



RUPANEWS

Journal of the Retired United Pilots Association

Volume 10 Number 3

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March, 2008



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PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Last month, in my plea to urge all retirees to support RUPA, I used some nomenclature which raised the ire of some of our members. I was unfortunately, lumping all inactive members as nonmembers which has been pointed out to me to be an error in semantics. To keep it simple, what we have are active and inactive members. Those who are currently receiving the *RUPANEWS* have paid their twenty-five dollars per year and are active members. Those who do not, are inactive members. My idea and plea is still the same. In order to keep RUPA strong and viable, we need to maintain an active membership. By receiving the *RUPANEWS* we are able to communicate our ideas, concerns and life events which help to maintain contact and comradery. Unfortunately, I am preaching to the choir because those members who are inactive will not be reading this. Again, I urge all of you to ask your fellow retirees if they are active members of RUPA. If not, urge them to become active.

By the time you read this, those of you who have computers, hopefully, will have received an email soliciting a new editor for the *RUPANEWS*. For those of you without email, Ted Larusson wants to step down as editor. If you know someone who would be interested in becoming the new editor, please let us know.

Regards,

Larry

WELCOME TO RUPA!!

We would like to welcome these recent retirees and newest members of RUPA:

Captain & Mrs. John L. Corbin, (Joanne) of Colorado Springs, CO

Captain & Mrs. Charles E. Davis, (Lynn) of Shawnee, OK

Captain & Mrs. Patrick E. Flanagan, (Susan) of Chatom, AL

Captain & Mrs. Gerard D. Lionetti, (Beth) of Castle Rock, CO

Captain & Mrs. Richard E. Mason, (Karen) of Florence, OR

Captain & Mrs. James A. Peters, (Kathy) of Glen Ellyn, IL

Captain Mary Lynn O'Donnell, of Denville, NJ

Captain & Mrs. William T. Smithdeal III, (Nancy) of Fredericksburg, VA

Captain & Mrs. Fredrick M. Russell, (Cindy) of Ocean Park, WA

Thanks for joining us!

RE: BOB FALCO, RETUP AND THE MEDICARE CLAIM

For everyone's information, IRS Form 1099-B is a SALE of a security issue whether it be stock, mutual funds, or bonds. All it does is simply alert the IRS electronically that a sale, or potentially a taxable event has taken place. If you IGNORE the 1099-B on your taxes, sometime in the future you will get a letter from IRS for taxes owed on the sale (if it were to change your taxes substantially and this year's number for substantial change is \$50.00 or more). Since you failed to treat it on your taxes the good old IRS will assign a cost basis of \$00.00 and attempt to collect capital gains tax from you on the full 1099-B amount.

The easiest way to deal with the 1099-B is to find your basis (cost) of the security sold. Then simply enter the information for the sale on Schedule D in order to determine if you have a capital gain or loss. Doing this will eliminate the 9 page letter the IRS will send you in the future for the lack of treating the 1099-B on your taxes. Trust me it is a lot easier to treat the forms received properly than to beg for forgiveness in the future on being pigheaded.

Bob Falco

DANA POINT RUPA LUNCH

Tuesday 19, 2008: Hearty bunch of old 'Pelicans' showed up for a lunch and some good animated conversation. Around this time of the year it's usually quiet in the harbor. Good thing the restaurant was largely empty as our group seemed to be quite spirited and boisterous. Each of our group had something to say and not enough time...translation a lot of loud cross talk. However everyone had a good time and got their 'say'. Lunch lasted 2 1/2 hours!

On deck were: Rusty Aimer, Park Ames, Carlos Barnhard, Bruce Dunkle, Bob Fuhrmann, John Grant, Rudy Haluza, Jack Healy, Bob McGowan, Jerry Meyer, Bill Meyer, Bill Rollins, Ted Simmons, Stefan Steinberg, Bill Stewart, Glenn Schwarz and Ken Jones. A special welcome to Glenn Schwarz; new to our group.

Did hear that Pete Hansen was back at home recovering from Lung transplant.

The following came from Park as an E-mail:

"It happened every Friday evening, almost without fail, when the sun resembled a giant orange and was starting to dip into the blue ocean.

Old Ed came strolling along the beach to his favorite pier. Clutched in his bony hand was a bucket of shrimp. Ed walks out to the end of the pier, where it seems he almost has the world to himself. The glow of the sun is a golden bronze now.

Everybody's gone, except for a few joggers on the beach. Standing out on the end of the pier, Ed is alone with his thoughts....and his bucket of shrimp.

Before long, however, he is no longer alone. Up in the sky a thousand white dots come screeching and squawking, winging their way toward that lanky frame standing there on the end of the pier.

Before long, dozens of seagulls have enveloped him, their wings fluttering and flapping wildly. Ed stands there tossing shrimp to the hungry birds. As he does, if you listen closely, you can hear him say with a smile, "Thank you. Thank you."

In a few short minutes the bucket is empty. But Ed doesn't leave. He stands there lost in thought, as though transported to another time and place. Invariably, one of the gulls lands on his sea-bleached, weather-beaten hat - an old military hat he's been wearing for years.

When he finally turns around and begins to walk back toward the beach, a few of the birds hop along the pier with him until he gets to the stairs, and then they, too, fly away. And old Ed quietly makes his way down to the end of the beach and on home.

If you were sitting there on the pier with your fishing line in the water, Ed might seem like "a funny old duck," as my dad used to say, or "a guy that's a sandwich shy of a picnic," as my kids might say. To onlookers, he's just another old codger, lost in his own weird world, feeding the seagulls with a bucket full of shrimp.

To the onlooker, rituals can look either very strange or very empty. They can seem altogether unimportantmaybe even a lot of nonsense.

Most of them would probably write Old Ed off, down there in Florida. That's too bad. They'd do well to know him better.

His full name: Eddie Rickenbacker. He was a famous hero back in World War II. On one of his flying missions across the Pacific, he and his seven-member crew went down. Miraculously, all of the men survived, crawled out of their plane, and climbed into a life raft.

Captain Rickenbacker and his crew floated for days on the rough waters of the Pacific. They fought the sun. They fought sharks. Most of all, they fought hunger. By the eighth day their rations ran out. No food. No water. They were hundreds of miles from land and no one knew where they were.

They needed a miracle. That afternoon they had a simple devotional service and prayed for a miracle. They tried to nap. Eddie leaned back and pulled his military cap over his nose. Time dragged. All he could hear was the slap of the waves against the raft. Suddenly, Eddie felt something land on the top of his cap. It was a seagull!

Old Ed would later describe how he sat perfectly still, planning his next move. With a flash of his hand and a squawk from the gull, he managed to grab it and wring its neck. He tore the feathers off, and he and his starving crew made a meal - a very slight meal for eight men - of it. Then they used the intestines for bait. With it, they caught fish, which gave them food and more bait.....and the cycle continued. With that simple survival technique, they were able to endure the rigors of the sea until they were found and rescued (after 24 days at sea...)

Eddie Rickenbacker lived many years beyond that ordeal, but he never forgot the sacrifice of that first lifesaving seagull. And he never stopped saying, "Thank you." That's why almost every Friday night he would walk to the end of the pier with a bucket full of shrimp and a heart full of gratitude.

(Max Lucado, *In The Eye of the Storm*, pp.221, 225-226)

PS: Eddie was also an Ace in WW I and started Eastern Airlines.

Next Meeting March 18

Regards, **TED**

DEN GOOD OL' BOYS

The weather was absolutely delightful for the Feb. Meeting of DEN Good ol' boys, and the turnout was good. Happy hour was a little late convening, but once begun seemed to go off swimmingly. The bell sounded somewhere around noon and all due to the purest chance - the humble scribe found himself heading one side of the buffet, along with Dick Garbrick on the other side. The grub met with the approval of all.

The boring business meeting started with the obligatory attempt at humor, and as usual the assembly sat there like sphinxes. The coordinator was later informed that his accidental joke was better than his intentional effort.

It was great to see Pete Cecchinelli in our midst. Pete has been undergoing chemo.

Rick Beebe managed to pick up off the floor what appeared to be green paper, but in fact turned out to be enough cash money to buy 'drinks for the house'. By exerting some effort and with his good Boy Scout training coming to the fore, he managed to find its rightful owner. It was rumored to be well over a hundred bucks.

The coordinator had to report on the final flight west of John Schoonhoven and the attendant plans for services. A report was delivered on two recent WSJ stories regarding the possible merger between United and Continental, and Delta and Northwest. One of the stories even stated that pilots of Delta and Northwest were busy merging their seniority lists.

A brief update was delivered on the part 843 attempt at the refund of our Medicare overpayments.

All appropriate b.s. having been heaved, the meeting adjourned at a convenient hour.

Those in attendance included: Bob Ashworth, Joe Kenney, Dave Murtha, Dick Garbrick, Ed Cutler, curly Baker, Phil Spicer, Maury Mahoney, Tom Hess, Bill Hoygaard, Warren Mugler, Mack Connelley, Rick Madsen, Al Snook, Bill Fife, Fritz Meyer, Pete Cecchinelli, Al Dorsey, Stanley Boehm, Tom Johnson, Russ Ward, Sam O'Daniel, Cliff Lawson, Hal Meyer, Pat Murphy, Bob Crowell, David Horwitz, George Maize, Jim Jenkins, Phil Eklund, Chuck Fellows, Jim Krasno, Rick Beebe, and the scribe and coordinator,

Ted Wilkinson

TALKING USMC DOG

A guy is driving around the back woods of Tennessee and he sees a sign in front of a broken down shanty-style house: "Talking Dog for Sale" He rings the bell and the owner appears and tells him the dog is in the backyard.

The guy goes into the back yard and sees a nice looking Golden Retriever sitting there. "You talk?" he asks. "Yep," the Golden replies. After the guy recovers from the shock of hearing a dog talk, he says "So, what's your story?"

The Golden looks up and says, "Well, I discovered that I could talk when I was pretty young. I wanted to help the government, so I told the CIA and they had me sworn into the toughest branch of the armed services...the United States Marines. You know one of their nicknames is "The Devil Dogs."

In no time at all they had me jetting from country to country, sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders; because no one figured a dog would be eavesdropping. I was one of their most valuable spies for eight years running, but the jetting around really tired me out, and I knew I wasn't getting any younger. So, I decided to settle down. I retired from the Corps (8 Corp years is 56 dog years) and signed up for a job at the airport to do some undercover security, wandering near suspicious characters and listening in. I uncovered some incredible dealings and was awarded a batch of medals. I got married, had a mess of puppies, and now I'm just retired."

The guy is amazed. He goes back in and asks the owner what he wants for the dog. "Ten dollars," the guy says. "Ten dollars? This dog is amazing! Why on earth are you selling him so cheap?"

"Because he's such a B.S.er ... He never did any of that stuff. He was Master Chief in the Navy!"

2008 RUPA Mexican Riviera/Sea of Cortez CRUISE

Date of Cruise: October 12, 2008

10 day Roundtrip out of San Diego

On Holland America MS Ryndam

HOTEL INFORMATION

Arrangements have been made at the *Holiday Inn Bayside* for pre-cruise hotel rooms. Please call the hotel directly for reservations and identify your self as a RUPA member. The rates per night are \$139 plus tax and are available for up to 2 nights prior to the cruise. (If you need a longer stay, you can possibly get the same rate). Parking is free for the two nights and \$40 extra to leave your car during the cruise. An airport and AMTRAK free shuttle are also available. We will make arrangements for transportation to and from the ship.

The hotel reservation numbers are 619-224-3621 and 800-662-8899.

Will you please call or email Jerry ASAP to let him know if you are planning to stay one or two nights at the hotel. He needs an approximate number of rooms to hold for us.

Reservations should be made by August 1st.

You can call Jerry at 1-800-309-2023 pin #33 or 1-508-829-3068

His email is: gpsp@aol.com

Submitted by Rich Bouska

THERE HAVE BEEN CHANGES MADE TO THE RUPA MEXICAN RIVIERA/SEA OF CORTEZ CRUISE

Holland America has decided to run the cruise in the reverse order than was previously published. Instead of sailing to Puerto Vallarta for the first stop, the ship will now stop at Cabo San Lucas first, and Puerto Vallarta will now be the last stop. Also taxes have been increased slightly from \$101.69 to \$119.35. Due to the rising cost of fuel, there will also be a \$5.00 pp per day surcharge applied to all bookings. All cruise lines have added this surcharge effective the first of the year.

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

Day 0 The ship will depart San Diego at 5:00 pm

Day 1 A day spent at sea.

Day 2 The ship arrives at Cabo San Lucas. This stop features tranquil seas, beautiful beaches and a whirl of colors. Even more spectacular: waters teeming with marlin, swordfish, sailfish, tuna and other fighting fish.

Day 3 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.

Day 4 This is a change from the previously published cruise route. The ship will now stop at Guaymas, Sonora Mexico instead of LaPaz.

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 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 7 The ship arrives at Puerto Vallarta, our final port prior to our return to San Diego. 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 is 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.

Days 8 & 9 At sea

Day 10 San Diego.

Below is a list of RUPA members who have signed up for the cruise.

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

2008 RUPA Mexican Riviera/Sea of Cortez CRUISE

Date of Cruise: October 12, 2008
10 day Roundtrip out of San Diego
On
Holland America MS Ryndam

Check out deck plans and staterooms on the Internet
www.hollandamerica.com, Click on Fleet, MS Ryndam

Depart San Diego with stops at: Cabo San Lucas, Loreto Mexico, Guaymas, Topolobampo, Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, and Return to San Diego.

All prices include the \$215 port charges and fees imposed by the cruise line.

Taxes, which are \$149.35 pp, are not included and are additional.

Category K Inside Cabin	Main Deck Mid Ship	\$ 999
Category E Outside	A Deck Midship	\$1199
Category C Outside	Lower Promenade Deck Mid Ship	\$1419
Category BA Verandah	Verandah Deck	\$1779
Category B Verandah	Verandah Deck	\$1899
Category A Verandah	Navigation Deck	\$1989
Suite S	Navigation Deck	\$3469

All cabins are subject to availability. Rates are subject to change until booked.

If a lower rate becomes available we will rebook at that rate.

**A deposit of \$600 per person is due at the time of booking
and is fully refundable until 76 days prior to the cruise.**

The verandah cabins are going fast.

Not all categories may be available at this time.

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

Send all correspondence to:

Jerry Poulin

Jerry's Travel Service

36 Mark Bradford Drive, Holden, MA 01520

1-800-309-2023 pin#33 1-508-829-3068

gsp@aol.com

NORTH BAY RUPA LUNCH

The February, 2008 North Bay RUPA lunch was held, as usual, on the first Wednesday of the month, at the *Petaluma Sheraton's Tolay Room*. After some story-telling in the lounge, George Hise called the group to the dining area about 12:30 using his mellow, but firm, "Command voice". The group was seated...first-timer Rich Erhardt was introduced, and welcomed! Call-ins were announced, and their best wishes forwarded.

The group noted with sadness the recent passing of Rachel Woodings, a truly memorable, and unique, retired Flight Attendant from PIT/DCA.

A moment of silence in remembrance of this fine lady was held, then several tales of flying with Rachel were told by members of the group. She will be missed by many...but not forgotten...

George Hise gave the group the latest health information concerning the use of cholesterol-lowering drugs such as *Zetia* and statins. It seems all the risks of using *Zetia* may not have been fully revealed. A discussion was held regarding the various means available, and Bill McGuire related his successful lowering of his Cholesterol by using, instead of statins, Red Rice Yeast tablets. Several requests for further info led to a group email to be sent. George also reported, on the political front, that his local congressman, Mike Thompson, had agreed to be a co-sponsor on the bill eliminating discrimination against pilots force to retire at 60, yet penalized by the PBGC rules for "early retirement". More co-sponsors would be nice to have!

Fica follies on hold for now...the latest update from Dan Hanley was passed around, along with the new MEC Chairman Steve Wallach's speech upon taking office. Other handouts were the latest on the BA LHR incident and pictures of the 737-200 that actually lost an engine on takeoff in Africa.

A "brief" report was made on the internet video, taken in the cockpit of a British airliner, showing the F/A in an..."abbreviated" uniform?..

A question was brought up as to whether the group still wants the first Wednesday to be the designated lunch day...the coordinator will send out a group email and request input, and announce the results.

Attending: Bill McGuire, Tom Grey, Ken Corbin, Barney Hagen, Sam and Mickie Orchard, Bob Grammer, Sam Anderson, Al Milotich, Rick "Norton 1" Saber, J.R.Hastings, Rich Earhardt..(Welcome Aboard!), Larry and Dee Whyman, Gardner Bride, Dick Smith, George Hise, Deke Holman, Bill Smith, Bob and Doris Donegan.

EDITOR'S CORNER

I hope you've read our new Page 2; there are a few changes that you'll be glad to know. The RUPA Website is back to rupa.org. The address label on your RUPANEWS has your renewal date—all the time. Failure to notify the Sec/Treas of an address change in time, will cost you

Now to the Editor's concerns: In big letters above the mailing area located on the back of the issue, there are two dates. The **DEADLINE** and the **MAILING**. The Deadline is the last date when material sent for publication will be included. It is always the Wednesday, two weeks before the first Wednesday in the next month, which is Mailing day. We make it easy and print them both—on the **BACK COVER. Earlier is better than Later.**

Thank you, *Your Editor*

SEC/TR MUSINGS:

We have finally become a truly non-profit association!! The 2007 financials show that we are in the red. With implementation of the “Age 65” rule, it will only get worse. There are two painfully apparent causes, inflation and declining membership.

We have held the dues at \$25.00 since July, 1997. In July 1997 I paid \$1.429 a gallon for premium gas – yesterday I paid \$3.619 – same gas station, same grade. And, before I am reminded by someone else, I too receive a lower UAL (PBGC) pension! Our President, Larry Wright is reluctant to increase our dues. Emotionally, I agree!! Practically, I seek an alternative.

We need a membership “surge” of about 350 to 400 to move financially into the “black” without a dues increase. That will allow us to maintain our services as at present.

As of today, we have 2693 retirees who are not on the mailing list. Their normal retirement dates range from Feb, 1960 thru Dec, 2007. Of those, there are 1496 who have never accepted RUPA’s invitation to become one of us, joining their peers in a social association. The other 1197 are past members that have chosen to drop out, our records showing them as still alive. I could find only three who had requested they be removed from our mailing list.

Since I took the Sec/T position, I have been sending “Reminders” to people that are at least 3 months in arrears, what I was told is a “Grace Period”. I tried email for those with email addresses – Disaster!!! You people just refuse to email your new email addresses to us (me)!!

Snail mail?? It is expensive, but more effective, usually about 20% or more renewals. I sent out 92 “Happy Birthday” envelopes a little over a week ago. So far, I have had five renewals. Patience!! I need your attention to your expiry date so I don’t have to squander your money mailing reminders!!

One of our membership services is to ensure that your *RUPANEWS* arrives every month. But you move, either permanently or as a “snowbird” and forget to tell us. We get the address page back after 60 days – the US Post office limit for periodical mail. Then you complain about missing an issue – of course, it is our fault you didn’t tell us you moved, so you ask us to send another. We do. Then my thrifty Scottish heritage takes over: “We lose 22 cents on every issue, and the replacement costs us another \$2.86!!” It is difficult to accept that what’s in the piggy bank is yours, and if you want me to waste it, it is your call.

I find it very disheartening when I have to ignore my fiscal responsibilities to RUPA when faced with the above, and even worse, accept the freeloaders as “honorable peers” that “borrow” copies from their member friends, or take advantage of our website that is open to the world.

ED AND DOROTHY

Ed and Dorothy met while on vacation, and Ed fell head over heels in love with her. On the last night of his vacation, the two of them went to dinner and had a serious talk about how they would continue the relationship.

It's only fair to warn you, I'm a total golf nut,” Ed said to his lady friend. “I eat, sleep and breathe golf, so if that's a problem, you'd better say so now.”

Dorothy responded, “If we're being honest with each other, here goes... I'm a hooker.”

“I see,” Ed replied, and was quiet for a moment.

Then he added, “You know, it's probably because you're not keeping your wrists straight when you tee off.”

ABOUT THE COVER:

United stewardesses pose in front of an aircraft in 1939. (United Airlines photo / February 8, 2008)

ONO NENE RUPA LUNCHEON

Dear Ono Nene, we had a fairly good turn out for the first of the year. We were requested to go back to Thursdays and also voted to go back to monthly. Sooo, February 27th will be the next meeting. A great time was had discussing various individuals, none of whom were in attendance of course. New to us were Yasuko and Yuzuru Morita formerly from Southern California. Also attending were Ray Brice, Adele & Dave Crooks, Alice & Buddy DeCosterd, and Jim Sorensen.

Aloha and Ho'omaluhia *Jim*

PHOENIX ROADRUNNERS' LUNCHEON

Frenchy Bourgeois has asked me to send the info on our luncheon as the Phoenix Roadrunners. We met at 11:00 at the *Horny Toad* restaurant on February 13th. Present were Frenchy Bourgeois, Mary & Don Toeppen, Charlie Schwob, Ken & P.J. Killnon, Roy Scroggs, Gene Paquette, Billy Walker, Ralph Johnson, Ginny Coleman, Cory & June Liston, Hank Kyser, Mike Carlin, Jerry Smith, Bob & Judy Steeneck. Ralph Johnson gave a talk to us on how the world has made such progress since he started with the airlines. Ralph has passed the 101 years old mark and soon will be 102. Very alert and remembers all the things he has been through in his many years in the aviation field.

Also please change our meeting schedule each month to the 2nd Wednesday for any one interested in attending. Use the phrase- Please call for directions-- 480-948-1612.

Ken Killmon

flyawayk@cox.net

SW FLORIDA RUPA LUNCHEON

FEBRUARY 11, 2008

Our February meeting started with a moment of silence for those members and friends who recently flew west, Captain Lewis Brubaker, James Thompson, Jr. Son of James (deceased) and Mamie Thompson, and Rachel Woodings.

There was a good turn out as 30 members and guests made the luncheon. Featured speaker was Barbara Meyer, Master Gardener, who spoke about landscaping in our sub tropical climate here in South West Florida. One recommendation was to try and use native plants instead of invasive exotics from out side of the area. She also covered what plants will make good hedges. Very informative Barbara, Thank you very much! Barbara worked for Eastern and then United, her husband was maintenance mgr. for SFO baggage handling.

Attending: Dick Burros, Neil Bretthauer, Ray Brooks, Gene Chapman, Rip Curtiss, James Good, J.P. Goodson, Suzan Goodson, Jim Howard, Robert Hughes, Don Kincaid, Harry Long, Marvis Long, Ed Prose, Dot Prose, Ed Riehl, Ed Rooney, Jack Sodergren, Don Sullivan, James Sutton, Ellis VanAlstine, Ray White, Twila White, Richard Sherman, Pat Sherman, Roger Nelson, Ed Griffith, guest Barbara Meyer and your hosts *Gary & Janice Crittenden.*

<p>United Airlines Historical Foundation</p>

<p>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>
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LETTER TO THE RETIRED PILOTS NEWSLETTER EDITOR

It's been many moons ago since I last wrote a letter to the Editor and likewise, it's been many, many moons ago since I last attended a RUPA function. I suppose the lack of familiar names or faces has been a contributing factor to my apparent neglect, but never let it be said that RUPA is out of my thoughts. I have some very fond memories of some of my favorite people. The first ten years of my UAL employ were in Flight Operations, not as a Flight Officer, but in the Dispatch Offices in DENDI, SFODI and OPBDI. After ten years of swing shift and graveyard I decided it was time to live a more normal life so I transferred to SFO, to a job, though not in Fit Ops, was somewhat related. I became Editor of the Flight Manuals. So much for the "lead in" to the story of my affiliation with RUPA.

In 1965(?) three Retired Pilots, all pioneers in the aviation industry, dropped into my office - at this point in time I was Supv. of the Duplicating Dept - with a letter they had composed, and wanted to know if I would print some copies for them (there was no Kinko's at this time) and I was more than happy to oblige. This letter was in the form of a questionnaire and was mailed to all retired pilots, asking if they would be interested in forming a "club" enabling them to get together and go over old times. We all know the response to that letter. By the way the three "pioneers" that called on me were Bill Williams, Bill Kennedy, and Harry Huking.

What with all the activity this letter created, an association was formed, a name was selected, and a Secretary was named to handle all the correspondence along with editing a Newsletter. The name of the new group was to be called Retired United Pilots Association; Bill Kennedy was named it's first President; and George Howson, Editor of the Newsletter.

Thus started RUPA. Beginning with issue number one until I retired, I published every issue of the Newsletter. I printed, collated and provided space for the "Folders and Stuffers" for fourteen years. For all the time I was there, UAL never charged RUPA for printing the Newsletter. All the original "Folders and Stuffers" have flown West, but I'll never forget them and the great times we had at the mailings. The aviation stories that were bandied about were priceless. It's too bad the stories weren't recorded so they could have gone down in posterity

In the opening paragraph I mentioned I haven't attended any RUPA functions as of late. However, prior to my retirement, with the exception of the Conventions, there are very few that I missed. I remember attending the first picnic RUPA held. It took place on the grounds of the Pink Horse Ranch in Los Altos Hills; I remember attending the first of Capt. Leo Kriloffs "Boys Night Out". Leo was the second President of RUPA and he thought up the idea of a stag affair where before and after dinner, airline experiences could be recalled. These after dinner stories proved so successful, that at the next BNO Leo had a room set aside with a tape recorder and invited Captains in one at a time to record their fantastic stories. So, somewhere in the RUPA archives lies these classics. The first of these outings was held at the Hyatt Hotel in Broadway Burlingame. This Hotel was torn down and replaced by a multi-storied Hyatt. To this day, the popular stag affair is still referred to as "Leo's Boys Night Out"

At one of the earlier Conventions held in RNO, Capt Hugh Coleman, who was the fourth RUPA President, made up a scroll thanking me for the work I did for the Newsletter. The Scroll was signed by every Retiree at the Convention and presented to me at the next F&S session. As an aside - - the term Folding and Stuffing is still used when the Newsletter is mailed, even though the procedure is no longer practiced.

Another first - and I don't know if it has ever occurred since - Capt John Strong and Capt George Howson attended my retirement party and presented me with a check for \$250.00 redeemable at any Pro Shop of my choice, to launch me on my golfing career. How about that!!!

So ends the story of my affiliation with RUPA. Before signing off I would like to say hello to three old timers, Charles "Chappie" Chapman and Bob Callahan, both members of F&S in its early stage, and Capt Frank Swaim with whom I worked with in OPBDI. I might add, the year I worked with Frank was the most enjoyable year I put in, in OPBDI.

Probably the most touching thing that happened to me during my span with RUPA was the name put on me by the Officers - "Mr. RUPA" - pretty great stuff when you take into consideration I was never a member of RUPA .

W. A. Shattock
610Arboleda Dr.
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SOUTH BAY LUNCHEON

We had a huge crowd of eight people for lunch today. If it gets any smaller we will start meeting at *McDonalds*. In spite of the small number we really enjoyed ourselves with wit and snappy dialogue. I bored everyone with my pictures of Antarctica from Linda's and mine latest vacation. Those attending were Walt Albright, Shirley and Jack Hanson, Loyd Kenworthy, Don Krueger, Gene Gawenda, John Joyce and yours truly, *Rex May*.

S.E. FLORIDA GOLD COAST LUNCHEON

The Gold Coast RUPA Group met at the *Flaming Pit Restaurant* on February 14th. We had a good get together with 21 members attending. Jim Good flew over from Naples to attend. Good seeing you again Jim!

Jerry Bradley expressed our group's gratitude to Jimmy Carter for all the work he has done over the past fifteen years for our RUPA group. Jerry presented a gift to Jimmy on behalf of all of us.

A door prize, donated by guest, Bob Holland, was won by "Ham" Wilson for being the "Most Senior" attendee of today's luncheon. Congratulations, Ham!

Dick Bodner asked how many in our group were still flying (as we're all at least age 60!) Three in our group raised their hands: Jim Good, Art Jackson and Mike Warde. Dick then read the "Top 10 ways to figure out if you are flying with someone over 60."

10. Orders a "Geritol frappachino" at Starbucks.
9. Layover clothes consist of black shoes, white knee socks, Bermuda shorts and a yellow golf shirt.
8. Yells, "I've landed and I can't get up", then laughs uncontrollably.
7. Uses his AARP card as a second form of I.D. at the Jumpseat desk.
6. Medic alert bracelet keeps setting off the metal detector.
5. Uses the aircraft power outlet to charge up his wheel chair batteries.
4. Carries a Commodore 64 computer on the road.
3. Thinks the Northwest Flight Attendants in Narita are "hot".
2. Bids the Clark layovers, but doesn't remember why....
1. Flies across the country with the left landing light on all of the time.

Present at today's meeting were: Dave Peat, Jim Good, Mike Warde, Ed Wheeler, Stan Blaschke, Peter Gallant, Jim Carter, Jerry Bradley, Art Jackson, Bob Holland (guest of Dick Bodner), Chuck Smith from New York, Tom Llewellyn, Paul Livingway, Ham Oldham, Bob Dodson, Ham Wilson, Bill Garrett, Walt Kimmey, Warren Hepler, Dan Kurt. Les Eaton was unable to attend because he was on a cruise.

For Les Eaton & Terry Lewis, your scribe, *Dick Bodner*

GRANDPARENTS' CORNER

The 2 simple nutrients that can keep your grandkids diabetes-free before they're even born

By Jonathon V. Wright, M.D.

I'm beginning to wonder if the leaders of the American Diabetes Association simply don't read medical journals at all. Why else would the Washington State chapter of the organization hold annual events to raise funds for researchers to learn how to prevent and treat childhood (type 1) diabetes?

It certainly seems redundant to me, considering that information already exists. In fact, research done decades ago clearly shows a safe and very inexpensive way to completely prevent a major proportion of type 1 diabetes—not to mention a major proportion of other auto-immune diseases (including multiple sclerosis), and many types of cancers, too.

One of the more recent studies was published in 2001 in the *Lancet*. This particular report concerned a 31-year prospective study of over 10,000 children born in 1966 in northern Finland. The parents were advised to give the children 2,000 IU of vitamin D per day. A year later, the researchers followed up with the families to determine which children had been given the vitamin D, which had not, and if any of them had signs of rickets (caused by severe vitamin D deficiency).

The children who were regularly given the supplement during their first year had approximately 80 percent less type 1 diabetes diagnosed over the next 31 years. In sharp contrast, those children who showed signs of rickets at age one had 300 percent more type 1 diabetes diagnosed over the following 31 years.

Basic nutrition = basic prevention

In addition to vitamin D, other studies have reported that cod liver oil (which contains both omega-3 fatty acids and vitamin D) also cuts risk of diabetes. In one very recent publication, researchers reported studying 1,770 children at increased risk for developing type 1 diabetes. These children each had a brother, sister, or parent with type 1 diabetes, or "HLA" (genetic) testing that showed them to be at extra risk. Each of them underwent special testing for "islet cell auto-immunity" which "proves" type 1 diabetes.

Fifty-eight children developed diabetes as proven by antibodies to pancreatic islet cells. However the researchers found that the children with the highest omega-3 fatty acid intake and the highest levels of omega-3 fatty acids in their red blood cell membranes had the lowest risk of type 1 diabetes—and vice versa. The researchers concluded: "Dietary intake of omega-3 fatty acids is associated with reduced risk of [type 1 diabetes] in children at increased genetic risk for type 1 diabetes."

But protecting your grandchildren from type 1 diabetes (as well as other auto-immune diseases) can start before they're even born—or conceived, for that matter. If the parents have adequate levels of vitamin D and omega-3 fatty acids it gives the child a head start from a nutritional standpoint.

In addition, I don't know any parents or parents-to-be who don't want their children to be smart in addition to being healthy—and there's also evidence that pre-natal omega-3 fatty acids (found in abundance in cod liver oil) helps improve mental development in infancy.

So before you donate any money to the ADA'S "research fund," talk to your children about taking cod liver oil along with some extra vitamin D before their own first child is even conceived! Even if they're not "trying" to start a family just yet, these nutrients aren't only beneficial for their future offspring: They'll cut your son's (or son-in-law's) risk of cardiovascular disease and prostate cancer, along with reducing your daughter's (or daughter-in-law's) risk of breast cancer and atherosclerosis.

My recommendations are 1 tablespoon of cod liver oil daily for both prospective parents along with enough extra vitamin D to make a total of 3,000 IU daily. These quantities are safe for women to continue throughout pregnancy and nursing—remember, 3,000 IU vitamin D daily is less than she'd get from spending a few hours in the summer sun each day.

And once your grandchildren are no longer nursing, have Mom give them their own cod liver oil and vitamin D. My recommendations for small children are at least one teaspoonful of cod liver oil and enough extra vitamin D to make a total of 1,000 IU vitamin D daily, but make sure your children consult with their own physician skilled and knowledgeable in natural and nutritional medicine who can (if necessary) monitor your grand-children's vitamin D levels and adjust their supplement doses accordingly, particularly as they grow. JWV

Citations available upon request and on the Nutrition & Healing website: www.wrightnewsletter.com

Nutrition & Healing

February 2008

THE FLORIDA SENIOR CITIZEN WEDDING

Jacob, age 92, and Rebecca, age 89, living in Florida, are all excited about their decision to get married. They go for a stroll to discuss the wedding, and on the way they pass a drugstore. Jacob suggests they go in. Jacob addresses the man behind the counter: "Are you the owner?"

The pharmacist answers, "Yes."

Jacob: "We're about to get married. Do you sell heart medication?"

Pharmacist: "Of course we do."

Jacob: "How about medicine for circulation?"

Pharmacist: "All kinds."

Jacob: "Medicine for rheumatism and scoliosis?"

Pharmacist: "Definitely."

Jacob: "How about Viagra?"

Pharmacist: "Of course."

Jacob: "Medicine for memory problems, arthritis, jaundice?"

Pharmacist: "Yes, a large variety. The works."

Jacob: "What about vitamins, sleeping pills, Geritol, antidotes for Parkinson's disease?"

Pharmacist: "Absolutely."

Jacob: "You sell wheelchairs and walkers?"

Pharmacist: "All speeds and sizes."

Jacob: "We'd like to use this store as our *Bridal Registry* . "

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 275, Half Moon Bay, CA 94019-0275 — or —

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

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

TREASURE COAST RUPA LUNCHEON

The February meeting of the Treasure Coast RUPA Chapter was held @ *The Mariner Sands Country Club* in Stuart, FL on Tuesday, Feb. 12th. In recognition of Valentine's Day, our meeting was CO-ED and was very well attended. As usual, Jim Dowd's Club (No, he doesn't own it, he just belongs to it) provided us with an awesome buffet and I'm sure that everyone had too much to eat.....but, I fail to see the problem. You will never leave one of our Luncheon's hungry unless you choose to do so. Jim made a few (more or less) routine announcements and Bob Langevin (me) had some things to announce about what was going on out at our Stuart Airport (SUA -- Witham Field).

Those in attendance were: Paul & Lineke Andes, Jack & Glenda Boisseau, Bill & Louise Cole, Jim & Connie Dowd and their son Pat, Del & Patti Gartner, Clay Grant, Frank & Carol Guglielmino, Skip & Jeanne La Rocque, Bob & Kimberly Langevin, Don Onofrio, Ted & Hellevi Osinski, John & JoAnne Pinter, Bob & Linda Schaet, Sid & Georgeann Sigwald, Dick Starita and Zsu Zsu.

Our meetings are usually held on the 2nd Tuesday of each month. Therefore, our next meeting will be held on March 11th. As usual, it will be held at *The Mariner Sands CC* on US 1 in Stuart, FL and will start at 11:30 AM. The cost is \$12.00 and that includes a GREAT Buffet, tax and tip. A real deal -- the choices are numerous and the food is outstanding. We would like to take this opportunity to invite all interested UNITED pilots that live in (or are visiting) the Stuart area at the time of our meetings to join us. For more details, you may contact Jim Dowd at: FlyJim1@aol.com or call him @ 772-286-6667. We hope to see you on the Treasure Coast at our RUPA meeting(s).

Respectfully Submitted by,

Bob Langevin

THE RUPA WASHINGTON AREA EDDIE O'DONNELL LUNCHEON

The January 16th luncheon was retirees only. The meeting started out with several "E.K." style jokes. We then had a moment of silence to honor those who have Flown West.

We enjoyed an excellent meal consisting of a mixed green salad followed by a scrumptious London broil with mashed potatoes and asparagus. Dessert was good old fashioned apple pie and ice cream.

After dining, Ms. Amy Harwood, the Alliant Credit Union branch manager at Dulles, informed us of the various attributes of Alliant. Amy has over 20 years experience in commercial banking. Among other things, we learned that UAL employees and retirees are not the only members of Alliant. There are over 200,000 members. UAL employees are the largest group but there are members from over 140 other companies. The credit union has diversified in order to protect the members.

The attendees present were: Bob Aldridge, Al Badrow, Jon Beckett, Chet Cassel, John Cerisano, Tom Coffey, Gary Cook, Tom Cosgrove, Gene Couvillion, Dub Crawford, Kevin Dillon, Jim Foster, Denis Getman, Paul Gilson, Jerry Goebel, Bill Golemon, Larry Grube, Ms. Amy Harwood (Guest), Earl Jackson, John D. King, Roger Lemieux, John Linderman, Dave Malone, Frank McKenzie, Lew Meyer, Ed Miller, Truman Miller, Bill Nolan, Ralph Pasley, Ab Rainbow, Larry Rooney, Bud Ruddy, Bill Salisbury, Bernie Schwartzman, Jerry Shuts, Fred Streb, E.K. Williams, Tom Williamson, and Andy Yates

A special thanks to:

Fred Streb, for arranging the luncheon.

Larry Grube, Dave Malone and Herb Petitt were in charge of scheduling the speaker. E.K. Williams for handling phone reservations

Gary Cook, Earl Jackson and Bernie Schwartzman for handling the check-in.

Our next scheduled luncheon will be April 16, 2008, and it will be co-ed.

Jon P. Beckett

LETTERS

DANIEL BARGAR—Santa Rosa, CA

The 74th February birthday has now passed and a quick reflection of the previous 12 months. I think we overdosed on cruising starting with 10 days in February to get away from the California dampness. We left NYC on the Noordam with the temperature 5 degrees above zero and a little help from an icebreaker in the Hudson. Two days later I was scuba diving in Grand Turk at 80 degrees. The second cruise was from Alaska in September for 31 days to Bangkok. It was really informative to see the progress in those countries and how many stores and shops would not take dollars but euros were just great. In November we left Miami on Azamara Journey, a former Renaissance ship, to sail 18 days south to Sao Paulo. Brazil is definitely a first world country and Rio was a city everyone should see. At Sao Paulo airport we learned why United was showing 40 empty seats every night--weight restricted with cargo. Luckily I recognized the Captain flying the trip and he took off some fuel to get 4 of us on, but 22 standbys were left behind. We learned that American and Air Canada were also weight restricted so we could have been there for days.

August again was spent at Chautauqua where one week's theme was healthy aging and we had expert speakers dealing with everything from Alzheimer's to sex over 60. Dr. Ruth Westheimer had some fascinating suggestions for the 2500 white hairs in the amphitheater. The symphonies and concerts plus entertainers like Neil Sedaka, Judy Collins and Michael Bolton were terrific.

With the recession and the dollar in the dumps California looks better than ever so give a call if you find you way to our wine country.

Chris and Dan

HARLIN BELL—Moneta, VA,

It, can't be—starting my- 23rd year of work release. So many memories come rolling back. Winter time-trappin'- the water on a DC3 prior to landing, Hitting the "turntable" on the ramp at National and spinning around. Checking- the deer are off the runway at Bradford, Pa. An LF approach

into Toledo. Oft Said— "if only we could get thousand higher we'd be on top." Shirt sleeves in a pressurized Convair, and—reversible props, and— 40 FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS.

The Caravelle and the Executive Flights. Flying co-pilot in W.A. Patterson's Convair. Link trainer proficiency at the hanger at Midway. The crew lounge at the top of the Midway hanger, and the continuous card games.

A DCB II— STATE OF THE ART.

Climbing out in a DC-7 and pulling 1&3 throttles back to 20 inches and dragging the props back to shift into high blower so as not to twist the tail shafts off.

Flight #345 & Return #344, Ewr to Phl-Cle-Tol-Mke-Dsm-Oma. Thunderstorms over Iowa and Nebraska— WOWWEEEE.

Landing a DC-7 on an icy runway at Midway and slowly turning 180 degrees and sliding-backwards—Al Yates was playing the throttles like a Hammond organ. Come to think of it— Al did have a Hammond organ at home—and— when he sat down to play—always apologized for the size of his organ.

\$250.00 a month as a co-pilot, NEVER dreamed of drawing a pension check.

Remember the little room in the hangar at OLE, and the double iron bunks with the "prison mattresses"?

Comment— William Meyer— WELL SAID.

My bride took an earlier "west bound flight" and one of these days I'll get my ticket punched.

"You'all drive careful—Automobiles aren't the only thing the Maker recalls*.

AL & DANNIE CAVALLARO—Cape Coral, FL

Bruce, Greetings to all from sunny Florida. I'm proud to say that I am sending my renewal check during my birthday month. That is better than I've done in the past.

This email comes from our home in Cape Coral, Florida. We spend about six months down here, a snowbird, and the other six months with the "Cleveland Crazies" up north. Our favorite place, recently, is Wake Forest, North Carolina where our twin daughters, one son-in-law, and four

grandchildren live. The girls live next door to one another and share an invisible fence for their three dogs. They are identical twins and I tell everyone that they are still "connected" at the hip. We are all healthy and happy in spite of UAL.

Thanks to all the guys and gals who make the *RUPANEWS* a great read.

A

CHARLES CLEAVER—Los Altos, California

Dear Ted:

Another year down the tube. 86 years now and 26 years of retirement. No big trips this last year, except to Eagle Field, the Army Primary Field that I taught at before I joined United Airlines at the end of 1944. They have a reunion every year and the past employees and cadets attend plus about 500 outsiders just interested in history. B25, Stearmans, and PT22's plus various home builds show up. A real party. We will probably be going there again this June 21st and have the nieces and nephews from Seattle down for the 3 day party. One of UAL's present senior captains, Molly Flanagan Littlefield will be bringing her Stearman down from Seattle area, and I anticipate we will all get another ride. It is always fun.

Most of my time is spent maintaining my old body. Between blood testing, medications and doctors appointments it occupies a lot of time. But it all keeps me alive.

Last week we put in an artificial lawn (700+) square feet so now we don't have to mow or water but the gardener's rate is still the same. Peach trees in back are just about in bloom and it looks like we will have a good crop this year if the bees are still around.

My oldest daughter Marcie is still with Merck the pharmaceutical company and doing very well. In her time off she has 5 cows she is shoveling after and breeding for 4H youngsters. They seem to win blue ribbons. My other daughter has over 20 years now with UAL as a stewardess and flies domestic. My niece is still with UAL as a stew and has over 40 years in service, mostly flying Japan now and will be retiring in about a year and a half. She will be coming down to fly in the Stearman with Molly.

Charlie

ROBERT CLUPPER—Livingston, TX

Have you wondered about DB Cooper? May I tell you about my two jumps from the rear of a 727? No, I'm not DB Cooper, but remember when he hijacked a Northwest 727 on Thanksgiving eve in 1971, giving the name Don Cooper. The media misnamed him DB Cooper. He jumped from the rear stairs of that 727 in flight and was never found, or so the media says.

On the 7th of April, 1972, the same man, whose real name was Richard McCoy, hijacked a United 727 at San Francisco and jumped from the rear stairs over Provo, Utah. He used the false name of James Johnson this time. How did the FBI know it was the same man? Each jump a clip-on tie was left in the airplane. When an FBI man took both ties to show Richard McCoy's mother the ties, she said. Where did you get Richard's ties?

Richard McCoy was a decorated helicopter pilot in Viet Nam and a member of the Provo, Utah Sport Parachuting Club. He was caught by the FBI and the 500,000 dollars he hijacked from United was recovered minus 30 dollars. The rest of the story is in a book called, "DB Cooper, the Real McCoy." Author, Bernie Rhodes, research by Russell Calame, an FBI man, retired. The book is no longer in print, but used copies may be found in the computer or maybe at your local library.

In 1971 I was a 747 co-pilot based in Chicago O'Hare and my 747 Flight Manager, Captain Norm McNeil, came up to me with a smile on his face and said, "Clupper, are you DB Cooper?" I said, "No Norm, but I would love to jump from a 727."

Many years later when I was retired and 65 years old I got to do just that. At the Quincy, Illinois airport on 10 August, 1994, the Parachuting Convention had a cargo 727 from St. Louis offering Boeing 727 jumps from the rear door for 65 dollars. Hot dog, I was there. Ten lifts of 150 parachutists each lift were made that day, I was on the 3rd lift.

My DB Cooper number is 585, what a sense of humor parachutists have, Richard McCoy has number 1 and number 2.

I had my parachutes on and walked up to the 727 for the 3rd lift and the Captain was standing on the ramp. I walked over to him and showed him my pilot's license with my thumb pointing to the 727

and I said, "See, I have a 727 rating too." I slid my thumb over to the DC-3 and asked him if he had one of those, he said, "No." I slid my thumb over to the 747 and asked him if he had one of those, he said "No." He grabbed my license out of my hand and showed the co-pilot I had the Convair 340, DC-6, DC-7, and DC-8 ratings also. He looked up at me and said, "You're crazy to jump out of airplanes." I said, "That's right, I'm crazy about jumping out of airplanes." I think we might differ on the meanings of those two statements.

Soon all 150 parachutists were on board, sitting on the bare cargo floor, where there were 150 sets of seatbelts. In no time at all hardly, we were at 13,000 feet and we were all asked to stand up, guess what, I couldn't stand up. Next to me was a young man and he laughed and said, "You can't stand up can you?" I said no and he grabbed my outstretched hand and yanked me to my feet. Hallelujah! Two passes, the first 75 parachutists went out the rear door on the first pass, and then it was my turn with 74 others.

The rear stairs were taken off and two 4 by 8 sheets of plywood were on each side to keep us from hooking our harnesses on some plumbing, at the FAA's request. It was like running out a cattle chute, what fun. You can't do that at Disneyland or Disneyworld.

It was so much fun I did it again the next year. On this second jump, the windstream caught my pant's legs and I did three very fast forward loops before I got stable, and then I was looking at the top of an overcast. It was legal to fly through the clouds as they had a waiver to do that during the convention. 3,500 feet of clouds and they didn't slow me down one bit. Coming out of the bottom I could see I was way off the wind line, I needed to get one mile to the right and so I tracked that way. I was facing the mighty Mississippi River and what a view. I wish I could show it to you, it was beautiful. At 6,000 feet on my trusty altimeter I was on the windline and so I slowed up and faced the airport, opening my homemade canopy at 3,000 feet. I made a neat standup landing 20 feet in front of Ed and Judy Packard, retired Dentist from South Bend and "Skyote" owner, who had driven over from Indiana just to watch. Pretty good I would say for an old man from 13,000 feet. If you had a ram air canopy as pretty as my homemade one, you would be

jumping out of airplanes too. I jumped it my last thirteen years of parachuting and it's holding up better than I am.

So long until next year, the good Lord willing. Many thanks to all of you who put this newsletter together.

Bob MDW, SFO, LAX, ORD

BARRY DIXON—Las Vegas, NV

Dear Ted:

Running a bit late again, the arrival of the *RUPANEWS* triggered my memory, or what is left of it.

First, the cheque is in the mail. Second, I hope this is addressed correctly.

Not too much to report this year. We did a little traveling. Bad report on Horizon Air, although they did pay for the Ferryboat trip from Victoria BC to Seattle to make up for cancelled flight. Most of the rest of our travels were by auto.

I managed an Elk hunting trip to Colorado in Nov. I filled my tag, along with 6 other compatriots. Unusual success story for Elk hunting.

My thanks to all who work on the RUPA magazine. Your work is much appreciated.

Regards, *Ruth & Barry*

TED ELDER—Issaquah, WA

The past year went very much as the year before with Shirley and I going to three Dixieland jazz festivals, spending a month in Lahaina, Maui and about six weeks on our boat in Washington's San Juan Islands and the Canadian Gulf Islands. This year we were moored at Roche Harbor Marina for a month, making a few day trips and overnights while using Roche Harbor as a home base. A daughter and granddaughter joined us there for a week and afterwards our other daughter and her husband were with us when we went to Canada. It was great to join in the RUPA convention held in Seattle last fall. It was nice to see some of the guys that I flew with over the years. Sadly, just last week my good friend retired Capt. Bill Ebersole died of a rare bone cancer. His obituary is enclosed. *Ted*

A PILOTS TALE

By Carl B. Jordan

Old timers might recall the days when the B-727 plied the skies nationwide. It was quite an airplane, indeed. When we went through school, I claimed that the reason the B-727 had so many gadgets on it was due to the fact that after Boeing built the 707, they had lotsa stuff left over. So, they decided to put all of the extra electric, hydraulic and pneumatic stuff on one airplane, and make it complicated enough to give the feds a field day when administering oral exams to confused pilots trying to get out of B-727 school.

Bob Vogtritter, on the other hand, claimed that the darned thing didn't really want to fly, so Boeing had to put all of that stuff on the B-727 to MAKE it fly! His analysis was probably closer to the truth than mine.

This, of course, was back in the era before glass cockpits, built-in computers and flight management systems, and fly-by-wire stuff. Pilots carried pocket-sized Jeppesen calculators in their shirt pockets to figure out various things. My daughter, a third-generation airline captain, saw my old Jeppesen calculator one day and, with a puzzled expression on her face, asked, "Just what DID you guys do with these things, anyway?"

Sometimes we even eschewed Jeppesen's "wheel" and just used our heads. One of the calculations we did in our head was figuring out when to begin our descent. The "rule of thumb" was to allow 30 miles for every 10,000 feet. So, from 30,000 feet, you would start down 90 miles out. From 39,000, you'd start down about 120 miles out. Simple, but effective. Of course in a headwind you'd wait a few clicks longer to begin the descent. Conversely, in a tailwind you'd start down a little sooner. We felt it was "close enough for airline work."

Bob Stimley was a flight manager at ORD. He devised his own "rule of thumb." But, it was a tad bit complicated. I don't recall the exact details of Bob's rule of thumb, but suffice to say, it was seemingly even more complicated than Einstein's Theory of Relativity. Calling Bob's "when-to-begin-descent" formula "rule of thumb" was a bit of a misnomer.

One day Bob Kleinke was the captain, and I was the copilot. We were flying a B-727 trip from ORD to PDX, then continuing on down to SFO. Bob Stimley was the flight manager who was riding on the jumpseat. He was giving us a line check. I don't remember who the flight engineer was. (We actually used to have such people in the cockpit back then. Most passengers misidentified them as "the navigator.")

On the flight to PDX, Stimley took great pains to educate us on his rule of thumb to determine when to begin our descent. Kleinke and I dutifully feigned much interest in the intricacies of the somewhat complicated when-to-begin-descent formula.

We were down at 31,000 as we approached PDX. (We had lowered ourselves to a smoother altitude enroute.) Kleinke said, "Let's see, we're 90 miles out at 31,000 - - 30, 60, 90, - - yep, that means it's time to start down."

He was obviously pulling Stimley's chain by using the "old" rule of thumb of 30 miles per 10,000 feet. It was also obvious that Stimley was a bit distressed after taking pains to "educate" us on his "new" rule of thumb.

It was Kleinke's leg, and when we landed at PDX he made a paint job landing. Stimley couldn't let it go without comment, however. As was his habit, he just HAD to make a critique, of sorts. He said, "little hot - - a little long - - but nice."

Klenke just winced.

When it was time to leave PDX, Kleinke said, "Are you gonna make me fly the whole trip, or are you gonna take a leg?"

So, Stimley crawled into the left seat and flew the leg down to SFO. He dutifully divided the square root of the weight of the airplane multiplied by the density altitude and the square of the mean root of the wingspan -or something like that- and began his descent from 31,000 when 90 miles out of SFO. He was chagrined to find that *his* formula came out exactly the same as the disputed "old" rule of thumb.

As we began our descent, I excused myself from the cockpit to ostensibly make a quick visit to the blue room. (I guess that name was a carry-over from back when DC-3 lavatories were painted blue as they left the Douglas factory.) Anyway, I had a quick chat with the A-stew (they weren't called "Purser" back then). After ensuring that she was properly briefed, I returned to the cockpit.

Stimley landed on 28-R at SFO. Just as we were turning off onto the high-speed, the A-stew knocked on the cockpit door. The F/E opened it. The stew hollered up to the cockpit, "The passengers are applauding that landing."

You could see Stimley grow five inches taller in the captain's seat.

Then, she continued, "A little hot - - a little long - - but nice."

Kleinke almost fell out of the jumpseat from laughing so hard!

Stimley sank back down to his normal height and glanced over at me. Naturally, I was grinning from ear to ear. He said, "Carl, you're gonna get yours someday!"

Kleinke and I both passed our line checks, of course. This was because Stimley's bark was always MUCH worse than his bite. He was actually a good guy. Unfortunately, we just couldn't grasp his "rule of thumb." It was a tad bit too complicated for the likes of those of us who trusted the seat of our pants more than "Einstein-like formulas."

As I say, those were the good old days - - -

Carl B. Jordan - United #89674 - Retired

THE NEW RANCH HAND

A successful rancher died and left everything to his devoted wife. She was a very good-looking woman and determined to keep the ranch, but knew very little about ranching, so she decided to place an ad in the newspaper for a ranch hand. Two cowboys applied for the job. One was gay and the other a drunk. She thought long and hard about it, and when no one else applied she decided to hire the gay guy, figuring it would be safer to have him around the house than the drunk. He proved to be a hard worker who put in long hours every day and knew a lot about ranching.

For weeks, the two of them worked, and the ranch was doing very well. Then one day, the rancher's widow said to the hired hand, "You have done a really good job, and the ranch looks great. You should go into town and kick up your heels." The hired hand readily agreed and went into town one Saturday night.

One o'clock came, however, and he didn't return. Two o'clock, and no hired hand. Finally he returned around two-thirty, and upon entering the room, he found the rancher's widow sitting by the fireplace with a glass of wine, waiting for him.

She quietly called him over to her. "Unbutton my blouse and take it off," she said. Trembling, he did as she directed "Now take off my boots." He did as she asked, ever so slowly. "Now take off my socks." He removed each gently and placed them neatly by her boots. "Now take off my skirt." He slowly unbuttoned it, constantly watching her eyes in the firelight. "Now take off my bra." Again, with trembling hands, he did as he was told and dropped it to the floor. Then she looked at him and said, "If you ever wear my clothes into town again, you're fired."

DENNY FENDELANDER—Newbury Park, CA

Greetings to all,

I really look forward to the newsletter each month, thanks to all who put it together. Hard to believe it has been 6 years now. I only have to look at my pension now at 36k/yr to see how much things have changed, not that I'm complaining. I guess the company won the arm wrestle we've been in all these years! Looks like the government also gets to keep the FICA tax on the pension we lost, I guess they need it more than we do. I do miss the airplanes and crews.

We sold off our rentals, so we're doing fine with fewer headaches. We do some traveling, usually a few trips out of the country each year. We get back to Thailand occasionally where my wife Somchit still has family and friends. Great food and value there especially up north around Chiang Rai near the golden triangle. We made a trip across the border to Burma (Myanmar). Wasn't happy to let them keep our passports till we exited. It's a poor country with a strange government, but I guess they don't have a corner on that market.

We've done several trips with Grand Circle Tours and found they have great guides and good value. So far we've used them to Croatia, Greece, and Turkey, and this fall we are going to India. We are going to take a RCL cruise in Feb from Santiago to B.A. We'll try to use ZED fare on AA to get to SCL and UAL back. The ZED fares are very reasonable, a very small fraction of what you pay for ID 90 on LAN.

Regards to all, *Denny*

CLAY GOLDEN—Grants Pass, OR

Dear Ted,

Thanks for your efforts in keeping us all informed.

What a wonderful year for all retirees reading this. We're still kicking as long as we can write in and read! I know many have had disastrous results from the termination of bankruptcy. Some of us just a little. Condolences to the former. Those of us who retired earlier didn't get hit as hard, but then we didn't have nearly as much to loose. I guess we had made the transition to live on less years ago. I hope you can all adapt and get along on the pittance

you are getting now. Maybe the next life will treat us all like the executives that have taken more than their share!

My particular year past hasn't been all that bad compared to many of you fellow retirees. The usual transition to getting older, medically, physically, and mentally. I moved into town a year ago. A real transition in itself. I had had a nicely equipped shop and did most of my auto, home, and appliance repair. Now that the Doctors tell me no heavy physical exertions, I am paying for most of those repairs. Mainly the costly ones! Some won't get done! Do it yourselfers have a big advantage!

Travel has been much less than usual. A few trips close to home. 60th H.S. class reunion in Cheyenne, and an enjoyable month in Germany with friends, mostly golfing and local travel. UAL provided first class space which wasn't bad. Non-stop from SFO. We don't anticipate much travel this year, doctors visits of course!

I doubt there are too many reading this that remember me. Many are too young for me to remember. Many of the old timers I flew with have taken their last flight West. 20 years of retirement does take its toll! The obits. are the most negative aspect of the *NEWS*. Many more don't write in. Would be great if they would

My thanks, of course, to the men providing us with all your stories. Hope to hear from and about more of you this year. Yours, from better days. *Clay*
LAX & SFO, 1955-1987

FRANK GRONA—Goodyear, AZ

Thanks for your dedicated effort to keep us retirees in touch. You are appreciated. The past year has gone fast (or I am just getting slower). I'll be 77 this month and sometimes wonder who that old bald headed man in the mirror is. We are enjoying our new home in the adult community of Pebble Creek. We are just off Interstate 10 west of Phoenix so call and stop by. We really enjoyed the get together Randy Ryan had in Tucson in January. Seems I read the *RUPANEWS* from the back cover in and I'm saddened by knowing more names on the "Flown West" page than the rest of the pages.

Frank -- the check is in the mail

DOUGLAS HORNE—Santa Rosa Beach, FL

Oh my, it's been over twelve years since I had to make up excuses for a bad landing or tell some copilot to stop spending so much time on the PA trying to impress the passengers with his intimate knowledge of the passing scenery, especially in the middle of the night over the Atlantic. And although I don't have a 32 inch waist and what hair I have left looks like grated Parmesan, I can assure any who remember me that I'm still six feet two with piercing blue eyes and cat-like movements. I, too, had one of those portraits painted years ago when I was young. A World Famous Sex Symbol, with a seniority number in the five thousands. I'd forgotten about it and figured after many moves it was gathering dust and crumbling away in some pawn shop or flea market. But just the other day a couple of our grandchildren were playing in the attic and apparently came across it as they came tumbling down stairs all excited to ask: "Hey Grandpa, how come you have a big picture of Sponge Bob in a pilots uniform?". Moi? mais non, must belong to someone else.

In any case, we did travel a bit last year; out to SFO for a few days in Feb. It was so cold we really didn't have that good a time so we did a do over in April. The WX was great and we were so occupied I forgot to call Bob Gifford. We should be back later this year, and I'll give you plenty of advance notice, Bob, if you want to take the phone off the hook.

We made the NY Skyscrapers lunch in June and then drove all over the NE and Canada freeloading off relatives and friends. Came away with some pretty good bars of soap. In Sept we were in Scandinavia, our first, and spent a few nights in Gothenborg, Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and a few B&Bs in between. I only mention this because of an interesting event. We stopped for the night about an hour's drive west of Stockholm and had dinner in a converted manor house. While waiting for dinner, in trudged, and I'm not kidding, about thirty to forty men and women, all at least six feet tall, wearing flowing robes and real Viking helmets. They proceeded to go some other room and we could hear them romping, stomping, singing and drinking which is I guess what Vikings

do before the go out to rape, pillage, and burn whole cities to the ground. They left before I got a chance to ask if they knew Glen Tilton and Steve Wolf.

If you're interested, the trip over and back was paid for by Volvo, since we bought one and took overseas delivery. It's a pretty good deal. I think you can find out about it at Volvocars.us.

We went to San Juan in Dec. for an annual big bash. Most of the guests prefer to arrive by taxi or limo as the Feds still check license plates in the parking lot.

Well, enough of all the wonderfulnesses of me. I guess I'll spend the rest of the day packing up that picture of Sponge Bob and sending it off to its rightful owner.

Doug

SID & REVA HUFF—Lake Tahoe

Twenty nine years have passed since I flew my last trip – I still miss flying.

I now have a new thing that has kept me busy – I bought a 1978 MGB Roadster – spent the summer renovating it –it's like having a boat, pouring money in it. After having triple AAA towing it 5 times due to having a lousy electrical system (Lucas) plus a miserable Stromberg carb - I installed a Weber carburetor – runs beautiful now at long last.

Still spending Jan Feb. March in San Diego RV Park – play golf three times a week.

Reva having sciatica stanos from hip to toe - very painful.

I am very healthy at 89 but with two broken knee caps my only medical problem.

Vicki former SEAFSA retired 6 years ago – now a nurse moved to Reno a year ago and has a great job in management at the hospital - Butch in Santa Cruz still Contracting – James in Tahoe one mile from us.

That's all folks,

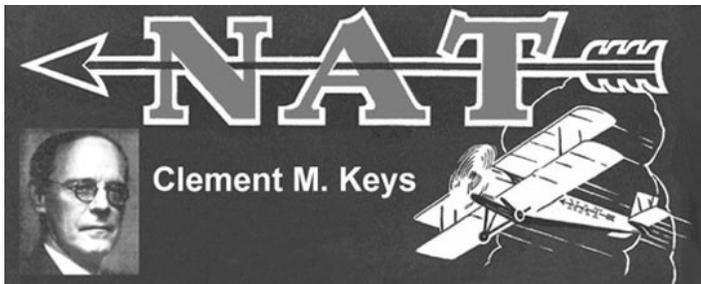
Sid & Reva



United Airlines Historical Foundation

"Preserving the Past, Inspiring the Future"

NATIONAL AIR TRANSPORT



During WWI, Clement M. Keys was Financial VP of the Curtiss Aeroplane Company. In 1920 he acquired controlling interest, buying-out the Willys-Overland interests. In 1925, Keys founded North American Aviation as a holding company for the development and financing of airlines, aircraft manufacturers and other aviation services. On Dec. 6, 1928, NAA was incorporated in Delaware and in March 1930 was listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Also in 1925, Keys & Carl B. Fritsche, GM of the Aircraft Development Corp. of Detroit, proposed raising \$2,000,000 to finance an airline to operate between New York, Detroit & Chicago. Keys quickly raised \$1,000,000 in NYC, the balance came from Detroit & Chicago investors (\$500,000 each).

May 21, 1925, National Air Transport was incorporated in Delaware, with Howard E. Coffin, (VP, Hudson Motor Car Corp.) as President. Keys was Chairman of the Executive Committee and Col. Paul Henderson, was General Manager.

Late in 1926, NAT ordered a Ford Tri-motor 4-AT with an "open-cockpit" (photo). The first flight was in Nov. 1926, Kansas City - Wichita - Tulsa - Oklahoma City - Dallas - Fort Worth. After the return flight, it was sent back to the factory to enclose the cockpit. It was then used for sight-seeing flights.

Keys was awarded the 995-mile Contract Air Mail route No. 3 (CAM 3) Chicago - KC - Dallas. NAT began operations May 12, 1926 with 10 Curtiss Carrier Pigeon airplanes and 35 U.S. surplus Liberty engines as spares. Following a controversial bidding war with North American Airlines, Keys was awarded the 724 mile CAM 17 route; Chicago - Cleveland - New York.

NAT began operations on CAM 17 Sept. 1, 1927 using Douglas M-3 & M-4 mail planes (and bypassing Detroit). NAT had acquired these planes from a variety of sources including 18 M-4s from the U.S. Post Office. One M-4 was known as the "Booze Ship", having been seized by the U. S. Government during Prohibition while illegally smuggling liquor from Cuba.

NAT mail planes only had room for a single passenger sitting among the mail bags. Passengers were issued a "typical flying outfit" of coveralls, helmet, goggles and a parachute (rarely were they given instructions on how to use the parachute). They were also subject to being "bumped" by mail.

The fare was a steep \$200 for the Chicago - Cleveland - NY flight (Hadley Field, NJ was used until Newark opened). In spite of these obstacles, NAT flew 168 passengers the first year (1927/28), most of them connecting from Boeing Air Transport's CAM 18 San Francisco - Chicago route.

By Marvin Berryman from "Glenn Curtiss; Pioneer of Flight"; "High Horizons"; "The Airline Builders" Time-Life; Open cockpit info. from "So Away I Went" Wm. B. Stout. Please mail tax-deductible contributions and donations of United Memorabilia & Artifacts to: UAHF, Tom Goodyear, 7401 Martin Luther King Blvd., Denver, CO 80207. Web-sites at: www.uahf.org and Marv's "United" photo albums at: <http://community.webshots.com/user/dawson30>

WILL & NANCY HUFF—Oriental, NC

Nancy & I have been doing a lot of traveling trying to see parts of the world that we haven't seen and revisiting places we like. We are enjoying traveling with some good travel companions who have, pretty much, the same "Bucket List". Plenty of things to keep us busy in this charming & friendly little town of Oriental, NC between trips.

Always glad to read the articles from my friends & former flying partners from Council 52. Some people never change. Dick Bromwich is still whining & crying; Jerry Schlichter still has a great sense of humor. I hope he still has his season tickets to Rutgers football games. He shouldn't have trouble finding friends to join him these days. GO R U! Bob Bevis still has his pulse on what's happening with the employed pilots and coming up with the right analysis.

We are enjoying our four adult children and six grand children one of which is 16 and the rest are 8 years & under.

Regards and best wishes for y'all to hang in there and have the courage that it takes to experience old age.

Will

STEVE & LINDA JAKUBOWSKI—
Grasonville, MD

Hi Ted and all,

Hard to believe that five years have gone by since one heck of a retirement party shared with fellow aviators and a great group of F/A's at the Boshler Eck mit Gert und FRA.

We've had a pretty busy year. Three trips to SAN, the first to visit son Eric and his family in March to see him off on his third cruise aboard "Nimitz" to Iraq and other hot spots. Sadly we returned just two months later with the news that his wife Shelly had given birth three months prematurely to their twin boys Justin and Joshua. Justin spent three months in ICU, but Joshua did not have the strength to make it beyond his first few hours. The Marines and the Navy did a great job of getting Eric home from the Gulf in time to hold his son and then to remain home for a month to care for his family. We

returned in October to welcome him home. His time in the F/A-18 cockpit is over for the next three years while he does his disassociated tour with JSOC which is a joint tour with the Air Force and Army in special ops in Hawaii. Well we couldn't pass that trip up. Let me tell you, base housing isn't what it used to be in K-Bay. Brand new-four bedroom on a bluff over looking the Pacific. He thought it was a desk job but surprise-surprise, every couple of months he deploys for a few weeks throughout the pacific. They even pushed him out of a perfectly good C-17 to polish up his jump wings. He said his O-4 bones don't bounce too well anymore.

Two trips down to JAX to see the youngest still flying the P-3. His second deployment sure beat the first to Iraq by spending two months in Italy, then two more in San Salvador followed by two more in Italy. We were able to spend a few days with Pete & Ann Granata in West Palm as she struggles with the many problems that have beset her and doing it with grace and dignity.

We've decided that you can't take it with you, even if "IT" is a lot less than it should be, and so we're going to spend two weeks in Italy for our fortieth anniversary in May. Since the dollar is next to worthless these days, there won't be much left in the old piggy bank, but what the heck. Think I'll give that ZED fare stuff a try on Lufthansa in business class as a backup to UAL from IAD to FCO. Some wrote they treat you like a real person.

Check's on the way to Half Moon Bay. I enjoy hearing from all of you.

Regards,

Steve & Linda Jakubowski DTW, EWR, CLE, ORD,
DCA

JIM JENKINS—Aurora, CO

Just want to say you are doing a great job on the *RUPANEWS*.

Just got mine in and was looking over the list of members. I dug out my old one as was going to throw it away and decided putting everyone's name, address, phone, etc in garbage was maybe

not a good idea. This gave me an idea. I noticed most of our members have email and thus web access. Maybe next year publish the roster on the web site for those of us with access and print /mail copies for those without. Probably save money for the organization. I was an ALPA newsletter so familiar with the mailing/printing costs.

By the way, noticed my email on the roster is not correct. Correct one is in "from" block above.

Thanks for doing the newsletter.

Jem

Denver

[Send your correct e-mail to Bruce so he knows it's yours. RUPA.sectr@yahoo.com -Ed]

AL JOHNSTON—Salem, SC

Happy holidays Bruce & all. Yesterday, Thanksgiving Day, tomorrow, 24th, my birthday, big #83, check's in the mail on time 4 a change. At golf last Tue., almost shot my age but missed a 4 ft putt on #18; oh well, maybe next year. Still in good health. Lord willing, off to winter in Hawaii for Jan, Feb & Mar.

Al

CARL B. JORDAN—Port Charlotte, FL

This month I hit the three-quarters-of-a-century mark. How about that? I attribute my longevity to eschewing impure thoughts. I also avoided the flu bug by not thinking of Angelina Jolie all winter long. Hey, try it and see if it doesn't actually work for you, too!

Seriously, I've hung around long enough to be able to enjoy the pleasures of watching our two youngest grandsons get into local little league baseball playoffs. And, watching our three youngest granddaughters engage in soccer and long-distance running. The only problem is that all seven grandkids grow up TOO fast! Before I know it, the youngest five will be more interested in doing the dating game rather than going fishing with their grampa. And, it doesn't really seem that long ago that I was a young kid going fishing with *my* grandfather!

Some years back, I used to know a lot of the guys who would write annual birthday messages into this rag. Then, it got to the point where I didn't recognize those names anymore, but I did recognize too many of the names in the "Flown West" section. Nowadays, I don't recognize the names in either part of the newsletter. Just an occasional old friend now and then - - either writing in, or being written about. Time actually does march on. Here's a memory-tester: Who remembers when United stopped serving macadamia nuts, and when did the Mainliner Magazine become "Hemispheres?"

Carl MDW-ORD-LAX , 1956-1993

MARV KRUSKOPF—International Falls, MN

The check is in the mail and it's good I read RUPA regularly or I would have forgot it.

I always appreciate what one of our members said about going around the sun as in my case 77 times. Really puts things in a different perspective and makes a person try to do more with each revolution. However, my wife and I have done a fair amount of traveling and it's getting more difficult to get enthused about packing up and going to the airport.

We still have our small plane but it doesn't get used enough any more and yet I'm looking at a later, faster model. Like to turn back the clock a bit and do more of the things I want to do now. Well, we all probably feel the same.

Enough of that! Just glad I can still fly and hope I keep passing the flight physicals.

Marv

DENNIS LEAHY—Mesa, AZ

Well it is that time of year again. Not sure if I gave you the new email address with our change of address, but this needs to go in the January issue. It is now leahydenndee@aol.com. All other info is the same. [email Bruce so he knows your e-mail addresss -Ed.]

Sent the check via snail mail, but before I got the new issue with the address change. See what happens when you do things on time.

Spent our summer in Afton, WY. Love being in the mountains, but summer is short at 6200' altitude. Have an acre there and have been spending summers in our motor home, but due to the short season are thinking of putting up a house and spending a little longer than we have been. Who knows I might think of going hunting again. Meantime will still be wintering in Mesa, AZ. If we sell this house and build in WY we will likely become true snowbirds and spend winters with the motor home between here and Yuma. A lot of friends winter in the Yuma area.

Health is good, flew a pass once since retired. Such a hassle. Since we have been motor homing for 11 years, we have seen a lot of the great USA and it sure is a pleasant way to go. Drive 3 or 4 hours, stop early for cocktails and explore.

Thanks guys for all the hard work. Till next year.

Dennis

CLARK E. LUTHER—Hilton Head, SC

Dear Bruce:

Somehow I missed sending in some money to cover my "dues" for 2008. I think that it was likely to have been all of my commitments but I think it is more age not allowing me to keep up with the requirements of being 83 years of age

Actually I have encountered more than my share of health problems but hopefully they are mostly behind me now.

The most critical one was neuropathy in my lower legs and feet. There doesn't seem to be any cure for it and all of the medicines designed to provide some pain relief all seem to make me nauseated; so I am just having to live with it.

Other than that, my wife and I are pretty well settled in Hilton Head in our retirement community. Other than it being a bit colder than I like, it is made for old folks!!! Don't have to do much since the community will even change our light bulbs if we ask.

One of our granddaughters will be graduating from high school this spring and a grandson will be getting married this fall and another granddaughter will be getting married probably early next year. Then, if normal things happen, there will be three Great-grandchildren in 2009.

Anyway, enclosed find some dollars to offset mailing costs and thanks for all of your efforts in preparing the *NEWS*.

Even though I recognize fewer and fewer names I do enjoy receiving and reading the Journal.

Sincerely,

Clark

JIM MOREHEAD—Pompano Beach, FL

It seems like things get better with time. It's been a rough last few years for most of us and me in particular.

You learn to live on less, a lot less, when you don't have a lot of choices. I don't think I would have done anything different after 9-11, the 2002 bankruptcy, and my United Departure in 2003. A wife who walked out without warning in 2004, and the pension termination in 2005. So I have had some excitement, most of which I could not do much about.

There are lots of jobs out there and many with eccentric bosses and low pay. Ask me. I had a few of them. But I came across a wonderful opportunity

in early December. There is a company in Anguilla that is flying Islanders to the Leeward Islands. I inquired. They were happy with me and I was happy with them. My United pay before the pay cuts for a month was about what the annual pay is here! But the working conditions are excellent. We go to St. Martin (party beach island), Antigua (beautiful island with the Major Cricket field at the airport), St. Bart's (rich and famous are here winter and all year long), St. Kitts (British island up and coming with American Airlines and Carnival cruise lines increasing service, and Nevis (another British island with a dormant volcano). We charter to other places and I took the Dakota to Montserrat which has an active volcano and is most impressive. Montserrat has lost population from 12,000 to 5,000 people with the volcano which has ruined the island and eliminated the airport and capital from use.

Ironically, I have to retire again on 3/27/08 when I turn 60. I know the rule changed in most of the world including the US to age 65. But single pilot airplanes did NOT in the British countries and their Islands. So I'll be heading back to FLL/Pompano Beach in late March. This has been a great place to spend winter and clearly different than Florida which still gets real cold fronts.

Anguilla is a small island with a runway 5400 feet long and will accommodate biz jets up to Gulfstream 5's many of which come in regularly. I had hoped to see some of the Netjets guys down here, but have not seen one yet. Anguilla is an expensive island for housing and it is a place where the rich and famous come. It has 33 beaches which are gorgeous and many are not populated. I go to one beach and see St. Martin (French) /Sint Marteen (Dutch) about 10 miles away. Usually I am the only guy on the beach all day. The waves break over the reefs and it is like Hawaii 50+ years ago. There is no road bigger than 2 lanes on the island here and about half are paved. They got electricity about 25 years ago and many of the houses had it added as you can see exposed wires stapled to the wall.

I really enjoy it and by the time you read this, I will be back to Florida.

Mom is still at St. Andrews and is doing fair. I will likely be living with her on my return almost full time. She is 84 and still likes to talk airplanes and Capital Airlines over a drink.

I would be the last UAL pilot remaining in 1969-1970 if I had stayed and had United's future looked better in 2002-2003. I have some regrets, but not very many. This job even though I know will end, has been the best retirement gift I could have had and it is far better than working at United Airlines. UAL was a part of my life that is gone and knowing so many of you have made it all worthwhile. There is more to life than big airplanes and money. (But it does help!!)

I hope you all are getting along well. I should add that the RETUP and RUFF forums (I got drafted to be moderator) are good forums for people to stay in touch and to learn about the pensions/UAL happenings, etc. The RUFF forum is for many of us to argue about politics and is just a great wide open forum with few rules.

Jim Morehead

moreheadjames@aol.com
www.moreheadtravel.com

W. E. "BILL" MOSSOP—Boulder City, NV

I just realized I have a birthday in two more days. 78, and I don't feel a day over 77. I am still blessed with good health. It's not original but if I had known I would have lasted this long I would have taken better care of myself. Retirement suits me fine. I split my time between Boulder City Nevada and the farm in Indiana. Still not enough hours in the day to do all I would like to. I put 60 hours on the Bonanza last year. I am hoping to make it 100 this year. I did one trip to Indianapolis and back last year. About eight hours with a fuel stop each way. It was fun but not very cost effective. \$800.00 for gas. Much more enjoyable than the airline alternative though.

My best to all. *Bill*

SFO 65-92

AIR CRASH INVESTIGATION - ALL ENGINES FAILED!

With unbelievable restraint, Captain Eric Moody addressed British Airways flight 009 as his Boeing 747 drifted inexorably down towards the Indian Ocean. Displaying the stiff-upper-lip spirit that built an empire, he uttered the words that are every air passenger's worst nightmare: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We have a small problem. All four engines have stopped. We are doing our damndest to get it under control. I trust you are not in too much distress.' Minutes before, while cruising at ten kilometres above the sea, Captain Moody had instructed his first officer to send a Mayday call to ground control in nearby Indonesia.

The date was June 24, 1982, and this extraordinary flight has since gone down in aviation history. As a new TV documentary investigating the so called 'Jakarta Incident' makes clear, nothing was quite as one might expect that terrible night. Incredibly, passengers and crew reacted to the captain's cataclysmic announcement not with screams and hysteria, but with an extraordinary calm as the realization that they were almost certainly sinking to their deaths hit home. Looking out of the aircraft windows, they could see that their plane was coated in an eerie white light and that the engines were on fire, with great jets of flame trailing into the sky. The cabin was now filled with a thick, sulphuric smoke, and the mighty jet bucked up and down as if it were a piece of flotsam adrift on stormy seas.

Mothers moved to comfort their children, husbands reached for their wives' hands, and air hostesses worked their way down the cabin, teaming solo passengers with a companion to accompany them into the darkest of nights.

Hours before, the BA scheduled flight had taken off from Heathrow Airport.

After the long check-in, the 263 passengers settled into their seats, ordered drinks from the cabin crew, and prepared for the flight which would take them to New Zealand via India, Malaysia and Australia. At the very back of the enormous jet, Betty Tootell made sure her 80-year-old mother, Phyl, was comfortable, and then began to read the Jane Austen novel she had bought for the journey. Brought up in Britain, the pair had emigrated to New Zealand three years earlier, and were returning after a summer holiday in suburban London. Seated in front of her, James Ferguson was on his way back from a trip to the Holy Land, and was looking forward to getting home. Some rows ahead, Charles Capewell sat with his two young boys, Chas, ten, and Stephen, seven. In a few hours, the family expected to be reunited with their mother in Perth, Australia. On the flight deck, the crew were fresh and alert. They had taken control at the last stopover in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Captain Moody had had his first taste of flying at the age of 16, when he took a gliding lesson. He was one of the first pilots ever trained on the Boeing 747. First officer Roger Greaves had been a co-pilot for more than six years, and Barry Townley-Freeman was flight engineer. As the jet flew over the Indonesian city of Jakarta, it was cruising at more than 36,000ft and had been in the air for an hour-and-a-half. Expecting an easy flight, Captain Moody checked his weather radar, which showed smooth sailing for the next 300 miles. Assured that all was well, he asked Greaves to take charge while he took a break and stretched his legs. In the cabin, chief steward Graham Skinner had observed excessive smoke in the air. Back in 1982, it was still legal to smoke on jets, and he was concerned it may have been a smoldering cigarette. In the cockpit, the flight took an unsettling turn. First Officer Greaves said: 'Barry and I were just sitting there minding the shop, pitch dark night, of course, and then we started to get these pinpricks of light on the windscreen.' His engineer, Townley-Freeman, asked whether it could be St Elmo's Fire - a natural phenomenon sometimes seen when planes fly through highly charged electric thunderclouds. The only thing was, there were no thunderclouds that night. The radar showed a clear sky. Alarmed by this turn of events, the two men were further disturbed to see, with the help of their landing lights, a thin layer of cloud surrounding their plane. Back in the cabin, a shudder of turbulence shook passengers as they slept. Breaking off from her book, Betty Tootell glanced to her left, where she had a

clear view of the port wing. 'To my surprise, it was covered in a brilliant, shimmering light,' she recalls. 'I carried on reading, but I found that I kept reading the same paragraph over and over. I then noticed that thick smoke was pouring into the cabin through the vents above the windows. I didn't know what was happening.' Neither did the crew.

They decided it was time to call their captain back to the controls. 'The smoke filling the plane smelt like a sulphuric, electrical smell,' recalls Moody. 'I went on the flight deck expecting to hear that we had some electrical smoke from the aircraft.' Suddenly, Greaves said: 'Oh my Lord.

Look at engine four! It's lit up somehow.' The captain was distracted, however: he had just noticed that the engine on his side was illuminated. Ahead of them, they appeared to be flying into a sheet of brilliant white light, and the temperature within the aircraft began to soar. Twenty-five years on, Skinner describes the scene: 'It got really, really hot,' he says.

'You were perspiring, drenched in sweat. The acrid smoke filling the cabin was at the back of your throat, up your nose, in your eyes - your eyes were running.' Most of the passengers now realized that this was no regular flight. Charles Capewell told his young sons to close the blind on his porthole, and affected an air of calm as his blood ran cold. He says: 'As young as they were, they knew we were in bad, bad trouble and they looked at me as if to say: "Well, what do we do now, Dad?"' In the absence of an explanation, the cabin crew stowed away loose items in a bustle of efficiency, offering blind reassurance to passengers in an attempt to stop the air of latent panic igniting. Chief Steward Skinner explains: 'If I was misleading them, then that was for a reason, because I didn't want them to get as upset as I felt. 'I just couldn't believe what was happening, and yet I was chatting to the passengers, saying: "Nothing to worry about. It's just a little hiccup.'" By now, the passengers could see the extent of the problem with their own eyes, however. Betty Tootell says: 'There were huge flames coming out of all four engines. You were plagued by questions: Are we going to burn to death? Are we going to choke to death on the smoke? What's causing it? What are they going to do about it?' As the fire engulfed the engines, one of them revved loudly and failed. Recalling the drill he was taught as a young pilot, Captain Moody began to shut it down. Next, engine two failed. Then the unthinkable happened. The engineer delivered the death knell: all four engines had failed. In the cabin, the most ominous sound of all filled the air: a rumbling, grating noise almost like a cement mixer, followed by total silence. Flight 009 had entered that nameless void. It was falling from the sky. Passenger Charles Capewell says: "The quietness was unbelievable. It seemed eerie and surreal, as if we were suspended in space. All we could feel was this quietness and the whimpering from the few people who were really upset." So what passes through the human mind as you stare death in the face? The passengers of Flight 009 offer a unique glimpse.

Tootell, who has written a book, *All Four Engines Have Failed*, on passengers' response to their near death experiences, recalls: "The atmosphere in the cabin was very tense and very quiet. At first, it was raw fear and disbelief, and then after a while it turned to acceptance. We knew we were going to die." In the cockpit, the crew fought to control the giant glider that the 747 had become. Greaves radioed a Mayday warning to Jakarta control.

Initially, they failed to understand the message - seemingly unable to comprehend such a catastrophe. He repeated the warning, in the international format drilled into every flight crew: "Mayday, Mayday. Jakarta control. Speedbird nine. We have lost all four engines. Repeat, all four engines. Now descending through flight level 3-5-0." Even without its engines, a 747 can travel forward ten miles for every 1,000ft (More like ten miles for every 3000ft-TBN) falls in altitude. With no power, flight 009 had begun a long, excruciatingly slow fall. The crew realized they had less than half an hour before they hit the sea.

Moody says: 'When all engines stop, you go into automatic mode. Obviously, we had practiced this on the simulator many, many times.' He began the standard engine restart drill, and decided to turn the crippled craft back towards the closest airport, just outside Jakarta - but a quick calculation told him that they would

not make it without at least one functioning engine. As pressure within the cabin fell, oxygen masks dropped from the ceiling - an automatic emergency measure to make up for the lack of air. But some did not work. Moody took drastic action: to prevent his passengers dying of oxygen starvation, he went into a nosedive, dropping 6,000ft in one minute, to an altitude where there was enough oxygen in the outside atmosphere to fill the cabin once more. And quite unexpectedly, this action almost certainly saved the lives of every person on board. Suddenly, engine four roared back into life. As the plane fell past 13,000ft, another engine came back into action, followed by the other two.

The crew were euphoric, though when one of the four engines failed again, their fears continued. With three engines operational, the plane closed in on the airport. But its problems were far from over. Moody could see nothing outside - the windshield glass had been damaged. Landing equipment on the ground which could help them was not working, and the crew had to land the plane manually. With consummate skill, the pilot guided the aircraft to a perfect landing. 'The airplane seemed to kiss the earth,' recalls Moody. 'It was beautiful.' Safely on the ground, passengers hugged each other and applauded the crew. But what had happened? How had all four engines failed?

The result of a forensic investigation into the incident was to change pilot training around the world. Engineers at Rolls-Royce found that the engines had seized up because the plane had flown through a cloud of volcanic ash.

There had been an eruption of the Mount Galunggung volcano southeast of Jakarta that day. Wind had blown a cloud of ash into the path of the plane and the finely ground particles of rock had sandblasted the aircraft and choked its engines. The volcanic cloud did not show up on the radar because it was composed of very dry material, unlike weather systems which are detected by their water particles. By dropping into clear, denser air, the crew's efforts to restart the engines paid off, as the volcanic material was blown free.

Tom Casadevall, director of the U.S. Geological Survey, says: 'We've incorporated this learning into training. Pilots now know to look for signs including the odour of sulphur in the cabin and frictional electrification on the leading edges.' In the months following their brush with death, the crew of flight BA 009 were showered with awards and commendations. With passengers, they formed the Galunggung gliding club, which enables survivors to stay in touch to this day. And there was one happy postscript. Now 81, Betty Tootell went on to marry James Ferguson, the man who sat in the row in front of her. 'Life is full of surprises,' she says, from her home near Auckland, New Zealand. 'James and I married 13 years ago and we feel we're still on honeymoon. That night, I learned to count every day as a bonus.'

Air Crash Investigation - All Engines Failed! is on National Geographic Channel, February 5, at 9pm.

Frank and Ernest/Bob Thaves



GEORGE & JUNE NOLLY—Castle Rock, CO

February, 2007: So there I was, doing the retired-without-a-pension thing, sitting in the back end of a FlightSafety simulator, when my cell phone rang. “Are you interested in being a 777 Captain in India?” I stifled my original impulse and asked them to send further information via email. Fast forward two months and I was in Mumbai for six weeks of indoctrination training at Jet Airways. It turned out the age limit in India is 65, and Jet had just purchased a few billion dollars worth of brand-new 777-300ER’s and needed experienced Captains to fly them.

The job is like the good old days of airline flying in the U.S. For starters, the pay on an after-tax basis is more than United Captains currently make. Airline Captain in India is at the very TOP of the social scale, and we are treated like gold. The stewardesses (you heard me right) are incredibly deferential and accommodating, and remain immaculately coiffed even at the end of a 10-hour flight. They need to be: they get no-notice appearance inspections before and after trips. They’re all young and attractive, and are paid more than Indian physicians.

Jet currently flies from Mumbai and Delhi to Brussels and London; and from Brussels to Newark and JFK. Fortunately, I’m now on a 9-day-on/8-day-off cycle flying pretty much exclusively out of New York to Brussels and back. Next month we start SFO-Shanghai service. The company provides full-fare coach tickets for round-trip transportation to/from home. I feel incredibly fortunate to have been in the right place at the right time, and having the right ratings, currency and health. While I only have 2 years left until I’m once again too “old” to fly as an airline pilot, the job at Jet has given me the opportunity to get my fill of a job I still love and dig my way out of the financial mess caused by poor planning on my part and treachery on United’s.

I’d like to once again thank the “folders and stuffers” and everyone who makes this organization work. Every issue of *RUPANEWS* is really a walk down memory lane. Sadly, the back pages seem to get more crowded. We’re quickly losing our heroes from the Greatest Generation. My favorite bumper sticker reads, “If you can read this, thank a teacher. If you can read this in English, thank a vet”. Thanks, guys.

George and June Nolly

TIMOTHY G O’DONNELL—Sarasota, FL

Hello, everyone! This has been a “not so good” year for me. Having symptoms of shortness of breath and physical weakness, I started undergoing tests in 2006 to determine the cause. I had a colonoscopy, bone MRI’s, cardiac catheterization, endoscopy, sleep test, and various lung tests, ending with an open-lung biopsy last September.

They found I had the disease of Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis. Idiopathic means the cause is unknown. Since they don’t know what causes it, they don’t know how to treat it. Thus it is “incurable.” Remaining life span depends on how well my body resists the advance of the disease.

I’m on oxygen 24 hours a day now and unable to do much more than take care of myself. My biggest regret is the downside my disease must be bringing my new bride of 18 months. But she presents a very positive attitude which buoys my spirit and makes this restricted life of mine a joy. My next strongest “birthday-wish” is that I’ll be here and able to write RUPA a birthday letter next year.

As always, sincerest thanks to all you good people who keep the RUPA group going and the *RUPANEWS* coming.

The check is in the mail and, until next year, best wishes to all. *Tim O’Donnell*

KENT & CHRIS O’BRIEN — Camarillo, CA
LAX 66-99

Greetings to Ted and All.

Chris and I sure do enjoy retirement. Just prior to leaving good old United we sold our two story home in Westlake Village and moved to a one story ranch in the Santa Rosa Valley of Camarillo. I had both knees replaced (not at one time) and also a hip. That two story home had to go. Also had a bout with spinal stenosis. After numerous spinal injections I was forced to see a spine surgeon. In October of '07 he placed what is called the X-Stop in the lumbar area of my back and all the pain was gone.

We now have five grandchildren. Three boys by our son Scott (lives five properties from us) and two girls by son Michael (with another on the way, sex unknown) They live in Sacramento area.

I spend many days at the Camarillo Airport flying and working on my two airplanes. Have a Piper

Aztec and a RV-8 that I finished and flew for the first time in August of 2001.

On Saturday the 8th of December my son Scott was called out to fly what is called the Fantasy Flight out of LAX. It was filled with children of all ages. Also some employees were on board.

United donated the airplane, fuel, cabin attendants and flight crew. Scott was on the cell phone to me in flight ops. And was able to give me a push back time. I then took off from Camarillo with Nate Hall in the back seat and held over the Ventura Marina. Scott departed LAX, leveled at 4,000 feet, slowed it down to 160 kts. And flew up the coast line past Malibu to Pt. Magu where he picked me up on TCAS. We were

communicating on air-to-air frequency. When I had him in sight I dropped over the top to his left side and we flew a loose formation up the coastline to Santa Barbara. What a



thrill it was to have my son flying the 747-400 with me along side in the RV-8. It is also a 747 that I had flown in days gone by. A once in a lifetime event for both of us. He will be leaving the 747 in January as he has a Capt. bid on the 767.

Many thanks for all the work you guys do. We enjoy the *RUPANEWS* very much.

Best regards to all, *Kent*

JAMES W OXLEY—Sonora, CA

Hi, Here I am, still able to write you a few lines and send my yearly dues. I can't believe I'm 89 this month, can't figure out why I'm still around. Apparently the man upstairs has a reason. Haven't been on any trips, just keeping the homestead in order.

Thanks to all who take part in putting out the *RUPANEWS*. Again, much thanks. *Jim*

GENE PAQUETTE - Scottsdale, AZ

Life is still going well for me health-wise and otherwise. All the moving around from base to base with the airlines must have toughened me up!

I only rode on one space available trip this past year, and it wasn't a great experience and is something I intend to avoid in the future. I did ride another airline on a ticket, and it went well.

Much of my spare time is spent visiting family and friends; and accomplishing as many "Honey Does" as possible.

Irish music has become my favorite passion. For the past 5½ years I have been studying music, and learning to play my 12 Irish whistles that range in size from 8" to 26". Using music at gigs isn't considered professional, so all our tunes must be memorized. This is getting more and more difficult as time passes, and the number of tunes exceeds 150. Lest you wonder how a Frenchman became interested in Irish music, my mother was Irish.

I play at Fibber Magee's Irish Pub every Sunday, and do various other gigs when they're available. I also play country music at a few different locations. If you get out my way, and would like to hear some traditional Irish, or Country music give me a call. 480-220-2878.

Gene DCA, PIT, EWR, MSP, MDW, ORD, LAX, DEN 57-94

JAY PLANK—Hillsborough, CA

Hi, Ted:

Scroll back to 1943. The ATC (Air Transport Command) and United Crews flying the South Pacific and Alaska runs.

My first flights were in the cargo version of B-24's called C-87's. We later got the "new" DC-4's or C-54's. Crew's were 5 man; Capt. Co-Pilot, Flight Engineer, Navigator and Radio Operator. Co-Pilots were normally assigned to a Captain for six months while the rest of the crew stayed with the Captain for the duration. My first trip was with Sid Nelson-great pilot and FAST taxier. At military fields a "Follow Me" jeep would meet you at the arrival end of the runway and lead you to your parking spot. Sid would taxi right up to the back of the jeep and enjoyed seeing the PANIC look on the driver's face when he looked around to see this huge aircraft right on his "tail". We stayed in temporary tents or barracks in the Islands. One morning (about 2:00 a.m.) a young 2nd Lt. rushed into Sid's tent and shook him awake--shouting "Captain Nelson-Captain Nelson- didn't that boy wake you up". Sid's legendary comment-"Lieutenant, you are the first BOY I've seen this morning". Many interesting flights to the South Pacific till the War's end.

Fast forward 65 years. I have switched to a Mac lap-top and the Apple fellows are trying to teach an old "DOG" new tricks. I'm slowly catching on.

My Dear Clare has dementia and I'm reading a most appropriate book called "The 36 hour day". It's a labor of Love.

Thanks, Ted for all your work. Check's in the mail to Bruce.

Best Wishes, *Jay* 43/81

JOHN C. RAINS—Morristown, VT

Margie and I are very happily settled in Morristown, VT, just up the road from Stowe. In fact, it's only 9 miles to the Stowe Mountain quad ski lift from our door. Having said that, you would think I get to the mountain every day it's open. The truth is that having a season's pass makes it easy to say "it's too cold, it's too windy, it's too cloudy", etc. and I tend to wait for "it's just perfect". The skiing this year has been exceptional so I have been on the mountain a lot.

It is a rather relaxed environment up here in the North Country. We love our home and our view is unbelievably beautiful. We're both active in our church and in the community. We take the occasional trip to visit our kids in Maryland and they come to see us when they can. We do get on airplanes some, always hoping everything will go smoothly this time. My health is still good seven years after retirement and I still enjoy a jog or two weekly summer and winter. I'm thankful for that and try not to take it for granted.

Margie and I have fallen in love with Tuscany. Last year we made two trips back to a marvelous little villa we discovered in Panzano. It's 3 kilometers outside the village and is surrounded by vineyards and olive groves. Just getting up in the morning, opening the patio doors, and watching the light change on the vineyards is all we need to start a wonderful day. In May we will be going back and because we will be staying longer we are taking our little toy poodle Charlie with us. We are working on our Italian. Can't wait.

Retirement is agreeing with us.

John

211 Allan Ridge Rd., Morristown, VT 05661
802-888-1530
DCA 767 Capt retired 3/1/01

ROBERT W. RINEHART—Los Gatos, CA

Hi Ted, enclosed is \$50 for the next two years. Thanks again for everything you and your staff do.

I've been retired for 5 years now, flying my last trip to SYD on the 400 in Jan 03.

I went right back to my general aviation roots and have been a Cessna Citation captain flying part 91/135 out of the Bay Area. My wife (31 wonderful years) Terry retired from DAL in 04 as a 767 captain, and is now flying a corporate 767 in the Bay Area also. Three kids graduated from college, two in commercial aviation (son Justin with Express Jet in ONT, daughter Kelly a Citation pilot in SBA). Daughter Lauren (Kelly's twin) is an event planner (also a pvt pilot) with a sports company in SFO. Our kids are close, our health is great, life is good (except when the PBGC check comes in-that sucks).

I'm grateful for everyday above ground.

Bob (SFO 1969-2003)

DICK & WILMA RUSSELL—Daytona Beach, FL

Dear Ted:

Not much new to report. Wilma and I continue to enjoy good health, tennis, bridge, travel, cruises, barbershop harmony, formation flying in the T-34B. It has been 18 years and we don't believe it can get much better. Both sons are UAL B-777 Captains in LAX, Daughter-in-Law UAL A-320 F/O in LAX, Daughter UAL F/A in LHR.

Dick - '55-'90 DCA-NYC-LAX-SFO-LAX

Dick Russell rrussell20@cfl.rr.com
Home 386-760-6188 Cell 386-405-6226
Spruce Creek Fly-In Daytona Beach, FL

JIM SHIPP—Battleground, WA

The calendar shows another year has slipped by. I will start this annual update with what the Tilton gang, with help from the active pilot group, cost me in retirement money. I was fortunate to have just over 36 years and a new contract at retirement, Jan. 2001. My monthly income from qualified and non-qual was \$10,083 per month. At this time it is \$4,180. I do miss the extra \$5,903 per month. My statement about the active pilot group was based on the fact that the majority of us retirees put our careers on the line to keep B scale benefits and pay from happening to you.

Now, continuing to our activities for the year. No real health issues as yet. We took our twin diesel trawler boat North once more. Started North in early May and spent the whole summer cruising Southeast Alaska. The scenery was spectacular, and more bear sightings than expected. Lots of whale activity and we put plenty of halibut and salmon in the freezer. We are getting the boat ready for next summers cruising in the inland waterway in British Columbia. We usually return to the Columbia River in late September.

My flying medical went by the wayside due to a small stroke a few years ago, even though there are no effects from it. The FAA just asks way too much in testing to bother to get my medical back. Never tell them suckers! I still have my Supercub, however it is just sitting in the hangar. I guess I just hate to part with my last attachment to aviation. Naty and I still count our blessings, even with the loss of so much pension money, to be able to continue a lifestyle that has so much enjoyment. I really do miss being able to fly the -400, and sometimes I wonder if that really happened, as now I am totally cut off from any part of my previous career. It was really an honor to be able to fly with so many fine pilots. Thank all of you that I had the pleasure to fly with.

Jim ...SFOFO DC-6 and Convair to 747-400

BERNIE STERNER—Chicago, IL Mdw, Ord
All is well in the Chi area. I just had my no. 80 this month; which reminds me that when I was born a male child would live to the age of 58. A male child born today will live to the age of 76. That sure speaks well for medical science. I can hear PBGC guys saying when is that guy going to die or fly West. I haven't done anything exciting to report on in this last year. Our Chicago area luncheons are well attended with about 50 guests which makes a good group. The dates you have listed in the RUPA news are correct; however, the location is no longer Itasca CC but should be listed as the Wellington Restaurant, 2121 S Arlington Heights Rd., Arlington Heights, IL. I have fond memories of Itasca CC because W.A. Patterson would talk to our Flt.Ops. meetings there. I can still hear him saying, "I'll just speak for a few minutes" but the pilots would still be asking him questions an hour later. Both the pilots and Pat were very happy about that. Boy, that was an era never to be forgotten. Well time to sign off. *Bernie*

BOB & LINDA TANONS—Blaine, WA

Hi Ted,

This is Linda (Bob's wife), Bob is out kicking tires with the boys today, so thought I would drop a note and let you know he is doing just great. I keep telling him to write and he said he would some day. So what the heck I will do it for him. As you know he spent 9 years working on his boat and finally said that is enough. Which was a good thing, now we get to play more golf. Which I might add he is getting quite good at. My solution is new technology and the credit card. I am telling you it works wonders! Hope this finds everyone doing well too. Sincerely *Linda & Bob Tanons*

[Linda: We can do Works, too. BruceM, Sec/Tr]

KEN WHITE—Hygiene, CO

Howdy Bruce...

Got your Birthday Greetings letter yesterday and of course I apologize for being so tardy in sending in the usual dues for the RUPA newsletter.

This is the 1 note I've sent the newsletter since my retirement in 2000 so probably should fill in a couple of blanks.

My wife was discovered to have cancer a couple of months before I retired and we launched into that medical chasm with gusto, undergoing the usual chemo/radiology treatments. I was able to take her along as a cockpit visitor on my last round trip flight to SEA and back, which we both thoroughly enjoyed. (Don't tell anyone.)

For a few years I was involved in building a Glasair III kit plane, partly here in Longmont and partly in Reno. It's been a very interesting adventure, and I flew the airplane out of Reno Stead on its maiden voyage in 2003, spending 40 hours in test flights to satisfy the FAA and (not least) myself as to its soundness. I flew it home in April of 2004, where it eventually developed gear problems none of which ended in gear-up landings... so far.

Long story short, we traveled on the road stateside with a couple of Maui jaunts until 2006, when we basically stayed home to take care of Anu's medical requirements. She died last September 5th after seven years battling cancer. She was my good buddy and we enjoyed those last years together. I enjoy reading the newsletter and appreciate the work done by the RUPA group.

Ken White, last seen at DENFO

TOM WORKINGER—Crystal Lake, IL

Well, I made the big 80; 20 years since parking the DC-10 at C23. I still enjoy volunteering at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago and also being a docent at the Pima Air and Space Museum in Tucson. I have been very fortunate in my life; flying good airplanes like the F8F Bearcat, various Navy jets, DC6, B737, DC8 and the DC10. I can still get into my Navy uniform and the UAL uniform. I am still on my first wife, and Beverly and I still brave the pass travel occasionally. I haven't rented an airplane in the last two years but I hope get checked out again soon. Many thanks to the volunteers at RUPA

Tom MDW/ORD '55-'88

IN MEMORIAM

LEWIS HOFFMAN BRUBAKER

Lewis was born to Alvah and Ida Brubaker on March 10, 1921 - the sixth of twelve children and the only one born in a hospital. He grew up on a ranch outside of Glenrock, Wyoming. He was a National Honor Society student in high school, but all of his siblings say he only got by on his grin.

After graduation. Lew went east to enlist in the Army Air Corps. During WWII, he served in the Pacific Theater and, afterwards, was hired by United Airlines to fly out of Chicago Midway. A stewardess named Carol caught his eye and they were married a year later.

During his 36-year career with UAL, Lew flew the DC3, Convair, DC4, DC6, DC7, Caravelle, Boeing 720, DC8, and finished his career on the wide-body DC10. Lew retired in 1981. He received many commendations from United, mainly because of the way he conversed with passengers and made them feel at ease.

Lew and Carol constructed their own four bedroom home in the woods outside of Lockport, IL, where they raised three sons and two daughters. The family enjoyed camping trips, traveling, boating, water skiing, snow skiing, skating and having Lew thump them on their heads when they needed it. Lew became interested in golf, gardening, lapidary, bridge, and deer hunting in Wyoming each fall. He

served on the school board, was on the church Board of Deacons, enjoyed singing in the choir and was a volunteer fireman. After retiring from United, Lew bought a motor home because he said he wanted to see the country from the ground.

In 1987, Lew and Carol moved permanently to Spanish Wells in Bonita Springs, FL. For the past twenty years, they've enjoyed golf, Florida sunshine, playing cards and having fun with Florida friends.

Lew always enjoyed visits from his kids and grandkids.

Lew is survived by his loving wife Carol (61 years of marriage); 3 sons, 2 daughters, 13 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

LEWIS "LEW" BRUBAKER

Passed away on February 3rd, 2008

He served in the Air Force in WWII and was a pilot for United Airlines until 1981, flying out of Chicago.

After retirement he and his wife Carol moved to Bonita Springs, Florida.

He was a long time member of the RUAEA SW/ Florida Pelican Drop-Ins Chapter.

A Memorial Service was held on Thursday, February 7th at the First Presbyterian Church of Bonita Springs

Condolences can be sent to:

Carol Brubaker
9860 White Sands Place SE
Bonita Springs, Florida 34135-6879
(239) 947-1119

OLE CHRISTEANSEN

Ole Christeansen, formerly of ORDFO passed away on February 9, '08. Ole started his flying in the Danish Air Force, later came to United, and flew until a stroke ended his flying as a B-727 captain. He later contracted Parkinson's disease, which was the cause of his death. He lived many of his retired years in Ashland, Oregon, and later was moved to a home in Medford, Oregon. His wife, Alice still resides in Ashland

JAMES W. CLARK

I was stunned and deeply saddened by the news of the passing of Captain Jim Clark on January 29th.

Jim and I met in New Hire School way back then, and remained fast friends ever since.

Some years ago, Jim was facing critical medical problems, so severe that I think most of us would have just hung it up and taken a medical retirement.

That was not Jim's way. He fought his way back to health, recovered his FAA ticket, convinced UAL Medical he was fit and returned to the line to fly right up to his 60th birthday.

The courage and resolve he displayed in overcoming daunting health problems was huge. Jim accomplished this with never a complaint or a "why me" attitude. In my book, Jim was a man who led a noble life.

Sincerely,

Bob Moore LAXFO

WILLIAM SHERMAN EBERSOLE

William Sherman Ebersole died at his home in Issaquah on January 18, 2008. He was 71.

He was born May 2, 1936 in Wenatchee, to Gordon Keith and Leila Tobey Ebersole.

Bill graduated from the University of Maryland and served as a major in the U.S. Marine Corps. He flew helicopters in the Marine Corps and flew as a captain for United Airlines until his retirement in 1996.

He is survived by his wife of 35 years, Cindy Ann Ebersole; five children, Elizabeth L. Ebersole and Gordon Keith Ebersole, both of Annapolis, MD, Brian S. Law, of San Dimas, CA, and Michael D. Ebersole and Kirsten L. Noble, both of Maple Valley; four grandchildren; his mother Leila Ebersole, of Decatur, AL; brothers Michael M. Ebersole and James G. Ebersole, of Gent, WV; and sisters Susan L. Tom, of Decatur, Ala., and Jean M. Payne, of Lakewood, CO.

He will be missed dearly by his family and friends

KEN C. MYERS—UAL Ret. (1974)

Ken passed away at his home in Haywood, VA on December 23, 2007 at age 93. He had not had any serious illnesses but complained that he didn't feel well for a couple of days before he passed away. His cause of death was called cardio/pulmonary arrest. Since the loss of his second wife, Maureen, in 1999, he had been living on his own in the country, still driving and even mowing 5 acres of grass through the summer. He thoroughly enjoyed his career with the airlines and looked forward to reading the *RUPANEWS*. We heard many stories of his flying experiences and of the many friends he had at Capital and United. Here is a summary of his career in his words.

"I enlisted in U.S.A.F reserve in 1942 and was ordered to Souther Field in Americus, Georgia where I spent two years as a flight instructor and was discharged in 1944 from the Air Force. Then I was hired by Capital Airlines in 1944 for 15 years and was merged with United Airlines for another 15 years, giving me a 30 year stint with the airlines. I was so fortunate to be able to make a career out of what I loved to do."

Ken C. Myers

submitted by Ken's son, Larry and daughter-in-law, Marilyn Myers of Tucson, AZ



Moontown Airport News
By George Myers January 2008

K.C. FLIES WEST BY GEORGE MYERS

I have often mentioned my uncle K.C. when writing my articles. Kenneth C. Myers, a PCA, Capital and United Captain, passed away from heart failure on 23 Dec. 2007. I have seen K.C. maybe 15 times in my life but we have communicated by mail on a regular basis for the past 20 years. He often talked about flying the "Tobacco Road" from DCA to HSV and beyond back in his Capital days. Uncle K.C. took me for my first airplane ride in his 1940 Taylorcraft when I was about 2 years old. That ride made a huge impression and helped lead me to my career as a pilot, aerospace engineer and airport/FBO operator. I saw him a few times when he landed a DC-3 at Morgantown Airport and at occasional family gatherings. I was always impressed when he landed the DC-3 on Morgantown's 3500 feet long

runway. It was always three-point, without a bounce, and he used less than half of the runway.



Figure 2: Capital DC-3 landing at Morgantown

He also made a few approaches at Morgantown on Viscount training flights. I sometimes talked to him over the "company radio" when he flew by. He flew over our home in New Martinsville at night in the Viscount and would turn landing light on. We signaled him with a super flashlight and he responded

K.C. was another of what Tom Brokaw called the Great Generation. He served WWII as a contract school flight instructor. He trained hundreds, perhaps thousands of pilots in the war effort, and in Boeing Kade Pennsylvania Central Airlines after the war. PCA became Capital and later merged into United Airlines. He flew the Douglas DC-3, Su 3, DC-4, Lockheed Constellation, Vickers Viscount, Sud Caravelle and finished up flying the Douglas DC-8-62. Figure 2: Flight Instructor K.C. Myers



Figure 2: Flight Instructor K.C. Myers



Figure 3: Captain K. C. off to Honolulu

A photograph appeared in Life Magazine back in 1958 or '59 showing K.C. and 65 other Capital Airlines' million mile jet pilots made possible by Capital's purchase of 50 Vickers Viscounts. My uncle said it was a great plane but Capital was overextended with the purchase and that led to their merger into United. Figure 3: Captain K. C.

off to Honolulu

I have flown the Mooney to visit K.C. in Culpepper, VA after his retirement. I offered to let him fly but he always declined. He would sit in the cockpit and admired the way it was equipped. As far as I know, he never flew an airplane after he retired but did continue to hang around the local airport. I will miss him.

JAMES A. (JIM) WOLLER (UAL's First Navigator)

James A. (Jim) Woller passed away peacefully on January 26, 2008. Jim is survived by his son Charles R. Woller, daughter Wendy McCulloch and four grandchildren

Jim's amazing life began November 9, 1917 in Chicago, Illinois. From 1935 to 1942 he worked for Carnegie Steel where he was involved in the birth of the steelworkers union.

Jim sailed the Great Lakes through the Jackson Park Yacht Club in Chicago from 1935 to 1941. In 1942 Jim attended Marine Navigation School at USC and soon after was the first navigator hired by United Airlines. He instructed other newly hired United navigators at Boeing School of Aeronautics from 1942 -1943.

On September 23, 1942. Jim navigated the first transpacific flight for United under contract to the Air Transport Command. He navigated from that time until the termination of the Air Transport Command contract on January 15, 1947.

Jim flew United's commercial routes from San Francisco/Los Angeles to Honolulu on DC 4's, DC 6's, Boeing Stratocruisers, DC 7's and DC 8's. He flew for United under the Military Air Command through the WW II, Korean and Vietnam wars with a total flight time of over 21,500 hours until his retirement in 1975.

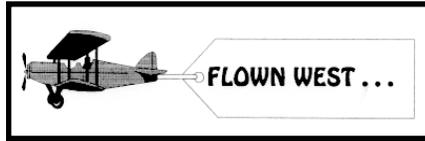
Jim's first love was yacht racing. He navigated eight transpacific crossings under sail, numerous sailing trips to Mexico, holding the elapsed time record at the time for the Acapulco and Mazatlan Races. He was awarded the first to finish Navigators trophy by the Japanese Maritime Academy in the 1961 Honolulu Race, and the Schooner *Mistress* first to finish trophy in the 1966 Newport to Bermuda Race. Jim sailed in two Bermuda Races, two Block Island Races, the Off Sounding Series on Long Island Sound, three

Southern Ocean Racing Circuits from Florida to the Bahamas, two trips from the East Coast through the Panama Canal to the West Coast, and numerous Trans-pacific races to Honolulu and Tahiti.

Tim was a Past member of the Newport Harbor, Balboa and Bahia Corinthian Yacht Clubs, Hawaii Yacht Club and Transpacific Yacht Club where he served for many years as Weather Chairman.

His ashes will be interred with his beloved wife Ruth at a later date.

Aloha, Jim Woller



KENNETH C. "K.C." MYERS	12/23/2007
WILLIAM SHERMAN EBERSOLE	01/18/2008
JAMES A. "JIM" WOLLER	01/26/2008
JAMES W. "JIM" CLARK	01/29/2008
LEWIS HOFFMAN "LEW" BRUBAKER	02/03/2008
DAVID FIELD TOMKINS	02/08/2008
OLE CHRISTEANSEN	02/09/2008



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 Wed. PHX Roadrunners— *Please call for directions* - 480-948-1612
2nd Thu. Oct-Apr. SE FL Gold Coast— *Flaming Pit* - 561-272-1860
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—*Wellington Restaurant, Arlington Heights* – 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

Deadline: March 19, 2008

Mailing: April 2, 2008



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