



RUPANEWS

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—RUPANEWS—

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We had our annual "Folders and Stuffers" dinner at the Sheraton Gateway Hotel near SFO last night and a good time was had by all. There were seventy people in attendance. The festivities started at 5:30 pm and everyone was headed home by 10:00 pm. We're not getting any younger and soon the dinner will feature the "Early Bird Special!" This is a yearly event to show our appreciation to all our loyal "Folders and Stuffers" for the hard work they do each month for a measly do-nut and a cup of Rose's coffee.

Ron Jersey has informed me that to date more than eighty Ruparians have signed up for the Seattle Convention. The number one choice of activities is the Boeing Everett Tour on Friday, September 21, and it appears we are going to need two buses. So, if you have been dragging your feet and haven't signed up as yet, get busy and send in your Convention Registration Form to Ron now. Remember, at the Convention we will be electing the next slate of RUPA Officers so if you don't attend and vote you can't complain for the next two years.

In this month's *RUPANEWS* you will find the first announcement of the annual SFO RUPA Picnic which will be held Thursday, August 16th. This year we have an exciting new location. The picnic will be at Coyote Point and we will enjoy beautiful views of the golf course and boat harbor and, for those of you feeling nostalgic, we can watch the planes on final approach to runway 28 at SFO. Larry and Pat Wright are the event planners and look forward to receiving your Picnic reservations.

Again, I want to advise you of the NEW ADDRESS to send your dues and/or updated information. The new address is listed below. This information is also listed on the opposite page along with our **800-787-2429** number. Bruce McLeod, our new Sec/Treasurer, advises me that many of you send updated information via snail mail or telephone even though you have email. **EMAIL IS THE BEST WAY TO SEND INFORMATION AND ANNUAL LETTERS.** You don't have to worry about formatting we'll take care of that, just send it as a normal email message. The nice thing about email is we don't have to decipher your hand writing, and believe me sometimes that is very difficult.

RUPA

PO BOX 8044

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Cheers, and have a great 4th of July!! *Cleve*

ABOUT THE COVER: The Global Hawk

This is a photo of the Global Hawk UAV that returned from the war zone recently under its own power. (Iraq to Edwards AFB in CA) - Not transported via C5 or C17... Notice the mission paintings on the fuselage. It's actually over 250 missions... (and I would suppose 25 air medals). That's a long way for a remotely-piloted aircraft. Think of the technology (and the required quality of the data link to fly it remotely). Not only that, but the pilot controlled it from a nice warm control panel at Edwards AFB. Really long legs can stay up for almost 2 days at altitudes above 60k.

The Global Hawk was controlled via satellite; it flew missions during OT&E that went from Edwards AFB to upper Alaska and back non-stop. Basically, they come into the fight at a high mach # in mil thrust, fire their AMRAAMS, and no one ever sees them or paints with radar. There is practically no radio chatter because all the guys in the flight are tied together electronically, and can see who is targeting who, and they have AWACS direct input and 360 situational awareness from that and other sensors. The aggressors had a morale problem before it was all over. It is to air superiority what the jet engine was to aviation.

It can taxi, take off, fly a mission, return, land and taxi on it's own. No blackouts, no fatigue, no relief tubes, no ejection seats, and best of all, no dead pilots, no POWs.? Pretty cool!

DEN GOOD OL' BOYS

The May convocation of DEN Good Ol' Boys occurred on a delightful day and a good turnout eventuated. For once the humble coordinator arrived before happy hour was in full swing, but things proceeded swimmingly at all events.

The bell sounded at noon and most were satisfied and satiated with the cuisine. There being nothing to report or discuss, the business session was very short. A report on the final flight west of long time instructor/pilot Ben Colkitt was delivered.

The meeting devolved into visiting and fertilizer slinging, and adjourned at a suitable hour.

Those in attendance included: Bill Fife, Dick Garbrick, Tom Johnson, Phil Spicer, Curly Baker, Al Snook, Maury Mahoney, Bill Hoygard, Fritz Meyer, George Benkendorf, Bob Blessin, Bill Hanson, Bill Bates, Dick Shipman, Barry Edward, Jim Adair, Dave Johnson, John Thielen, Ted O'Malley, Bob Dietrich, Jim Krasno, Mike Williams, Jack Turner, Al Dorsey, Ed Riehl, Rick Madsen, Chuck Fellows, Ed Cutler, Ray Bowman, Guy Casey, Russ Ward, Ralph Wright, Warren Mugler, Tom Gordon, Jim Jenkins, A.J. Hartzler, Jim Hixon, David Horwitz, Bob Crowell, Stanley Boehm, and the scribe and coordinator, *Ted Wilkinson*.

SW FLORIDA RUPA

April 9th 2007. The RUPA gang was smaller this month, as some member's head back north for the summer. Because of the smaller attendance this was the last meeting for this season. We will resume our luncheons again in October.

Still, twenty-four stalwarts turned out and were rewarded by our entertaining speaker Mr. Manfred Schalberg. Mr. Schalberg with his family escaped from Germany during WWII and migrated to Canada. There he learned to fly and along with becoming a manual arts teacher was a flying instructor for Toronto Airways for thirty years. One of his early adventures was flying for a hunting lodge and flew a Champ with an observer to look for moose. On the first trip the temperature went to 45 below, needless to say it took some ingenuity to get the engine started. Then to add to the adventure on the way back home he ran into a snowstorm and had to land on a highway next to a gas station. Needless to say that made the local newspaper. Manfred likes to say he is a fanatic pilot, but aren't we all!

Joined in fellowship: Wallis Alves, Neil Bretthauer, M/M Lewis Brubaker, Gene Chapman, Rip Curtis, James Good, Harvey Hallberg, M/M Harry Long, Al May, Faith Osborn, T.J. Sobota, Don Sullivan, Jack Taffe, Mamie Thompson, Ellis Van Alstine, M/M Ray White, new member Richard Sherman, guest speaker Manfred Schalberg and his wife Renate.

Truly, *Gary and Janice Crittenden*

SAN DIEGO LUNCHEON

Present at our luncheon: Roger Baker, Bill Pauling, Paul Whitby, Brad Green, Don Trunick, Dick Gerardi. Roger told some interesting stories about flying the Spirit of St. Louis. Also good to hear some interesting tales from Dick. Everyone enjoys and looks forward to our luncheons. We wish more of you would join us. It's fun.

Bob Bowman

SFO RUPA ANNUAL PICNIC

Thursday, August 16, 2007

11:30 - 1500 hours

Coyote Point Recreation Area

1900 Coyote Point Drive

Eucalyptus Group Picnic Area #4 (near marina)

San Mateo

Directions: SOUTHBOUND on the Bayshore Freeway take the Poplar St. exit,
follow signs to Coyote Pt. (toward the Bay).

NORTHBOUND, take Dore Avenue exit (easiest), or Peninsula Ave

Keep the golf course on your right and continue
toward the Marina - turn left.

Cost: \$25.00 per person

Payable to: D. L. Wright

605 Joandra Court

Los Altos, CA 94024

Reservations: (By Aug. 7th)

Please bring a small plate
of hors d'oeuvres (optional)
and your own flatware if
you dislike plastic.



Come and watch the landing approach
of the world's aircraft and the
sport boaters on the bay.

SECRETARY/TREASURER'S SOAPBOX

I am Bruce McLeod, RUPA Sec/T. Jim Olson is no longer in the Sec/T barrel. Our address has changed, as well. That's: **RUPA, PO Box 8044, Foster City, CA 94404-8044**. I know it takes time to get caught up with these changes in *RUPANEWS* and *RUPAWEB*. Hopefully they both will be correct by the time you read this.

A few little things came to mind this morning as I started opening the first of 56 envelopes in today's mail:

- Thanks for all the good wishes from those who have noticed the change.
- Please, make your checks payable to "RUPA". If you make them out to me, I'll be sorely tempted to use your funds for gas money!!!
- If you have neither a computer nor a typewriter, your annual letter can be handwritten, that's OK, but try to write clearly. I have two in front of me now that look like they were written by my doctor on a bad day!! For a one finger typist that has to *look* for the space bar -- that is a Big Deal! We all do want to hear from you. Having said that -- BEWARE -- don't you dare send me a two page *handwritten* annual letter for *RUPANEWS* telling everybody how much you enjoy the *internet and email!!!!* (Yep, first DAY on the job that's what I got. And don't let me find an email address, either -- I have a large capacity shredder!!!) If you can, at least, type it.

Don't worry about the format of your email or typed letter -- we can handle it. If you don't know *format*, then it don't matter, do it?

Keep those updates coming for address changes for Snowbirds, or if you actually change abodes.

To ensure uninterrupted delivery of *RUPANEWS*, let us know a week before month end.

It's a good idea to let us know your name, especially if you email us. I can't for the life of me remember who oneyedjack@bluroom.net is. After all, there are only 2709 email addresses in our database and 317 "Bob's" (and 13 "Bob Smith's")

If you know it, the "final 4" of you 5+4 zip code is helpful.

Thanx for taking these little things to heart. I'll be waiting! *BruceM*

THE JOE CARNES NW ILLINOIS RUPA LUNCHEON

The Joe Carnes NW Illinois RUPA Luncheon group met at the Warsaw Inn in McHenry IL on May 8th 2007. Fifty-four folks attended. After the usual hanger flying and catching we enjoyed the usual fine buffet lunch. Milt Jensen again blessed us by acting as the MC. Bob Kelly gave us a report on the annual Joe Carnes Scholarship award. This year's recipient is Tony Benedetto. He will attend Bemidji State University. This scholarship fund is headed up by Bob Kelly and continues to show double digit growth each year. Fine job again Bob.

Buck Hilbert gave us a run down on his recent trip to the EAA Sun and Fun in Lakeland, Florida. He made stops at several Aviation museums during the trip.

Bernie Sterner told us about the new facility for the July Chicago Area Lunch and explained that due to the normal date falling on July 4th that the lunch would be a week later on July 11th. The new place is called the *Wellington* in Arlington, Illinois.

Milt has designed a web site for the two Chicago Lunch groups. Find it at <http://newsathome.net/rupa/>

The following were in attendance on May 8th: Don & Joan Anderson, Leroy & Eva Bair, Dale & Glenys Bird, Jim & Corrine Boyer, Glynn Bradley, Jim Burnham, Larry Cabeen, Norm Clemetsen, Bert Depner, Carl Eberle, Tom Fasiang, Jim Gesler, Ed & Mary Gunderson, Bob Helfferich, Buck Hilbert, Milt & Ina Jensen, Don Jones, Shelly & Ev Joyce, Earl Kelling, Bob & Carolyn Kelly, Les Kero, Wes Lundsberg, Rob McCutcheon, Ralph Mikulich, Bob & Shirley Moncur, Dick Murdock, Will Murray, Ceil & Bill Myers, Claude Nickell, Inge Sieriss, Ole Sindberg, Gene Stepanovic, Bernie & Rachel Sterner, Joan Thompson, Howard Thompson, Bill Thompson, Sid Tiemann, Tom Wedel.

MORE INFORMATION ON THE RUPA MEXICAN RIVIERA/SEA OF CORTEZ CRUISE

It's never too early to think about taking a cruise. Savvy cruise goers know that in order to get the cabin of their choice, they must commit early. If their circumstances should subsequently change, they can always cancel their reservation.

The 2008 RUPA cruise is planned as a 10 day trip from San Diego to the Mexican Riviera and back to San Diego.

Day 1. The ship will depart San Diego at 5:00 pm.

Day 2. A day spent at sea.

Day 3. The ship arrives at Puerto Vallarta. Puerto Vallarta is no longer the well-kept secret of the artists, writers and Hollywood stars who first "discovered" it in the 1960's. Puerto Vallarta still retains the essence of the quaint fishing village it once was. Here in Viejo Vallarta, the quaint Old Town, an enticing mix of red-tiled buildings, cobbled streets, chic shops and bustling open markets. Here are Mismaloya Beach, Gringo Gulch and Conchas Chinas, the Beverly Hills of Vallarta.

Day 4. The ship will dock at Mazatlan, home of the largest shrimp fleet in the world. This cosmopolitan resort city tempts with every variation of this tasty crustacean: *al mojo de ajo* (with garlic), or in the shell with a tangy squeeze of lime. Other temptations: miles of uninterrupted sandy beaches, busy markets, and sleepy mining towns tucked into the Sierra Madre.

Day 5. The day starts with the ship docked at Topolobampo. Holland America is the only major cruise line to call on this peaceful port on Mexico's Sea of Cortez. Awaiting your arrival are playful bottlenose dolphins; the mansion of Don Diego de la Vega, "El Zorro"; and the grand visions of the Chihuahua-al Pacifico Railway, a luxury train through scenic Copper Canyon. The Copper Canyon train trip is considered one of the top scenic rail journeys in the world. The train travels from sea level and climbs to 8,000 feet. The rail line passes through 86 tunnels and 38 bridges in the 25,000 square mile canyons of the Sierra Madre. The five major canyons are collectively known as the Copper Canyon, which is four times the size of the Grand Canyon and 300 feet deeper.

Day 6. The ship stops at Loreto, a peaceful seaside community, founded in 1697 by Jesuit priest and explorer Jan Maria Salvatierra and was the first European settlement in the Californias.

Days 7 and 8. Days 7 and 8 find the ship docked at Pichilique (la Paz) and Cabo San Lucas. Both stops feature tranquil seas, beautiful beaches and a whirl of colors. Even more spectacular: waters teeming with marlin, swordfish, sailfish, tuna and other fighting fish.

Day 9. This is a relaxing day at sea prior to the arrival at San Diego.

Submitted by *Rich Bouska*

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:

RUPA, PO Box 8044, Foster City, CA 94404-8044 — or —

E-mail: bm1532@yahoo.com — or — phone: 800-787-2429

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

THE MUSTANG

Old aviators and old airplanes never die. They just fly off into eternity.

This is a good little story about a vivid memory of a P-51 and its pilot by a fellow who was 12 years old in Canada in 1967. You may know a few others who would appreciate it.

It was noon on a Sunday as I recall, the day a Mustang P-51 was to take to the air. They said it had flown in during the night from some US airport, the pilot had been tired. I marveled at the size of the plane dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by.

The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, and then stepped into the flight lounge. He was an older man; his wavy hair was gray and tossed. Looked like it might have been combed, say, around the turn of the century.

His flight jacket was checked, creased and worn - it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance. He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal (Expo-67, Air Show) then walked across the tarmac.

After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check the pilot returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he "flashed the old bird up. Just to be safe."

Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use - "If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever!" I later became a firefighter, but that's another story.

The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked - I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard-built Merlin engine came to life with a thunderous roar, blue flames knifed from her manifolds. I looked at the others' faces, there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher. One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge. We did.

Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his preflight run-up. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds; we raced from the lounge to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not.

There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before, like a furious hell spawn set loose—something mighty this way was coming. "Listen to that thing! " Said the controller. In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight.

Its tail was already off and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen by that point on 19. Two-thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic; we clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellish fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze. We stood for a few moments in stunned silence trying to digest what we'd just seen. The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. "Kingston tower calling Mustang?" He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment. The radio crackled, "Go ahead Kingston". "Roger Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low level pass." I stood in shock because the controller had, more or less, just asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show!

The controller looked at us. "What?" He asked. "I can't let that guy go without asking. I couldn't forgive myself!" The radio crackled once again, "Kingston, do I have permission for a low level pass, east to west, across the field?" "Roger Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass." "Roger, Kingston, I'm coming out of 3000 feet, stand by." We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze.

The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze. Her airframe straining against positive Gs and gravity, wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic as the burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air.

At about 400 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with the old American pilot saluting. Imagine. A salute! I felt like laughing, I felt like crying, she glistened, she screamed, the building shook, my heart pounded.

Then the old pilot pulled her up, and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelibly into my memory.

I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day. It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother, a steady and even-handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the pilot who'd just flown into my memory. He was proud, not arrogant, humble, not a braggart, old and honest, projecting an aura of America at its best.

That America will return one day, I know it will.

Until that time, I'll just send off this story; call it a reciprocal salute, to the old American pilot who wove a memory for a young Canadian that's lasted a lifetime.

INTERESTING TALE

In the May issue of the *RUPANEWS*, the editor and the president mentioned the lack of letters and suggested that, in a 30-year career, there had to be some stories waiting to be told. I hope this one will bring a smile to your face.

In 1957, I went to work with Capital Airlines. At that time Capital was getting their Viscounts and was hiring a lot of pilots. As a result, the tailor was having trouble keeping up with the demand for uniforms. It was suggested by the company that new pilots wear blue suits until uniforms arrived.

A co-pilot wearing a blue suit was assigned a DC-3 trip that was scheduled to make a one-engine stop in Baltimore. (You may recall that, in a one-engine stop, the Captain cuts only the engine on the side which passengers deplane. At departure time, it was unnecessary for the gate agent to hook-up a battery cart to start the shut-down engine since power is supplied from the running engine, thus saving several minutes.)

When the trip arrived at the gate in Baltimore, the captain told the blue-suited co-pilot that he was going to the "blue room" and proceeded to the rear of the airplane. When he returned, the blue-suited co-pilot said that he needed to go also; however, he went to the rest room in the terminal.

When it was time for departure, the captain, thinking that his co-pilot was in the "blue room" started the engine and began taxiing to the runway. At this time the blue-suited co-pilot was returning to the gate only to see the airplane taxiing to the runway. He ran to the gate and told the agent to stop the airplane because he was the co-pilot. The agent, thinking he was a passenger, laughed and told him that he just missed his trip. The blue-suited co-pilot was able to convince the agent that, in fact, he was, indeed, the co-pilot for that trip. The tower operator asked the captain if he had a full crew. Being busy with the run-up and believing that the co-pilot was aboard the airplane in the "blue room," the captain answered in the affirmative. The tower then made a second call and, this time, asked if the captain had a co-pilot. A check of the "blue room" revealed that the co-pilot was not aboard. The co-pilot jumped into the gate agent's car that they sped down the runway to the waiting airplane. The passengers clapped when the co-pilot entered the aircraft, and they were on their way.

Donald Anderson (DCA,MIA,JFK,SFO)

Retired in March, 1988

MOSTLY OLD, REFLECTIONS ON GOVERNMENT

- 1) Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But, I repeat myself. - Mark Twain
- 2) I contend that for a nation to try to tax itself into prosperity is like a man standing in a bucket and trying to lift himself up by the handle. - Winston Churchill
- 3) A government which robs Peter to pay Paul can always depend on the support of Paul. - George Bernard Shaw
- 4) Democracy must be something more than two wolves and a sheep voting on what to have for dinner. - James Bovard, Civil Libertarian (1994)
- 5) Foreign aid might be defined as a transfer of money from poor people in rich countries to rich people in poor countries. - Douglas Casey, Classmate of Bill Clinton at Georgetown University.
- 6) Giving money and power to government is like giving whiskey and car keys to teenage boys. - P.J. O'Rourke, Civil Libertarian
- 7) Government is the great fiction, through which everybody endeavors to live at the expense of everybody else. - Frederic Bastiat, French Economist (1801-1850)
- 8) Government's view of the economy could be summed up in a few short phrases: If it moves, tax it. If it keeps moving, regulate it. And if it stops moving, subsidize it. - Ronald Reagan (1986)
- 9) I don't make jokes. I just watch the government and report the acts. - Will Rogers
- 10) If you think health care is expensive now, wait until you see what it costs when it's free. - P.J. O'Rourke
- 11) In general, the art of government consists of taking as much money as possible from one party of the citizens to give to the other. - Voltaire (1764)
- 12) Just because you do not take an interest in politics doesn't mean politics won't take an interest in you. - Pericles (430 B.C)
- 13) No man's life, liberty, or property is safe while the legislature is in session. - Mark Twain (1866)
- 14) Talk is cheap ... except when Congress does it. - Unknown
- 15) The inherent vice of capitalism is the unequal sharing of the blessings. The inherent blessing of socialism is the equal sharing of misery. - Winston Churchill
- 16) What this country needs are more unemployed politicians. - Edward Langley, Artist (1928 - 1995)
- 17) A government big enough to give you everything you want, is strong enough to take everything you have. - Thomas Jefferson

United Airlines Retired Pilots Foundation, Inc.

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

**RUPA CONVENTION
SEATTLE, WA
September 20 – 23**

Anderson, Dick & Laurie
Authier, Bill & Rosemary
Barr, Larry & Carolyn
Bouska, Richard & Georgia
Boyer, Jim & Corrine
Clark, Bob & Muriel
Cramb, Sam & Billie
Crosier, Stanley & Phyllis
Davidson, Ricky & Linda
DeLozier, Roger & Deana
Ebenhahn, Robert & Jill
Elder, Ted & Shirley
Gilsdorf, Robert & Shelley
Hamley, Barry & Ginny
Helton, John & Guest
Kastle, Karl & Janet
Lucius, Proctor & Evalyn
Marsh, Bill

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Matsuda, Ronald & Mary
May, Rex
Meisenheimer, Ed & Dee
Meyer, William & Sheryl
Moser, Paul & Adrienne
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Peterson, Glen & Mary
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Salisbury, Bill & Gayle
Sayre, Dorothy
Stephenson, F.B. & Shirley
Wilkinson, Ted & Rose
Workinger, Tom & Beverly
Wright, Larry & Pat

SPOKANE RUPA GROUP

Hello Ted;

A year ago I promoted a meeting in Spokane with about 30 retirees in attendance, and accordingly we agreed to have semi-annual meetings, however no one has shown up for the meetings since then. So I would like to ask you to remove the notice of meetings in Spokane from the RUPA social calendar. Thanks

Jake Nelson

NORTH BAY RUPA LUNCHEON

A pleasant Spring afternoon was the setting for the North Bay RUPA lunch group's April/07 gathering. This lunch marks three years that the group has been getting together monthly for a round of good companionship, and good stories..(well, most of them, anyway!) Quite a few items in the recent news were discussed...more on W-2's, FICA recaptures, uaua's customer service performance, a few good travel hints from Dan Bargar, URPBPA and the Supremes, and George Hise's health report...(this month's scientific factoid?= Careful observation of certain distinct areas of young, attractive people...can be a factor in prolonging and enjoying a full life!)

Several call-ins sent their regrets and regards to the group, and the sick-call/obit list was gratefully quiet... John Baczynski told of his recent cruise on an aircraft carrier, and passes around some great pix! Also floating around the tables were a few 40 year old United "Shield" magazines...things have changed just a bit..

Attending: Dan Bargar, Jim Mansfield, Al and Linda Fink, Ron and Audrey Perry, R. S. Grammar, George Hise, Ken Corbin, Dick Hanna, Ed and Peg Duffy, Deke Holman, Leon Scarbrough, John Baczynski, Bill Greene, Bill Cook (first time...Welcome!), Don Madson, Bill McGuire, Lee Anderson, Dick Smith, Wayne Heyerly, Bob and Doris Donegan

NORTH BAY RUPA GROUP

The May North Bay RUPA group met for its May gathering, on the first Wednesday, May 2nd, at the *Petaluma Sheraton's Tolay Room*, for a pleasant few hours of lunch, and some good tale telling. Welcomed back were Buddy and Alice DeCosterd from their island home, and regards to the group from several unable to attend, were passed on. Missing was our Health and Welfare Chairman, George Hise, who was scheduled to drive a Lincoln back to the midwest...a suggestion was made to pass the hat to help out with his gas bill!... (tabled).

A brief rundown of latest industry news was made, and several handouts passed around, including an article on the new PSA check in tests now. George had sent the group a Reuters news article stating that "Fruity cocktails count as health food", another medical breakthrough!. Yet another article touted the use of dark chocolate in maintaining good mental abilities. On the bulletin board was the latest URPBPA bulletin, and a tribute to Iris Peterson, retiring at age 85, after many years with United, as well as the usual olde United ads, and memorabilia. Dan Bargar informed the group of the status of a local retired pilot, now on the sick list. Rick Saber, (Norton1), read the group an interesting theory on life...that it should be lived backwards, starting with death, and then going all the way back! (applause!) Norm DeBack broke everyone's heart with a tale of a long-time friend who recently retired from American Airlines...with a very handsome pension! A copy of the May 1990 Council 34 SFO Bayliner containing an article written by the late Captain Jock Savage was also passed around for discussion. Captain Jock's foresight was laudable and remarkable!!

In attendance: J.R. Hastings, Dan Bargar, Jim Mansfield, Bob Grammer, Bill McGuire, Bill Greene, Tom Grey, Ken Corbin, Barney Hagen, Dick Hanna, Wayne Heyerly, Rick Saber, Don Madson, Dick Smith, Buddy and Alice DeCosterd, Norm DeBack, Ron and Audrey Perry, Sam and Mickie Orchard, Dave and Vivian Stolp, Bill Smith, Bob and Doris Donegan.

<p align="center">United Airlines Historical Foundation</p>
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<p align="center">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</p>

This article is from the May, 1990 issue of the *Bayliner*, Council 34's publication.

SAFE PENSIONS?

By Jock Savage

A back page article in the March, 1990 issue of the United Times claims that "Audits the IRS and insurance make sure" that the United pension plans are safe, a statement that is questioned by the Retired United Pilot's Association (RUPA).

Tom Ahern, manager of the Pension Plans, is quoted as saying, "United's policy is to ensure that each one of its Defined Benefit Plans is adequately funded." Dave Dykstra, Sr. Exec. Pension Assets, says "The assets for United's various pension plans are held in trust by two independent trustees for the purpose of providing retirement benefits." United, the article goes on to say, has taken a conservative, prudent approach to maintaining those funds by using a number of different investment firms, which diversifies how the funds are invested.

Questioning the security and prudence of United's pension planning is RUPA which alleges that while United's management promised to purchase annuities for all pilots in the fixed benefit pension fund ('A' Plan), the company unilaterally and secretly decided to stop buying annuities for pilots retiring after 1st January, 1980. RUPA further alleges that the company was able to conceal this change until January 1987, when the issuer of benefit checks changed from Connecticut General to National Bank of Detroit.

RUPA spokesmen note that recent economic history indicates that some managements have looted and terminated pension funds-leaving employees denuded of benefits they had paid for. RUPA notes that Pan Am's fixed pension plan was seriously under-funded and had to be replenished under court order. Furthermore, the latest events involving the Eastern Air Lines pension plan give little cause for hope that any outside agency will effectively oversee fiscal justice for retirees; thus validating RUPA's concerns.

A survey has indicated that 98% of retired United pilots or their widows prefer an annuity to being paid from a trust fund which has been unilaterally instituted by management. In compliance with these wishes, RUPA has initiated litigation against United to try to procure annuities for those not given one.

Those who may think that this is all a tempest in a tea pot should be reminded, or informed, of the fact that United management grossly over-funded our pension fund pre-1985 so that they could immediately use the excess of our money against us as a 3 million dollar strike-breaking fund.

It may well be that United's method of funding is as secure as some annuity funds, but one can't blame RUPA for its suspicions.

UA FLIGHT DIVERTS TO DAYTON

Sent: Wednesday, May 09, 2007 7:39 PM

Subject: flt # 619 Captain had heart attack during flight- remarkable job done by crew

United Flight #619, May 7, 2007, DCA/ORD diverted to Dayton, Ohio. The Captain suffered a heart attack. He was removed from the cockpit and attended to by a passenger (nurse) and flight attendant. Upon landing one flight attendant was on the aft jump seat, the other was working with the nurse desperately trying to save the Captain's life and the third flight attendant assisted in the cockpit for landing, assuming the left seat and calling out the checklist for the First Officer. At this time it is not known what the Captain's condition is. These remarkable flight attendants kept the passengers and themselves calm in this unusual incident while the first officer brought the plane safely down. The first officer had a response immediately from their union and company representatives. The flight attendants were not contacted so swiftly because "someone" failed to contact AFA at the same time ALPA was contacted.

THE RUPA WASHINGTON AREA EDDIE O'DONNELL LUNCHEON

The April 18, 2007 luncheon was co-ed. Many very nice ladies were present. The meeting started out with several "E.K." style jokes. We then had a moment of silence to those who have Flown West.

We all enjoyed another excellent meal at the Westwood Country Club in Vienna, Virginia. Each table was decorated with beautiful flowers, thanks to Theresa Ruddy.

After lunch, our guest speaker, Captain Walt Clark gave us a run down on pilot working conditions at United. He also explained his philosophy on pilot-management interactions. It sounds like he would be a great guy to work for. He informed us that Dulles is now the 2nd largest domicile and that IAD and ORD are the only two domiciles that have all of the presently flying equipment. One of United's major goals is to increase the number of destinations that are capitol cities flown nonstop from Dulles.

Captain Clark will be joining us as a retiree in about 14 months. He will be most welcome.

We were saddened to hear that Jack Evans, one of our members, has been diagnosed with cancer. Jack is a great fun loving guy and we wish him a rapid recovery.

We had a total of 44 attendees. We welcomed one first timer, Jimmy Allen.

Attendees were:

Capt. Walt Clark, Jane Floege, Eleanor Forsythe, Lee Prior, Betty Wolfe, Jimmy Allen, Jon Beckett, Hal Cockerill, Tom Coffee, Gene Couvillion, Dub Crawford, Julie Davis, Paul Davis, Vince DiFelice, Roy Ellis, Denis Getman, Jerry Goebel, Betty Goodman, Bob Goodman, Jack Grooms, Larry Grube, Chuck Heid, Sandy Heid, Earl Jackson, Fred Keister, John Linderman, Dave Malone, Lew Meyer, Bill Nolan, Edna Nolan, Ralph Pasley, Herb Petitt, Laura Petitt, AB Rainbow, Bud Ruddy, Theresa Ruddy, Bernie Schwartzman, Bonnie Schwartzman, Jerry Shuts, Fred Streb, Skip Strickler, Betty Williams, E.K. Williams and Powell Williams.

A special thanks to:

Theresa Ruddy for the beautiful decorations.

Kevin Dillon and Gene Couvillion, for handling phone reservations

Hal Cockerill, Lew Meyer and Earl Jackson for manning the check-in station

E.K. Williams for the great jokes and for serving as the luncheon co-coordinator.

Our next scheduled luncheon will be stag on July 18, 2007.

Jon Beckett

ONE SUNDAY MORNING

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names with small American flags mounted on either side of it.

The seven-year-old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy and said quietly, "Good morning, Alex."

"Good morning, Pastor," he replied, still focused on the plaque. "Pastor, what is this"? he asked. The pastor said, "Well, son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service."

Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque. Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear, asked, "Which service? The 8:30 or the 10:45"?

BRAVE NEW PRODUCTION LINE FOR 787

By Elizabeth M. Gillespie

When machinists start the final stages of assembling the first 787 Dreamliner, the din of pounding rivet guns won't echo through the factory as it does on production lines for Boeing Co.'s other jets.

Instead of hundreds of panels of aluminum, the 787's major components are being built mostly or entirely of carbon-fiber composite materials that are essentially baked in giant pressure cookers, flown in from faraway factories, then fastened together.

In the past, workers at Boeing plants have stuffed the electrical wiring, hydraulic systems and other innards into planes as they got assembled here, but with the 787, suppliers scattered all over the globe are doing that work.

"Basically ... we're snapping it together," said Tom Wroblewski, president of the union representing Boeing production workers in the Seattle area. "This is a whole new way of assembling an aircraft."

Boeing's Dreamlifter, the 747 superfreighter it modified to transport large parts of the Dreamliner, made the last of four deliveries for the first 787 this past week. The company will show them off Monday when it hosts a grand opening for the 787 factory line, right next to the 777 line in a plant north of Seattle.

At first, the Dreamliner assembly line will look much like those of other planes, because Boeing has pulled in extra workers to install wiring in the first few planes, said Mike Bair, head of the 787 program. The company decided to start flying in unfinished parts rather than risk falling behind schedule. Eventually, there will be fewer workers on the factory floor, because it won't take as many people to join the huge prefabricated parts.

So far, Boeing says everything has been running smoothly, even as some production issues have cropped up. The horizontal stabilizer that will be part of the first plane's tail arrived with dings on its surface, indicating it wasn't handled properly during the shipping process. And temporary fasteners on some parts will have to be replaced because of an industry-wide shortage of permanent ones.

The company expected some bumps in the road and has contingency plans to deal with them, spokeswoman Mary Hanson said.

If glitches become a big enough problem, Wroblewski said machinists are eager for the chance to do more of the work themselves.

"We need to be ready and available to pick up that slack and show them we can do it better than the supplier, and our hope is then that we can draw that work back," to the Seattle area, Wroblewski said.

Boeing executives insist the company has ample experience managing outside suppliers that build parts for its other planes, and that it's confident the 787's manufacturing network will be a success.

"All it takes is one part and you can't build an airplane," Bair said. "One bolt and you can be in trouble. So managing that is nothing new."

Bair said it's unlikely that substantial amounts of work will be shifted back to the Seattle area.

"Clearly the plan is to make sure that all these partners will do what they have committed that they're going to do," he said.

Richard Aboulafia, an analyst with aerospace and defense consulting firm Teal Group, predicts Boeing's suppliers will make the grade, even if there are occasional snags.

"I certainly expect hiccups," Aboulafia said.

Boeing hasn't said how much money it has saved by having suppliers take on various development costs, but industry analyst Scott Hamilton said it's bound to be substantial.

"That kind of risk-sharing, which in the aggregate runs in the billions of dollars, is money that Boeing doesn't have to front," he said.

Once production hits full speed, it will take roughly 700 to 800 machinists to run the 787's final assembly line, Bair said. That's substantially less than the work force needed for Boeing's other jets, though Connie Kelliher, spokeswoman for the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers District 751, said she couldn't offer a hard number as a comparison because the company doesn't break out employee totals by production line.

The 787 is a double-edged sword for machinists.

On the one hand, it has given Boeing a huge boost as it's hustled to win back the edge it once had over its European rival Airbus SAS. The company has won more than 500 orders for the midsize, long-haul jet, which Boeing says will be 20 percent more fuel-efficient than comparable jets and cheaper to maintain because composites are more durable than aluminum.

Machinists handled much of the research and development Boeing used to make its business case for the 787, then winced as the work got handed off to outside suppliers.

"The rub is always that if we're good enough to do the R&D, and we can prove that it's a good process, it should just stay in the skilled hands of the people that develop it," Kelliher said.

Boeing has said the outsourcing was crucial to keeping development and production costs low enough to make the 787 a good enough bargain that airlines would buy it.

Boeing remains on track to roll out the first plane on July 8 (i.e., 7-8-07), begin initial test flights around late August and deliver the first 787 to Japan's All Nippon Airways Co. next May.

For the first two years, Bair said the company will deliver 112 planes, with final assembly of each one taking three days on average. Beyond those numbers, Boeing won't say much about the production rate it's shooting for, but Bair said the company is already working on plans to pick up the pace.

"It's pretty clear that our initial thoughts about the market demand were too conservative," Bair said.

Boeing has fielded so many orders for the 787, airlines that order them today won't be able to get them until 2013, the same year Airbus' competing A350 XWB is scheduled to enter commercial service.

TREASURE COAST SUNBIRDS

Our final meeting, before our summer break, was held at *The Mariner Sands CC* on Tuesday, April 10th in Stuart, FL. After much whining, pleading, begging and conniving, Jim Dowd managed to get me (Bob Langevin) to "volunteer" (kind of) to honcho the meetings for the future (starting in November) since (at least he says) his tired ole' body is starting to let him down. I am going against my military training and volunteering (????) to do this.....against my better judgment. However, I'm sure that my good ole' CLE buddy, John Pinter, (commuter apartment roommate too) will do more than his part to help me pull this off.

Right John.

C'mon John.....say RIGHT!!! Oh well, I'll give it a try. Jim's shoes sure will be hard to fill. He's done a GR8 job keeping it all together.....so, a BIG THANKS Jim, from all of us here at The Treasure Coast Sunbird Chapter.

In spite of some of our members escaping to the NORTH a little bit early, we had a total of twenty (20) attendees at the meeting They were: Paul Andes, Dave Arey, Jack Boisseau, Bill Cole, Vince Consigli, Jim Dowd, Del Gartner, Clay Grant, Frank Guglielmino, Skip LaRocque, Andy Lambert, Bill Northup (and his son Bill, a pilot for ATA), Don Onofrio, Ted Osinski, John Pinter, Sid Sigwald, Bill Smith, Dick Starita, and me, Bob Langevin.

That's about it from SE FL.....until next November when our monthly meetings will resume on the 2nd Tuesday of the month. So, right now, mark it on your calendar, Tuesday, November 13th is the date, 11:30AM is the time and *Mariner Sands CC* is the place. Have a safe and terrific summer, pray for no hurricanes anywhere, reasonable prices at the gas pump and a healthy stock market too. Fly and drive safe and we'll be back in touch later in the year.

Until sometime in the Autumn,

Bob Langevin

LETTERS

ED AKIN—Placerville, CA

Jim – find a check for annual dues – late as always. I'm in good health, keeping busy working here on the ranch – retirement has been good to me. *Ed*

FRED ANDERSON—Scottsdale, AZ

The health news is good; cancer free for eight years and got the feeding tube in my belly taken out after almost four years! Now I can go swimming, scuba diving, and traveling again.

And speaking of traveling, my wife, Sandie, and I want to go to South America, as we somehow missed that continent in all our travels. However, one of the places we would really like to see is Rio de Janeiro, which I heard is now a very dangerous place to visit with its high crime rate, particularly robbing of tourists. If anyone has been there recently please email me at fredandsan@cox.net or call me at (480) 951-8153 and let me know your opinion.

One of our 15 grandchildren got married earlier this month which means I am getting close to being a great grandfather. I don't know if I am ready for that!

All is well here as we gear up for the hot summer season, and hope all is well with you too!

Fred Anderson
1960-1993

GARRY H. COULTER—Danbury, CT

Hi Ted,

Well another year has slipped by, or should I say "flew" by. Fast approaching 5 years with the FAA and enjoying the fact that I can still get in the cockpit and fly the simulator 4 hours every quarter. Took a new FED job in January as the Aircrew Program Manager for the A-320 at JetBlue Airways. I oversee all their designees which puts me at their training center in Orlando about every other month. They have a great training center with 4 brand new A-320 sims and 4 E-190's. All in all a great job with the Feds.

A big year for us as our daughter is getting married the end of October in California. A Friday night wedding with a "full" moon.

Watch out!!!!

A great big thank you to all the people that put together the monthly magazine. It gets read cover-to-cover.

Til next year

Garry

(gairec@hotmail.com)

PS. 15 months since my Prostate surgery and PSA is 0.01.

GORDON CUPPLES—Reno, NV

Greetings to all from Reno (Redneck Goatroper Country and spiritual home of the NRA).

Roxana and I enjoy our golf and she also does the Gin Card thing every Tuesday.

I enjoy going to lunch every month with a great bunch of UAL guys from this area. We tell lies and laugh it up. Some even take advantage of the health aspects of Red Wine.

I also enjoy going to QBs every month and have joined the Washoe County Sheriffs Aero Squadron. We do SAR flight for the Sheriffs in Northern NV and sometimes NE California. They even gave me a badge and a gun, however, with only 1 bullet that I have to leave at home like Barney Fife. Several UAL retirees have airplanes they use for these searches. These volunteers are a great bunch of airmen.

My golf game has been degraded and if I live long enough I will be able to shoot my age. However, it is always fun.

We are both in good health and spirits in spite of all the turmoil and "noise" in our lives from National and World events.

This is the first day of the rest of my life and I intend to wake up each day thanking God that I am happy, healthy and alive.

I am so blessed with a wonderful wife, wonderful kids and many great and dear friends. The true friends I cherish most are those that stood together during UAL's darkest and most threatening days.

How much better can it get?

Semper Fi,

Gordy

RON DENK—Summit, NJ

Hi Ted, Looks like I'll be on time for a change. It has been a quiet year for Betty and me and we kind of like it that way. Thank God we've had no major health issues and have been able to stay active. I'm still involved with my photography hobby in two camera clubs, and will be president of one of them starting in June. We had two trips to Jacksonville to visit one of our daughters and her husband. Spent so much time in the St. Augustine Alligator Farm that we took out annual memberships. Their bird rookery is the big attraction. I know of nowhere else on the east coast where one can get so close that one can almost touch the nesting Great Herons, Egrets, Wood Storks, Spoonbills, etc. Film is getting cheap because the big photography outlets have had trouble moving it by the expiration date what with everyone switching to digital. In the not too distant future I'll have to give in to progress and go digital also.

While browsing a craft store in JAX, I came across a plastic model of a Capital DC-6B with the "new" Capital paint scheme (solid red tail with CAPITAL in a black ellipse, red fuselage stripe). Capital leased about 10 of the 6B's from Pan Am when they got the Northeast-Miami route authority. They only repainted a few of the Viscounts before the merger took place. I thought that paint scheme was long forgotten (there aren't many of us Red Falcons left!) I see in the last *RUPANEWS* that United no longer serves Miami with Mainline aircraft---sad.

I was surprised to see my name in William Althoff's new book "Drift Station", an account of ice camps, ships and submarines in the Polar Basin. I met the author in 2002 at an air show at Lakehurst, and afterward sent him a two paragraph e-mail regarding Fletchers Ice Island (T-3). This evidently supplied a bit of information he needed. I certainly wasn't the only contributor as the author has 44 pages of notes and attributions.

Thanks to all who make RUPA and this journal happen, we read every word of it. Check to Bruce.

HELENE DENTON

Dear RUPA'S

My delay in sending in my check is due to my taking myself off a steroid that I didn't know was a steroid, until I read a pamphlet that my son gave me on Asthma. I developed Asthma when I moved to Southern California. The pulmonary doctor I went to put me on Prednisone. He kept upping the number of tablets until I got hardly more than 5 hours of sleep. I was zippy. When I went to see him, and he upped it again, and he was very casual in his Examining my lungs or anything, I left him. I asked from friends, who was a good doctor for Asthma.

I found one who immediately gave me an inhaler and other tablets and downed the number of Prednisone. After a while, he had me down to 1/2 a tablet every other day. Then he asked me a year later to give that up, but I would get so tired and not get my everyday things accomplished so I told him I couldn't get through the day without it. Then last October I went to the Dedication of the Air Force Memorial. I forgot my Prednisone. I thought the doctor wanted me to quit so I will. Also I had a bone density test and found I had osteoporosis. WoOW!! Now I had a full effect fatigue. He said it would take me a while to get my energy back. It was a while, but I am able to go for a while much longer. I am not hooked on a steroid any more.

On the dedication of the Air Force Memorial they flew the planes that they had used over us in the Pentagon parking lot. The first one was a Stearman, and I never realized how slow it was. It was flying over us with a 35 mph head wind; it finally made it. Bill learned to fly in it. From two fabric wings and an open cockpit. I couldn't believe it when he had told me that he had learned to fly in it, and that was after I met him and married him. The B17 and the B24 flew faster and didn't take so long. He flew both of them. Then the B29 was making me realize what planes it took to win World War II. Of course they flew jets after that, which their flying maneuvers were daring and magnificent. Now I realized what a different career my husband had to

learn to fly in Jan of '42 to the present. He had 30,000 flying hours because he was in the Air Force Reserve as well as the Airlines, and he flew pistons as well as Jets. He flew overseas in a B24 in June of '43 with 653.2 hours. He flew the low level Ploesti 14 hours mission, with 730.2 hours on Aug. 1, '43. He had a total of 1011 hours by Dec. '43.

He started flying with Capital and then United in May of '46. He went through Jet training in '66 and flew 727, DC8, DC10 and finally 747. When I see the Stearman on the cover of an 8th Air Force News with its fabric wings and small body, I realize that he had a historical career fast changing though it was.

Helene Denton

P.S. Reading some of the letters to his Mother after his accident in a B17 where he had been trained in Idaho and the pilot trained in Savannah, Ga. They took off from El Paso and the pilot didn't put on the supercharger. He wrote, "I will never fly another plane without a checklist." As a Stewardess in '46 to '49, I became aware of on time departure from the former military pilots. They would say we would have never won that War without on time departures.



"The handle on your recliner does not qualify as an exercise machine."

DON & JAN EIKEN—Sun Lakes, AZ

Ted: I would like to thank you for printing the article on the "Slow Burn" fitness program in the August 2006 issue of *RUPANEWS*. I especially liked the opening statement by Chauncy Depew who said, "I get my exercise acting as a pallbearer for my friends who exercise." Jan & I thought the program sounded pretty good so we bought the book and started following the procedures.

It has definitely enhanced our joint flexibility and improved our muscular endurance! Jan has added 20 yards to her golf drives and I have added about 10.

The Slow Burn Fitness program involves lifting heavy weights at about one-third the usual speed for a single set. The logic goes like this: The key to overall fitness is building muscle mass, and strength training is a far better way to do it than aerobic exercise. By slowly fatiguing each muscle (you cannot do another rep) you eliminate momentum. This quickly and efficiently builds strength without injury or risk.

We have 15 machines in our community exercise room so we can exercise a lot of different muscles. The routine only takes 30 minutes and we only have to do it once a week. It supposedly takes a week for your muscles to "rebuild" after exercising to fatigue.

Jan & I celebrated our 50th anniversary in April. I consider her a Saint for putting up with me for that long!

Don & Jan I'm glad to hear how you're doing. The following is a recent study.—Ed.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

"A study appearing this week in the online journal PLoS One looked at the effects of six months of strength training in 25 elderly volunteers aged 65 and older (average age: 70). The researchers took small biopsies of thigh-muscle cells from the seniors before and after the six-month period, then compared them with muscle cells from 26 young volunteers (average age: 22). "To be honest, we were expecting some indication that the exercise program improved strength," says biologist Simon Melov, director of genomics at the Buck Institute in Novato, Calif., and coauthor of the study. What the

scientists didn't expect was what they actually found—that after six months of resistance training, there were dramatic changes at the genetic level. As Melov puts it, "The genetic fingerprint [of the elderly participants] was reversed to that of younger people—not entirely, but enough to say that their genetic profile was more like that of young people than old people." --So what are you waiting for? Don't delay!

www.seriousstrength.com/slowburn_video.php
212-579-9320 for a real person

JOE FABBO—Rancho Mirage, CA.

Dear Ted,

Check was in the mail on Nov. 6 for my Dec. 7 birthday.

This is a short note to let my old Capital pilots know that I'm still hanging in there at 84 years old. I have prostate cancer, but, it is in remission, no problem. Taking Prednisone pills for arthritis. Golf game is so-so with a 19 handicap.

To all you Ruparians, have a great summer, and thanks to the folders and stuffers for a great newsletter. *Joe*

PHIL FIELD—Thornton, CO

Seventieth birthday, fortieth wedding anniversary, tenth year of retirement, and a new home with a *small* yard and few trees. It's going to be a good year! I'm enjoying good health and except for knee replacement surgery coming up this week, so is Chris. Son, Craig, daughter, Karin, and four grandchildren are doing well. I feel blessed to have had an airline career in the best of times and feel bad for those who have been so adversely effected by the bankruptcy.

My thanks to Bruce McLeod for taking on the responsibility of Secretary/Treasurer and to all of the people who work so diligently for RUPA and the *RUPANEWS*.

The check is in the mail.

Phil

8712 E. 148th. Lane
Thornton, CO 80602
720 685-9294
p-cfield@comcast.net

JUDGE FRAZIER—Sagebrush Flats, Nevada

Hi Cleve and Ted,

Referring to Cleve's column about people bitching about fillers, I think the fillers are great. In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed some of the jokes in a recent issue. People will always bitch about something and pilots frequently can't even agree on what day it is let alone anything important like fillers. But perhaps a more tech oriented filler would be acceptable. In that regard, I will pass on some inside information I have from a close friend who's a developer with Apple Computers.

Apple is in the final stages of developing a single chip that can record and play back music and will be used as a breast implant. The iBREAST will cost about \$250 and has a target market of women who complain about men just looking at their breasts and not listening to them.

I think you guys are doing a fantastic job so disregard the few complaints - I do.

Judge

JACK AND "SAM" GLAZE—Las Vegas, NV

It just doesn't seem possible that I retired 12 years ago. The time really does fly when you are having fun. My fun is my second job, bicycle riding. I am still doing about 8000-9000 miles per year and touring around the world. I have ridden in 20 different countries and have had some marvelous experiences. Currently I am training for the National Senior Olympics in Louisville, June 21-27. When I quit racing drag boats in 1983 I thought that my racing days were over but I just can't seem to quit some sort of competition. Racing with the "gray-hairs" is probably the most dangerous thing that I have done in my entire racing career.

Sam is still flying but enjoying it less and less each year. I am hoping that she will finally pull the plug sometime soon so that she can enjoy life in the slow lane. We have a beautiful new home which she loves and would like to have more time for gardening but the schedules that the flight attendants have are really terrible and exhausting. I really appreciate retirement even if we did get screwed out of our "promised" benefits.

I have been thinking of late about my new hire class in 1964 and wonder if it is possible to find out the status of all of my class mates. I know that several have “flown west” but I would be interested in keeping in touch with still remaining. The information must be somewhere but I haven’t had the time to research it nor any definitive place to look. Perhaps the company would release the information but I somehow doubt it. Got any ideas?

I really enjoy reading about the activities of my fellow retirees so guys, please keep up the letters.

Jack

BOB HARRELL—Escondido, CA

Dear Ted and all the good guys who put the *NEWS* out to us:

Having been retired for quite some time, I seek the names I know in the obit column first, then the luncheon meeting guys. In the May issue, it was noticed that my former neighbor from Flemington, NJ, Noel Summer had passed away.

He was a nice guy and very talented building things ranging from kitchen cabinets and remodeling to airplanes. He built an airplane in his NJ basement that had no door to the outside. I asked how he would get it out, and he had it all planned. He would “simply” put some braces under the house and remove a few courses of the concrete block foundation, take out the plane parts, then replace the blocks, some mortar, and the job was done! As for another name, the Denver Good 'ol Boys usually has Dick Shipman, a former resident of the Green Lantern rooming house in Denver, back in 1954 when a bunch of us were hired as P/Es, meaning Pilot/Engineers. We were hired as F/Os for one day, furloughed, and immediately demoted to P/Es. Most of us got our F/O slots in less than a year, however, and the experience we received in P/E training made us better pilots on the DC-6s and DC-7s, as we had crawled through all the cubbyholes of those airplanes and knew what made things tick. Oh, the good old days. Reading in *RUPANEWS* about current labor and contract problems, we old-timers must surely think that it was easier back then. I always said that when they took away our propellers, the job went downhill to some degree.

On the home front, I am still enjoying excellent health and may soon do some ultralight flying with my son, who flies and maintains them for a company in the Chino, CA Airport. Fun and games!

Fraternally yours, *Bob Harrell*

ALLEN HOLMES—Bainbridge Island, WA

It was with interest that I read about the reduced amount of emails from members, the requirement for filler articles for the *RUPANEWS* and the assumption that the lack of correspondence was due to snowbirds being in transit etc. I guess that’s one idea, but Joe Stans article in the May issue, was right on the mark, as usual, and I’d like to add some other other thoughts:

RUPA has become a disjointed “catch all”. If you’re one of the “permanent replacement pilots” from Ferris’ great experiment of ‘85, that’s OK. If you’re a working pilot who voted to screw the retirees in order to feather your own nest, that’s OK. If you’re simply wanting to whine about how bad flying the line is now or if you want to brag about how you finally had the guts to vote against the latest attack on the agreement someone else GAVE you, that’s OK as well. I’m not impressed; I’m disgusted

I’ve enjoyed my association with many of you for over 40 years, considering many to be my best friends. I’m paid up ‘til June 2008 now and am willing to put up with reading about everyone’s medical histories and sure fire holistic cures just so I can “hear” your voices, but the re-publication of the ALPA/Hepner/Holman article, and others like it, is more than I can stomach. RUPA is rapidly drifting away from being the “Band of Brothers” it once was and heading towards becoming nothing more than a rabble of old men who have either honorably or dishonorably made it into retirement. I’d suggest that, if you want to keep the organization viable, you make some changes like not publishing the propaganda submitted by those who have raped a large portion of your members.

I didn’t want to bore you all with a synopsis of Dona’s and my latest trips or medical procedures, so maybe this letter will give you something to think about instead.

Thanks for listening, *Al*

HEALTH NOTES

Three Nutrient Cocktail Can Significantly Reduce Migraines

If you're one of the 56 million Americans who suffers from migraine headaches, you know just how disabling they can be. I remember my days in the emergency room. Migraine sufferers would stagger in after their common painkillers failed. They were incapacitated and in obvious distress. The staff would take them into a room and inject powerful narcotics. About all we could do was drug out the pain. They went home and were told to sleep it off. Often they would come back. That's still about all that doctors can do for you even today. Migraine drugs have a miserable failure rate. But I've got great news. Researchers have found that two of my favorite and most recommended nutrients can help.

CoQ10 [*CoEnzyme Q10 –Ed.*] and thioctic acid, also known as alpha lipoic acid (ALA), are metabolic enhancers. That means that they improve your metabolism. You may know about CoQ10 for vascular disease and immune function. And ALA is just terrific for promoting your all-important glutathione detoxification pathways. Turns out both may help you with your migraines.

One study followed 1,550 pediatric and adolescent patients aged 3-22. These subjects had frequent migraine-type headaches. Interestingly, 74.6% of the subjects had low levels of plasma CoQ10 levels. Of these, about one-third were actually below the reference range of 0.21-1.77mcg/mL.

The researchers then gave these patients supplemental CoQ10 (liquid gel preparation) at a dose of 1-3 mg per kilogram of body weight. That's about 100-200 mg for an average-sized adult. Of these, the researchers measured 250 of them at follow-up about three months later.

Supplementation raised their plasma levels to an average of 1.2 mcg/mL. And the number of migraines likewise significantly fell from 19.2 days per month to 12.5 days per month. Headache disability improved from 47.4 to 22.8 (as assessed by a standardized scale), and 46.3% of patients experienced a 50% reduction in headache frequency. These numbers together make me wonder if migraines might be a marker for physiological CoQ10 deficiency.

As for ALA, researchers studied 44 patients in a randomized controlled trial. They gave the patients 600 mg of ALA or a placebo for three months. The proportion of subjects who experienced a 50% improvement in headaches was not significantly different between the groups. However, the researchers looked within the groups for more specific results. And they found some solid results! Specifically, migraine frequency, the number of days with headaches, and the severity of headaches were all significantly reduced in the ALA group.

This is great news. Here are two totally safe nutrients that could give you significant benefit. And remember, these studies were separate, so the researchers gave the nutrients separately. They should work even better together.

Yes, the CoQ10 study was conducted on younger people. But go back and note that almost 75% had low levels. And a significant number were below the already low reference range. I'm sure that this information is applicable to anyone at any age that's got a deficiency. I can't wait for feedback from migraine sufferers on combining the two. You might also add riboflavin (vitamin B2) at 400 mg per day. Other research has shown it can safely reduce migraine frequency up to 68%.

My favorite brand of ALA is actually called Thioctic Acid, from Cardiovascular Research. I've used it with enthusiasm since I first learned of it in 1988. It's available from many health food stores and Vitamin Shoppe (www.vitaminshoppe.com).

If you decide to combine these two, or even add the high dose riboflavin, please let me know about your progress so that I can inform other readers.

Ref: *The Journal of Head and Face Pain*, 2007; 47(1): 52-57; *Headache*, 2007; 47(1): 73-80; *Neurology*, 1998; 50:466-70.

Dr. Robert Jay Rowen's *SECOND OPINION* May 2007

MILT JENSEN—Beach Park, IL

A cup I have in my cupboard that holds more meaning as each day passes. The inscription says “You Pick Up Speed as You Get Over the Hill”. That statement is so true. Here it is, my birthday month again and it seems only yesterday I retired but that was fifteen years ago.

I have to say that those fifteen years have been anything but dull. Ina and I are in good health. I had a couple of bouts with cancer but these young folks are geniuses. I think they can repair a broken balloon. Our seven kids are all healthy and live close by. The twenty grandkids likewise are close along with three great grandsons. Holidays and weekends at the Jensen household are not exactly the quiet interludes you hear about, but we love it. One distressing item as far as the kids are concerned, is that one son qualifies for a senior discount.

Hobbies and community activities fill any hours the family doesn't have me scheduled for. Ina, of course is my talking notebook. She reminds me of the things undone and pressing for change. By change, I mean me. She has been a pretty good trooper to hang in there with me for fifty-six years, so I humor her. I guess any gal who raises seven kids who have all done well and tolerated an airline pilot throughout his career deserves an “attaboy” now and then.

My life is filled with exciting challenges. I'm the mayor of Beach Park, Illinois and in my third term. We are a new village as villages go. We are only nineteen years old and we boast the fact we have no village real estate tax. Because we have no property tax, we are very business orientated. Cash registers pay our bills. The village has been very forward thinking over these nineteen years and the results show that. We rank among a very few municipalities who stream our board meetings live on the Internet. You can peek in and see who we are at the “villageofbeachpark.com”.

Our RUPA luncheon group in the Chicago area became so large we split into two groups and now meet in McHenry, Illinois and at Arlington Heights, Illinois. The lunches are held by each group every three months but are staggered so you can attend both. They are a great bunch and our luncheons are well attended. You can follow what we do at those

gatherings on the Internet as well. Click on “newsathome.net/rupa” One little rub with this group. Once you are involved you can't quit. Yours truly is still emceeing these functions after fifteen years. Ok you Chicago guys who read this, step forward.

I want to thank the RUPA gang for this newsletter and for their dedication to all of us who are retired. It is the link to our early days that is so important. You do good work and a big thanks.

Milt Jensen

mcjensen@runbox.com

MICHAEL KAUFMANN—Santa Cruz, CA

Hi Ted: First, thank you to all that make the *RUPANEWS* come out every month! It's a great way to keep up with what all the other old-timers are doing! I turn 71 next week and by Gosh, the Santa Cruz Beach Boardwalk people are putting together a nice birthday celebration for me! On my birthday, they are having Sky Divers, the Watsonville Band, Springboard Divers, and the Papa Doo Run Run Band in Concert! Read all about it [HERE](#):

<http://www.beachboardwalk.com/centennial/celebration.html>

Of course it's the Beach Boardwalk's 100th Season, and that's got some seniority on me! I hope to see you all there! Life is still beautiful and a lot of fun here in Santa Cruz' Keeping the blue side UP. *Mike*

BOB LANGVINE—Stuart, FL and Saugatuck, MI

Pretty much the same as last year ... Aviation insurance agency business, golfing, voting, traveling, emailing, kids, and grandchildren (4). Life is good and Kimberly and I enjoyed keeping busy, staying healthy, and wondering how we ever had the time to fly the Boeing.

While down here in So. Florida, I see Jimmy Carter and Jerry Bradley often. Dean Tidler (longtime ORD & DENTK) was passing through PBI for an overnight so we had dinner and spend a few great hours together. It's always great to see my United buddies at the Stuart and at the SE FLA Gold Coast luncheons and the Stuart QB meetings.

We'll be heading up to our MI condo in Saugatuck on about June 1, and returned to So FL in mid-September. In mid-March we went on a Hawaiian Island cruise for a week with the FL State University (FSU) football coaching staff and their wives (Bobby and Ann Bowden and company.) We had 190 in our group and had a great time with terrific weather. Next year we're going to the Western Caribbean and I'm looking forward to it already. We sure do love to travel -- -- on April 30 we leave for Greece and Turkey for 12 days... Then, when we get back we've got two weeks to get ready to leave for our summer in MI. I just realized how busy I am, so I've got to go now and will be in touch in about a year. OH YEAH, my check is enclosed too! *Bob*

MARY LOU LEROY—Pensacola FL

Dear Jim,

Enclosed is a check for *RUPANEWS*. Vernon passed away on March 22, 2007 at the Haven of Our Lady of Peace nursing home here in Pensacola. That was 6 days before his 91st birthday. We would both read the *RUPANEWS* and I would like to continue to receive the magazine, if possible [*Of course it's possible!! BruceM*] now at home at 5372 Flintwood Circle, Pensacola, FL 32504.

We were at the nursing home for 8 months and Vernon remained quite active until about a month before he passed. We miss him dreadfully – he is now with his Heavenly Father. Son John (Capt John LeRoy, Retired) wrote and sent the obituary to RUPA, but I did want to get this check in the mail. Sorry to be late!

Thanks for all the work you do -- God Bless,

Mary Lou LeRoy

BOB & KATHY LYNCH—San Carlos,

Hi Ted, I'm sending this to you via e-mail with postage check being sent via snail mail.

Twelve years now since parking the flying Greyhound for the last time. I continue to be blessed with good health. Kathy has finished her treatments for breast cancer and is doing very well.

In fact she is about to start back to flying again later this month (May). She had a lumpectomy, 16 weeks of dose-dense chemo (AC & Taxol) and 6 weeks of radiation. It wasn't a walk-in-the-park but of course, women always make us guys look like sissies when the going gets tough. I admire her courage and steadfast positive attitude through the whole ordeal.

Those who have had to deal with cancer in any form know that treatment is often presented by the oncologist as a list of choices. Each treatment combination comes with its own projected statistical recurrence rate and ultimate survival rate. The hard part is that YOU must make the choice -- without any guarantees attached. We all kinda expect to have the doctor TELL US what the treatment is going to be. Doesn't work that way with cancer. You quite literally have to "choose your own poison."

Of course, we talked it over, - - - and over and over but, in the end, it had to be Kathy's choice. She chose an aggressive treatment option but one that she feels will give her the best chance for no recurrence. She is cancer free and we are both confident that she will be just fine.

We would like to thank everyone for your positive thoughts and prayers, and for sharing your good humor with us while going through the treatment process. Humor and a positive attitude are truly the best medicines of all.

Needless to say, we stayed close to home while Kathy was undergoing treatment however; we still made our annual trek to Carmel just after she started chemo. Had to return on her birthday for the next scheduled chemo session. We went to Kauai in September after her treatments were finished and she felt well again. Then went back again in January, this time to Maui. Nothing like the peace and quiet of the Islands to help rest and restore the soul.

And, yes, I am still working with NASA and still enjoying it. This was my second year as Director of the National Aviation Safety Archives. We have conducted two major studies for the FAA and the airline industry this past year, one associated with EGPWS events and the other that focused on the

rate of occurrence and associated effects of landing runway clearance changes on glass cockpit aircraft. These studies use the information derived from de-identified and aggregated FOQA data and ASAP safety reports contained in the National Archives.

The studies span most major US airlines and fleets. The results of these studies are used by the FAA and the airline industry to address systemic safety issues. This program is the first of its kind for the US airline industry and offers the prospects for a data driven approach to addressing system level safety issues vs. the “Big Brother Knows Best” approach. The National Archive program was designed to become an ongoing national resource.

We are cautiously optimistic that this goal can be realized. In September we will wrap up the two year development & implementation phase of the program which was funded by NASA. We will then hand off the program to MITRE Corp., a Federally Funded Research and Development Corporation (FFRDC) who will operate the program on a permanent basis.

Our team will return to its basic NASA research task which will include providing support and a continuing stream of new capabilities for the National Archive program.

It’s beginning to look like our son Ron will elect to leave his corporate job (Captain on a Citation X) and return to Delta. It seems that the Delta pilots didn’t take anywhere near the hit that United pilots took. Plus, furloughed pilots at Delta continued to accrue seniority for pay while on furlough.

So far, Delta’s senior managers do not seem to exhibit the same propensity for grand theft as UAL’s gang of thugs. They make the former ENRON managers look like choir boys. Unlike the UNRON crooks, they were smart enough to stay just barely inside legal bounds. United may be out of financial bankruptcy but its still up to its executive eyeballs in moral bankruptcy. What a disgrace.

And, our “friends” in Washington (both Dem and Rep) have winked and looked the other way while UAL stole our retirements. There have only been a very few politicians who have made any sincere

effort to help. Our fearless “decider” would probably have vetoed any legislation that would have helped anyway.

Of course, it doesn’t do any good to obsess over it. That only makes it worse. And, of course, both UAL and the politicians don’t care what we think anyway. Best to try to stay positive and put our energies into something productive that will help to offset the loss. It’s not the answer we all want but it’s realistic and certainly a lot healthier for us.

Again, my thanks to all of you who volunteer your time in getting the *RUPANEWS* out to the rest of us. Great job!!

Good luck and good health to all of you during the next year. Maybe I’ll retire for real next year. Or, maybe not - - - .

Best regards – *Bob*

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CHARLES MCKINNON—St. Helena, CA

The year has gone by too fast. We (Jan Barden the new wife and I) now are into our home in Napa Valley. I made a trip to St. Helena when I was in the Tracy flight school and decided that I would live there some day. It took 65 years and it was well worth the wait.

The news that Scotty Divine had flown west has left me despondent. We were good friends and served together on the SAE S-7 committee for years. He was a fine pilot and a very intelligent engineer. His contribution to UAL and RUPA will long be remembered.

This note is two months late. If the March and April *RUPANEWS* are available I would like to have them. There aren’t many of the 1940 pilots left and I don’t see many names that I recognize except in the Flown West section. I’ll try to keep my name out of there as long as possible. I’m just having too much fun to quit now.

Till next year best wishes to all,

Chuck

THE GIMLI GLIDER:

The story of the Air Canada 767 that didn't need to dump any fuel for its forced landing

If a Boeing 767 runs out of fuel at 41,000 feet what do you have? Answer: A 132-ton glider with a sink rate of over 2000 feet-per-minute and marginally enough hydraulic pressure to control the ailerons, elevator, and rudder.

Put veteran pilots Bob Pearson and cool-as-a-cucumber Maurice Quintal in the cockpit and you've got the unbelievable but true story of Air Canada Flight 143, known ever since as the Gimli Glider.

Flight 143's problems began on the ground in Montreal. A computer known as the Fuel Quantity Information System Processor manages the entire 767 fuel loading process. The FQIS controls all of the fuel pumps and drives all the 767's fuel gauges. Little is left for crew and refuelers to do but hook up the hoses and dial in the desired fuel load. But the FQIS was not working properly on Flight 143. The fault was later discovered to be a poorly soldered sensor. A highly improbable, one-in-a-million sequence of mistakes by Air Canada technicians investigating the problem defeated several layers of redundancy built into the system. This left Aircraft #604 without working fuel gauges.

In order to make their flight from Montreal to Ottawa and on to Edmonton, Flight 143's maintenance crew resorted to calculating the 767's fuel load by hand. This was done using a procedure known as dripping the tanks. "Dripping" could be compared to calculating the amount of oil in a car based on the dipstick reading. Among other things, the specific gravity of jet fuel is needed to make the proper drip calculations.

The flight crew had never been trained how to perform the drip calculations. To be safe they re-ran the numbers three times to be absolutely, positively sure the refuelers hadn't made any mistakes; each time using 1.77 pounds/liter as the specific gravity factor. This was the factor written on the refueler's slip and used on all of the other planes in Air Canada's fleet. The factor the refuelers and the crew should have used on the brand new, all-metric 767 was .8 kg/liter of kerosene.

After a brief hop Flight 143 landed in Ottawa. To be completely safe, Pearson insisted on having the 767 re-dripped. The refuelers reporting the plane as having 11,430 liters of fuel contained in the two wing tanks. Pearson and Quintal, again using the same incorrect factor used in Montreal, calculated they had 20,400 kilos of fuel on board. In fact, they left for Ottawa with only 9144 kilos, roughly half what would be needed to reach Edmonton.

Lacking real fuel gauges Quintal and Pearson manually keyed 20,400 into the 767's flight management computer. The flight management computer kept rough track of the amount of fuel remaining by subtracting the amount of fuel burned from the amount (they believed) they had started with. Their fate was now sealed.

According to Pearson, the crew and passengers had just finished dinner when the first warning light came on. Flight 143 was outbound over Red Lake Ontario at 41,000 feet and 469 knots at the time. The 767's Engine Indicator and Crew Alerting System beeped four times in quick succession, alerting them to a fuel pressure problem. "At that point" Pearson says "We believed we had a failed fuel pump in the left wing, and switched it off. We also considered the possibility we were having some kind of a computer problem. Our flight management computer showed more than adequate fuel remaining for the duration of the flight. We'd made fuel checks at two waypoints and had no other indications of a fuel shortage." When a second fuel pressure warning light came on, Pearson felt it was too much of a coincidence and made a decision to divert to Winnipeg. Flight 143 requested an emergency clearance and began a gradual descent to 28,000. Says Pearson, "Circumstances then began to build fairly rapidly." The other left wing pressure gauge lit up, and the 767's left engine quickly flamed out. The crew tried cross-feeding the tanks, initially suspecting a pump failure.

Pearson and Quintal immediately began making preparations for a one-engine landing. Then another fuel light lit up. Two minutes later, just as preparations were being completed, the EICAS issued a sharp bong-- indicating the complete and total loss of both engines. Says Quintal "It's a sound that Bob and I had never heard before. It's not in the simulator." After the "bong," things got quiet. Real quiet. Starved of fuel, both Pratt & Whitney engines had flamed out. Pearson's response, recorded on the cockpit voice recorder was "Oh F**k."

At 1:21 GMT, the forty million-dollar, state-of-the-art Boeing 767 had become a glider. The APU, designed to supply electrical and pneumatic power under emergency conditions was no help because it drank from the same fuel tanks as the main engines. Approaching 28,000 feet the 767's glass cockpit went dark. Pilot Bob Pearson was left with a radio and standby instruments, noticeably lacking a vertical speed indicator - the glider pilot's instrument of choice. Hydraulic pressure was falling fast and the plane's controls were quickly becoming inoperative. But the engineers at Boeing had foreseen even this most unlikely of scenarios and provided one last failsafe: the RAT.

The RAT is the Ram Air Turbine, a propeller driven hydraulic pump tucked under the belly of the 767. The RAT can supply just enough hydraulic pressure to move the control surfaces and enable a dead-stick landing. The loss of both engines caused the RAT to automatically drop into the airstream and begin supplying hydraulic pressure.

As Pearson began gliding the big bird, Quintal "got busy" in the manuals looking for procedures for dealing with the loss of both engines. There were none. Neither he nor Pearson nor any other 767 pilot had ever been trained on this contingency. Pearson reports he was thinking, "I wonder how it's all going to turn out." Controllers in Winnipeg began suggesting alternate landing spots, but none of the airports suggested, including Gimli, had the emergency equipment Flight 143 would need for a crash landing. The 767's radar transponder had gone dark leaving controllers in Winnipeg using a cardboard ruler on the radar screen to try and determine the 767's location and rate of descent.

Pearson glided the 767 at 220 knots, his best guess as to the optimum airspeed. There was nothing in the manual about minimum sink - Boeing never expected anyone to try and glide one of their jet airliners. The windmilling engine fans were creating enormous drag, giving the 767 a sink rate of somewhere between 2000 and 2500 fpm. Copilot Quintal began making glide-slope calculations to see if they'd make Winnipeg. The 767 had lost 5000 feet of altitude over the prior ten nautical (11 statute) miles, giving a glide ratio of approximately 11:1. ATC controllers and Quintal both calculated that Winnipeg was going to be too far a glide; the 767 was sinking too fast. "We're not going to make Winnipeg" he told Pearson. Pearson trusted Quintal, and immediately turned north.

Only Gimli, the site of an abandoned Royal Canadian Air Force Base remained as a possible landing spot. It was 12 miles away. It wasn't in Air Canada's equivalent of Jeppesen manuals, but Quintal was familiar with it because he'd been stationed there in the service. Unknown to him and the controllers in Winnipeg, Runway 32L (left) of Gimli's twin 6800 foot runways had become inactive and was now used for auto racing. A steel guardrail had been installed down most of the southeastern portion of 32L, dividing it into a two-lane dragstrip. This was the runway Pearson would ultimately try and land on, courting tragedy of epic proportions.

To say that runway 32L was being used for auto racing is perhaps an understatement. Gimli's inactive runway had been "carved up" into a variety of racing courses, including the aforementioned dragstrip. Drag races were perhaps the only auto racing event not taking place on July 23rd, 1983 since this was "Family Day" for the Winnipeg Sports Car Club. Go-cart races were being held on one portion of runway 32L and just past the dragstrip another portion of the runway served as the final straightaway for a road course. Around the edges of the straightaway were cars, campers, kids, and families in abundance. To land an airplane in the midst of all of this activity was certain disaster.

Pearson and Copilot Quintal turned toward Gimli and continued their steep glide. Flight 143 disappeared below Winnipeg's radar screens, the controllers frantically radioing for information about the number of "souls" on board. Approaching Gimli Pearson and Quintal made their next unpleasant discovery: The RAT didn't supply hydraulic pressure to the 767's landing gear. Pearson ordered a "gravity drop" as Pearson thumbed frantically through the Quick Reference Handbook, or QRH. Quintal soon tossed the QRH aside and hit the button to release the gear door pins. They heard the main gear fall and lock in place. But Quintal only got two green lights, not three. The nose gear, which fell forward against the wind, hadn't gone over center.

Six miles out Pearson began his final approach onto what was formerly RCAF B Gimli. Pearson says his attention was totally concentrated on the airspeed indicator from this point on. Approaching runway 32L he realized he was too high and too fast, and slowed to 180 knots. Lacking divebrakes, he did what any sailplane pilot would do: He crossed the controls and threw the 767 into a vicious sideslip. Slips are normally avoided on commercial flights because of the tremendous buffeting it creates, unnerving passengers. As he put the plane into a slip some of Flight 143's passengers ended up looking at nothing but blue sky, the others straight down at a golf course. Says Quintal, "It was an odd feeling. The left wing was down, so I was up compared to Bob. I sort of looked down at him, not sideways anymore.

The only problem was that the slip further slowed the RAT, costing Pearson precious hydraulic pressure. Would he be able to wrestle the 767's dipped wing back up before the plane struck the ground? Trees and golfers were visible out the starboard side passengers' windows as the 767 hurtled toward the threshold at 180 knots, 30-50 knots faster than normal. The RAT didn't supply "juice" to the 767's flaps or slats so the landing was going to be hot. Pearson didn't recover from the slip until the very last moment. A passenger reportedly said, "Christ, I can almost see what clubs they are using." Copilot Quintal suspected Pearson hadn't seen the guardrail and the multitude of people and cars down the runway. But at this point it was too late to say anything. A glider only gets one chance at a landing, and they were committed. Quintal bit his lip and remained silent.

Why did Pearson select 32L instead of 32R? Gimli was uncontrolled so Pearson had to rely on visual cues. It was approaching dusk. Runway 32L was a bit wider, having been the primary runway at Gimli in prior year. Light stantions still led up to 32L. And the "X" painted on 32L, indicating its inactive status, was reportedly quite faded or non-existent. Having made an initial decision to go for 32L the wide separation of the runways would have made it impossible for Pearson to divert to 32R at the last moment. Pearson says he: "Never even saw 32R, focusing instead on airspeed, attitude, and his plane's relationship to the threshold of 32L."

The 767 silently leveled off and the main gear touched down as spectators, racers, and kids on bicycles fled the runway. The gigantic Boeing was about to become a 132-ton, silver bulldozer. One member of the Winnipeg Sports Car Club reportedly was walking down the dragstrip, five-gallon can full of hi-octane racing fuel in hand, when he looked up and saw the 767 headed right for him. Pearson stood on the brakes the instant the main gear touched down. An explosion rocked through the 767's cabin as two tires blew out. The nose gear, which hadn't locked down, collapsed with a loud bang. The nose of the 767 slammed against the tarmac, bounced, and then began throwing a three hundred-foot shower of sparks. The right engine nacelle struck the ground. The 767 reached the tail end of the dragstrip and the nose grazed a few of the guardrail's wooden support poles. (The dragstrip began in the middle of the runway with the guardrail extending towards 32L's threshold) Pearson applied extra right brake so the main gear would straddle the guardrail. Would all the sports car fans all be able to get out of the way, or would Pearson have to veer the big jet off the runway to avoid hitting stragglers?

The 767 came to a stop on its nose, mains, and right engine nacelle less than a hundred feet from spectators, barbecues and campers. All of the race fans had managed to flee the path of the silver bulldozer. The 767's fuselage was intact. For an instant, there was silence in the cabin. Then cheers and applause broke out among Flight 143's passengers. They'd made it; they were all still alive. But it wasn't over yet. A small fire had broken out in the nose of the aircraft. Oily black smoke began to pour into the cockpit. The fiery deaths of passengers in an Air Canada DC-9 that had made an emergency landing in Cincinnati a month before was on the flight attendants' minds and an emergency evacuation was ordered. The unusual nose-down angle the plane was resting at made the rear emergency slides nearly vertical. Descending them was going to be treacherous.

The only injuries that resulted from Pearson's dead-stick landing of Flight 143 came from passengers exiting the rear emergency slide hitting the asphalt. None of the injuries were life threatening. The fire in the aircraft's nose area was battled by members of the Winnipeg Sports Car Club who converged on the plane with dozens of hand-held fire extinguishers. Pearson had touched down 800 feet from the threshold and used a mere 3000 feet of runway to stop. A general aviation pilot who viewed the landing from a Cessna on the apron of 32R described it as "Impeccable." The 767 was relatively undamaged.

Air Canada Aircraft #604 was repaired sufficiently to be flown out of Gimli two days later. After approximately \$1M in repairs, consisting primarily of nose gear replacement, skin repairs and replacement of a wiring harness it re-entered the Air Canada fleet. To this day Aircraft #604 is known to insiders as "The Gimli Glider." The avoidance of disaster was credited to Capt. Pearson's "knowledge of gliding, which he applied in an emergency situation to the landing of one of the most sophisticated aircraft ever built." Captain Pearson strongly credits Quintal for his cockpit management of "Everything but the actual flight controls," including his recommendation of Gimli as a landing spot. Captains Pearson and Quintal spoke at the 1991 SSA Convention in Albuquerque about their experiences. Pearson was, at the time, still employed and flying for Air Canada, and occasionally flying his Blanik L-13 sailplane on the weekends; he has since retired to raise horses. Maurice Quintal is now an A-320 Pilot for Air Canada, and will soon be captaining 767's; including Aircraft #604.

An amusing side-note to the Gimli story is that after Flight 143 had landed safely, a group of Air Canada mechanics were dispatched to drive down and begin effecting repair. They piled into a van with all their tools. They reportedly ran out of fuel en-route, finding themselves stranded somewhere in the backwoods of Manitoba.

AL MENTING—Notre Dame, IN

Al continues at nearly the same mental level as when he medically retired in '81 in Palo Alto, CA. This illness, after all these years, probably still stems back to a car accident when he was rear-ended and sent into unconsciousness.

He accompanied me for the second time in the past five years on a UAL flight. The "slightly booked" flight filled up unexpectedly, SFO to ORD. With his seniority, there were 2 seats left--one in First Class and the other in row 26 in the middle. Upon boarding, I briefly told the FA that he would be fine, choose any meal for him and I would be in the back. Events couldn't have been better. The crew looked after him, came back and gave me reports twice, kept him on board until I arrived and quipped, "Everything was smooth, except be forewarned we are now part owner of your house!" They surely were a special group and I felt like we were back in the good old days. He enjoys RUPA. For myself I wrote and published a book, "Butte: An Unfinished Story."

Thank you and that crew for a service well done,

Montel Menting

HARRY METZ—St. Augustine, FL

Hello Everyone: As the post-retirement years continue I have become more grateful that my UAL years were prior to 9/11 and all that followed. To say that I am enjoying my retirement is an understatement.

During the last 12 months Pat, my wife of 52 years, had knee replacement surgery and is recovering nicely. Before her surgery we did two cruises on the American Cruise Line on their 49 pax American Glory. The first from Bangor ME the end of July. It was their 'lobster cruise' with lobster available at every meal. I finally got my fill. The final dinner was steak and lobster and the steak tasted really good. The second cruise was from JAX and went up the St. Johns River. I wanted to see the river that William Bartram saw and wrote about in 1773 and I did. There are still unspoiled sections where we saw alligators, manatees and lots of birds. No lobster on this cruise. I recommend them both.

I still have the part time job as Historian and Curator for the family trust that owns the Fountain of Youth and the Oldest Wooden School House. I am creating exhibits using artifacts I helped recover as an archaeology volunteer on digs on their properties. I am currently volunteering with the U of FL team digging at the Fountain - the fifth dig I have done there. Interesting stuff.

I am sorry for the fellows retiring currently and hope that ALPA can do something for them like convincing PBGC to treat them as if 60 were 65 for retirement calculations. They are getting hosed and will not be made whole even if the FAA eventually allows pilots to fly until 65. Maybe I wasn't born too soon after all.....

Cheers, *Harry*

HAL & JANET MEYER—Centennial, CO

That time of year again and am duly celebrating my 82nd yr on the planet. Only one 911 call this year but it was a shocker. Out of a beautiful evening my young wife and former flight attendant complained of an instant and severe headache followed by projectile barfing. The prompt emergency responders were very professional and we were soon Emergency Room bound with me in the co-pilot seat. After a timely MRI, I was confronted by a serious attendant informing me that an aneurysm had ruptured, there was blood on the brain and asking if we had a living will. Whoa, how could this be happening and what is the answer to that? Dazedly it was decided to do all we could for now and make decisions later. After 13 days in the Critical Care Unit it was miraculously determined that she had no stroke or brain damage. She is one of a very small percentage whose outcome is this good and the involved doctors were all smiling and wanting to take credit. Also it must be said that the Kaiser HMO stepped up to the plate when it came to paying the substantial bills.

Other than that it was a good year. United is still flying and by checking the loads we have gotten to most of the places intended. We consider ourselves very fortunate.

Hal

MARV MEYER—Palatine, IL

Hard to believe that it just turned 14 years since parking the DC-10 at O'Hare finishing up 38 ½ years of USAF and UAL flying. Keep very busy as Administrator at our church, President of the Homeowners Association and Township Fire Commissioner, will back off of some of these this fall. We manage to keep up with 9 grandchildren, first one graduates from college next month. Other than normal aging process when you hit the 70's, we are doing fine. *Marv*

BOB OLSON—Barrington, IL

After 43 years we sold our home and now rent a condo in Lake Barrington, IL. Edie and I still go to our place in northern Minnesota for the summer and we look forward to visits from family at both places. *Bob*

DOUG ORME—Irvine, CA

Hi guys,

I enjoyed reading all your letters in the *RUPANEWS*. I'm missing out on the golf and the cruises and the trips abroad, so I really admire all of you who are doing retirement right. I play golf once every other week and I get one good shot on each hole—maybe a drive, maybe a chip, maybe a long breaking putt, but only one per hole. Bogey, bogey, bogey. Miss Lana and I take a vacation to one or another of the Hawaiian Islands every year and another to Coronado Island and she complains bitterly that it wasn't worth all the years married to a pilot since I never take her anywhere. She's right, but since I airline all over the country with NetJets, it's pretty hard to get me back on an airplane when I get home. United is still the best, in spite of it all. Southwest is still the worst except for the RJ's, which are really the worst.

I'm coming up on 3 years at NetJets and it has taken that long to get a captain bid. I'm captain on the Citation Sovereign now and love flying it--just don't like the long, five-leg days. My airplane weighs 30,000 lbs, flies mach .8, and goes to 47,000 feet, so I get to wear an oxygen mask a lot. Unfortunately, since it is capable of operating from

very short fields, we get to do a lot of that, too. It's also easy to overspeed. (Ask me how I know.) Odd that at 60 we were all too old to fly the huddled masses, but it's okay to fly the rich and famous. Go figure. Some places I've been in the last month that we never saw on United: Galesburg, IL, Napa Valley, CA, Lexington, KY, Easton, MD, Kerrville, TX (blue bonnets all over the airport), St. Augustine, FL, Rochester, MN, Augusta, GA. In winter we get a lot of Aspen, Eagle, Telluride, Jackson Hole, Sun Valley—you get the picture. I have to work until I can afford to get old. Funny thing, when I was 19 I didn't think I was young. Now I'm 64 I don't think I'm old. I guess we are what we are.

The divine Miss Lana and I are still married. We're not sure. We're just taking this one decade at a time. Maybe it'll last. We enjoy that our two daughters and eleven grandchildren live close enough to visit often. The grandkids range from 17 down to 1. We have a few track stars, several talented basketball players, a couple of musicians, an artist and a teenage girl who just likes to have fun. They're socially adept and they get good grades. I don't know why we're so lucky. We don't have any problems among them—just good stuff. I suppose it's possible they don't tell us everything?

Well, that's enough for this year, but I'll tell you one thing. I sure feel a lot more like I do than I did. Hope you do too.

Doug

DAVE PERRINE—Leisure World, AZ
SFO SEA SFO SEA ORD LAX SEA

Hi Ted, now 82 and still able to maintain a 20+ handicap. When I retired, my neighbor talked me into taking up GOLF as a form of penance for my sins. My friends say that now I am a very humble person.

My health is holding up, aside from the usual problems. as they say, old age ain't for sissy's.

Hopefully I won't outlive the Pension Guaranty Corp.

263 Leisure World 480-807 1173

THE REAL OWNER OF ALL THOSE PLANES

By Leslie Wayne, The New York Times

LOS ANGELES - When Steven Udvar-Hazy was a teenager in New York City, he would often head after school to Idlewild Airport, as Kennedy International was known then, to watch planes take off and land.

Airplanes symbolized freedom to the young Mr. Hazy, whose family moved from Hungary when he was 12. For hours, he would spot different aircraft and pore over timetables to figure out where they were coming from, or headed to.

Today, if anyone were to watch planes taking off at Kennedy - or at most airports around the world - they probably would be looking at planes owned by Mr. Hazy, a billionaire three times over and one of the most powerful players in commercial aviation.



As founder and chief executive of the Los Angeles-based International Lease Finance Corporation, Mr. Hazy has a fleet of 824 Boeings and Airbuses, with 254 more on order that dwarfs all airlines in the world. He owns more planes than the industry leader, American Airlines, which has 679, and more than the combined holdings of Air France (265), Lufthansa (245) and British Airways (239).

But Mr. Hazy prefers to keep a low profile, a rarity in an industry that has attracted more than its share of big egos. He rarely grants interviews, and is more than happy to let his 157 customers - airlines like Cathay Pacific, Air France and American - paint their names and logos on his jets.

"Not to put too fine a point on it, but in our industry, Steve Hazy is God," said Edmund S. Greenslet, editor of *AirlineMonitor.com*. "No one has more influence than he does. He has an enormous impact on how manufacturers design their planes. He's the financial engine for airlines around the world."

Airlines lease airplanes for the same reason that cash-short consumers lease cars - they can get new models for lower payments. Nearly half of the airplanes flying today are leased by the airlines, and Mr. Hazy, with his \$45 billion portfolio, is the biggest player, as measured by dollar volume, followed by General Electric.

In the 35 years he has been in business, Mr. Hazy has ordered 706 Boeing jets and around 600 from Airbus, making him the top customer for both companies. And they are eagerly courting him now in advance of the Paris Air Show, where he is expected to announce a big new order.

His personal wealth is measured at \$3.1 billion, putting him at No. 83 on the Forbes list of richest Americans. And, Mr. Hazy's place in aviation history was secure even before a \$65 million donation helped get his name on the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Center at Dulles Airport.

Mr. Hazy became a pioneer in airplane leasing while still in his 20s, and is widely credited with creating an industry now valued at \$129 billion.

He raised cash from a small group of fellow Hungarian émigrés and started making deals while an economics student at U.C.L.A. As a junior in 1966, he advised Aer Lingus on how to save money by reducing the aircraft types in its fleet, and, as a senior, he brokered the sale of a turboprop from Air New Zealand to Reeve Aleutian Airlines.

In 1973, he founded his leasing company with two partners, and invested \$150,000 to buy a used DC-8 to lease to Aeroméxico. The group soon switched to the newest models.

Mr. Hazy's two partners, a Hungarian father-and-son team, are today each worth around \$1.6 billion, according to the Forbes' list.

For Mr. Hazy, aviation is as much about emotion as business.

"For a lot of people, it is hard to understand what it was like to be a child behind the Iron Curtain in the 1950s, when the cold war was burning strong," said Mr. Hazy, in an interview in his opulent office in Century City, Calif. "As a child, you get a lot of indoctrination. You feel trapped, like a prisoner. So I always associated planes with escape and freedom, and still do."

Mr. Hazy said the idea to lease aircraft came to him when he saw the shift in the late 1960s from turboprops to jet planes.

"That transition involved a quantum leap in capital costs," said Mr. Hazy, who flies his own Gulfstream V and who wore an Hermès tie with airplanes on it, airplane cuff links and an airplane lapel pin. He recounted that he saw that airlines "needed outside financing from someone friendly and catering to the industry, and not just from a bank."

Today, Mr. Hazy has a staff of 170 employees in the top two floors of the MGM Tower (his penthouse office has a working fireplace). Nearly 2,000 models of airplanes decorate his offices.

"He lives and breathes the industry," said John Leahy, the chief Airbus salesman. "When he was dating his wife, Christine, his idea of an exciting date was to go to the end of the runway and tell her about the DC-8 overhead."

His company, I.L.F.C., went public in 1983, when it had a market value of around \$100 million. It was acquired by the American International Group in 1990 for \$1.3 billion. In 2006, I.L.F.C. had pretax earnings of \$716 million on revenue of \$4.1 billion.

Mr. Hazy has shown an uncanny knack for picking winners among aircraft types, and avoiding deals with airlines that went bankrupt.

He buys planes with price tags like \$40 million for a Boeing 737 and \$200 million for a 747 (though he never pays list price, of course, since he buys in bulk and is such an important customer). He then spreads them around to many carriers, a process he calls seeding.

"If we buy 50 planes," said Mr. Hazy, "there could be 75 more sales from us indirectly."

Not surprisingly, his opinions are treated like gospel within the industry, and Boeing, Airbus and leading jet engine makers often seek out his advice.

"He leads and the market follows," said Jon Kutler, president of Admiralty Partners, a Los Angeles investment firm specializing in aerospace. "He's been responsible for commercial aviation trends and what comes off the assembly line."

Hazy says he is not shy about telling Boeing and Airbus what to build: "We are saying to the manufacturers, 'Here's what the plane should look like.' Our loyalty is to the airline industry that serves the public, and the product has to be optimized for the airlines and not for the manufacturers. We are thinking about what the customer and what the industry need 20 years from now."

That includes jet engines. Charles Caldwell, former vice president for commercial jet engines at General Electric and now a consultant, said Mr. Hazy "pushes us on fuel consumption, maintenance and emissions standards" — especially now that Europe, in particular, is becoming more demanding about such environmental issues.

Perhaps the most telling evidence of Mr. Hazy's influence is the very public role he played in forcing Airbus to go back to the drawing board and spend \$8 billion to \$10 billion to redesign its new A350 twin-aisle midsize jet after he found the design lacking.

Before a stunned crowd at an industry gathering last spring, Mr. Hazy lowered the boom on the A350 and, almost overnight, killed the design. This followed months of private discussions with Airbus executives in which Mr. Hazy complained that the proposed A350 was just a “warmed up” version of an existing plane, and that its wing design made it too slow.

Yet Airbus executives did not want to spend the billions to overhaul the A350 since they were already plowing billions into developing their new superjumbo A380.

“I said they needed a new design,” Mr. Hazy recalled. “And they said, ‘Well, that’s easy for you to say, Mr. Hazy, it’s not your money.’ I felt Airbus was paying attention, but was not embracing our ideas. I was so frustrated with Airbus because they were stalling.”

Once Mr. Hazy publicly criticized the A350, two crucial customers, Singapore Airlines and Emirates, joined in. At the Paris Air Show a few months later, Airbus was scrambling to unveil an entirely new design — the A350 XWB, for extra wide bodied.

At a Paris news conference, the Airbus chief executive, Christian Streiff, went out of his way to cite Mr. Hazy, whom he called his company’s “No. 1 customer,” for pushing Airbus to redesign the plane.

“We were surprised that he said it publicly, but we were not surprised by the information,” said Mr. Leahy of Airbus.

At the moment, Mr. Hazy has orders for up to 20 new A350s, but the contract will not be finished until the final design is set.

He also lobbied Boeing to create an extended-range version of its popular 777 and, in the case of Airbus, Mr. Hazy pushed to create the A319, one of Airbus’s most successful planes, over the objection of Jean Pierson, the managing director at the time, who wanted to build a bigger plane, not a smaller one.

But, Mr. Hazy, over a glass of wine in Paris in 1993, convinced Mr. Pierson that there was a large market for a small jet and that he would buy the first six.

“He had a glass of wine and said O.K.,” Mr. Hazy said. “Now it’s sold 2,000 planes.”

As for Boeing, Mr. Hazy has 24 of the new fuel-efficient midsize Dreamliner 787 jets on order and has publicly said he wants to buy as many as 100. Because of continuing negotiations with Mr. Hazy, Boeing declined to comment for this article, but did issue a statement saying that Mr. Hazy is “one of the most recognized and respected leaders in our industry.”

Mr. Hazy is outspoken on other industry matters as well. He is critical of American carriers, which he considers arrogant toward him and the industry. He has warned Boeing and Airbus that the days of their control may be numbered by the growth of the Chinese, Russian and Japanese aviation industries. And, he has told the industry that it had better start taking a growing environmental threat more seriously, saying that airlines will probably face increased taxation if they do not.

In fact, Mr. Hazy does far less business with American carriers, which he says have a short-term mentality, than international ones, with whom he has built long-term relationships.

“Big U.S. carriers, since the dawn of the jet age, act almost like superior beings,” said Mr. Hazy, who said that half his customers sought to re-negotiate leases after 9/11. “They want all the benefits when times are good, but if they are bad, they want you to sacrifice.”

Still, with I.L.F.C. making money at a time when American carriers are having financial problems, Mr. Hazy feels that he may have the last laugh: “Our Company is stronger than any major U.S. carrier. The day will come when they need I.L.F.C.”

JACK RODERICK—Batavia, IL

Dear Ted,

We are all well here in IL. I work one day a week at the local library as a "friend". It also helps with my book business as I'm still selling aviation and military books, most all older out-of-print editions. Still an avid reader of aviation and WW2 history. All 3 of my kids are graphic artists and are a whiz in computer graphics. Since I am still building models (plastic aircraft & HO dioramas), my daughter has been making decals for me using the computer and decal paper. She's great at it and I don't understand anything she does with the computer. I would rather cut my finger with a #11 blade or spill model paint .

Nan is still a flight attendant with UAL (38 yrs) and doesn't much care for the current Tilton atmosphere in the workplace. Son John works in Chicago at an options exchange firm doing web sites and graphics for them and his wife Jill is a teacher. Daughter Tracy lives in Indiana with her husband and our only 2 grandchildren. Daughter Kris is still single and works in the graphics dept. for United.

As I said, we and the animals are all fine. I miss the "crazies" and hope to get to one of their get-togethers one of these months. I appreciate all the good and hard work you all do with the *RUPANEWS*. My best to all.

Jack EWR/CLE/ORD

DICK SHARPE—Kingston WA

Hi Bruce,

Would have sent this sooner, but didn't want to break a long standing tradition.

You may not be the one to tell, *[I am - BruceM}*, but my wife of 49.8 years passed away in October 2006. Harlan Bell was right when he said we are subject to recall by our maker, too.

Thanks for all you (and others) hard work for our benefit. *Dick Sharpe*

JOHN AND LINDA STEWART—Slatington, PA.

Fellow retirees, Enclosed are my dues. Linda and I have had a very busy year. We flew our airplane to Texas for two weeks, another flight to Oshkosh, WI

for the EAA Airshow, the RUPA cruise out of New York, a trip to Augusta, GA, and another flight in our airplane to Branson, MO & Rogers, AR.

Linda and I went to the Flight 93 crew monument dedication at Shanksville, PA. It was well organized and a very moving presentation.

We are making preparations to fly our Cessna 182 to Alaska and points in-between this summer. There are several other shorter flights planned for this year. Linda and I hope that everyone is healthy and having a good retirement. The RUPA staff is doing a great job and we appreciate it. *John*

ROBERT STEWART—Port Townsend, WA

Hi Ted,

Sorry I'm a little late again I promise I'll be on time next year.

I spent most of last year on my new boat the *Last Oasis*, not with my wife but with my son Glenn.

We had lots of fun and ended the summer going to Blakley Sound in British Columbia; a beautiful place. This year I plan on going around Vancouver Island if I can find someone to go with me. Any takers out there? The following year I want to go back to Alaska since my wife has already been, she doesn't want to go, in fact she says she will never go out in the boat anymore. She claims she never liked boating and she doesn't like my new Boat. I still have Parkinson's but still manage to get around; no shakes, just trouble walking. Everyone take care & email me if you would like to go boating. My Email address is rpbert98368@myway.com



LEE SWOFFORD—Coppell, TX

Friends, On April 19, I became eighty five years old. That is one long time. When I was born Calvin Coolidge was President. We used to call him Silent Cal.

It has been a fantastic life. I was born on a side hill share crop cotton farm in Western North Carolina. I grew up in Minnesota where the temperature would hit forty below.

I went on to fly heavy bombers in the largest aerial armada the world will ever see. I led a formation on D-Day that took out a bridge at Caen and prevented the German Panzers from getting to the beach head.

I later flew C-54's and DC-4's between New York and Paris. We hauled priority cargo over and wounded soldiers back. The most rewarding work I have ever done.

Then flying copilot with the open cockpit mail plane pilots that started this business. A very interesting bunch of people. Going from the DC-3 to the 747, a dream come true.

I belong to three veteran groups. We meet once in a while to sit around and tell stories. All interesting, true or not.

My oldest son just flew his retirement trip last month. Another son will retire in two years. That is a thrill and a half in itself.

For those interested, my health is good and I am happy and content.

Greetings to all. *Lee*

LLOYD WHITLOW

Hi Ted,

I'm presently taking the Proton Beam Therapy at the Loma Linda University Medical Center. I learned about this Proton Treatment through a copy of the Newsletter that had a letter from Carl A. Hankwitz, telling his experience at Loma Linda and his treatment. As people have short memories, I feel it would be advantages to all our members if the information, in the attachment, was included in the next Newsletter.

I've had 27 treatments to date, with 17 more to go, no side effects, nothing!!! This is the only treatment one should take, they should ignore whatever treatment their Urologist tells them to take. There are five Hospitals in the U.S.A. giving the Proton Beam Therapy, no doubt the reason for so few is the cost of the equipment, I've heard it cost 125 million dollars for a unit. LLUMC has four Gantry's.

Lloyd W. Whitlow

P.S. My son is also a retired UAL Captain, Lloyd W. Whitlow, Jr.

LYN WORDELL—Pompano Beach, FL

Dear Bruce, Another birthday coming up and I have a notice in my Quicken program tells me that a RUPA check is due. The retirement years seem to be rolling on since I last turned a wheel in May 2000. Wow! It is now almost seven years. Well at least I have a lot less flying and more fishing dreams.

Martha and I are happy, in good health, and enjoying our Pompano Beach snow bird Florida residence. We enjoy the South Florida winter and the entire goings on here. I get to go to the all the Gold Coast RUPA lunches for some good conversation with old friends. With the PBGC pension cuts I had to sell my boat, but having a FedEx retired pilot friend with a boat I still get a lot of great fishing here in Florida. In May we are going back to Medford, NJ for the summer to be with the family. In NJ I get my gardening in and time with the grand children. In August we are expecting our 5th grandchild. We are going to celebrate our 40th wedding anniversary this year so we will be off to Italy this September.

People always ask me if I miss flying. My answer is I do until I think of flying all night, crew busses, layover hotels, and trying to remember where I parked my car after a long trip. Thanks to the *RUPANEWS* staff for their fine work.

God Bless and good health to everyone. *Lyn*

IN MEMORIAM

BENJAMIN E. COLKITT

Denver regrets to inform of the final flight west of Ben Colkitt on May 4, 2007.

Ben was born on January 23, 1921. Following high school he attended and graduated from Davidson College, with a B.S. degree in Physics. He entered the Navy and graduated pilot training in 1943. In 1944 he was made a flight instructor at Pensacola. Subsequently he was assigned to the carrier USS Bennington, and participated in the Okinawa invasion. Following the war, he served on the carrier Tarawa, and subsequently on the carrier Philippine Sea during the Korean War.

He was awarded 3 Air Medals.

Some of the aircraft he flew included the F4F, F6F, F7F, F8F, F9F, F2H, F4U, TBM, and T-33. He separated military service in 1964, and hired-on with United Airlines as a ground school instructor, subsequently he entered the line pilot ranks.

He instructed on the DC-6/7/8, and B-727. He also instructed in light planes at Clinton aviation, in Denver.

He is survived by his wife of 51 years and five children..

VERNON A. LE ROY

Vernon Arthur LeRoy, 90 of Pensacola passed away at the Haven of Our Lady of Peace nursing home in Pensacola, Florida on Thursday March 22, 2007.

Mr. LeRoy was born in South Bend Indiana March 28, 1916 of Halsey Scolville LeRoy and Martha Leland Brewer, His maternal grandmother was Sarah Martin, and Vernon was proud of the fact that published genealogy books traced the Martin family back to their voyage from Weymouth, England to a place they called Weymouth, Massachusetts in 1635, 15 years after the Pilgrims landed. The family is further traced to Martin de Toure, whose sister was the mother of St. Patrick of Ireland.

Mr. LeRoy was working with his father designing and building residential and commercial buildings in Marianna, FL when he met and married Ada Alice Nichols of Two Egg, Florida. He became a flight instructor for Spartan Aviation in Tulsa, OK where he trained many students including Army Air Corps cadets, and one Ben Hogan. In 1944 he accepted a pilot position with United Airlines along with his brother Warren. His first airplane was the Douglas DC-3. During World War II he flew in the Air Transport Command, carrying troops and supplies to the Pacific theater of operations. Captain LeRoy retired in 1976 while flying the Boeing B-747 between Chicago and Honolulu.

Ada died in 1995 and Captain LeRoy moved to Eustice, Florida. In 1999 he married Mary Lou Peters, and moved with her to Pensacola in 2004.

Captain LeRoy is survived by Mary Lou and his two sons James (Rosemary) and John (Gail Nickelsen) who also flew Captain for United Airlines.

Vernon has seven grandchildren and eight great grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers donations may be made to the Haven of Our Lady of Peace

JOHN KENNETH WILLIAMS

Captain Ken Williams, 89, died of a heart attack at his home in Los Angeles on March 19, 2007. He was active until the very end of his life, having attended a RUPA luncheon just days before his passing.

John Kenneth Williams was born on December 12, 1917 in Buffalo, New York. In 1921 the Williams family purchased five acres in the Buffalo suburb of Williamsville, near a small airport that would later become Buffalo International Airport. Ken expressed a passion for aviation from a young age, describing himself as "the freckle-faced kid that was always around when anything of interest took place." A job as a caddy and busboy at the local country club later afforded him the opportunity to meet aviation luminaries such as Reuben H. Fleet, Ralph Damon and Larry Bell, among others.

Ken's first airplane ride was in 1929 when a neighbor, knowing of Ken's great interest in aviation, paid for a flight in a Travelaire. Ken was hooked, and from that moment on -- as he put it -- "whenever I could scrape up a few bucks or con someone for a ride I would do so."

He continued to ride in and learn about airplanes and, in 1935, received his first student permit, taking instructions in a Cirrus-powered Great Lakes belonging to Phil's Flying Service of Buffalo. In addition to receiving instruction, Ken would clean and help repair airplanes as well as collect tickets for sight-seeing flights over Niagara Falls. Ken's first solo flight came at the age of 17, in a Szekely-powered Rearwin Jr.

Ken graduated from Wiliamsville High School in 1936 and won a Greater Buffalo Advertising Club scholarship to the University of Buffalo. He later transferred to the University of Michigan, from which he graduated in 1940 with a B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering. Ken took on several jobs to help put him through school, spending one summer on an oil tanker and, during the school year, washing dishes for fraternities and sororities. Upon completion of the latter job he vowed never to do another dish again, and his family will confirm that indeed he did not.

In 1939 the Civilian Pilot Training Program was instituted, with the University of Michigan chosen as one of 12 schools to participate. Ken was selected for the program from a wide pool of applicants, eventually completing the CPT advanced course during the summer of 1940. He was then recruited by United Airlines, which sent him to the Boeing School of Aeronautics in Oakland, California. Ken graduated from his program in 1941, he and his fellow graduates calling themselves the "Tracy Aces." The Tracy Aces would remain lifelong friends, often gathering for reunions in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Ken began work as a co-pilot for United in Chicago in 1941, becoming a captain sooner than expected due to the outbreak of World War II. After working for the war effort in Alaska and in Denver, he was back in Chicago in 1943. He soon met and fell for a fellow resident of the Blackstone Apartments, an young American Airlines stewardess named Esther Hennessey. Ken and

Esther were married in June of 1943 and had two daughters, Elaine and Carol, followed by six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

The Williams family spent a few years in Inglewood, California, and in 1956 moved to the Los Angeles neighborhood of Brentwood, into the house where Ken would spend the rest of his life. Ken would fly out of Los Angeles International Airport until he retired in 1977.

He and Esther enjoyed traveling together, taking trips to Europe, Africa, Russia, China, Australia, New Zealand, South America, Fiji and several other locations. In addition, Ken spent the final 15 years of his career flying a 747 on his favorite route, Los Angeles to Honolulu.

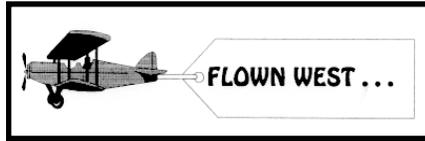
During his career and on into his retirement, Ken was also able to indulge his interest in hobbies such as sailing, gardening, woodworking and golf, but he never gave up his passion for aviation. He restored two vintage airplanes and flew them into his 80s, often taking off from the Santa Monica airport and circling over his house.

Just prior to his passing, Ken was able to see his three great-grandchildren together for the first time. He remarked several times how grateful he was to have them all in his home as he spent the weekend enjoying the company of family and friends.

Fittingly, John Kenneth Williams died on a day of aviation history. On March 19, 2007, two Airbus A380 jumbo jets made their maiden voyages across the Atlantic, one landing in New York and the other in Ken's adopted hometown of Los Angeles. The A380 is widely seen as the successor to the 747 that Captain Williams piloted for years.

Ken himself once said that being a United pilot was "more than a job, it's a way of life." In fact, when asked on one occasion if her father was at work, Ken's daughter replied, "No. He's flying."





JOHN P. MC CANN	10/12/2006
DALE H. LANGER	3/03/2007
GEORGE A. BUTZ	3/15/2007
DANIEL J. MURPHY	3/17/2007
JACK M. DELANO	3/21/2007
VERNON ARTHUR LEROY	3/22/2007
EARL FARNSWORTH	4/21/2007
BENJAMIN E. COLKITT	5/04/2007
ELMER W. FOLLIN	5/23/2007



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—*McCormick Ranch Golf Club* - 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. 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
3rd Thu Feb, Apr, Jun, Oct, Dec. NE FL —*Spruce Creek CC* - 386-760-0797

Quarterly Scheduled Lunches

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

Semi-Annually Scheduled Lunches

3rd Wed. June 20th at Noon NYSkyscrapers—*Montclair Golf Club, NJ*

Deadline: June 20, 2007

Mailing: July 5, 2007



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