buck each lunch"...then to "a buck for even the stickon tags"...must have been a pilot group!

Larry Whyman offered a free copy of his splendid "Guppy" DVD to any Guppy pilots in the group...non-guppy pilots had a fee! Truly a pilot group!

Norm DeBack related his experience with UAL top management that occurred when a UAL aircraft was towed to a military base, rather than a more public location, due to obvious damage...great tale!! Rick Saber related his recent voyage aboard the U.S.S. Tarawa, which included an impressive burial-at-sea ceremony.

Passed around were news items from John Baczynski, concerning the seven year "slap on the wrist" given to the man that planted a bomb on a PAA flight that John was deadheading on! Also, from Bill Greene, the truck, currently on the road, ornately decorated and dedicated to the 9-11 tragedy.

A card from the group was sent to Tom Grey, who was scheduled for heart surgery that afternoon, with our hopes for a speedy recovery!

Attending: Leon Scarbrough, Al Fink, Jim Mansfield, Bill Greene, Larry Whyman, Gardner Bride, John Baczynski, Dr. Virgil Beasley, Sam Anderson, Clyde Wilson, Don Madson, Woody Lockhart, John Reed, Galen Wagner, Bill Royall, Rick Saber, Bob Grammer, Dick Hanna, Bruce Milan, Lee and Cathy Anderson, Dick Smith, Barney Hagen, Dan Bargar, Sam and Mickie Orchard, Ken and Shirley Corbin, Bill McGuire, Norm DeBack, Dick Lammerding, Carolyn Biggs, Bob and *Doris Donegan*.

SAN DIEGO RUPA LUNCHEON

At our SD luncheon, present were Bob Harrel, Bill Pauling, Hugh Wilson, Pete Moyer, Paul Whitby and Myself. Other than the usual conversation, there was a question about the recent check from United for

ABOUT THE COVER

UA BOEING 747-123; N155UA;

TAXIING AT SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT; MAY 1989

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER—JÖRG TEGAN

about \$700. No one could shed any light on the subject. Not every one received a check. If any one can help, let me know and I will pass it on. *Bob Bouman*

2006 RUPA CARIBBEAN CRUISE
Date of Cruise: October 14, 2006
11 day Roundtrip out of New York
To the Southern Caribbean
On the Brand New
Holland America MS NOORDAM

Check out deck plans and staterooms on the Internet
www.hollandamerica.com, Click on Fleet, ms Noordam,
To check out the Itinerary, go to Destinations, Caribbean,
And enter the date and ship, hit view and again on the
following page.

Depart New York with stops at: Tortola, B. V. I., St. Thomas, U.S.V.I.,
Dominica, Barbados, St. Maarten, San Juan, Puerto Rico and
Return to New York.

All prices include the \$200 port charges and fees imposed by the cruise line.
Taxes, which are \$87.85 pp, are not included and are additional.

Category K Inside Cabin	Main Deck Fwd & Aft	\$1099
Category C	Main Deck Midship	\$1469
Category VD	Upper Promenade Deck Fwd and Aft	\$1499
Category VC	Verandah Deck Fwd & Aft	\$1569
Category VA	Rotterdam/Navigation Deck Fwd & Aft	\$1707
Suite SA	Navigation Deck	\$3649

All cabins are subject to availability
A deposit of \$600 person is due at the time of booking
and is fully refundable until 76 days prior to the cruise.

**If you want verandah cabins, it is important to book early,
as they are the first to sell out.**

The above prices include at least one cocktail party
and two bottles of wine per stateroom.

Send all correspondence to:

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2006 RUPA CARIBBEAN CRUISE BOOKING SHEET
October 14, 2006 Caribbean Cruise 11 Day Southern Caribbean
MS NOORDAM, HOLLAND AMERICA CRUISE LINES

NAMES _____

ADDRESS _____

Telephone(s) _____

Mariner Numbers _____

Dining Preference: Early _____ Late _____

Inside Cabin Category _____ Cabin Number _____

Outside Cabin Category _____ Cabin Number _____

Price includes \$200.00 in port charges and fees. Taxes of \$87.85 pp are extra

Total Price per Person _____ Total Price per Cabin _____

Deposit \$600.00 per person _____ Due at time of reservation

Balance _____ due on or before 15 July 2006

Make check out to Jerry's Travel Service

Credit card MC VI AMEX DIS (circle one)

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name on Card _____

Cancellation Penalties:

75-46 Days before sailing \$600 per person

45-16 Days prior to sailing %0% of gross fare

15 days or less 100% penalty

BOOKING NUMBER _____ BOOKING DATE _____

CONFIRMATION SENT _____

Other Information:

Cabin selection is based on availability at time of booking.

Prices subject to change until booked.

THE RUPA WASHING AREA EDDIE O'DONNELL LUNCHEON

The April 19th luncheon was coed, so we were all on our good behavior. The meeting started out with one of E.K.'s typical "Groan" jokes. We then had a moment of silence to those who have Flown West:

Mrs. Jacqueline P. Abel, Capt. John Teague, Mrs. Virginia Harrison Elliott, Mr. Robert E. Commerce, Mr. Willard R. Greene and Mr. Guy R. O'Rear.

After a very nice meal, with lots of conversation between the newly retired and the well established retirees, Herb Petitt explained the mystery of the "Crew Desk Secrets". Herb then proceeded to veer off course and started talking about recognizing certain RUPA members who had devoted much time and effort to the benefit of their fellow RUPA members. To the surprise of E.K. Williams and his lovely wife, it was a tribute to EK. The following was read to the audience:

A group of our members (Bud Ruddy, Gary Cook, Jack Evans and Ed Miller) contacted me and asked me to Chair an effort to recognize E.K. Williams for the good work he has done for our group. It was quite some time ago that he officially assumed the leadership of Washington RUPA, and he has done an outstanding job. Too often an organization waits until someone is out of office or dead before recognizing them for outstanding performance. We feel it is important to recognize his efforts at this time. For this reason I agreed to head up the recognition committee for this effort.

In 1999, E.K. bought a new computer based on the need to contact our members. Just the other day he advised me that he receives about 80 emails a day that are RUPA related. In these trying times he has done an outstanding job in keeping our membership advised on current events within RUPA and UAL. He also contacts the widows of deceased members to ensure they have all of the pertinent information on benefits and insurance. In addition, he has organized a committee to provide speakers for our meetings. E.K. runs an excellent meeting in a very open and dignified manner. He takes great care to recognize the needs of the members and ensures everyone has the opportunity to express their thoughts.

In addition, he planned the activities for the annual RUPA convention, which was a great success. He set up tours to local attractions, including placing a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknowns. We received "rave" comments from our national officers and members (from our local group as well as other locations throughout the country). Thanks to his attention to this undertaking it was a tremendous success.

As we know, the success of a good leader depends on his support at home. Betty Williams should also receive our recognition for her support of E.K. and our organization. We would like to receive sufficient contributions for a gift that recognizes E.K. and Betty with a "night out," or a trip for them. We suggest something in the \$20 range, but whatever amount you would care to donate will be gratefully accepted..

A gift of a very nice mantel clock was presented to the Williams. Next a thank you card with a nice little surprise (a check for over \$3000) was presented to EK, with the stipulation that the money is spent on something that they desired as long as it didn't revert to RUPA.



After EK got over the shock, he informed the members of the latest PBGC maneuvers, procedures and etc. We were also told of the situation concerning the health insurance and the termination of the life insurance.

The winners of the fabulous bottles of wine were Chuck Hyde and Clara Grigg. Ralph Pasley, who retired in 1977, the oldest present, won the door prize

73 wonderful folks were in attendance:

Bob Aldridge, Jane Aldridge, Jon Beckett, Meredith Beckett, Bud Boyd, Helen Boyd, Al Buff, Bill Carrigg, Chet Cassel, Deke Clark, Hal Cockerill, Tom Coffey, Rebecca Cohen-Pardo, Gary Cook, Linda Cook, Tom Cosgrove, Gil Coshland, Pat Coshland, Ed Crowther, Julie Davis, Paul Davis, Vince DiFelice, Kevin Dillon, Peggy Dillon, George Elliott, Roy Ellis, Jack Evans, Jane Floege, Eleanor Forsythe, Cathy Foster, Jim Foster, Denis Getman, Jerry Goebel, Mary Ann Goebel, Bill Golemon, pez, Dave Malone, Troy Mashburn, Frank McKinzie, Lew Meye, Susie Miller, Truman Miller, Dan Murphy, Ofelia Nickol, Bill Nolan, Edna Nolan, Marilyn Pasley, Ralph Pasley, George Paul, Herb Petitt, Laura Petitt, Phil Phillips, A.B.Rainbow, Chuck Raney, Jin Raney, Bud Ruddy, Theresa Ruddy, Bill Salisbury, Gayle Salisbury, Bernie Schwartzman, Bonnie Schwartzman, Helen Stidham, Sim Stidham, Fred Streb, Betty Williams, E.K. Williams and Betty Wolfe. Deke Clark and Rebecca Cohen-Pardo were first time attendees Phil Phillips visited from Florida

A special thanks to:

Fred Streb arranged the luncheon

Jerry Goebel and Bud Ruddy handled phone reservations

Hal Cockerill and Earl Jackson handled the check-in with Jack Evans

Theresa Ruddy arranged the flowers

Our next scheduled luncheon will be July 19, 2006.

THE PHX ROADRUNNERS RUPA LUNCHEON

The PHX Roadrunners met at the *Best Western Inn Suites* on Friday April 14th, 2006. We met in the Pilot's Lounge for Happy Hour with plenty chit chat & drink of your choice. Frenchy accepted any help his friends offered that day as he was in pain from his back. We had an appointment that afternoon at the Mayo Pain Clinic for a Shot. So far this has not improved. We still have Bill Bay and Phil McDonald on our sick list. We would like to Thank Ken Killmon for taking over the meeting for Frenchy that day, also our catering manager Maureen for her extra help.

Ralph Johnson told us about his Great experience at the *Pima Air Museum* in Tucson. He was inducted into the Arizona Aviation Hall Of Fame last week. We are looking forward to celebrating Ralph's 100th Birthday in June. Russ Cottle introduced our Guest Speaker Kay McMurray. Kay flew with UAL and served on many Aviation Agencies, including First V.P. of ALPA, National Mediation Board, and the National Labor Relation Board. Our Thanks to you Kay.

Well this was our last meeting until Oct. when we hope to get together at the same place. We have such a wonderful group of people here in the PHX Area. Even some come down from Prescott. Hoping all of You Good Health and many Happy Days coming your way.

Things will get better for us I'm sure,

Wheel Chair Frenchy and Oxygen Caregiver Millie.

Attending: Fred Anderson, Frenchy & Millie Bourgeois, Don Burnworth & Charlotte & Guest Katie Platzer, Mike Carlin, Russ Cottle & guest Dorothy, Jim & Jin Dopp, Don & Sharon Jackley, Hank & Jean Kyser, Kay McMurray, daughter Kathie and son in-law Peter Dietz., Ed & Phyllis Nelson, Gene Paquette & guest Jack, Gene played his Irish Whistle for us while we were going thru the Buffet Line. He has a little group of his own now that he performs around Scottsdale. Thank you for sharing your talent with us. Warren & Marge Phelps, Roy & Lois Scroogs, Charlie Schwob, Jerry & Marybeth Smith, Bob Steeneck, Ralph Johnson, Ken & P.J. Killmon, Mike Clements, Don & Mary Toppen.

From: BRUCE KENNEDY

To: RUPANEWS: Ted Larusson

Ted: Please advise 1. Receipt of this mail & 2. If you intend to print my letter warning our brother pilots. If we can save one pilots vision it will be worth while.

----- Original Message -----

Sent: Wednesday, March 29, 2006 2:28 PM

Subject: *Cialis* & Vision problems

Ted:

The March news has an article "HARMING YOUR EYESIGHT WITH VIAGRA" and *Cialis*.

My first hand knowledge follows...This happened to me!!!!

As men age they all will have some prostate problems. My problem is an enlarged prostate causing frequent trips to pee every night. My Urologist put me on FLOMAX and it helped, BUT the side effects affected me sexually. My Doctor then gave me free samples of CIALIS and said that it helped many of his patients.

On the *Cialis* label it said that it is ok to take with *Flomax* 0.4 mg. THEY LIE!!!

I took one *Cialis* pill late morning in Sept. Within an hour my eyes felt a heavy tension (like a bad allergy) and I had a headache. This lasted the full 36 hours. I then realized that the vision in my left eye was VERY badly distorted; very blurry and dark. I could not read anything with my left eye. I had an eye exam for new glasses just before this and my eyes were fine.

My Ophthalmologist confirmed that I had a blood vessel problem, like a stroke (NAION- non-arteritic anterior ischemic optic neuropathy) which is the sudden loss of vision when blood flow to the optic nerve is blocked.

THERE IS NO TREATMENT... Hopefully time will repair some of the damage. Six months have gone by and my eye sight is improving slightly. I now can make out shapes and VERY, VERY Large letters except for the center vision. The color red is gone.

Ted: Please use this info to inform all men of this danger. I contacted Eli Lilly, the manufacturer, they took the info etc. but were of no help. I also notified the FDA, but still no helpful info. Hoping & praying that EVENTUALLY my eye sight will return to normal.

Bruce Kennedy

PS *Cialis* didn't help at all with the sexual side effects.

RUPA MEETING IN SPOKANE, WA ON MAY 23, 2006

Hello Ted;

I have organized a RUPA meeting in Spokane, Wash. on May 23, 2006 at the *Davenport Hotel* at 11:30, with a luncheon buffet and meeting after. Hotel is at 10 South Post Street , downtown, phone 509-455-8888. I would appreciate very much your putting a note in the May *RUPANEWS*, as we would like any pilots in the North West to please join us. For those with questions contact me at jach509@msn.com, or 509-467-1997.

Thanks, *Jake Nelson*.

THE TOMATO COMPANY

An unemployed man is desperate to support his family of a wife and three kids. He applies for a janitor's job at a large firm and easily passes an aptitude test. The human resources manager tells him, "You will be hired at minimum wage of \$5.35 an hour. Let me have your e-mail address so that we can get you in the loop. Our system will automatically e-mail you all the forms and advise you when to start and where to report on your first day."

Taken back, the man protests that he is poor and has neither a computer nor an e-mail address. To this the manager replies, "You must understand that to a company like ours that means that you virtually do not exist. Without an e-mail address you can hardly expect to be employed by a high-tech firm. Good day."

Stunned, the man leaves, not knowing where to turn and having \$10 in his wallet, he walks past a farmers' market and sees a stand selling 25 lb. crates of beautiful red tomatoes. He buys a crate, carries it to a busy corner and displays the tomatoes. In less than 2 hours he sells all the tomatoes and makes 100% profit. Repeating the process several times more that day, he ends up with almost \$100 and arrives home that night with several bags of groceries for his family.

During the night he decides to repeat the tomato business the next day. By the end of the week he is getting up early every day and working into the night. He multiplies his profits quickly. Early in the second week he acquires a cart to transport several boxes of tomatoes at a time, but before a month is up he sells the cart to buy a broken-down pickup truck.

At the end of a year he owns three old trucks. His two sons have left their neighborhood gangs to help him with the tomato business, his wife is buying the tomatoes, and his daughter is taking night courses at the community college so she can keep books for him.

By the end of the second year he has a dozen very nice used trucks and employs fifteen previously unemployed people, all selling tomatoes. He continues to work hard. Time passes and at the end of the fifth year he owns a fleet of nice trucks and a warehouse that his wife supervises, plus two tomato farms that the boys manage. The tomato company's payroll has put hundreds of homeless and jobless people to work. His daughter reports that the business grossed over one million dollars.

Planning for the future, he decides to buy some life insurance. Consulting with an insurance adviser, he picks an insurance plan to fit his new circumstances. Then the adviser asks him for his e-mail address in order to send the final documents electronically. When the man replies that he doesn't have time to mess with a computer and has no e-mail address, the insurance man is stunned, "What, you don't have e-mail? No computer? No Internet? Just think where you would be today if you'd had all of that five years ago!"

"Ha!" snorts the man. "If I'd had e-mail five years ago I would be sweeping floors at Microsoft and making \$5.35 an hour."

Which brings us to the moral of the story: Since you got this story by e-mail, you're probably closer to being a janitor than a millionaire.

Sadly, I received it also.

Pickles/Brian Crane



RAMBLINGS OF A RETIRED MIND

I was thinking about how a status symbol of today is those cell phones that everyone has clipped onto their belt or purse. I can't afford one. So, I'm wearing my garage door opener.

You know, I spent a fortune on deodorant before I realized that people didn't like me anyway.

I was thinking that women should put pictures of missing husbands on beer cans!

I was thinking about old age and decided that old age is 'when you still have something on the ball, but you are just too tired to bounce it.'

I thought about making a fitness movie, for folks my age, and call it "Pumping Rust."

I have gotten that dreaded furniture disease. That's when your chest is falling into your drawers!

I know, when people see a cat's litter box, they always say, "Oh, have you got a cat?" Just once I want to say, "No, it's for company!"

Employment application blanks always ask 'who is to be notified in case of an emergency.' I think you should write, "A Good Doctor!"

Why do they put pictures of criminals up in the Post Office? What are we supposed to do --write to these men? Why don't they just put their pictures on the postage stamps so the mailmen could look for them while they deliver the mail? Or better yet, arrest them while they are taking their pictures!

I was thinking about how people seem to read the Bible a whole lot more as they get older. Then, it dawned on me, they were cramming for their finals. As for me, I'm just hoping God grades on the curve.

SEAFOOD

The day after his wife disappeared in a kayaking accident, an Anchorage man answered his door to find two grim faced Alaska State Troopers.

"We're sorry Mr. Wilkins, but we have some information about your wife," said one trooper.

"Tell me! Did you find her?" Wilkins shouted.

The troopers looked at each other. One said, "We have some bad news; some good news; and, some really great news. Which do you want to hear first?"

Fearing the worst, an ashen Mr. Wilkins said, "Give me the bad news first."

The trooper said, "I'm sorry to tell you, sir, but this morning we found your wife's body in Kachemak Bay."

"Oh my Goodness!" exclaimed Wilkins. Swallowing hard, he asked, "What's the good news?"

The trooper continued, "When we pulled her up she had 12 twenty-five pound king crabs and 6 good-size Dungeness crabs clinging to her."

Stunned, Mr. Wilkins demanded, "If that's the good news, what's the really great news?"

The trooper said, "We're going to pull her up again tomorrow!"

<p>United Airlines Retired Pilots Foundation, Inc.</p>

<p>Send all donations for the United Pilots Foundation to: Capt. T. S. "Ted" Bochniarz, Treasurer 11165 Regency Dr., Westchester, IL 60154-5638</p>

Ted, should you have a space to be filled some day, I would offer this poem. Indeed, the poem is old and speaks of olden days, olden craft and long passed pilots but the sentiments apply to the maintenance ferry pilots of all the days since. Many of our older members may even remember the names.

E.K. Williams

I received this poem from Robert E. Commerce, IADDD, in August of 2004. He titled it "Check Remaining Sumps" which was a notation on the Dispatch Release for 3 Eng Ferries. As Bob explained, "During the early days of CAPITAL, we had a series of engine failures. Instead of doing the maintenance on site, we ferried the planes on three engines to Washington. I wrote this to commemorate the skill and courage of the wonderful men who flew those beasts back home. We all owe those pilots honor and thanks."

CHECK REMAINING SUMPS

by Robert E. Commerce

Hail to the Capital Heroes
An intrepid collection of flyers
Working early or late in a tri-motored crate
Sewell, Howanski and Myers.

Howanski crawls wearily out of his bed
Myers climbs out of his pool
And lending his aid to this jumpseat brigade
Is a cap-changing pilot called Sewell

They're off to Milwaukee to pick up a "Four"
Before the Wash weather starts foldin'
Who would you say they pass on the Way?
Kardos, Ray Hilgert and Holden.

Meanwhile McMulkin is headed down south
Seeking a traveling companion
Sick Connie demands the masterful hands
Of his cronies, Bob Innes and Gagnon

With skill and aplomb, they bring the cows home
And think how they'll soon be off duty.....
But there's gorp in a sump, so back on they jump
To go fetch a fresh-feathered beauty

And while it would seem this isn't their dream
Of a pilot's mode of enjoyment...
When you fly the course of the three-legged horse
You seldom run out of employment

It isn't the pay that makes them that way
That SPIRIT ain't sold in a store
You want a real MAN when you're missing one fan
YOU CAN'T HARDLY GET THEM NO MORE

But let's hope the engine problem is solved
Like all other trouble, it passes.
Say a short prayer to St. Varney up there.
So these guys can sit home on their..... Porches.

LETTERS

PAUL G. ANDES—Stuart, FL

A quiet year, lot of golf, slight improvement; delivered 1967 TR-250 from BHM to FLL for a Dutch friend and shipped it to him in Belgium; some volunteer work with the Stuart Police Dept; a two week trip to Almaty Kazakhstan to visit our son and his family living there as missionaries where we played two rounds of golf on a beautiful scenic course over looking a 10,000 foot snow capped mountain range. Once a month I go up to the Indian River County Firing Range with the Stuart Corinthian Yacht Club for some pistol shooting or shotgunning on a sporting clay setup. Started bowling again after a layoff of 40+ years; last time in '64 while still in the Navy, for the second time. Survived a little wind storm in late October (Wilma); a VS-39 reunion in Pensacola in October and finished off the year with a two week visit with Erica, our school teaching daughter in Woodbridge, CT over Christmas. The highlight of '06 so far has been the successful adoption finally by Scott and his wife of two Russian sisters, age 3 and 5 after 16 months of hassel and bureaucratic delay. The girls do not know each other and lived 80 miles apart, both of the same parents who had six other children and simply couldn't afford to keep them so gave them up for adoption, one to a baby house and the other to an orphanage. The new family will be coming back to the US late this month for four months home leave then back to Kazakhstan where they are working as church planters. It will be good to have them back, even for a little while.

Best wishes to all, *Paul.*

BETTY BERGBOWER—Easton, PA

Hi Ted,

Sorry this is a little late. I was in the hospital-had angioplasty done and three stents put into the main arteries. Everything is going along fine now and I feel great.

I sure miss going to the Phoenix Roadrunners' meetings and luncheons. Frenchy and Millie do a terrific job and it was fun getting together with all the good friends there. Nothing like that here in this part of Pennsylvania.

Thanks to all of you volunteers, for putting the newsletter together. I sent my check to Jim Olson.

Sincerely, *Betty*

102 Glenmoor Cir. S., Easton, PA 18045

DICK BODNER—Fort Lauderdale, FL

Dear Ted:

Just mailed my renewal check to James Olson. Will try emailing you my annual letter for the *RUPANEWS*.

Well, another year into retirement...where does the time go? Like so many others before me, I wonder how I had the time to get everything done when I was still working.

Besides playing on my boat, we have had an enjoyable year, visiting my son and his wife and our first grandchild in Costa Rica. They were even able to come visit us for three weeks at Christmas (full fare tickets on AA)!

My youngest son (age 24) got hired as a S/O on B-727's in Sept. after completing a 6 week training course at Sim Center in Miami. He spent three months flying the line for CAT (Custom Air Transport) as S/O on their B-727's (5 are old UAL airplanes). He was then selected to check out as B-727 F/O and is now on his I.O.E. with their #1 Captain. I've mentioned to him that Cargo seems to be the way to go if one wants to make any money in what's left of the Airline industry!

I have been a member/supported URPBPA since the start and have high hopes that, with their help, all is not lost. Let's all keep our fingers crossed for a successful outcome.

By the way, if any RUPA member wants to rent my condo at Los Suenos Resort on the Pacific Coast of Costa Rica (at a discount) give me a call. 800 -771-2680.

Sincerely, *Dick Bodner*

RALPH BRIGGS—Conifer, CO

Dear Ted:

It's been a big year for me. I married the most beautiful woman in the world last September in Las Vegas with our family and friends surrounding us. We had the pleasure of having two retired United pilots and their wives in the group, Bob Bell from Warrenton VA, and Dick Grant from Genessee, CO. Our traveling this year has been pretty much confined to the country: Boise ID, Charlotte NC, Washington DC, Cleveland OH, on and on. Soon we're off to Amsterdam and Paris. Glad to have the bankruptcy behind us and happy to be looking forward. *Ralph*

GARRY & CAROL CLARK—Poplar Bluff, MO

Hi All,

Just got back from Ireland a few weeks ago. Flew AA ORD-DUB-ORD. I know some of us have relatives and friends who work for AA so I don't want to offend anyone, but they served the most gawd-awful meals I have ever had on an airplane in my life. The seat pitch was also very, very tight as my knees were touching the seat in front of me sitting normally. Other than that the flights were fine. Had a good time once we arrived, the Guinness is as good as ever. I will tell you that Ireland is a construction zone...the amount of building and road work is just unbelievable. Joining the EU has been good for Ireland.

All is well, not much going on here.

Thanks for all the work RUPA does, it is appreciated.

Garry

CARL EBERLE—Geneva, IL

Year one of my retirement is over. It has been interesting, as was most of my 37 years with United. Too much time spent reading daily updates on the airline industry and our shrinking retirement. Besides missing those nice "A" plan checks that I received for the first 5 months of my retirement I missed the flying (and someone else paying for my hotel) so I spent much of March getting qualified as a co-pilot on a Bombardier Challenger 600. I'll be a fill-in about 6 days a month.

Bonnie and I went on 4 cruises in the last 12 months, one ocean, around the U.K., and 3 rivers, two on the Mississippi & Missouri, and one on the Columbia. I went on several short trips for biking and/or hiking.

Carl cheberle@ameritech.net

ED ERNST—Los Altos, CA

Dear Sir:

Oops!-seems the IRS preempted Ed's birthday this year.

Anyway Ed is still progressing with therapy and stays well being a very good patient.

We enjoy *RUPANEWS*.

Do we get the answers to the 8th grade exam "Could you have passed this?" (*RUPANEWS* March 06)

Sincerely, *Polly Ernst*

How about it Ted? -- *I don't have the answers and I don't have to have them to know I don't know.* -- *Ed.*

BOB HARRELL—Escondido, CA

Dear Ted:

A few months ago the cover of *RUPANEWS* had a picture of the Caravelle. My copy was accidentally discarded, and I wanted that cover picture for my scrapbook, as I had flown that aircraft from 1961 to 1964. I sent a letter to the *NEWS* asking if anyone who still had that issue would send that picture to me or a copy of the cover. Somehow, my letter was not printed and I am asking again. As long as it's less than two months before my birthday, I am sending a check to Jim Olson. If you, esteemed editor or any compatriot out there can provide that picture, I will be grateful.

Muriel and I are still in good health and enjoying life. Best wishes to all those great people I worked with in years past. Keeping in touch with some of them is very nice. Six or seven of us meet in San Marcos for lunch every month. Any Ruparians in the area who would like to attend, contact me via E-mail or 760-480-7420 for details.

Fraternally yours, *Bob*

PIECE OF PAN AM HISTORY

THE ROUND THE WORLD SAGA OF THE "PACIFIC CLIPPER"

John A. Marshall, December 7, 1941

The first blush of dawn tinged the eastern sky and sent its rosy fingers creeping onto the flight deck of the huge triple-tailed flying boat as she cruised high above the South Pacific. Six days out of her home port of San Francisco, the Boeing 314 was part of Pan American Airways' growing new service that linked the far corners of the Pacific Ocean. With veteran captain Robert Ford in command, the Pacific Clipper, carrying 12 passengers and a crew of ten was just a few hours from landing in the harbor at Auckland, New Zealand. The calm serenity of the flight deck early on this spring morning was suddenly shattered by the crackling of the radio. Radio Operator John Poindexter clamped the headset to his ears as he deciphered the coded message. His eyes widened as he quickly wrote the characters on the pad in front of him. Pearl Harbor had been attacked by Japanese war planes and had suffered heavy losses; the United States was at war. The stunned crew looked at each other as the implications of the message began to dawn. They realized that their route back to California was irrevocably cut, and there was no going back. Ford ordered radio silence, and then posted lookouts in the navigator's blister; two hours later, the Pacific Clipper touched down smoothly on the waters of Auckland harbor. Their odyssey was just beginning.

The crew haunted the overwhelmed communications room at the US Embassy in Auckland every day for a week waiting for a message from Pan Am headquarters in New York. Finally they received word -- they were to try and make it back to the United States the long way: around the world westbound. For Ford and his crew, it was a daunting assignment. Facing a journey of over 30,000 miles, over oceans and lands that none of them had ever seen, they would have to do all their own planning and servicing, scrounging whatever supplies and equipment they needed; all this in the face of an erupting World War in which political alliances and loyalties in many parts of the world were uncertain at best. Their first assignment was to return to Noumea, back the way they had come over a week earlier. They were to pick up the Pan American station personnel there, and then deliver them to safety in Australia.

Late on the evening of December 16th, the blacked out flying boat lifted off from Auckland harbor and headed northwest through the night toward Noumea. They maintained radio silence, landing in the harbor just as the sun was coming up. Ford went ashore and sought out the Pan Am Station Manager. "Round up all your people," he said. "I want them all at the dock in an hour. They can have one small bag apiece."

The crew set to work fuelling the airplane, and exactly two hours later, fully fuelled and carrying a barrel of engine oil, the Clipper took off and pointed her nose south for Australia.

It was late in the afternoon when the dark green smudge of the Queensland coast appeared in the windscreen, and Ford began a gentle descent for landing in the harbor at Gladstone. After offloading their bewildered passengers, the crew set about seeing to their primary responsibility, the Pacific Clipper. Captain Ford recounted, "I was wondering how we were going to pay for everything we were going to need on this trip. We had money enough for a trip to Auckland and back to San Francisco, but this was a different story. In Gladstone a young man who was a banker came up to me and out of the blue said, 'How are you fixed for money?' 'Well, we're broke!' I said. He said, 'I'll probably be shot for this,' but he went down to his bank on a Saturday morning, opened the vault and handed me five hundred American dollars. Since Rod Brown, our navigator, was the only one with a lock box and a key we put him in charge of the money. That \$500 financed the rest of the trip all the way to New York."

Ford planned to take off and head straight northwest, across the Queensland desert for Darwin, and then fly across the Timor Sea to the Dutch East Indies (now Indonesia), hoping that Java and Sumatra remained in friendly hands. The next day, as they droned into the tropical morning the coastal jungle gradually gave way to great arid stretches of grassland and sand dunes. Spinnifex and gum trees covered the landscape to the horizon. During the entire flight to Darwin the crew didn't see a river big enough to set down the big flying boat should anything go wrong. Any emergency would force them to belly land the airplane onto the desert, and their flight would be over.

They approached the harbor at Darwin late in the afternoon. Massive thunderheads stretched across the horizon, and continuous flashes of lightning lit up the cockpit. The northernmost city in Australia, Darwin was closest to the conflict that was spreading southward like a brushfire. A rough frontier town in the most remote and primitive of the Australian territories, it was like something out of a wild west movie. After they had landed, the Pacific Clipper crew was offered a place to shower and change; much to their amusement their "locker room" turned out to be an Australian Army brothel.

Ford and his crew set about fueling the airplane. It was a lengthy, tiresome job. The fuel was stored in five gallon jerry cans, each one had to be hauled up over the wing and emptied into the tanks; it was past midnight before they were finished. They managed a few hours of fitful sleep before takeoff, but Ford was anxious to be under way. News of the progress of the Japanese forces was sketchy at best. They were fairly certain that most of the Dutch East Indies was still in friendly hands, but they could not dally.

Early the next morning they took off for Surabaya, fourteen hundred miles to the west across the Timor Sea. The sun rose as they droned on across the flat turquoise sea, soon they raised the eastern islands of the great archipelago of east Java. Rude thatch-roofed huts dotted the beaches; the islands were carpeted with the lush green jungle of the tropics.

Surabaya lay at the closed end of a large bay in the Bali Sea. The second largest city on the island of Java, it was guarded by a British garrison and a squadron of Bristol Beaufort fighters. As the Pacific Clipper approached the city, a single fighter rose to meet them; moments later it was joined by several more. The recognition signals that Ford had received in Australia proved to be inaccurate, and the big Boeing was a sight unfamiliar to the British pilots. The crew tensed as the fighters drew closer. Because of a quirk in the radio systems, they could hear the British pilots, but the pilots could not hear the Clipper. There was much discussion among them as to whether the flying boat should be shot down or allowed to land. At last the crew heard the British controller grant permission for them to land, and then add, "If they do anything suspicious, shoot them out of the sky!" With great relief, Ford began a very careful approach.

As they neared the harbor, Ford could see that it was filled with warships, so he set the Clipper down in the smooth water just outside the harbor entrance. "We turned around to head back," Ford said. "There was a launch that had come out to meet us, but instead of giving us a tow or a line, they stayed off about a mile and kept waving us on. Finally when we got further into the harbor they came closer. It turned out that we had landed right in the middle of a minefield, and they weren't about to come near us until they saw that we were through it!" When they disembarked the crew of the Pacific Clipper received an unpleasant surprise; they were told that they would be unable to refuel with 100 octane aviation gas. What little there was severely rationed, and was reserved for the military. There was automobile gas in abundance however, and Ford was welcome to whatever he needed. He had no choice. The next leg of their journey would be many hours over the Indian Ocean, and there was no hope of refueling elsewhere. The flight engineers, Swede Roth and Jocko Parish, formulated a plan that they hoped would work. They transferred all their remaining aviation fuel to the two fuselage tanks, and filled the remaining tanks to the limit with the lower octane automobile gas.

"We took off from Surabaya on the 100 octane, climbed a couple of thousand feet, and pulled back the power to cool off the engines," said Ford. "Then we switched to the automobile gas and held our breaths. The engines almost jumped out of their mounts, but they ran. We figured it was either that or leave the airplane to the Japs."

They flew northwesterly across the Sunda Straits, paralleling the coast of Sumatra. Chasing the setting sun, they started across the vast expanse of ocean. They had no aviation charts or maps for this part of the world; the only navigational information available to the crew was the latitude and longitude of their destination at Trincomalee, on the island of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). Using this data, and drawing from memory, Rod Brown was creating his own Mercator maps of South Asia. Ford was not only worried about finding the harbor, he was very concerned about missing Ceylon altogether. He envisioned the Clipper droning on over India, lost and low on fuel, unable to find a body of water on which to land.

As they neared the island they could see a cloud bank ahead. Ford said, "There was some low scud, so we descended. We wanted the maximum available visibility to permit picking up landfall at the earliest moment -- we didn't want to miss the island. All of a sudden there it was, right in front of us, a Jap submarine! We could see the crew running for the deck gun. Let me tell you we were pretty busy getting back into the scud again!"

Ford jammed the throttles of the Clipper forward to climb power, the engines complaining bitterly. Their 150 mph speed soon had them well out of range of the sub's guns, and the crew heaved a sigh of relief. It would be difficult to determine who was the more surprised; the Japanese submarine commander or the crew of the Clipper, startled out of their reverie after the long flight.

It was another hour until they reached the island, and the Boeing finally touched water in the harbor at Trincomalee. The British Forces stationed there were anxious to hear what Ford and his crew had to report from the war zone to the east, and the crew was duly summoned to a military meeting. Presiding was a pompous Royal Navy Commodore who informed Ford in no uncertain terms that he doubted Ford would know a submarine if it ran over him. Ford felt the hackles rise on the back of his neck. He realized that he could not afford to make an enemy of the British military, the fate of the Pacific Clipper rested too heavily in their hands. He swallowed hard and said nothing.

It was Christmas Eve when they began the takeoff from Ceylon and turned the ship again to the northwest. The heavily loaded Boeing struggled for altitude, laboring through the leaden humid air. Suddenly there was a frightening bang as the number three engine let go. It shuddered in its mount, and as they peered through the windscreen the crew could see gushes of black oil pouring back over the wing. Ford quickly shut the engine down, and wheeled the Clipper over into a 180 degree turn, heading back to Trincomalee. Less than an hour after takeoff the Pacific Clipper was back on the waters of Trincomalee harbor. The repairs to the engine took the rest of Christmas Eve and all of Christmas Day.

One of the engine's eighteen cylinders had failed, wrenching itself loose from its mount, and while the repair was not particularly complex, it was tedious and time-consuming. Finally early in the morning of December 26th, they took off from Ceylon for the second time. All day they droned across the lush carpet of the Indian subcontinent, and then cut across the northeastern corner of the Arabian Sea to their landing in Karachi, touching down in mid-afternoon. The following day, bathed and refreshed, they took off and flew westward across the Gulf of Oman toward Arabia. After just a bit over eight routine hours of flying, they landed in Bahrain, where there was a British garrison.

Another frustration presented itself the following morning as they were planning the next leg of their journey. They had planned to fly straight west across the Arabian peninsula and the Red Sea into Africa, a flight that would not have been much longer than the leg they had just completed from Karachi.

"When we were preparing to leave Bahrain we were warned by the British authorities not to fly across Arabia," said Ford. "The Saudis had apparently already caught some British fliers who had been forced down there. The natives had dug a hole, buried them in it up to their necks, and just left them."

They took off into the grey morning and climbed through a solid overcast. They broke out of the clouds into the dazzling sunshine, and the carpet of clouds below stretched westward to the horizon. "We flew north for about twenty minutes," Ford said, "then we turned west and headed straight across Saudi Arabia. We flew for several hours before there was a break in the clouds below us, and damned if we weren't smack over the Mosque at Mecca! I could see the people pouring out of it, it was just like kicking an anthill. They were probably firing at us, but at least they didn't have any anti-aircraft."

The Pacific Clipper crossed the Red Sea and the coast of Africa in the early afternoon with the Saharan sun streaming in the cockpit windows. The land below was a dingy yellowish brown, with nothing but rolling sand dunes and stark rocky outcroppings. The only sign of human habitation was an occasional hut; every so often they flew over small clusters of men tending livestock who stopped and shielded their eyes from the sun, staring up at the strange bird that made such a noise. The crew's prayers for the continued good health of the four Wright Cyclones became more and more fervent. Should they have to make an emergency landing here they would be in dire straits indeed.

Late in the afternoon they raised the Nile River, and Ford turned the ship to follow it to the confluence of the White and Blue Niles, just below Khartoum. They landed in the river, and after they were moored the crew went ashore to be greeted by the now familiar hospitality of the Royal Air Force. Ford's plan was to continue southwest to Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo and begin their South Atlantic crossing there. He had no desire to set out across the Sahara; a forced landing in that vast trackless wasteland would not only render the aircraft forever immobile, but the crew would surely perish in the harshness of the desert.

Early the next morning they took off from the Nile for Leopoldville. This was to be a particularly long overland flight, and they wanted to leave plenty of daylight for the arrival. They would land on the Congo River at Leopoldville, and from there would strike out across the South Atlantic for South America.

The endless brown of the Sudan gave way to rolling green hills, and then rocky crests that stretched across their path. They flew over native villages, and great gatherings of wildlife. Herds of wildebeest, hundreds of thousands strong, stampeded in panic as the Clipper roared overhead. The grassland soon turned to jungle, and they crossed several small rivers, which they tried to match to their maps. Suddenly ahead they saw a large river, much bigger and wider than others they had crossed, and off to their right was a good-sized town. The river had to be the mighty Congo, and the town was Bumba, the largest settlement on the river at that point. From their maps they saw that they could turn and follow the river downstream to Leopoldville. They had five hundred miles to fly.

Late in the afternoon they raised the Congolese capital of Leopoldville. Ford set the Boeing down gently onto the river, and immediately realized the strength of the current. He powered the ship into the mooring, and the crew finally stepped ashore. It was like stepping into a sauna. The heat was the most oppressive they had yet encountered; it descended on them like a cloak, sapping what energy they had left.

A pleasant surprise awaited them however, when two familiar faces greeted them at the dock. A Pan American Airport Manager and a Radio Officer had been dispatched to meet them, and Ford was handed a cold beer. "That was one of the high points of the whole trip," he said. After a night ashore they went to the airplane the next morning prepared for the long over-water leg that would take them back to the western hemisphere. The terrible heat and humidity had not abated a bit when the hatches were finally secured and they swung the Clipper into the river channel for the takeoff.

The airplane was loaded to the gunnels with fuel, plus the drum of oil that had come aboard at Noumea. It was, to put it mildly, just a bit overloaded. They headed downstream into the wind, going with the six-knot current. Just beyond the limits of the town the river changed from a placid downstream current into a cataract of rushing rapids; pillars of rocks broke the water into a tumbling maelstrom.

Ford held the engines at takeoff power, and the crew held their breath while the airplane gathered speed on the glassy river. The heat and humidity, and their tremendous gross weight were all factors working against them as they struggled to get the machine off the water before the cataracts. Ford rocked the hull with the elevators, trying to get the Boeing up on the step. Just before they would enter the rapids and face certain destruction, the hull lifted free. The Pacific Clipper was flying, but just barely. Their troubles were far from over, however. Just beyond the cataracts they entered the steep gorges; it was as though they were flying into a canyon. With her wings bowed, the Clipper staggered, clawing for every inch of altitude. The engines had been at take-off power for nearly five minutes and their temperatures were rapidly climbing above the red line; how much more abuse could they take? With agonizing slowness the big Boeing began to climb, foot by perilous foot.

At last they were clear of the walls of the gorge, and Ford felt he could pull the throttles back to climb power. He turned the airplane toward the west and the Atlantic. The crew, silent, listened intently to the beat of the engines. They roared on without a miss, and as the airplane finally settled down at their cruising altitude Ford decided they could safely head for Brazil, over three thousand miles to the west.

The crew felt revived with new energy, and in spite of their fatigue, they were excitedly optimistic. Against all odds they had crossed southern Asia and breasted the African continent. Their airplane was performing better than they had any right to expect, and after their next long ocean leg they would be back in the hemisphere from which they had begun their journey nearly a month before. The interior of the airplane that had been home to them for so many days was beginning to wear rather thin. They were sick of the endless

hours spent droning westward, tired of the apprehension of the unknown and frustrated by the lack of any real meaningful news about what was happening in a world besieged by war. They just wanted to get home. After being airborne over twenty hours, they landed in the harbor at Natal just before noon. While they were waiting for the necessary immigration formalities to be completed, the Brazilian authorities insisted that the crew disembark while the interior of the airplane was sprayed for yellow fever. Two men in rubber suits and masks boarded and fumigated the airplane.

Late that same afternoon they took off for Trinidad, following the Brazilian coast as it curved around to the northwest. It wasn't until after they had departed that the crew made an unpleasant discovery. Most of their personal papers and money were missing, along with a military chart that had been entrusted to Navigator Rod Brown by the US military attache' in Leopoldville, obviously stolen by the Brazilian "fumigators."

The sun set as they crossed the mouth of the Amazon, nearly a hundred miles wide where it joins the sea. Across the Guineas in the dark they droned, and finally at 3 AM the following morning they landed at Trinidad. There was a Pan Am station at Port of Spain, and they happily delivered themselves and their weary charge into friendly hands. The final leg to New York was almost anti-climactic. Just before six on the bitter morning of January 6th, the control officer in the Marine Terminal at LaGuardia was startled to hear his radio crackle into life with the message, "Pacific Clipper, inbound from Auckland, New Zealand, Captain Ford reporting. Overhead in five minutes."

In a final bit of irony, after over thirty thousand miles and two hundred hours of flying on their epic journey, the Pacific Clipper had to circle for nearly an hour, because no landings were permitted in the harbor until official sunrise. They finally touched down just before seven, the spray from their landing freezing as it hit the hull. No matter -- the Pacific Clipper had made it home.

The significance of the flight is best illustrated by the records that were set by Ford and his crew. It was the first round-the-world flight by a commercial airliner, as well as the longest continuous flight by a commercial plane, and was the first circumnavigation following a route near the Equator (they crossed the Equator four times.) They touched all but two of the world's seven continents, flew 31,500 miles in 209 hours and made 18 stops under the flags of 12 different nations. They also made the longest non-stop flight in Pan American's history, a 3,583 mile crossing of the South Atlantic from Africa to Brazil.

As the war progressed, it became clear that neither the Army nor the Navy was equipped or experienced enough to undertake the tremendous amount of long distance air transport work required. Pan American Airways was one of the few airlines in the country with the personnel and expertise to supplement the military air forces. Captain Bob Ford and most of his crew spent the war flying contract missions for the US Armed Forces. After the war Ford continued flying for Pan American, which was actively expanding its routes across the Pacific and around the world. He left the airline in 1952 to pursue other aviation interests.

The Crew of Pacific Clipper:

Captain Robert Ford

First Officer John H. Mack

Second Officer/Navigator Roderick N. Brown

Third Officer James G. Henriksen

Fourth Officer John D. Steers

First Engineer Homans K. "Swede" Roth

Second Engineer John B. "Jocko" Parish

First Radio Officer John Poindexter*

Second Radio Officer Oscar Hendrickson

Purser Barney Sawicki

Asst Purser Verne C. Edwards

*Poindexter was originally scheduled to accompany the Pacific Clipper as far as Los Angeles, and then return to San Francisco; he had even asked his wife to hold dinner that evening. In Los Angeles, however, the regularly scheduled Radio Officer suddenly became ill, and Poindexter had to make the trip himself. His one shirt was washed in every port that the Pacific Clipper visited. This article originally appeared in the August 1999 Issue of "Air and Space Magazine" and is reprinted by permission of the author.

JOE HOLUB—Newtown, CT

Dear Ted,

I've kept very busy my first year of retirement dividing my time between our cottage in Maine and our base of operation in Newtown. Furniture building and volunteer work take up a good bit of each day and my wife, who is still working, views my trips to Maine just as she did my long Pacific ID's. We both thoroughly enjoy each new issue of *RUPANEWS* and thank all the folks responsible for a great newsletter.

Sincerely,

Joe

NORM JUSTESEN—Truckee, CA

Hi Cleve, Ted and all,

Hard to believe that I've been retired now for 6 years. It sure is nice not putting on my Dick Ferris clown suit and saddling up. I'm still snow skiing in the winter and water skiing in the summer. Life is grand, though about to get a little PBGC slimmer.

Thanks for all the great articles and a special thanks to the "folders & stuffers." Checks in the mail.

Best regards, *Norm*

KING KESSLER—Corte Madera, Ca

Dear Jim,

Life slips by a day at a time and I have now been retired 3 1/2 years after leaving 4 years early. I saw the best of times in the industry and decided to leave while the memories were still good ones.

I am now a grandfather and stay busy with real estate investments, travel, boating and struggling to find ways to spend all of my PBGC award. It isn't easy to do. 25% of my original pension may sound like a lot and trust me, it is if you live in India. I used to say that I spent most my money on booze and broads and the rest I just wasted. Now it's just that much easier to do! Thanks United!!

I am moving from Marin County in May after 16 years of growing moldy in hot tubs to my new home in Indian Wells (Palm Springs area) and will devote myself to sunscreen slathering classes, sweating and playing really bad golf.

Health issues have come and gone but am feeling fine now.

I do miss all the guys and gals I flew with over the 34 years I spent with UAL and even knowing the outcome of the pension would do most of it again. I am in the phone book and invite any of my old friends to give a ring if you are coming through the area.

My check is enclosed for the postage.

Best regards,

King

BRUCE KUTZ—Easton, PA

Hi Ted, Got myself on a two year postage rotation. Good thing, I can't believe its two more gone by! Anyway, Rosemarie and I haven't taken any trips lately since the fall of 2004 mainly been busy at home still renting two houses on our property and living in the third keeps us plenty busy. Also our two young grandchildren come up once a month for a weekend. Well our latest interest is dancing. We signed up at a local dance studio a little over a year ago and can now do a little of the foxtrot, rumba, waltz, and the east coast swing. Some of our other friends are getting triple and quadruple bypasses while we are fortunate enough to be moving about the dance floor. Most in our class are much younger than we are. Anyway sure enjoy reading up on everyone in the news letter and here I want to say a special thanks to all those involved in putting it out. Another very special thanks to Doug Wilsman who continues to keep us up to date on the doings of the PBGC and United. Check is in the mail. *Bruce*

LARRY L. LARSEN—Sammamish, WA

Hi All,

I am coming up on 10 years of retirement now. The event of the year has been that I've gotten back into flying! Radio Controlled Model Airplanes - that is. I know this is old hat to some of you but it is new to me. I pride myself that after 38 years of flying, both in the Air Force, and United, I didn't "ding" an airplane, (I was saved from 'dings' by very competent co-pilots!) However, my record

so far in 4 months of learning this new skill is: taxied into a fence on take-off; ran out of fuel; forgot to hook up the ailerons; ground looped; landed short; flew into a tree (and proceeded to climb said tree. Remember, I have been retired 10 years so you know how old I am!); took off a wing tip on landing, all in all, quite a humbling experience, amplified by a 14 year old boy flying inverted over the field while I was trying to keep mine right side up! Needless to say, even after all this, I am hooked.

By the way, between all this I have made several mission trips to Kenya and Romania, and plan more.

Larry

HARRY METZ—St. Augustine, FL

Hi Everyone, I want to commend and thank Doug Wilsman for his efforts on the PBGC pension data. Using his calculation formula I arrived at \$xx28. My actual amount is \$XX30!! Remarkable. Thanks Doug.

Last Fall I was offered a paid part time position as the Director of Historic Resources for a family trust that owns two historic attractions here. When I went to the interview I told them I had not interviewed for a job since 1964, and after the USAF and UAL they would be my third employer.

Times sure have changed. But now I'm getting paid for doing things I enjoy, like sorting through boxes of excavated artifacts dating back into pre-European contact (pre 1565), selecting items suitable for display and creating displays.

Also doing historical research to provide the tour guides with additional background info. Currently we have a U of FL sponsored dig on one of our sites, and I volunteer with them most afternoons. There really is life after United. Regards, *Harry*

AUGIE MILLER—Scotch Plains, NJ
Skylane182@juno.com

Hi Ted,

My birthday was February 12 (84), never thought I'd get this old, but both Margaret & I are doing ok compared to the problems so many are having. I

didn't get a letter out on my last two birthdays, so will try to do better in the future.

One of our older pilots went west a couple months ago & left his wheelchair bound widow in an assisted living home in Ohio, with only social security income, apparently all their savings went to doctors and hospitals 10 or 12 years ago when Tony spent three months in the hospital, having heart surgery, with complications, kidney failure etc. I have talked to the gentlemen who lead the Retired Pilots Foundation & they are doing all they can to help her, the problem is they used about \$60,000 more than they took in last year. The active pilots who had been contributing with payroll deductions are retiring & the younger pilots of course are not signing up, so if you can possibly afford it, please contribute, send your donations to: Capt. Ted Bochniarz Treas. 11165 Regency Drive, Westchester, IL 60154-5638.

Our son Kirk is flying for AA out of MIA, when AA made their big cut he had to move to the right seat & he loves that 777, but I hope he gets a Capt assignment before he forgets how to fly, that big twin seems to do almost everything for you.

Augie

D. G. "MITCH" MITCHELL—Mountain View, CA

Thanks to Cleve, Ted, Jim and others who put in many more hours than we Folders & Stuffers do. Things would not happen without your hard work.

Looking forward to hearing more from the retirees on what they are doing and less about how much money we have lost. If a pilot can't take care of himself, who can?

Best regards, *Mitch*

BOB MORF—Charlottesville, VA

Dear Ted:

My 90th will arrive on May 8, so I think this is too late for the May issue, and if your computer is out of the crash mode it may be in time for June.

Betty and I enjoy life in this life-care facility in Charlottesville, VA. Betty is on a few pills and has some ongoing problems but seems to be making slow progress and improvement.

My last hike on the Costa Brava (wild coast) north of Barcelona in October, 2005, I think, was "saving the best for last"--truly beautiful--and challenging. That's my 4th in Spain, all with the same guide. The one the year before (2004) was in Exmoor, North Devon--(different guides)--my 4th in England...Plus earlier ones in Ireland and Wales. I am very, very, very lucky and grateful to have been able to enjoy these wonderful experiences...But... Comes a time!!

Best regards to all, *BOB*

P.S. Regarding the letter from Marty Berg; I didn't know V. H. Petrie when he was in VP-101 but I recall his stories when we were in a later squadron together about him and his squadron mates in their free time, and all those lonesome Aussie girls in Perth with their boy friends away in the military.

When I knew him in a subsequent land based squadron we were moving from Alameda to Kaneohe. Enroute, Pete opened his side cockpit window and SWISH, out went his scarf. Dapper Pete felt as if he were out of uniform and suggested turning back. His other crew members prevailed and they continued on to Kaneohe. (I was told confidentially that he pouted all the rest of the trip)

I might add that Pete was along on the day after Betty's and my wedding at NAS Olathe KS when we were both transferred and drove from Olathe to Opalacka FL and came to Virginia in August of 1995 for the celebration of our 50th. He didn't make it to our 60th in 2005. -- *BOB*

H.P. "HOWIE" MORGAN AND PATTI—
Longmont, CO

Howdy folks, This will be my 9th year of semi-retirement. I have vowed to never retire! We have been working diligently on the total make over of a 1964 Cessna 185C and hope to fly it by the end of the month. It has been a long and sometimes frustrating project but it'll be worth it in the end. The only way to get an airplane of this model is to build one which is what we have done. First cross country planned is to South Lake Tahoe next month using a new GPS.

With the experience gained on this project, we are already starting the process on our Cessna 150 and we have another 185 waiting in the wings [owned by a working UAL Capt] that we're planning on doing.

When I have slack time, waiting on parts, I'm doing make-overs on several old BMW motorcycles. I missed most of the riding season last year but am looking forward to doing some touring this summer. [R-50/2...R90S]

My son, "Butch" is making a business of rebuilding old Airstream trailers and has become an expert in metal polishing. If you see one of these units on the road, it looks as if it were chrome plated...Pretty impressive!! The amount of money folks are putting into these units is amazing.

My daughter, Jamie, is a special education teacher near RIC and is doing a fantastic job with kids that really need people with her skills. We were able to spend some time at her school recently and it's obvious that "her" kids really love her. I was impressed and she's my hero for doing what she does.

We have traveled extensively around the US and Canada this past year with no problems on UAL. Very few delays Etc. Patti [UAL F/A Ret] went to MSP the other day and sat next to a prominent DEN lawyer who railed and moaned about how the PRESIDENT had caused their late departure. Patti, never at a loss for words, replied that it was a weather delay [a raging snow storm at DIA] and that she had no idea that the Pres. was able to order up snow storms just to harass United Air Lines!!! I only wish that I could have been there. What is disturbing is that this guy is not the only idiot making outrageous statements like that and furthermore, some people believe it to be fact!!

While we are not thrilled with the UAL money situation, we have put it behind us and are moving on in a new direction. We have been involved in a couple of programs devoted to wealth building that have been a tremendous help...and fun. I would like to give you the address of two web sites that may be of interest to you. peakpotentials.com and liveoutloud.com. These programs are educational and are not magic. We've met many helpful, positive and successful people that will help you do amazing things!! I'd be happy to answer questions..

We're looking forward to a fantastic year and hopefully yours will be also!!

"Howie" and Patti Longmont Co., Hgr 33H -2V2,
303-601-3536

RICK KA'APUNI—Honolulu, HI

Aloha Ted,

Procrastination is a terrible affliction of retirement. Here is it, a couple of years into retirement and I'm only now joining RUPA. (Check in mail to Jim.)

Since moving back to HNL we have had zero time at Ala Moana Beach or the pool even though we enjoy the view every day. Still, I managed to flunk Retirement 101. Instead my time is now spent as a reverse mortgage specialist for the nation's largest originator of reverse mortgage loans. This is a cash-flow tool designed to give homeowners (62 years and older) mortgage relief and/or a line of credit by using the equity in your home, assuming you have any available. I'll be glad to explain the details to anyone interested in knowing more about this unique program. Call me toll-free at 888.380.2002. Better yet, call us (808.597.1260) when you're in Waikiki so we can take a mai tai break.

Clarita and I are rediscovering the beauty of the Islands - the place and the people. We feel fortunate to be able to come "home" again.

Rick Ka'apuni

NORBERT (NORM) RUPP—Kirkwood, CA

Ted,

It is with special thanks for all those that make RUPA special as well as the leaders of URPBPA. Roger Hall was at the front of the line in 1985 and continues to carry the leadership banner high. There was a time when I resented the roll of ALPA in the United bankruptcy, especially those that benefited over the "B" scale fight but I have come to realize that ALPA has to do the best job that the organization can do for their dues paying members and that we have to support URPBPA for our seat at the table. So much for economics and politics.

Connie and I have been very fortunate during the past year, keep our primary home at the Kirkwood Ski Area, CA at elevation 7,960 but still maintain the house in Belmont, CA. We have had 130 inches of snow in March and the month is not over.

Our travels take us to Palm Spring each Spring for a small reunion of Air Force Class 56L buddies. A high point was when we were out at the aviation museum and a couple guys brought in a T28. It was fun being on the flight line with the old bird. Other trips that we took were a trip through the Panama Canal starting in Fort Lauderdale and ending in San Francisco, a barge trip down the Seine from Paris to Le Havre on Viking River Cruise (very highly recommended), another reunion with three Sierra buddies and their wives in the Fort Bragg area and a trip with two of our grandsons (age 13 and 15) after Christmas to London and Paris. The trip was very intense but worth every minute of it. We needed to go positive space because we needed to get the boys back home without missing too much school. I shopped the discount travel agencies and ended up on the United 20 % fare. United was about \$100 less per person. The 20% less fare was only for Connie and me but the boys fare was almost \$100 less than I could find anywhere else.

All the best, *Norm*



WHY YOUR DOCTOR IS GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

By Robert Jay Rowen, M.D.

I used to think Big Pharma was this country's biggest threat to your health. I no longer believe that. Yes, pharmaceutical drugs kill and maim tens of thousands of people every year. But there's a new threat to your health that's far more dangerous and insidious.

This threat doesn't attack individual patients the way drugs and diseases do. Instead, it attacks doctors. You read that right! This menace now has the livelihoods of America's physicians in its grasp.

And it's not just alternative doctors that are threatened. Every doctor in this country is at risk — conventional and alternative alike. Many will end up in jail. Others will lose their license, their practice, and their reputation. Still others will end up bankrupt and in ruins.

Obviously, this threat isn't a disease, though some might argue differently. It's a relatively new set of laws that has put your doctor in the crosshairs. Let me explain:

Thirteen years ago, Bill and Hillary Clinton tried to create one universal health system — under the government. It was essentially cookbook medicine, written and controlled at every level by government.

Very quickly, the public awakened. The American people realized that with the Clinton program, government would dictate what diseases and the treatments you were allowed to have. So the Clinton's program bit the dust — hard.

But the Clinton's weren't about to let it die. Key provisions of the original plan were encoded into a new law. In 1996, Congress passed the Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act (HIPAA). On the surface, this law seems like a great idea. It made it far easier to change from one insurance carrier to another. Pre-existing conditions couldn't prevent the transfer.

But hidden in the bill were a mountain of new health care laws. Under these laws, your doctor commits a Federal crime if he violates or conspires to violate any of the nine criminal statutes or commits any of the four crimes the act establishes. That sounds appropriate enough, until you realize what it takes to break these laws.

All your doctor (or any health practitioner for that matter, including chiropractors) has to do is make a clerical error. You know, all the numbers that come on your bill. If even one of those numbers is wrong, it is now cause for an audit from the U.S. government.

But that's just the beginning. The bill also funded an army of new law-enforcement agents, who were commissioned to investigate this new class of "health care" criminals. So when your doctor's office makes a clerical error, agents will walk into your doctor's office and look at as many billing files as they want. Usually, the agents will focus on a small percentage of the files, looking for more clerical errors. From these mistakes, they estimate how much a doctor has overbilled for his entire practice.

It gets worse. Once the agents find out how much a doctor has "overbilled," they can then assess a penalty as great as three times the amount of the mistakes. And if the agents are really after him, he can be indicted for fraud, embezzlement, false statements, and obstruction. All over clerical errors.

Under these draconian laws, anyone who defrauds any health benefit program faces imprisonment up to 10 years and a fine up to \$250,000. If there is injury to the patient, the doctor can be imprisoned for 20 years. There is a provision making it a Federal crime to make false statements in connection with health care delivery. There is a penalty for "incorrect coding or medically unnecessary" services. Conviction of such an offense can lead to more charges. After all, if your doctor is co-mingling funds earned from Medicare into the regular practice account, that could be called money laundering.

For doctors and other health care practitioners, this is a no-win situation. That's because they must follow 132,720 pages of federal health care rules and regulations, with 111,000 covering Medicare. Physicians get lost in the fog of these regulations.

Now assume that your doctor is a genius and can read 100 pages of the 132,720 pages of regulations each day. Assume that he can retain all the information. It will take him 3.6 years to read them all. He could be a criminal long before he got to the end.

Doctors often have to choose between reading all the regulations and treating patients. There's just no way to do both. Most of the time, physicians have no idea whether or not Medicare will pay for services until after the fact. They'll have to hire new staff to protect the practice from the investigators. And guess who ends up paying for all this in the end? These laws will end up adding as much as 40% to your total "health" bill. If they bill for it and it's not covered, they've committed a felony!

Under HIPAA, I can assure you that in the course of one day, your doctor will have committed several infractions. These could include rendering care that some regulator won't approve of. Or perhaps he honestly billed you for his total therapeutic time when federal guidelines prescribe that he should have booted you out 10 minutes before your needs were met. He could even be a criminal for giving you vitamin C for your cold.

Now consider this example. You ask your doctor for a stool test for blood as a screen for colon cancer, but have no symptoms. It's positive. It's caught in time and your life is saved. However, your doctor billed Medicare for a preventive service, which to Medicare is fraud. The absence of intent to cheat Medicare doesn't matter. Your doctor gets fined up to \$10,000 (or jailed) for ordering the test even when he had no personal profit from the lab test.

The laws are so confusing even Medicare bureaucrats struggle to define the meaning of "medically improper or necessary health care services." The ultimate decision rests with people hundreds or thousands of miles away from your encounter with your doctor.

According to the Cato Institute, one physician did not think a service would be covered and told his patient the same. But program administrators told him the service would be covered. He was soon paid, but officials LATER changed their minds. He was required to reimburse Medicare. He complained and soon found federal investigators in his office auditing his entire practice.

This creates an impossible "twilight zone" for conscientious providers according to Florida dermatologist Dr. Philip Catalano. Just look at this idiocy:

Dr. Catalano said, "HCFA (Health Care Financing Administration) has decided that only a limited number of actinic keratosis (pre-cancerous skin lesions) can be frozen within a given period of time. You may have severe sun damage and have the upper limit removed (now 15 on a single day). You come back in a few months with another lesion and Medicare can reject payment as exceeding the imposed limits." And if doctors exceed those limits, they can be fined or arrested.

What's worse, Medicare forbids you to privately contract with your doctor to remove the lesions even if paid for by you. Your doctor would have to get out of the Medicare program for at least two years to accept a penny in direct payment from you.

I hope this makes you as angry as it does me. If we do nothing, you may not even be able to find a doctor to sew up your wound. He'll want an attorney behind him, and you'll pay for both!

There's only one solution to this. The HIPAA laws passed in 1996 must be reversed. And you can't rely on your providers to do it for you. Your elected officials see physician efforts as self-serving. If you want to save your doctor, or other provider, from totalitarian medicine, YOU must take action. Contact your representatives immediately and ask them to look into this and reverse these laws.

Ref: Cato journal, vol. 22 no. 1.

RANDY RYAN

Sorry I'm late with this but first a big thank you to all who work so hard to continue to publish the RUPA newsletter. The check is in the mail.

Except to thank URPBPA for what they have done I won't mention our pension problems, you all have read enough about them. We finally got moved in to our new house. We liked our first Tucson home but it was just too far from where we played tennis, golf, bridge, etc.

We were the high bidders at a Desert Museum fund raiser, winning an awesome exhibit to be put on by Museum's staff at our house so, in December, we had a big party. The main event was a free flight of Harris' hawks but the museum also brought many other birds (owls, falcons, etc.,) critters (a Ringtail), and even a Tarantula. Kathy and her husband, Ken, Greg and his wife, Yolanda, flew out for the party as did Ken's parents, Tony and Bob Lordier. Just having everybody together made the expense well worth it.

Earlier in the year we had taken a 14 day Russian cruise from Moscow to St. Petersburg then stayed for ten days in southern Germany. It was our first visit to either country. Christmas was spent with Kathy and Ken followed by a mini golf vacation at the Marriott in Los Angeles. This year we are planning a 62 day Holland America cruise from Ft. Lauderdale to South America, back to Florida then across the Atlantic to Africa, Western Europe and Norway before arriving in Amsterdam. With luck we'll return to Tucson in early August.

Pam continues as a Docent at the Desert Museum and the Botanical Gardens, does Red Cross volunteer work, and volunteers at the Visitors Bureau. I play tennis three days a week, golf once, bridge once, and do volunteer mediation for Pima County.

We really enjoy Tucson so if you are in the area give us a call, or, join the Tucson retirees at one of our luncheons. We would love to see you.

Randy Ryan

-797-3912

randyryan40@msn.com

520

B.B. "SANDY" SANDS—Zephyr Cove, NV

In poker I am now a double "8". Moving slower and now need glasses after years of good vision. We are giving up our Sun City home and will be at Lake Tahoe. Age and health have changed our focus. Hazel is currently undergoing seven weeks of radiation for a sinus tumor at Hoag Hospital in Costa Mesa. We keep in touch with our families in Colorado, Nebraska, Arizona and California. Thanks for keeping all of us informed. We look forward to reading *RUPANEWS*.

Enclosed is my dues check.

Sandy

WALT SCHROETER—Palm Desert, CA

Dear Ted:

Just a short letter from a guy who just turned 88. Most or all of my fishing buddies and a ski group have passed on. Apparently I didn't impress anyone in my flying career of 40 years, because no one has called or written to me.

Health wise, I am doing fairly well. Had a fibrillation episode and it has left me with a low energy level. I feel well and struggle on. Had to give up on tennis a couple of years ago.

Until next time--I read the *RUPANEWS* but have very few names I recognize in the letter department.

Regards to all,

Walt

FRANK VINCINI—Coeur D'Alene, ID

Hi, Ted and all:

Greetings from beautiful No. Idaho where too many people have suddenly decided this is where they want to live after retirement. Population has increased by nearly 50% since 1995. So have property taxes and home prices but it's still a wonderful place to reside.

I haven't written anything for two years because other activities seemed to take more time and I'd put it off, and then forget about it until it was way past due. Such are the hazards of staying busy and getting older! I'd like to take this opportunity, Ted and Jim, to thank both of you for stepping up to the plate and taking over the newsletter. Kudos also to Rich, Cleve, and the late Jock Savage for the wonderful work they did (and are still doing) to keep all of us up to date. A special thank you to Doug Wilsman for the detailed research and long hours he put in to keep us apprised of all the shenanigans involving our pensions, and how things might work out. To all of you gentlemen and any others associated with getting the newsletter out, thank you very much. It is greatly appreciated by yours truly and, I'm sure, all of the membership.

We have done a good deal of traveling since I last wrote, mostly to Germany to see Monika's mother and brother, and to Bellevue, WA to see our daughter and her family of three great grandkids. We managed a couple of ski trips to Canada as well as lots of local skiing but I have not skied now for two seasons. Also, we rented a place with two other couples in Provence outside of St. Remy and had a terrific time. Monika just got home today from a 3 1/2 week stay in Germany to put her mom in an assisted-living place. She and her brother worked very hard to make the arrangements and it was not a fun trip. Mom has been having aging problems for several months and this finally had to be done.

As for ourselves, our health is pretty good with no major problems. I did have both hips replaced within eight months but healed up fine and was cleared to start skiing again anytime after Feb. 1 I didn't because we decided to do a major kitchen remodel. The previous season we didn't have any snow to speak of. I was very fortunate to have two of the best orthopedic surgeons around, both of whom are very well known nation-wide. They are part of Orthopedics International in Seattle and Kirkland, WA if any one is interested and needs to have that done. The docs said the joints were just flat worn out and I didn't have any cartilage left. It was bone-on-bone and not too comfortable.

I'm still having good success in competitive skeet shooting and really enjoy it, as well as my other outdoor hobbies like hunting and fly fishing. No hunting last season tho' while I healed up from hip replacement #2. Otherwise we keep busy with our home and a few organisations like QB'S Museum of Flight and occasionally flying a small airplane. Monika has lots of hobbies mostly related to the grandkids.

One more thing and I'll end this. I was very surprised to see a photo on page 26 of the March *RUPANEWS* and the accompanying story on F/A Ty Attwood training JAL stewardesses. I knew both of these men quite well during my 9+ years flying for JAL/IASCO. Neither was ever a UAL pilot and to the best of my knowledge UAL never had any pilots that actually came to Japan and flew scheduled flights for any length of time, if at all. They did train Japanese pilots in the US in the early 50's but the foreign pilots that started flying for JAL around 1954/55 were almost all TransOcean Airlines and American Overseas Airlines with perhaps a smattering of other nonsked types thrown into the mix. The pilot on the left is Sid Joiner, originally TransOcean who retired from JAL/IASCO sometime in the 80's and was my chief pilot in ANC when many of us were transferred from Tokyo in 1972. He lived right across the street from me in a hillside development about 12 miles out of ANC. He passed away a few years ago but his widow still lives in, I believe, Danville, CA and is active in the CAT Association, whose newsletter I often read. The other pilot is Chuck Smith, who was the VP of IASCO when I arrived. IASCO had been formed in the very early 60's and by 1967 had crew members on contract all over the world. Chuck married a beautiful JAL F/A from a famous family and I believe he may still be alive and living in Hawaii. I flew many trips with him in DC-8s across the Pacific between 1967 and '72 until I went to ANC.

Enough of this. I apologize for being so longwinded and hope nobody gets bored reading this. My best to all Ruparians and may UAL rise from the bankruptcy ashes and once again be a great airline. I won't hold my breath though.

Regards, *Frank Vancini*

WINNERS AND LOSERS

THE PILOT WHOSE PURSUIT OF FAME RAN OUT OF GAS

Spectators at Floyd Bennett Field could see something was wrong. The plane roaring along the runway with its tail up for takeoff was swerving from side to side. Suddenly, to their horror, the plane lurched off the runway and crashed into a fence. The overload of gasoline exploded in a huge ball of flame.

So ended the career of Francesco Marquis de Pinedo on Sept. 2, 1933. It was also the end of a flight that in a sense, had begun in 1927.

Commander de Pinedo was a hero of the Italian air force for his pioneering flight from Rome to Melbourne, Australia, and Tokyo. In February, 1927, with two other Italian air force officers, he made a 10-day flight from Italy across the South Atlantic to Brazil. It attracted a lot of attention in South America, which is what Italy's new fascist government under Mussolini had in mind. The evils of fascism weren't as apparent in 1927 as they became in 1935 when Mussolini invaded Ethiopia. It was still possible to cultivate a progressive image.

De Pinedo and his crew flew an impressive plane, a twin-hulled Savoia-Marchetti flying boat with two engines. It was over 52 feet long and 78 feet from wingtip to wingtip.

From South America, he took a roundabout route to New York, following his instructions to seek glory and good will.

The original plan was to stir up publicity in the U.S., then, while everyone was watching, try to win the Orteig Prize. A French-American hotel magnate had offered \$25,000 for the first non-stop flight in either direction between New York and Paris.

At Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, de Pinedo dumped surplus fuel overboard. A teenage mooring attendant, lighting a cigarette, flipped his match into the water. Phoomp!

The flying boat burned and sank. De Pinedo was grounded till a replacement plane could be brought from Italy. Meanwhile, a group of St. Louis businessmen and aviation enthusiasts agreed to sponsor a young pilot from the St. Louis-Chicago mail run. Several manufacturers of suitable planes refused to sell. They didn't trust a pilot they'd never heard of. They didn't want the bad publicity from one of their planes being lost at sea. Ironically, Charles A. Lindbergh at 25 was already one of the most experienced pilots in the world.

At first, he seemed a loser. He didn't do well in school because, as the son of a congressman from Minnesota, he grew up constantly changing schools. His parents didn't get along and were eventually divorced. He flunked out of engineering school at the University of Wisconsin. A fling at dairy farming also failed.

Once he took up aviation he never failed at anything again (except his effort to keep America out of World War II). After learning to fly, he supported himself barnstorming, including wing-walking and parachute jumping at county fairs. He applied to the U.S. Army Air Corps flight school so he could fly the Army's powerful new planes. He learned to navigate and graduated first in his class. He flew the mail in all kinds of weather. By 1927 he had survived a mid-air collision and four emergency parachute jumps—more than anyone else in the country.

The newspapers would take to calling him "Lucky Lindy." The truth was he made his own luck. It was not in his character to dump fuel over the side of a moored flying boat. He avoided "accidents" through foresighted preparations as well as skill.

About the time de Pinedo was preparing to take off from Sardinia en route to Brazil, Lindbergh contacted the Ryan Airplane Company of San Diego, which was bringing out a new high-wing monoplane. Small and fast, it could be modified to cross the Atlantic.

At Ryan, there was no haggling over the pilot, the destination or the price—\$6,000 to build a special plane plus \$4,000 for a Wright Whirlwind engine. All non-essentials were stripped away. Ryan's chief engineer was "rather startled" at first to learn that Lindbergh planned to fly alone, without the usual navigator. But he saw the advantage- more carrying capacity for fuel, 450 gallons of it. The extra weight required extending the wingspan and beefing up the landing gear.

Lindbergh persuaded the Ryan factory to work overtime to finish the plane in less than two months. He knew several other pilots were also preparing to try for the Orteig Prize.

By early May, the new plane—christened The Spirit of St. Louis—was ready to go. Anxious as he was to start, Lindbergh was too wise to risk bad weather over the Rocky Mountains.

By May 10, the weather cleared. Lindbergh flew non-stop to St. Louis, setting a new speed record, then on to New York. Again there was a delay waiting for better weather.

De Pinedo apparently decided against trying to take his big fuel-gulping flying boat non-stop from New York to Paris, but any North Atlantic crossing would make headlines. He too waited for the weather to improve.

On May 20, Lindbergh weighed the factors. The weather was a little better. The moon would be full, to assist navigation. He decided to go.

The plane was so heavily loaded with fuel that as it sped along the runway for a long time it showed no signs of lifting off. It sluggishly gained speed, lifted, settled back, lifted again. After taking off from so many cow pastures in an under-powered World War I relic, the veteran barnstormer could sense the precise moment when the plane truly became airborne. Lindbergh set his course for France.

De Pinedo finally took off on May 23. Bucking head winds, the flying boat ran out of fuel 300 miles short of the Azore Islands and had to be towed in by a passing ship. So much for Italy's chance at glory over the North Atlantic. The world press was obsessed with a much bigger story. Lindbergh had already landed in Paris to become one of the chief celebrities of the first half of the 20th century.

Disappointed, the Italian authorities transferred their backing to another flier who led a squadron of flying boats to Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition.

Such was the background of de Pinedo's last flight on that September day in 1933. A new long distance solo in his Bellanca monoplane would restore him to favor. He must have been thinking about that when the controls still felt mushy as the plane approached the point of decision—the point at which Lindbergh might have cut the throttle before it was too late.

ZITS Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman



JOE WEST—Corvallis, OR

Hi Ted,

This is my early/late letter. Early because I usually get it sent in March for an April birthday. Late because I planned it for 3/31, and now it's 4/03. First of all, thanks for the fine job you're doing as Editor. The including of very informative magazine articles, such as those pertaining to health, is a valuable service, and I look forward to them each month.

I have an interest in health matters because I'm working at recovering from a massive stroke I suffered in 1986 at age 58 1/2. Since that puts me in my 20th year of recovery, and I live in a university city, I opined one recent year that I am qualified to teach a course called advanced stroke recovery 106. My first lesson would be concerned with how to avoid a stroke.

Of course, someone might ask if I know how to avoid one, why did I have one. Good question! I was told by my doctors that we might never know the cause of my stroke. I would still like to give a couple of tips that helped me survive the stroke, and might help someone else: 1.-don't smoke heavily, 2.- exercise regularly as much as you can, and 3.- arrange to have God on your side and have some good folks praying for you.

I had all 3. I was a born-again Christian before the stroke, and nothing has happened to change that, although I wouldn't wish it on anybody (except Osama Bin Laden);the misery that came with the stroke.

Along with many of our group, who usually remember to thank all who produce the *RUPANEWS*, I would like to add my own. Check to Jim.

Sincerely, *Joe West*

NORM WITT—Palos Verdes Estates, CA

I will be 79 on May 2, 2006. The new hire UAL class that I was in finished training in September 1956. I was one of the oldest in the class got my first choice of LAX as a domicile--until retirement.

In May of 1956 all of the new hires who did not have CAA valid instrument ratings, were required go to the Clinton School of Aviation to get the rating. When that was completed, we flew the Convair 340 to qualify as a copilot. Then there were two months in flight engineering school on the Douglas DC-6 and the graduation dinner at the favorite UAL hotel. William A. Patterson was President of UAL and Dick Petty, Vice President of Flight Operations, who was the graduation speaker. Those were exciting times!

The first day of copilot school, was familiarization with the Convair 340. Standing in front of me was a person, the back side of whose head, I had not forgotten. I asked him whether he had been in the U. S. Navy during WWII. I then said I recognize the back of your head. I marched behind you in the Naval Aircrewman NATTC at Memphis, Tennessee in 1945. He then remembered me. It was Justin J. Jarrett, who had followed a very similar career that I had after WWII--graduation from college, flying in the USAF during Korean War and then employment by UAL.

About two months ago I found the Navy pictures of our squadron and sitting in front of me was "JJ". He flew out of SFO during his entire career and we saw each other frequently in HNL. I tried to contact him through Hugh Berry, who was also in our UAL class. Hugh did not have an address for him, but thought that he may be deceased. I want to mail the picture to "JJ" or to a relative.

My grandson, Lance Corporal Andrew Chamber has returned to the USA without having been wounded. Praise the Lord! He hasn't said anything to me about the Marine Corp and what his plans are if he can get released from active duty.

Several years ago I wrote about my health problem of chronic fatigue and light-headedness, which has most of the symptoms of the Epstein-Barr virus. I had spent about \$30,000.00 on doctors and tests with no positive results. One doctor at the UCLA Medical Center wanted to have me tested for sleep Apnea. When I asked him--Why? His response was that he needed to do something..

At the UCLA Hospitals is a Center for the Mind-Body Relationship, founded by Dr. Norman Cousins, the author of *An Anatomy of an Illness*. Dr. Cousins had an incurable disease and found his own solution by experimenting and lived for an additional 12 years after all physicians had failed to help him. That organization does only research and no diagnoses or treatment--another disappointment.

I was struck down by a car while riding a bicycle near my home in 1983. Because of that and flying turn-around trips to Maui, I was forced to retire because of a chronic back ailment. In order to keep mobile without the use of crutches, I swam almost every day-- first at the YMCA and later at the Marriott Hotel Health Club. About a year ago, I stopped swimming. Within a month, I began feeling better. Apparently the chlorine and bromine in the pool water was being absorbed into my body through the skin. Now, I swim a maximum of about 20 minutes every other day and I have continued to feel much better. None of the 10 to 15 physicians that I saw even considered the chemicals --even though all of the doctors were told about my swimming daily in a public pool.

After I had written about the Epstein-Barr virus in the RUPA Newsletter, many retired pilots were kind enough to take the time and either write or call me with their experiences and suggestions, I want them all to know that I am very appreciative and that I am doing much better.

Norm Witt

-mail: normwitt@msn.com;
Ham Radio Call: WI6TT



IN MEMORIAM

JAMES KAY BONE

James Kay Bone passed peacefully into the presence of his Lord and Savior on March 14, 2006. Jim had been battling cancer for the past several months and while the cancer continued to lay claim on his body, his durable faith in God and invincible spirit never failed to uplift those who gathered around him. And while cancer has finally taken his earthly body, his spirit is better than ever!

Jim was born to Dr. & Mrs. Harold and Vera Bone in Des Moines, IA on April 19, 1933. He graduated from Des Moines Technical High School in 1951 and attended Iowa State University, graduating in 1955 with a degree in Aeronautical Engineering. On January 2, 1956, he married Lonnie Lee Miller in Des Moines and was able to celebrate his 50th anniversary with the love of his life this past January. Shortly after getting married, Jim began what would be a 37 year career as a pilot with United Airlines. It was at this time that Jim and Lonnie moved to the Chicago area and have lived here ever since. During that time, Jim & Lonnie created the Missionary Aircraft Ferry Service, a non-profit company dedicated to delivering much needed aircraft to missionaries around the world. Now he has taken his final flight home.

While Jim had many interests like flying, fishing, woodworking and chess, two passions thoroughly dominated his life, his faith in God and his dedication to his family. Throughout his adult life it would have been difficult to find Jim deeply invested in something that didn't connect with family or faith in a significant way. He was most fulfilled when living out his role as son, brother, husband, father, uncle, G-pa or, most centrally, a child of God by way of His amazing grace.

Jim was tragically preceded in death by his oldest son, Randall in August of 2004. Jim is survived by his loving wife, Lonnie, his adoring children, Rhonda Bone, Russell Bone (and wife, Gail), Renee Haugen (and husband, Phil) and Randall's wife, Karen Bone, and his eighteen admiring grandchildren.

KEL CARSON

Kel was an unusual person who lived mostly in a place of his own making. Most of us adapt to our surroundings in the best ways we can. Kel did not. Kel instead carried his own environment around with him. Kind of like the Lil Abner caricature Joe Bifstc. Joe Bifstc had a black cloud over his head wherever he went. Thunder, rain and lightning were seen in this cloud. In a sort of similar manner Kel had his own environment with him only his was upbeat and exuberant. And unlike Joe Bifstc his cloud touched all who were in the vicinity.

Don't like the schedules? Then be the scheduler. Marry a super chick on a most beautiful spot then build your own condo right there. Even in the dying process he carried this nature with him joking about his situation and his future.

And so it goes.

I don't know were Kel has gone but it probably is a place of his own choosing and Kel will rebuild it.

So, so long to Kel, my friend of many years.

Harvey Saylor

ROBERT E. COMMERCE

With sadness, I report that Robert E. Commerce, Retired Flight Dispatcher for Capital and United Airlines, died Tuesday morning, March 28th.

Bob has been in declining health for many months, as previously reported. Some time around 1945, he went to work for Pennsylvania Central Airlines in PIT and retired from UAL Dulles Dispatch in 1981. Also, in that year he was counted among the organizers of the first Capital Assn. Picnic. In 1998, Bob was awarded the Lifetime Achievement Award by the Airline Dispatchers Federation.

Bob was an active member of RUPA and one of the volunteers working with Capt. Eddie O'Donnell during the early years of the Washington Area RUPA Lunch. His wacky off the wall jokes will always be part of my IADDD memories.

Funeral services were conducted on Friday, March 31st at 1 p.m. at Our Lady of Good Counsel Catholic Church, 8601 Wolftrap Road, Vienna, VA

Condolences may be addressed to the family:

Mrs. Marjorie Commerce Edgin, 38665 Purple Martin Lane, Hamilton, VA 20158

Fraternally, *E.K. Williams*

DAVID L. FELLER

My husband, David L. Feller passed away March 9, 2006. He had a long struggle with congestive heart failure and complications of Parkinson's disease.

Our family had a "Celebration of Life" memorial at our daughter's home on March 18, 2006 with nearly 100 family & friends attending. We were married 53 years, have three daughters and six grandchildren. He will be greatly missed.

Sincerely, *Rosalie Feller*

JAMES HAMILTON KEETON

Jim died February 15, 2006, following a stroke at the age of 95. He was born in Meridian, Mississippi on August 19, 1910. Always an achiever, as a teenager, he earned the rank of Eagle Scout. He also raised prize chickens which he exhibited at county fairs all over the South. In his early twenties he learned to fly at Key Field in Meridian under the tutelage of Al and Fred Key, using his prize chicken winnings to pay for his flying lessons. He participated as refueling pilot in the Key brothers' historic endurance flight of 1935 that established the feasibility of mid-air refueling. That flight set the still-standing world record for heavier-than-air craft by circling the city of Meridian for 27 days.

Jim became a pilot for United Airlines in 1935 and retired from the airline in 1970. In this capacity he flew troops and equipment to Japan, Korea, and Vietnam during the Korean and Vietnam wars.

He was an avid fisherman after retirement, and moved to the Magnolia River in Magnolia Springs, Alabama, where he served two terms as president of the Magnolia Springs Community Association and was active in the Fairhope Power Squadron.

He was a founder and long-time member of the Ancient Aviators of Baldwin County and was inducted into the Alabama Aviation Hall of Fame. He was well known for his pancake breakfasts prepared and served by him in his boathouse.

Jim was married for 55 years to Eda Soulé Keeton who predeceased him in 1992. He is survived by his wife Katherine Keeton, two daughters, grandchildren, step grandchildren, and sixteen great-grandchildren

JIM LEACH

In March we lost a UAL pilot and my personal friend. James Thomas Leach (68) was born in Tulsa Oklahoma on November 22, 1937. Jim was born in the same city and year as I was. However, we met for the first time in New Hire Class in 1968, where a bond develops with your new hire classmates that will never be duplicated for the rest of our careers. Up to this point Jim had already had his mettle tested many times in Vietnam. As a U.S. Army helicopter pilot he received these decorations and citations; Army Aviator Badge, Air Medal w/15 Oak Leaf Clusters, Air Medal w/"V" device, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal(Dom Rep), Vietnam Serviced Medal W/1 Star, Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal W/Device 1960, the Bronze Star Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Jim still made the reunions for the Helicopter squadrons disregarding his handicap explained below.

Jim spent his career domiciled in Chicago and became a familiar face to all in the base.

Our new hire class rode side saddle for longer than anyone could ever imagine. Bids to sit up front were slow to come. Then with the change within the airline industry in the eighties, we got captain bids. Jim was enjoying flying copilot from ORD to Tokyo and decided to not take a captain bid and continued on the big whale. In 1994 returning to his home in Sycamore Illinois from a Tokyo flight, Jim had a stroke. After much physical therapy it was determined that Jim had suffered irreversible paralysis on one side of his body and acute degradation of sight. At that time UAL put Jim on medical retirement.

Jim and wife Pat made Jennings Oklahoma their home base and spent time traveling in the family RV. Jim passed away March 30, 2006. Jim was the person that would give or do anything he could for you. It was with pleasure to call him friend. Pat would like to hear from anyone that knew Jim, her e-mail is; ramsayandsonstruiking@msn.com (918-757-7759)
P.O. BOX 346, Jennings, OK. 74038

Brad Fleming

GUY R. O'REAR

The memorial will be celebrated May 19th, 2006, 12PM Noon, in the Chapel, Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church, 5555 N. Federal Highway, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

A Memorial and Tribute was set up for Guy. Donation(s) should be forwarded to the American Heart Association/Florida Affiliate P O Box 21475, St. Petersburg, Fl 33742.

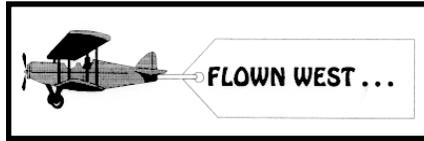
Lisa, our daughter, and I are grateful for your compassion as well as your expression of sympathies.

Should you have any questions, feel free to contact me at 954-389-1171.

My mailing address is: 2154 Montpelier, Weston, FL 33326 JacquelineOrear@aol.com

Jacqueline Orear





RAY E. SMITH	1/02/2006
PERRY S. BROWN*	1/17/2006
ANTON P. SATORIUS	2/08/2006
JAMES HAMILTON KEETON	2/15/2006
FRANK NAGY	2/17/2006
DAVID R. TANK	2/18/2006
DAVID L. FELLER	3/09/2006
JAMES K. BONE	3/14/2006
GUY R. O'REAR	3/27/2006
ROBERT E. COMMERCE	3/28/2006
JAMES THOMAS LEACH	3/30/2006
CLARENCE "LUKE" CRAVEN*	4/02/2006
KENNETH R. KUEHN	**/**/****

Indicates Non-Member



HIGH FLIGHT

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
 Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
 Of sun-split clouds, - and done a hundred things
 You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
 I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
 My eager craft through footless halls of air....

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
 Where never lark or even eagle flew -
 And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
 Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

John Gillespie Magee, Jr., September 3, 1941

RUPA'S SOCIAL CALENDAR

Monthly Scheduled Lunches

1st Wed. SFO North Bay—*Petaluma Sheraton*
2nd Mon. SW FL—*Olive Garden, Ft. Myers* - 239-417-8462
2nd Tue. San Diego Co—*San Marcos CC* - 760-723-9008
2nd Tue. Nov-Apr Treasure Coast Sunbirds—*Mariner Sands CC* - 772-286-6667
2nd Thu. Oct-Apr. SE FL Gold Coast— *Flaming Pit* - 561-272-1860
2nd Fri. PHX Roadrunners—*Best Western En Suites Scottsdale Airport, AZ* - 480-948-1612
3rd Tue. DEN Good Ole Boys— *11:30am American Legion Post 1* - 303-364-1565
3rd Tue. LAS High Rollers—*Memphis Barbecue* - 702-558-9422 or 702-565-7175
3rd Tue. NE FL—*Spruce Creek CC* - 386-760-9736
3rd Tue. Dana Point CA— *Wind & Sea Restaurant* - 949-496-2691
3rd Thu. LAX—(Even Mo.) *Hacienda* - 310-821-6207;
3rd Thu. LAXV—(Odd Mo.) *Mimi's, Chatsworth* - 818-992-8908
3rd Thu. Ohio Northcoasters—*TJ's Wooster* (Always coed.) - 440-235-7595
3rd Thu. SEA Gooneybirds—*Airport Marriott* - 425-702-0989
3rd Thu. So. Oregon (MFR)—*Pony Express, Jacksonville* - 541-245-6896
3rd Thu. TPA Sundowners—*Daddy's Grill* - 727-787-5550
Last Thu. Hawaii Ono Nenes—*Mid Pacific Country Club*

Bi-Monthly Scheduled Lunches

1st Wed Mar, Jul, Nov. Chicago Area—*Itasca CC* - 630-832-3002
2nd Tue Jan, May, Sep. McHenry (ORD)—*Warsaw Inn* - 815-459-5314

Quarterly Scheduled Lunches

3rd Wed. Jan, Apr, Jul, Oct. Washington Area—*Westwood CC* - 540-338-4574

Semi-Annually Scheduled Lunches

March 30, 11am,---*Tucson Country Club*—520-797-3912

Deadline: May 24, 2006

Mailing: June 7, 2006



PERIODICALS

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