
rupanews



Journal of the Retired United Pilots Association



IN THIS ISSUE

President's Message
About the Cover
Local Reports

Page 3
Page 4
Page 4-10

Articles
Letters
In Memoriam
Calendar

Page 6-14
Page 15-25
Page 25-26
Page 28

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER

On May 24th, Marie and I boarded a plane in Portland, Maine for Portland, Oregon in order to attend the RUAEA Convention. Because we had positive space tickets, the trip was stress free.

We spent a total of 4 days in Portland. We took a tour to Mt. Hood on Wednesday, a tour to Mt. St. Helen on Thursday and a luncheon cruise on the Willamette River on Friday. The weather was overcast, misty and cold so we did not get to see the top of Mt. Hood or the crater at Mt. St. Helen, but they were both very interesting and informative tours. Friday morning, I attended the President's breakfast. Ron Bertacini, the President of RUAEA was our host. The attendees included past presidents, regional directors, local chairmen, the VP of Areca, the President of Clipped wings, and me representing RUPA. I learned that the local chapters operate in the same manner as our local chapters. They have monthly luncheons and many are involved in charities. Special Olympics is a favorite, especially for the Clipped Wings. If you know of any RUAEA members, ask them to invite you to their luncheon. You will be pleasantly surprised by the reception you will receive. I would like to thank all those at the convention who made Marie and me feel right at home.

I am still receiving many e-mails about the new pass policy that range from acceptance to outrage. I am even receiving copies of e-mails between members who disagree with each other. Everyone is entitled to an opinion and if you feel the need to express yours, you are well within your right. If you disagree with an opinion, I ask that you refrain from engaging in a personal debate. We are trying to present a unified position with regard to our concerns about the pass policy. All the issues that have been raised have been presented to WHQ. As of June 11th, there has been no response; however, there is a plan for another meeting of the retiree groups at the end of June. Those attending are in complete agreement that the change in boarding priority and the change from date of hire to length of service will be at the top of the agenda. Nothing is going to happen overnight so I ask for your patience. Stay active, *Ron*

SONOMA'S ANNUAL GUPPY GATHERING

The annual Guppy Gathering will be at the Sonoma town square on Wednesday, September 28 from 11:00 to 3:00. Please mark your calendars and let Jan Wheadon (janicewheadon@aol.com) know if you'd like to come. Hope to see you there. We had a great time last year! *Jan*

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ABOUT THE COVER

We thank Bob Burns of NASA for this month's cover picture along with his following comments about it.

Back during my working days, here is the Space Shuttle "Challenger" (OV-099) on the Boeing 747 Shuttle Carrier Aircraft (SCA) being towed out at Dryden Flight Research Center, Edwards, California in preparation for a flight back to Kennedy Space Center, Florida. The "Challenger" (Mission STS-51B) had just completed 7 days in orbit with Spacelab-3 as its payload. I would be flying with the Pathfinder aircraft, Boeing KC-135A, NASA 930, also known as the "Vomit Comet", back to Kennedy Space Center.

On this particular flight we were able to get back to Florida with only one refueling stop. Due to limitations with the Shuttle systems, the B747 is limited to a max service ceiling of 15,000ft, and consequently results in using a lot more fuel.

This also makes accurate weather forecasts a prime factor in flight planning. Flying through bad weather isn't an option when hauling the Orbiter. Using the KC-135A as a Pathfinder, we flew approximately 15 minutes in front of the B-747 to determine exact weather conditions. In addition, we were responsible for the security aspects of the flight. Our fuel stop was at Kelly AFB, San Antonio, Texas, and due to our departure time at Edwards, we elected to RON. Both legs of our flight were uneventful, and we landed at the Shuttle Landing Facility (SLF) at Kennedy Space Center the following day.



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Ironically, Astronaut Dick Scobee was our Check Pilot for the B-747. Dick was the Commander of the "Challenger's next flight, STS-51L, that ended in fiery disaster on January 28, 1986. *Bob Burns* NASA

DENVER GOOD OL' BOYS RUPA LUNCHEON

The May meeting in DEN occurred on a delightful late spring day and a good turnout eventuated. Happy hour was its usual rousing success, and the bell sounded somewhere around noon.

The vittles met the expectations of most, and worked out so that everyone was served. When lunch was mostly gone the humble coordinator delivered the obligatory attempt at humor. It seemed to elicit a few chuckles (tough crowd).

During the Boring Business Meeting there was considerable discussion about the new combined airline pass policy. The consensus was that we former UAL types have little to be cheerful about.

It was reiterated that if any haven't written President Smisek, they ought to.

The final flights west of Robert (Bob) Cooley and Bud Karcher were duly noted.

Plans were made to query whether the former Continental pilots would desire to consolidate with us for our monthly convocations. We've not had many additions to our number since the retirement age was raised.

Those who could make the grand event included; Russ Ward, Tom Hess, Al Dorsey, Mack Connley, Bernie Stoecker, Bill Hanson, Richard Shipman, Carl Harder, Denis Getman, Jack Davis, Stanley Boehm, Bob Blessin, Bill Fife, Claire Fife, Bill Hoygaard, Eve Hoygaard, Ed Riehl, Rick Madsen, Don Johnson, Larry Walters, Casey Walker, Duane Searle, Jim Reid, Cliff Lawson, Susan Hytinen, Hal Meyer, Ed Cutler, A.J. Hartzler, David Horwitz, Joe Collard, Charles Fellows, Ray Bowman, George Maize, and the scribe, Ted Wilkinson.

SEATTLE GOONEY BIRDS

Ten non-golfers showed up on the first nice day of the year for lunch with their RUPA buddies. It was a nice group around one table and the conversation was pleasant and the food was good as always, especially the clam chowder. A couple of jokes were told and we adjourned after a good time with old friends.

In attendance: Dave Carver, Herb Breivik, Jim Barber, Fred Sindlinger, Jim Chilton, Chuck Westphal, Rex Joseph, Ray Hanson, Dick Anderson, and Bill Brett.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER GEEZER'S LUNCHEON

A small group of retired United pilots and Ray Reed, who are known as the "Columbia River Geezers," met at the Macaroni Grill in Clackamas Oregon on May 18: 4 retired UAL Captains and in addition the gentleman who use to keep us all out of trouble (at least he did me anyway) when he was a crew desk person in LAXFO and an FOSR in PDXOO Mr. Raymond Reed. We all had a good time reminiscing and telling stories about the good old days. Lots of discussion regarding our newly proposed pass policy was battered about also.



From left to right are: Tom Kruger, SFOFO, Ray Reed, PDXOO, Ron Blash, HNLFO, Bill Englund, SFOFO, and Ron Lyall, SFOFO.

Oh!, by the way, Tony Passannante was absent from our meeting as he was away on the Oregon Coast "surfing" with a group of gals.

Hope to see more retired types at our next meeting, which will be held again at the Clackamas, Oregon, Macaroni Grill on Wednesday, July 20, 2011, at 1100.

Regards, Ron Blash, 503-636-3612 and Tony Passannante, 503-658-3860

THE CLEVELAND CRAZIES LUNCHEON

The Cleveland Crazies monthly meeting was held at TJ's Restaurant in Wooster, Ohio on Thursday, May 19th. We had a good turnout of eleven members and guests but our fearless leader was on another luxurious cruise somewhere in the Mediterranean. Those present where: Ken Wheeler and his son Bill, Don Karaiskos, Gene White, Bob Olsen, Jim Burrill, Dick Sanders, Dick and JoAnne Orr, George Bleyle, and Phil Jach.

We had a lively discussion on many topics and a good time was had by all. Ken Wheeler did not have his usual joke for us. He brought more than enough jokes to keep us all laughing for a long time. Of course this was complemented by stories and jokes from Dick Sanders, Dick Orr, Don Karaiskos and Gene White.

On the serious side we discussed the new pass policy and how it will affect all of us who still use passes. Most of us are not pleased with the policy to say it politely.

Our next meeting will be at Rich McMakins home on June 4th and there will be no third Thursday meeting in June. We were reminded of the Captain's Cup Golf Outing in memory of Ed Griffith on July 16th. The tee times are now from noon until 2:00 pm and all are welcome. Cheers, *Phil Jach*



United Airlines Historical Foundation

"Preserving the Past, Inspiring the Future"



United's Thorp Hiscock was the genius who pioneered the first practical wing de-icers, propeller pitch controls and other devices that brought Boeing and United to the forefront of precision flying. His most noteworthy achievement was finding the answer to radio communications between the ground and aircraft.

Hiscock served in World War I and after the war he became a representative for Western Electric Company in Yakima, Washington. Hiscock married Bill Boeing's sister-in-law, becoming one of Boeing's few close friends. One evening they were discussing a plane that had been forced down by a local storm. Boeing exclaimed **"Everyone knew about the storm but the pilot!"** and said that they needed a way to talk to the pilots while they were in the air during a storm. Hiscock wanted to know why they couldn't use a two-way radio. Boeing told him that the big radio companies said that it just can't be done!



Hiscock wanted to know why they couldn't use a two-way radio. Boeing told him that the big radio companies said that it just can't be done!

"I'll do it!" declared Hiscock and within 24 hours he began the project that had long baffled communications engineers. His research methods were unorthodox to say the least. Early on he attempted to create static on his radio by airing radio programs and playing phonograph records over the Boeing plant telephone system. Other early attempts included installing radio sets in house attics in crowded cities and hooking-up a radio directly to an airplane engine. He installed one radio in a truck and another at his ranch in Yakima, he then drove up-and-down mountain roads talking on the truck radio to the ranch radio from canyons, mountain peaks and other areas. When that was successful, he transferred the truck radio to an airplane and began talking from the air to his ranch radio. By receiving the airplane messages at his ranch, Hiscock proved radio sets could communicate between the air and the ground. After Boeing established a laboratory in Oakland to build radio sets for all the company's planes, Hiscock moved to Oakland and supervised the rapidly growing group of technicians from Western Electric. Soon a large variety of electronic aviation aids emerged.

Hiscock moved on, searching for new ways of reducing the "human-factors" in air transportation. Three companies had developed and patented automatic piloting devices, none of which was completely reliable. Infringing on all three patents, Hiscock took parts from each and built the first successful "gyro-pilot".

One day in Chicago while watching the wind whip ice from a stiffly-frozen flag, an inspiration came to him. Within five days he had developed the first practical de-icer for airplane wings. He used a series of long rubber tubes and inflated and deflated them with pneumatic pressure to accomplish the "flag-whipping-off-ice" effect that he had observed.

While at a machinery exhibit, he became intrigued by a "governor" used at the Boulder Dam. He bought one and convinced United shop technicians that airflow could be used to change propeller pitch. Soon all commercial air transports were using this idea, changing pitch and flying more efficiently at varying altitudes.

Pat Patterson and Hiscock lived together in Chicago until their families could move east. At three o'clock one morning Hiscock's voice boomed through the apartment. **"Are you awake Pat? Got time to listen to an idea?"** Hiscock outlined an idea for a device to control fuel temperature while in flight, thereby increasing engine efficiency and adding range.

Patterson said, **"it sounds fine ... why don't you work on it tomorrow?"** Hiscock replied, **"tomorrow, hell. I'm going to the airport and build one now"**. It was 3 days before he returned to the apartment.

Working day-and-night (and driving the shop mechanics almost frantic while directing their work) he developed another item that became “standard airline equipment”.

When Thorp Hiscock suddenly collapsed and died in 1934 at age forty-one, he was working on a “**one-button takeoff and landing system**”! It took 10 years and another war before the system was perfected.

Marvin Berryman, DENTK (Ret.) excerpted from “High Horizons” by Frank J. Taylor

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THE INTREPID AVIATORS OF SOUTHERN OREGON

Hello to all from Southern Oregon. Well, finally Spring has arrived in the Rogue Valley and welcome it is. T'was a long wet and cool Winter here, but not today. Today was a beautiful day for lunch at the Pony Espresso in Jacksonville so it was time for open cars and 'old' cars to drive out and join in for a 'bite and sip' time.

Welcomed back from their Winter sojourns to warmer climates was Michael Bennett back from Florida and Harvey Saylor after lounging on Kauai for a couple of months.....and joining us for the first time Jim and Cheryl Jaeger. Jim flew out of SFO and thus another Bay Area transplant.



On our attached photo starting from the left is Leann Fusco, Marty Niccolls, Cheryl and Jim Jaeger, Catherine Dimino and next to her, her Dad George Elliott, smiling Bob Keasby who later today will be playing his banjo in a Dixieland group in Ashland, Harvey Saylor and Michael Bennett.....and, oh yes, those two guys in the back, Bob Niccolls and Steve Fusco.

Please, if in our area on a third Thursday of each month, join us at the Pony for lunch....noonish. You can tell us by the old guys with the pretty girls. Cheers, **Bob**

Pickles/Brian Crane



THE MONTEREY PENINSULA RUPA LUNCH BUNCH

June 13th proved to be a beautiful Carmel day and ideal for a luncheon with friends. Though our private room was not available because of further modifications, we enjoyed our space and time together none-the-less.



Those in attendance were Jerry Quitney, Carlos and Judy Quintana, Diane Ellis, Will and Fran Blomgren, Pete and Donna Walmsley, Dave Mackie, Paul and Brigitte Olson, and me! Many of our regulars were either out-of-town or at family events.

I advised the group that the company was planning another HR meeting in ORD with the officers of the six retiree groups (three each from UAL and CA). Agenda items were requested by HR – unanimously “travel pass” issues were #1 and retiree IDs #2. Surely they weren’t surprised! We must have had an impact on management from all the individual emails sent to “Jeff” from so many of the retirees. All of us officers received an email requesting that we notify our memberships to not send emails! Golly – they must think we have control!

Pete and Donna brought copies of the new menu from Edgar’s of which everyone reviewed. After discussing the plan, if the weather continues to warm up, we will try Edgar’s on the patio in August. Edgar’s, as last year, still plans on closing on Mondays from January through April – or at least until Quail Lodge is sold. Yes – it is for sale.

We also discussed having our second annual golf day at Quail – possibly in October with a 1300 “T” time. Plans will include a proper celebration (or recovery) with wine and appetizers for the players and fans after the golf scores are in and confirmed by our esteemed officials. Pete will check Quail’s calendar, prices, and possibilities.

Next lunch will again be at The Rio Grill July 11th! Please **RSVP** by the Friday before! *Phyllis Cleveland*

LOS ANGELES SOUTH BAY LUNCHEON

June 9 brought out ten of us to attend luncheon. From the valley were Marcene and Doug Rankin, from their Malibu paradise were Trudy Buck and Norm Marchment, from the golf course was Sharon Crawford, from the hills of Palos Verdes, Loyd Kenworthy, Arvid von Nordenflycht and Tom Reidt, old faithful Walt Albright and me.

Most of the bar discussion was about the recent findings on the Air France Air Bus recovery followed by a great lunch. *Rex*

SAN FRANCISCO NORTH BAY RUPA LUNCHEON

The North Bay RUPA group's June 2011 luncheon meeting was held on the first Wednesday, June 1st, at the Petaluma Sheraton's Tolay room, with the weather outside being most un-California Spring-like. However, scattered rainstorms didn't dampen the enjoyment inside, and the founder of the group, Leon Scarbrough, actually managed to get everyone more-or-less arranged for a group photograph! No small achievement!

Afterwards, the group was called to order by the ceremonial device, and the "serious" business announcements, news, etc. began. Note was taken of the recently passed anniversary, May 17th, now marking 26 years since the 1985 strike! Health and Welfare Chairman, George Hise, gave yet another splendid medical update regarding the benefits of beer and wine for good health, and it was noted that several in the group were following George's advice religiously.

Linda Morley-Wells related her recent experience using the company parking lot section for retirees at SFO, and Dan Bargar followed with more travel info, plus the impressive combined route chart. A couple of handouts went around, one with more on the Air France accident, and there was much conversation regarding what's being discovered on the flight/voice data recorders.

Leon announced that there will be a "Guppy Gathering" this fall...now scheduled for Wednesday, September 28th. The location will be the northeast corner of the Sonoma Plaza..(the corner of Spain, and 1st Street East)..from 9am to 3pm, BYOB. For further info contact Janice Wheadon janicewheadon@aol.com.

Attendees listed roughly in order as pictured:



1st row: Gardner Bride, Tom Grey, Jim Mansfield, Leon Scarbrough, Doris and Bob Donegan
2nd row: Bill Smith, Ellen and Kenneth Thompson, Don Booker, Barney Hagan
3rd row: Dick Hannah, Joyce Grey, Bill McGuire **4th row:** Deke and Merle Holman, Don Madson
5th row: Gary Koverman, George Hise, Dan Bargar **6th row:** Dee and Larry Whyman, Walt Wells
7th row: Dick Lammerding, Linda Morley-Wells **Top row:** J. R. Hastings, John Baczinsky

Pickles/Brian Crane



THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY-SIDERS LUNCHEON

The weather Gods finally favored us with a beautiful Spring day for our June SFO Bay-Siders luncheon. The balmy day brought us a really good turnout including Capt. Jim Taylor, everyone's favorite SFOFO Flight Manager.

We were saddened to learn of the sudden illness and death of Capt. Howard Jundt's lovely wife of 53 years, Patricia. She was a loyal and valued RUPA member and will be greatly missed by all. Our thoughts and prayers go out to the Jundt family.

In attendance were: Bob Ahrens, Floyd & Charlene Alfson, Joe & Frankie Armstead, Ken Breitschopf, Bob & Burkie Callaghan, Bob & Roz Clinton, Bob Ebenhahn, Gloria Green, Bill Hartman, Dick & Jeri Johnson, Karl Kastle, Bob Kibort, Tom Kirby, Kay Mazzola, George Mendonca, Walt & Mary Ramseur, Cleve & Rose Spring, Jim Taylor, Isabell Traube, Larry & Pat Wright.

There is a possibility that we will be moving our luncheons to a new location. Ken Breitschopf advised me that the Elks have built a brand new facility in Palo Alto and I will be checking it out before our next meeting.

Our Luncheons are always on the second Tuesday of the month. The next luncheon will be July 12, 11:00 am.

If you don't hear otherwise it will be at Harry's Hofbrau, 1909 El Camino Real, Redwood City, CA. If we make a change you will be advised. Cheers, *Cleve*

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "Military Brat"

When Mike Dunn was President of the National Defense University (NDU), he frequently bragged about the library, calling it the "best library in the world." He had reason to. Before he took over, it had won an award as the best library in government.

One night, at a social event at his home, he asserted the above praise, and his wife responded: "If your library is so great, ask them to find the origin of the term "Military Brat." I think the term is an acronym."

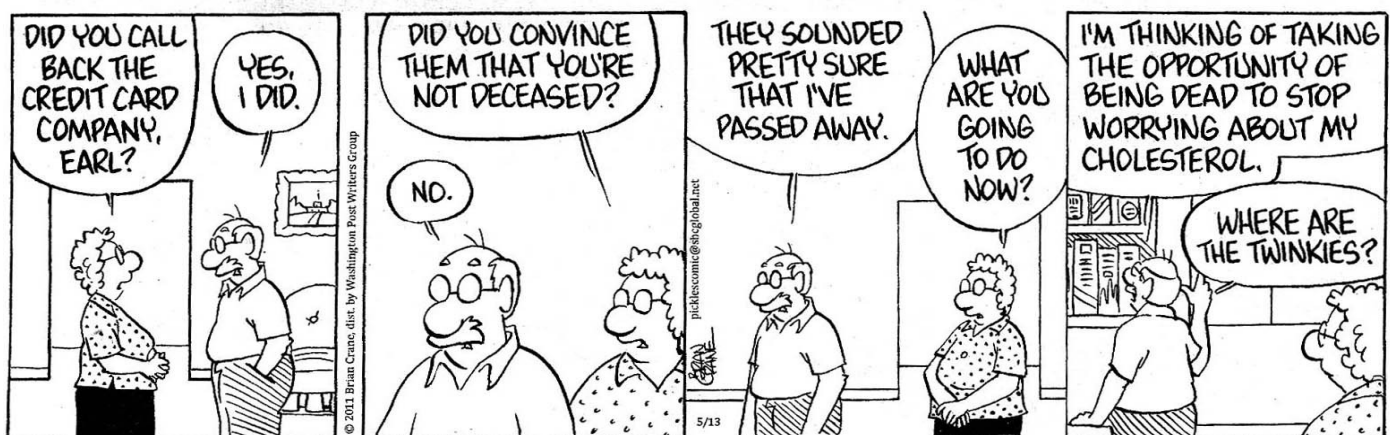
Well – it turns out his wife was right ... and the NDU library came through.

A researcher there found a book written in 1921 which described the origins of the term. It came, like many of our military traditions, from the British Army. It seems that when a member of the British Army was assigned abroad and could take his family (mostly in India), the family went with the member in an Admin status entitled: BRAT status. It stands for: *British Regiment Attached Traveler*. Over the years, it was altered to refer only to the children of the military member since the wives of the British Army objected to the term referring to them. Imagine that.

I didn't check this out on Snopes, or anywhere else, and my brother sent it to me, so it must be true, right?

Leon

Pickles/Brian Crane



I'M THIRD

This is the article that Joe West referred to in his letter in the June RUPANEWS about Capt. John T. Ferrier

Out of the sun, packed in a diamond formation and flying as one that day, the Minute Men dove at nearly the speed of sound toward a tiny emerald patch on Ohio's unwrinkled crazy quilt below. It was a little after nine on the morning of June 7, 1958, and the destination of the Air National Guard's jet precision team was the famed Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, just outside Dayton.

On the ground, thousands of faces looked upward as Colonel Walt Williams, leader of the Denver-based Sabrejet team, gauged a high-speed pullout. For the Minute Men pilots -- Colonel Williams, Captain Bob Cherry, Lieutenant Bob Odle, Captain John Ferrier, and Major Win Coomer -- the maneuver was routine, for they had given their show hundreds of times before millions of people.

Low across the fresh, green grass the jet stream streaked, far ahead of the noise of the planes' own screaming engines. Judging his pull-up, Colonel Williams pressed the microphone button on top of his throttle: "Smoke on -- now!" The diamond of planes pulled straight up into the turquoise sky, a bush tail of white smoke pluming out behind. The crowd gasped as the four ships suddenly split apart, rolling to the four points of the compass and leaving a beautiful, smoky fleur-de-lis inscribed on the heavens. This was the Minute Men's famed "flower burst" maneuver. For a minute the crowd relaxed, gazing at the tranquil beauty of the huge, white flower that had grown from the lush Ohio grasslands to fill the great bowl of sky.

Out on the end of his stem of the flower, Colonel Williams turned his Sabre hard, cut off the smoke trail, and dropped the nose of his F86 to pick up speed for the low-altitude crossover maneuver. Then, glancing back over his shoulder, he froze in terror. Far across the sky to the east, John Ferrier's plane was rolling. He was in trouble, and his plane was headed right for the small town of Fairborn, on the edge of Patterson Field. In a moment, the lovely morning had turned to horror. Everyone saw; everyone understood. One of the planes was out of control.

Steering his jet in the direction of the crippled plane to race after it, Williams radioed urgently, "Bail out, John! Get out of there!" Ferrier still had plenty of time and room to eject safely. Twice more Williams issued the command: "Bail out, Johnny! Bail out!" Each time, Williams was answered only by a blip of smoke.

He understood immediately. John Ferrier couldn't reach the mike button on the throttle because both hands were tugging on a control stick locked in full-throw right. But the smoke button was on the stick, so he was answering the only way he could -- squeezing it to tell Walt he thought he could keep his plane under enough control to avoid crashing into the houses of Fairborn.

Suddenly, a terrible explosion shook the earth. Then came a haunting silence. Walt Williams continued to call through the radio, "Johnny? Are you there? Captain, answer me!" No response.

Major Win Coomer, who had flown with Ferrier for years, both in the Air National Guard and with United Airlines, and who had served a combat tour with him in Korea, was the first Minute Man to land. He raced to the crash scene, hoping to find his friend alive. Instead, he found a neighborhood in shock from the awful thing that had happened. Captain John T. Ferrier's Sabrejet had hit the ground midway between four houses, in a backyard garden. It was the only place where he could have crashed without killing people. The explosion had knocked a woman and several children to the ground, but no one had been hurt, with the exception of Johnny Ferrier. He had been killed instantly. A steady stream of people began coming to Coomer as he stood in his flying suit beside the smoking, gaping hole in the ground where his best friend had just died.

"A bunch of us were standing together, watching the show," an elderly man with tears in his eyes told Coomer. "When the pilot started to roll, he was headed straight for us. For a second, we looked right at each other. Then he pulled up right over us and put it in there." In deep humility, the old man whispered, "This man died for us."

A few days after this tragic accident, John Ferrier's wife, Tulle, found a worn card in his billfold. On it were the words "I'm Third." That simple phrase exemplified the life -- and death -- of this courageous man. For him, God came first, others second, and himself third.

ACCIDENTAL WITNESS TO HISTORY

Air Line Pilot, March 2001, By Capt. Paul Ries (Alaska)

During my short tenure with Pan American World Airways, I heard many stories about the early days of the flying boats. Several tall tales of adventures connected with the Flying Clippers floated around the company. The bits and pieces of these legends of aviation history came to be passed down to the succeeding generation of crews on darkened flight decks during prolonged flights while plying the skies over the world's oceans. Time and again, I heard of one crew who accomplished the unbelievable after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. While the world caught fire in war, this crew escaped the Pacific war zone by flying their Boeing 314 home the long way around the globe. No one I spoke with knew the complete story or if it was, in fact, true. Most information was sketchy, full of holes, or involved a myth of "Purser's Gold." Nevertheless, I always wondered if the account was true, and if so, how it evolved.



A few years after Pan Am folded its wings, I discovered the truth on the eighth floor of the University of Miami's Richter Library, where most of what remains of Pan Am's records has been preserved. In boxes and files is the documentation that fills in some of the details of the round-the-world flight by B-314, NC-18602, originally christened *California Clipper*. The rescued letters, reports, radio logs, and photographs introduced me to Capt. Robert Ford and the crew who made the flight and created the heroic legend on little more than their wits and dedication.

Hidden among those documents, and somewhat overshadowed by the enormity of the flight as well as the secrecy that military intelligence imposed on the airline and crew during that critical time in history, I discovered a mystery crew member who was nearly forgotten, except for the part he played in the historical context of the event and his place among the rest of the crew in life as the last survivor. His destiny was written by the capricious winds of chance.

In April 1940, Eugene Leach, a 20-year-old ham radio operator from Fremont, Calif., hired on with Pan American Airways to work as a radio technician at the airline's Treasure Island facility. Two years later, the winds of fate had young Gene installing the latest radio equipment on Pan Am's launch tenders and operations offices throughout Pan Am's chain of Pacific Island stations. After completing his work in Noumea, New Caledonia, Leach left the island assigned as a supernumerary crew member and radio operator aboard *California Clipper* enroute to Auckland, New Zealand, with Capt. Ford's crew.

A little more than an hour out of Noumea, according to Leach's radio log, at 0743 a.m., Dec. 7, 1941, Honolulu time, he received the Morse Code transmission that would place his crew in aviation history and change the world forever: The Japanese were bombing Pearl Harbor! In disbelief, Leach handed the decoded message forward to Capt. Ford, who broke the news to the rest of the crew and began implementing the precautionary steps of Pan American's "Plan A." Capt. Ford ordered that radio silence be maintained and that they divert their course by 50 miles to avoid being intercepted by an enemy who may have pinpointed their position from their previous reports. *California Clipper* and crew moored up 2 hours late, unscathed, in Auckland, much to the disbelief of the Pan Am launch crew who tended the airplane on its arrival.

After an extended layover in Auckland awaiting further orders, the crew of the Clipper, including Gene Leach, was ordered to bring the flying boat home, taking the long way around, to support the war effort. First, however, they were given a rescue mission—return to Noumea to evacuate the remaining 22 Pan Am employees and families from the war zone to Gladstone, Australia.

The crew's adventure continued beyond Gladstone for another 21 days, ending Jan. 6, 1942, at La Guardia Marine Air Terminal, after they had circumnavigated Earth near its equator.

In a tortured course to avoid global war zones, the series of flights covered 31,500 miles, bridged three oceans, and crossed 6,026 miles of desert and jungle with little hope of survival for the flying boat's crew if they had to make an emergency landing. They crisscrossed the equator six times, touching down on all but two of the world's continents, to set the record for longest over-water leg and highest takeoff altitude for a flying boat, as well as being the first airliner ever to fly around the world.

Capt. Ford and his crew overcame enormous odds to get the Clipper home to U.S. waters, including several almost fatal narrow escapes. Besides evading the deck guns of a Japanese submarine off the coast of Ceylon and being boarded by Nazi agents in Natal, *California Clipper*, in a case of mistaken identity and wartime jitters, was intercepted and nearly shot down by Dutch fighters as it approached Surabaya. Maintenance and 100-octane fuel were a constant concern and challenge as the crew kept the huge Boeing flying.

Through letters archived in the Richter Library, I was able to find the almost forgotten and last surviving Pan Am crew member who lived and witnessed this piece of aviation history. When I finally met Gene Leach after numerous phone calls and letters, I found a very sincere 78-year-old gentleman still willing to master the latest technology of a new computer, as well as using his ham radio to stay in touch with his worldwide circle of friends.

After years of learning as much as I could about this flight, I had many questions for Leach. When asked what was the most remarkable part of the flight for him, he quietly replied, "That we even made it at all."

Leach attributed the flight's successful outcome primarily to Capt. Ford as well as to the professional standards that Pan Am set and to which the entire crew adhered. Leach confessed that at the time, he didn't realize that they were making history or setting records. The fliers were, in his words, "just trying to get home." Nevertheless, I sensed the pride he carried in being part of such an adventure.

As I came to know Leach over the period of 2 years, I discovered a sharp mind steeled with a sense of humor. His lifetime of experience with the early Pan Am as well as in a business he owned later in life had honed a caring and compassionate man. Gene Leach generously allowed me to see through the eyes of a pioneering aviation mariner and to become a witness to a brief moment in the history of my profession. I supposed that he also allowed me to recognize tomorrow's aviation history in each of my daily flights. For that, he'll always be remembered.

The weave of time and history can loop back on itself in many unusual ways. By chance, as the final addition to a crew list, 22-year-old Pan Am radio operator Gene Leach became entwined in history at Noumea in early December 1941 aboard *California Clipper* on her epic voyage around the world and into the history books. As the last survivor and witness to a history-making flight, 80-year-old Eugene Leach died alone at home on April 9, 2000, and once again joined his crew in history.

1936 Newspaper Article

Published March 25, 1936, Nebraska Daily News-Press Nebraska City, Neb.
Iowa City-U.P.-Transcontinental air mail and passenger service into Iowa City was disrupted Tuesday by erection of a pole 24 feet and 8 inches high on the Fred Tucker farm, opposite the landing runway at Iowa City airport.

The pole, topped by a red flag, was erected by Tucker following a protracted district court fight in which Tucker protested that United Airlines planes, in landing, clipped branches off his trees and frightened his mules.

Tucker, during his district court fight, had been restrained from directing obstructions higher than 25 feet along the boundary line of his farm and the airport. The airline was enjoined from flying lower than 30 feet over Tucker's farm.

Tucker listened to complaints of Chamber of Commerce officials and informed them the flagpole was erected "as a sort of measuring device to see to it that airlines fellows keep their part of the court order."

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

A revelation with an Incredibly Big Message (IBM):

Well, you might have thought that you knew how the Internet started, but here's the TRUE story....

In ancient Israel, it came to pass that a trader by the name of Abraham Com did take unto himself a young wife by the name of Dot.

And Dot Com was a comely woman, broad of shoulder and long of leg. Indeed, she was often called Amazon Dot Com.

And she said unto Abraham, her husband: "Why dost thou travel so far from town to town with thy goods when thou canst trade without ever leaving thy tent?"

And Abraham did look at her - as though she were several saddle bags short of a camel load, but simply said: "How, dear?"

And Dot replied: "I will place drums in all the towns and drums in between to send messages saying what you have for sale, and they will reply telling you who hath the best price.

And the sale can be made on the drums and delivery made by *Uriah's Pony Stable* (UPS)."

Abraham thought long and decided he would let Dot have her way with the drums. And the drums rang out and were an immediate success. Abraham sold all the goods he had at the top price, without ever having to move from his tent.

To prevent neighboring countries from overhearing what the drums were saying, Dot devised a system that only she and the drummers knew. It was called *Must Send Drum Over Sound* (MSDOS), and she also developed a language to transmit ideas and pictures - *Hebrew To The People* (HTTP)

But this success did arouse envy. A man named Maccabia did secrete himself inside Abraham's drum and began to siphon off some of Abraham's business. But he was soon discovered, arrested and prosecuted - for insider trading.

And the young men did take to Dot Com's trading as doth the greedy horsefly take to camel dung. They were called *Nomadic Ecclesiastical Rich Dominican Sybarites*, or (NERDS).

And lo, the land was so feverish with joy at the new riches and the deafening sound of drums that no one noticed that the real riches were going to that enterprising drum dealer, Brother William of Gates, who bought off every drum maker in the land.

And indeed did insist on drums to be made that would work only with Brother Gates' drumheads and drumsticks.

And Dot did say: "Oh, Abraham, what we have started is being taken over by others."

And Abraham looked out over the *Bay of Ezekiel*, or (eBay) as it came to be known. He said: "We need a name that reflects what we are."

And Dot replied: "*Young Ambitious Hebrew Owner Operators*." (YAHOO), said Abraham. And because it was Dot's idea, they named it (YAHOO Dot Com).

Abraham's cousin, Joshua, being the young *Gregarious Energetic Educated Kid* (GEEK) that he was, soon started using Dot's drums to locate things around the countryside. It soon became known as *God's Own Official Guide to Locating Everything* (GOOGLE).

And that is how it all began.

LETTERS

CHUCK BLOOM—Missoula, MT

Damn, I actually got this in on my birth month. Not much to say this year, the sixteen years since retirement sure have gone fast.

Still blessed with good health, flying around in my little Kitfox homebuilt, hitting a couple of BMW motorcycle rallies this year, playing with my Model A Ford and just having a good time. Life is good. Anyone passing through Montana, best in July and August, drop in for a cold one. *Chuck*

DICK BODNER—Ft. Lauderdale, FL

This time I'm a year late in getting my report off to RUPA. I have several excuses and I want to thank my many friends for their support and Prayers. Two years ago I started fighting Squamous-cell Cancer. I've been through three MOHS surgeries and two additional surgeries... one lasting 14 hours and one lasting 8 hours. On the last surgery they found that the cancer had spread to my right eye. The eye was removed and I was placed on Radiation and Chemotherapy. I am also trying Alternative medicine using Hyperbaric Oxygen therapy. My family and RUPA friends have been so kind: taking me to medical treatments in Miami, Pompano Beach and Boca Raton. I couldn't have done it without them! I'm not giving up and hope to have this thing beat by this time next year.....or sooner!

A couple of years ago before this all started, I was able to do a portion of the Great Loop Cruise with some friends and my sons along portions of the route from Ft. Lauderdale to Palatka Florida via Jacksonville. I returned from Jacksonville instead of continuing the cruise all the way to Canada and the 'Great Lakes. I hope to have a chance to finish the entire cruise in the coming year.

I did manage to squeeze in a week's cruise with my wife, Soni & sister-in-law and my oldest son, Charles, his wife and our granddaughter. We went from Ft. Lauderdale to Roatan Island via stops in Mexico in both directions. Before that I was able to get away to our condo in Costa Rica for a week.

I have about two more months of Cancer treatments then we'll see what's on the agenda. My son, Mike,

would like to do the Great Loop cruise with me but he's flying for Southern Air Transport and would only be able to do short portions of the cruise. He gets ten days off in a row each month and one additional 10 day stretch for vacation. He's not griping.... he's 29 and flying left seat in the B-747 Rope Start.

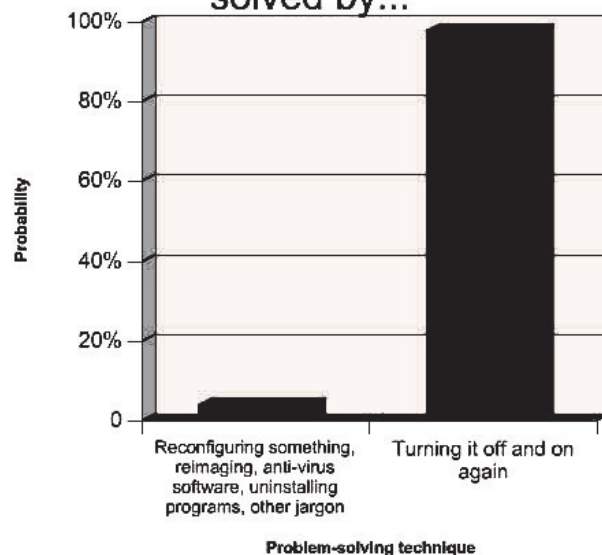
Thanks again to all of my friends who have offered to help drive me to and from Medical appointments and help Soni and me cope with this challenge.

Best regards, *Dick*

CLIFFORD W. CHANEY—St. George, UT

Dear Cleve. Time for another fun story. I had a schedule, MDW (CG) to LGA (LG) in DC6's. I always got to fly at night, Junior man, senior equipment. We were fairly new on the airplane, and it had lots innovative, for that time, equipment. The culprit for this story was the fenwal fire extinguisher and notification. Lights came on, red of course, and a fire bell that was very loud, extinguishable however. It was raining moderately and the ceiling was about 400 feet. We ran the airplane up, cleared for takeoff, and down the runway we went. Just past Vr, the fire extinguisher bell, and the red light came on for one of the engines. As you flight engineers know, you are cocked and primed to become very active in the desire to immediately feather the engine when lights and bell's go off. We were just lifting off, so before he had a chance to do anything, I hit him in the side with my elbow, and said, "shut the bell and leave it alone," by that time

Likelihood of a computer issue being solved by...



another bell, and red light came on. Positive rate, gear up, and into the clouds we went. By that time another red light, another bell, and another red light. I called over to the co-pilot, wish I could remember who it was. Any fire, no, none on my side either, and with all the clouds there would be reflection. By that time we were at a 1,000 ft. and I called for meto-power, and by the time the power was pulled back, the engines stabilized, and the lights started to go out. Pretty soon we had a quiet cockpit, and three relieved pilots. I have learned over the year that if anything happens, slow down and assess the situation. If you don't smoke, bum a cigarette, light it up, and pick up the check list.

My instructing has slowed way down because of the \$5.75 a gallon gas, and moving from the old to the new airport in St. George and hangers being constructed, and all the dust and change. Have a lady to check out in a lance today, but things sure aren't what they were.

Phyllis has been very busy knitting up a storm. She has 18 dress forms, with her display of sweaters, gorgeous creations that come off her busy little hands. Quite impressive. And of course our (Coton de Tulear) Tatiana, kinda runs the place, but little dogs do things like that.

I have called quite a few of my old friends, Steve Fusco, Bob :Lanahan, Jay Plank, Jack Harper, to name a few of the chaps that I flew with, but there are not many left and just a few of the Boeing School of Aeronautics people left. I was in the 8th. Class at Cheyenne. I think Ken Breitschopf is the most senior one left, and he seems to be doing well. Sad things happen as we mature.

This, if you can keep track, is my 93rd birthday, and I have been blessed with all the functions in good order. Must have been going to the gym, and running that kinda paid off.

My best to all you dear people who make this *RUPANEWS* the best read of the month. Cheers, **Cliff**

RON DENK—Summit, NJ

Hi Cleve: Sorry for being six weeks late with this missive. No excuse except a short memory and a long list of things I try to accomplish each day, not always successfully.

I attended the NY Skyscrapers luncheon last week and as usual it was a real pleasure to socialize with

such a great group. Pete Sofman has done a great job over many years of organizing these affairs and it was appreciated by the 84 people (including 3 current pilots) who showed up yesterday.

Betty and I spent time in Virginia Beach last month with our daughter Kathleen and our two year old grandson, Sean. Son-in-law Jake is on his way to the mid-east on his big boat, the George H.W. Bush. We were fortunate to be able to spend three beautiful days at "Warbirds Over The Beach" put on by the Military Aviation Museum at Virginia Beach. As I've said in the past, this has to be the finest collection of flyable warbirds owned by one person, Gerald Yagen. Flying off the 5,000' grass strip surrounded by soy bean fields creates the perfect environment. One could eat one's lunch off the floor of the four beautiful new hangars. This year, besides the more common warbirds, they flew a Focke-Wulf FW-190, a beautiful YAK-3M, a Junkers JU-52 (formerly of the Commemorative Air Force) and a De Havilland Dragon Rapide. The star of the show was an Avro Lancaster Mk X, flown down from the Canadian Warplane Heritage in Hamilton, Ontario. There is no sweeter sound in aviation than four Rolls Royce Merlins humming along. Incidentally this Lancaster is one of only two still flying, the other one based in England of course. We photographers were in hog heaven.



Thanks Cleve and all the rest of the crew for keeping the *RUPANEWS* coming. We owe you all a debt of gratitude. Check to Leon. **Ron**

SKIP FAIRMAN—Nazareth, PA

Still farming. Those of you who knew me understood that flying was a means to get to farming. The old saying: "If you want to be a millionaire farmer, start with two million dollars" is still true.

This has been a tough spring what with the wet and cold weather. We're still buying farming toys (1947

Farmall tractor that now works) to keep the economy going.

Visit us at our new website; www.fairmanfarm.com to see some fun pictures of the farm and our new border collie dog, Charlie, also known as the deer chaser and groundhog slayer. My wife does the updates and keeps things moving. Now we are trying to educate 3rd graders on the benefits of eating healthy and buying local produce (that's like free farmstand publicity). They always remember Snoopy as the Red Baron on the Farmstand Barn.

Not much else to report. No flying and no major trips other than many to North Carolina during the illness of my wife's sister. She had a Glioblastoma and had same surgery by the same surgeon at Duke Hospital that operated on Ted Kennedy. Results were very bad and life was prolonged but the quality was gone. Last year one of our fellow pilots reported that he had been diagnosed with the same tumor. An article in RUPA said he was not going to have surgery. Wise decision.

My health is as good as can be expected after the botched colonoscopy of 2008. Still have some residual abdominal pain that slows me down a little.

Thanks to all who contribute to the *RUPANEWS*. It's great to hear all the exciting things retired pilots do. Makes life interesting.

Checks in the mail for membership dues. *Skip*

STEPHAN R. FUSCO—Medford, OR

Twenty seven years retired and passing milestone eighty seven.

Wife LeeAnn and I are in reasonably good health for our age and remain active. LeeAnn keeps busy with her store (Ladies Boutique) and I flying my RV6A and giving flight instruction and Flight Reviews. No cruises or long trips this year, just an occasional trip to Reno to visit friends and take in a show.

Many, many, thanks to those of you who continue to publish the *RUPANEWS* and hold this group together. *Steve*

JIM GWINN—San Martin, CA

Still enjoying life in the Golden State at 25 years retired and counting.

The only medical problem should be taken care of with wife Tommy's left hip replacement in late June. The golf handicap is slowly rising, I've given up

the extended Super-Senior golf tournaments but my golf game still impresses the seniors who think they are old at 70. Two or three rounds a week works fine if the grass is green and the temperatures are near my age. Occasionally I get a round in with either of my two oldest grandsons Ross and T.J., but have to be on my best to beat them as they can really launch those drives.

Very few trips by air this year, but did get to Las Vegas in late April with my brother Bob, sister Barbara and our spouses to visit our brother Bill (Retired USAF and Scenic pilot) and wife. He is not doing too well and we all wanted to spend some time with him. Lots of meals and gab fests over three days. I am now the oldest of my generation on both sides of the family so we do try to keep in touch with everyone. Unfortunately, our planned reunion of Avcad class 6A46 didn't come off as planned as infirmities prevailed. May was a joy as Tommy and I took our oldest daughter Kathy (Retired United F/A) to Pensacola for four days to celebrate the 100th Anniversary of Naval Aviation and to give her a refresher of my Naval heritage. She was just four when we left Pensacola after my two year tour instructing instrument and basic in SNJ's (1951-53). The performance of the Blue Angels on the waterfront was outstanding as usual and all the events at the Naval Aviation Museum were very well presented. What a great National Treasure the Museum is! The NAS is much changed from the old days with damage from hurricanes to historic buildings and new construction but the sense of history is still there.

We have had great get-togethers with daughters Kathy and Trish's families over Holidays and short visits during the year, particularly a stay at the Palace Hotel and Thanksgiving Dinner on the Embarcadero in San Francisco. We are lucky to have Trish and her family close by in Silicon Valley but their children Maret and A.J. will be leaving the nest soon. On July fourth Tommy and I will observe our Sixty-fourth wedding anniversary. It is always nice to have lots of fireworks for the occasion.

Thanks to the officers and staff for all the work and I sincerely appreciate your efforts. *Jim*

DAVID HEILBRUN—Huntingdon Valley, PA
Hard to believe that I just turned 70. As my dad used to say, "where has all of the time gone."

Last Spring, Paulette and I took a train trip up

through the Canadian Rockies and then across the states back to the East coast. It was relaxing and we saw some of the greatest scenery ever. We also spent a lot of time in Corvallis, Oregon with Paulette's mom. She passed away in October. There's a beautiful farm (430 acres) for sale in God's country.

Both of us are healthy and in good spirits. Paulette volunteers in the surgery of the spay/neuter clinic for the SPCA. She spent 38 years with UAL as a flight attendant and that nursing came in really handy. I'm still on the BOD at the Mana Kai Maui and that keeps me busy.

This September, we're going to take some time out and take a two week cruise in Russia--St Petersburg to Moscow.

We're so grateful to those of you that put out the *RUPANEWS*. Please keep up the great work.

Paulette & David, EWR/JFK/ORD

JOHN LAUT—Harrisburg, PA

Thanks boys & Girls, the RUPA magazine is great. I enjoy reading it, good info and great stories.

I am not tired enough to be retired. I can't seem to find a job, flying or non-flying. Never thought if I wasn't a pilot, what else would I do? How true that turns out to be. (And get paid for it.) The age 60 retirement wasn't what I really expected.

Is there any chance that we, as a group/age 60 rule, can petition or force the PBGC to pay us based on age 60 not 65. Even the UAW and Steelworkers got a better deal. They didn't have the FAA age 60 restriction. It doesn't seem fair, but what is. I know, stop complaining. *John*

RAYMOND LEMMON—Bethlehem, PA

Hi Cleve, It's birthday time again, a good day to write to RUPA. Starting my 23rd year of retirement, which makes me 82 now. Health is pretty good, like everyone I see a lot of my Doctor and Dentist.

The bad news first, I lost my wife Margaret January 27 due to complications Of CMML (Chronic Myelo-Monocytic Leukemia). She fought it for 7 years, started a rather steady decline last year and suffered a stroke last January. We were married over 55 years. It's tough, but I'll get through it.

Because of her illness, we sold our house in Bethlehem to move into a managed care facility here in Bethlehem where she could get the special care it appeared that she was going to need. As it turned out, she didn't need any of it. Since I'm already here at Moravian Village, I will stay in my apartment and enjoy the dining room.

I did finally finish the Stinson 108 project I started back in '04. Got my medical renewed, did a flight review in a 172 and thought I would get back into flying, but as it has turned out, haven't done much, maybe 5 hours since '08. I attend our local EAA chapter activities and try to help out some of the guys with their building projects etc.



I don't travel much anymore, sold our Winnibago last winter. I did visit friends in Winston Salem in the spring and may go to Buffalo and Erie this summer. Flying on UAL doesn't hold much appeal anymore, so I pretty much stick to where the car can take me.

Best regards to all of you guys out there who I used to fly with. I did enjoy going to work.

Thanks to you Cleve for keeping the magazine coming.

Sincerely, *Ray*

DAVE LINK—Edmonds, WA

Snail mail dues on the way. Travelogue first.

Over Holidays, Uniworld river tours Rhine Christmas Villages. Great boat, very cold weather. Had a single cabin at same cost as double. SA Transpo to FRA. Train to Nuremberg. Arrived Cologne, train to FRA day after. SA home. Comments on SA travel for the whole year since my last July letter. I can only opine that my date of hire or 3-9-64 afforded me mostly first class seats. Takes time to

check loads and some adjustment of travel dates, but works well. Little shaky treatment from Lufthansa personnel at FRA. They seemed stressed by the almost full loads, and not at all helpful to SA's. Some had been waiting 3 days to get home, and the gate agents would not aid in alternate trips to the US. Take a laptop computer so you can re-list yourself. Be prepared at some overseas Terminals to have to pay for Internet Connections, even if the airport boast of WIFI Connection. (Hint) Airport Restaurants--some- will if asked, give you a code for free connect after a drink purchase. Be a true Thrifty Pilot. February annual Pheasant hunt in SDAK. Came home with legal limit of birds at cost of two frostbitten fingers. 25-35 Kt temp of 5. wind, at 5 Deg F. The next few excursions were a de javu Asian trek. Since I baby sit Mondays for my only grandchild (22 Month Halle Marie Dao), I leave Tue. from SEA to NRT, and thence, so far, to SIN, SEL, HKG, BKK, return on Sunday. Just like commuting, and a Pacific trip every few days. Body time average just past the International Date Line. It was so much easier in my fifties. First trip, to SFO and HNL, stayed at the Seaside. Front desk Freddie- he as always wanting to share the latest jokes, has gone West. Rooms slightly upgraded, price good. Stayed at the Narita View next. No rooms in the dungeons, slight discount in the tower. You can no longer go overland to downtown Narita except by bus. Golf course is fenced, so the old jogging route is blocked. Western Beggar is long gone. Noodle Shop moved and enlarged to main road, New Pubs catering to crews. Tried to stay at lay-over hotels, but Lotte and Swiss and DMZ and Etawan hotels all \$350.00 US a night. Stayed elsewhere in Seoul. Carelton in Singapore offered me \$450.00 a night. Crews still stay there, but I'm not crew anymore, being retired. Found other accommodation in the area. Don't even think about Raffles. Next trip was to BKK. Have friends there. First night stayed at the Central Plaza. Not called that anymore, Shopping Center being razed, New airport on other side of city, so business gone. Yet gave me \$90.00 a night for one night, stayed with friends after. Still in my estimation the only Asiatic city left. Haven't yet been to Viet Nam or India or

Malaysia, or Banderesh or et al, so that's my opinion for what it's worth.

Second cruise on Seabourne Yachts coming up in July. Great boats, no tips, all drinks free, Interline rates through ASU. Stockholm to Finland to St Petersburg to Tallin to some small port in Sweden to Copenhagen. I'm trying to get to all my old International layovers before we retirees go to the bottom of the Standby List. What a great thing we used to have as a reward for our many years of service. The biggest loss is using years of service instead of date of hire as boarding priority, of course ignoring the insult of putting retirees in back of new employees. Doesn't seem like a precedent to encourage new employees to have loyalty and stay with the Company.

Obligatory Medical Report for our age group. Latest Medical, all normal. How Boring! 74 good years, and I hope for many more.

Best regards to all my flying comrades. *Dave*

ROD LION—Maple Valley, WA

Howdy all, Another year gone by and all well here. Golf game no better, still catching a few fish, and all in all feel blessed with good health.

Travel to Utah and Texas to see the kids a few times a year, but mostly hang out close to home and the golf courses.

Thanks to all who keep our *RUPANEWS* coming.

Rod



HARRY LLOYD—TOMS RIVER, NJ
ISLAMORADA, FL

Another year into retirement (13 now) and Jane and I are both well. We just celebrated our 50th Anniversary on 6/10/11.

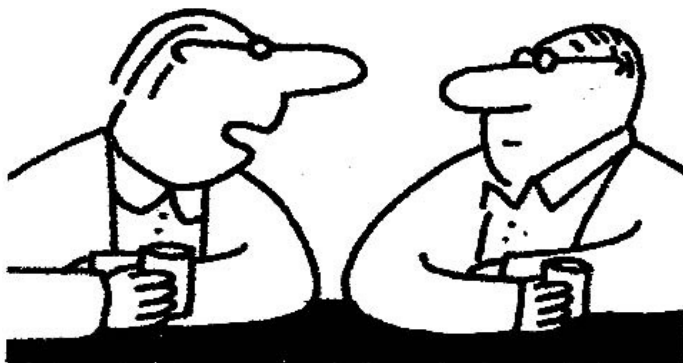
We have not tried using a pass on UAL since being denied boarding at Heathrow in 2006 on the only 1 per day flight to either JFK or IAD. I booked us on MAX JET (no longer operating) for the next day as I didn't want the hassle of another denied boarding or waiting to get our checked baggage for 4 hours after the last flight left.

I hope this publication continues as it is great to keep in touch with all of you guys out there. Thank you, Cleve, for all the work each month and I hope you can get someone to volunteer to help and eventually take over.

Checks are in the mail for RUPANEWS and UAL Retired Pilots Foundation. *Harry*

JIM MOREHEAD—Pompano Beach, FL

It has been a while since I have penned a letter to RUPA and the people who do such a great job putting out a quality magazine each month. It seems like the ESOP, Contract 2000, 9-11, the 2002 bankruptcy, and the pension crisis forced a significant number of us to leave the employ of United in 2003-2004. This was a record, but the pending pension loss was looming in front of us and many of us were not going to leave any chips on the table. And, of course, we had high aspirations that we'd have our pensions, 30 days per month off, some insurance,



**"I'm at that awkward age—
can't decide whether to get a hearing
aid or an earring."**

and all of the BP-6Bs that we could handle. I guess we do get 30 days off now and don't have to bid!

In 2003-2004, I went to China Airlines and flew as a Direct Entry Captain. Unfortunately, a small marriage dispute intervened and the job ended as did the marriage rather unexpectedly.

The next few years had a number of small jobs including flying for a guy who had properties scattered all over the northern Hemisphere. I think he bought property like he bought new airplanes. He had owned a Saratoga and a Seneca V which had a list price of about \$900K. After they'd get 6 months' use and 100 hours on them, he'd buy another one. At the same time, I had been increasingly watching over my Mom who began to show signs of advancing dementia. I lived with her for a time and even at the senior citizens home in the Independent Living side for a while. I moved totally to the Mainland in Pompano Beach, FL from the Keys.

2007 took me to the island of Anguilla in the Leewards and it was a fantastic place to live. It is one of the places celebrities like Brad Pitt, Angelina Jolie, Bill O'Reilly, , Bill Cosby, and even Jimmy Buffet fly into and have a house or rent. I met Buffet on the ramp one day as he jumped from the Falcon 50 to the Caravan on Floats to go to St. Bart's.

I had a car, house in the country with goats and roosters (who crow at hours other than sunrise), and was flying an Islander in a charter business most often to St. Maarten which is a 6/10 mile trip and to many other islands like Antigua (often confused with Anguilla), Tortola, Dominica, Guadeloupe, St. Kitts, Nevis, and many other places. The Islander uses fuel about the same as taxi fuel on a 747-400 leaving SFO, but the job was far more fun. No peeing in bottles, security, and a 7/10 mile walk to the airport in shorts and tennis shoes and having to remember to drive on the left side of the road as Anguilla was British. It was the best job I ever had with two engines, two VORs, and this crazy British 10 seater! Unfortunately, under British law, I had to retire at 60 with a single crew which the Islander was. I could have flown a Boeing jet until 65 and had to retire flying an Islander in a British Country. But I did get my water treatment cannon salute from the Anguillian Fire Department bringing all two of their trucks out one day ahead of 60. The Dakota and I flew the 1,200 miles back to South Florida.

The Dakota is NOT ETOPs capable as if the motor quits, it is....man the lifeboats!

Anguilla was such a great place to live. Life is so peaceful there that the Control Tower door is left unlocked and the single controller is upstairs working the small amount of traffic by our standards. You can see the French and the Dutch side of St. Martin/St Maarten from the south short of Anguilla. One day I went up there and he had a Microsoft Flight Profile on his laptop. He enjoyed flying the "simulator". In the conversation it came up that I had flown the REAL 777 and he didn't want to believe me. Anguilla is on a wide left downwind for the European jets arriving like a KLM 400, Corsair 400, and the Air France A340. The runway abuts at a Mountain and is 7,054 feet in length.

Later in 2008 came my time in the time of the year my Northern RUPA Bros live for. (aka Summer and Fall). I lived at Fall River, Mass and flew from New Bedford and Nantucket for 5 months in an older Seneca. I really enjoyed this and I see why people like the island of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. We used to see these dots with a few lights on the way to Europe from FL 350 when we passed over ACK!

This job had charters all over the Northeast and many famous people were around there. I met John Kerry one day at the FBO and he is just a regular guy. Note- My Republican friends from RUFF have probably already ostracized me by now.

Mom had been with me most of this time and we lived together in Massachusetts until my return in Fall, 2008 to South, Florida. We moved back to Boca Raton and we lived together almost to the end of her life when she had to go to the medical side of the building. She died peacefully right next to me in September, 2009 and a number of pilots and F/As were there at the service. She was a former F/A and the most wonderful lady in the world as she went to Heaven's gate via Chicago where she, Dad, and I all got our starts in life.

2010 had another twist after her death as I was free to travel. I moved up to Nags Head at the Outer Banks with the best old furniture I had left over from Mom's collection of antique relics. I was going to spend some time there where I had had houses in the 1980s and grew up as a kid. I was considering a job there and needed it to refinance my home as the

pension was so low that 100% of it wouldn't even cover the Florida mortgage. It did happen and I did have my own Bread and Cake Route with Hostess/Wonder (what we grew up on) from Manteo, Nags Head, and all the way to the tip at Hatteras Village. It was way too early and I often returned way too late, but it allowed me to see the area daily in hundreds of miles of daily driving a van truck each day. It lasted past the summer season and I stayed with it until Mid-December and it started getting cold.

I did buy a three bedroom house there and it is in a rental program (Cove Realty Nags Head NC #374). It's just down the road from the Wright Memorial and where the biggest sand dune on the East Coast is located. The area is nice and the season is too short, but far longer than the Northeast.

In FLL, I often take Dick Bodner to his medical treatments. I hope Dick will pull out of these tough medical issues and beat his cancer. Between Soni, friends, and myself, we get him to the appointments and he needs support as time moves on.

2011 has been a great year with promise ahead living on the leftover 20% part of the pension (did you want fries with that?) and Social Security. I do not have a tax problem anymore! I am very involved with the Pass Travel Issues with the other retired groups, Union people, and the Company to try to keep as much as we can. Even as of today, the shell of the program is there, but many of the smaller details are far from over. I will be doing what I can. I also do travel a lot and I'm over 20 segments with the CAL arm of UAL. I did Ed Dechant's French barge trip in April and just got back from Manchester, England and driving around England and up to Lockerbie, Scotland. Very meaningful and I will have some pictures for RETUP.

That's my annual 10 year letter and I hope that perhaps I can be influential in having set up more social functions within RUPA as I think we need to have something to replace our dinners that we used to have between ALPA/UAL and the retirees. I attend a number of luncheons around the country and it is certainly great to see the guys and wonder where all of the time went!

Jim 1969-2003 moreheadjames@aol.com
EWR,DCA,CLE,JFK,ORD,LAX,SFO,MIA
16 schools at DENTK
TDY assignments at LHR, HKG, SEA,MIA, HNL

STEEN MUNTER—Crystal Lake, IL
Hi to all. How can another year be gone already!!! Eleven since retirement and still going good (with a new knee). Claudia is still putting up with me after 50+ years. I don't know how she stands it.

A few days ago, Willie Anderson passed away here in Crystal Lake, IL. We lost a great pilot and friend of the profession. As all who flew with him know, a trip with him could be a treat because he was an excellent pilot, always a quick wit and a lover of practical jokes.

Last evening our youngest son....a B-777 F/O for United....called from DENTK....out for a check....and he was sitting in the bar area of the hotel we and Southwest use as a layover. He heard the SW guys discussing funny things that have taken place over the years and our son was enjoying the tales. Suddenly one of them says, "I heard about a United Captain who got called by the crew desk at 2am to see if he would help them out and he answered the phone. The crew man called him by name and started to make his plea when the pilot said 'Just a minute' and, handing the phone to his wife, loudly said 'Here, honey, it's for your husband.' She shyly told them her husband was out and please call again another time."

Speed Bump/Dave Coverly



Spending our winter in south Texas and summer months in northern Minnesota in the motor home. Have tried to sell it but no buys in today's market. Thanks to all who keep the "news" coming every month.

LIFE IS GOOD!! *Roger & Ann*

BILL NORTHUP—Palm City, FL

Greetings All—Family doing OK, son Bill in Iraq again flying Medevac Blackhawks. Grandson Wayne Barber, AFA grad, received USAF Wings in May, going to Ramstein in Aug, survived survival school!! Received the Order of the Daedalians which was quite an honor.

One of these days I guess I'll pick up the brushes again.

Check 6 *Norty* '65-'91 NY, MIA, CLE,ORD, NY

DICK SANDERS—Westlake, Ohio

Interesting "About the Cover" article in the May issue. In April of 1976 my young son and daughter and I flew from Seattle to Pasco (Tri Cities), WA for Buck Hilbert's reenactment of the inaugural First Airmail Flight. The restored Swallow was beautiful and Buck launched in less than ideal weather, completing the flight. Memorable.

Also memorable, the FBO in Pasco where we had parked our Cardinal was operated by a gentlemen by the name of Steryl Adams. Steryl had employed me at Lake Air on the East Chanel of Mercer Island, a beautiful little 1,800' grass strip, as a line boy and mechanics helper in the early 50's. I built some time there in C-120's and C-140's along with some fond memories. Champs and Cubs were commonplace as were Bamboo Bombers and DGA-15's. Lake Air is now known as the residential area Newport Shore's.

Mary Lou and our family are well. Our son and his wife and daughter are in SFO. Our Daughter and her husband are on a pretty little ranch near Parker, CO. There is pretty good availability to the two destinations and we have used ZED a couple of times. All in all, we've had fairly good luck with our travels. Still flying Angel Flights and they are always satisfying. Those of you who have access to an airplane and have not already done so should give it a try.

Thanks, folks, for the great publication. Check under separate cover.

Fraternally, *Dick*

JACK SCHRANDT—Madison, WI

Dear Cleve, Hard to believe it is coming up on 15 years since I last set the parking brake. Memory is still ok as I do remember setting it.

Still trying to travel a bit, but as many of you know, it gets tougher all the time. Did get in an interesting trip to Istanbul a couple of months ago. Always an adventure at foreign stations - got pulled off the airplane in Frankfurt as they were 100 pounds overweight, but apparently unable to consider doing a kid count.

Looks like the response to all the people writing about the new pass system being imposed is basically - shut up, period. Makes one feel all warm and fuzzy about loyalty.

Check is actually in the mail, with thanks to you all who keep us informed. *Jack*

DON TOEPPEN—Livermore, CA

You guys deserve the Medal of honor for the way you keep our group together with your outstanding magazine. And even with your frugality, it is well worth even more than that \$35 that was bandied about.

And yes, Leon, that birthday slipped by without notice, so here is the "Catch Up." Doesn't seem possible that I've been kicking around for 94 years. That is a drop in the bucket when one considers my mother was within a few months of 100 when she left us.

Moved over to Livermore when my second wife passed away so that I could be near my youngest son who was in the R & D section of Livermore Lab. Even he had to retire this past month, so all of us have to bow to that age 65 thing. For the past year, we have shared hikes in the surrounding state parks, but even I'm finding it more difficult to keep up with him! Just yesterday we visited an old locomotive museum on the east side of town. They have locomotives I've not seen since the twenties! Even have an operative Turn Table surrounded by a Round House, housing locomotives from the same era.

Livermore is located amid mountains, really foothills west of the coastal mountains. My son has found a foothill just east of Oakland from which one can see the whole San Francisco Bay on a clear day, estimated 100 miles in each direction. Yet, of an evening, in 20 minutes we can be in a pas-

ture area where the horses will come to the fence when we show up with carrots for them to eat.

We live in a complex crafted for people my age down to about 65. They serve lunch and dinner in a dining room. Breakfast is on our own and I just settle for dry cereal along with some OJ and coffee in my room. They have all kinds of programs one can elect to participate in or not. If I want to see airplanes, the airport is but 5 miles NW.

Our foothills are bright in the soon to be setting sun. Jack will snowing up in a few moments, and we'll be out of here!

Regards to All: *Don*

ARVID VON NORDENFLYCHT

Greetings, Business first: Working to keep the rupa.org website is keeping me busy. Like all computer programs things don't always work as you'd want them to. Somehow my entire email address and all my old mail was lost and soliciting letters to "Help me get home from London" were sent to all my addresses so then that caused me more problems including having to change e-mail addresses and my contacts. Eventually I'll get everything back together. Still, keep those comments coming; tell me what is missing and what you'd like to see. History? UAL items, News or? Is not UAL's <https://skynet.ual.com> available to all who can access a computer? (*It works for the Editor*) Thus I don't know if an update has to be available each day. But now it's time for a personal update on fun things so here goes. We are still at home in the lovely Palos Verdes Peninsula overlooking the blue Pacific and finding it difficult to move anywhere else. Yet to satisfy the curiosity of finding greener grass we acquired a townhouse in Point Roberts, WA and another one in the East Bay overlooking Diablo Valley and Concord Airport.

Since my last letter we were blessed with 3 grandchildren, two girls and a boy. We had almost given up thoughts of such delights as both of our children were late getting married.

The families live near those areas and we shuttle every three weeks to one or the other. They come to our house frequently as well. We just had a two day family bonding in Disneyland. What a delight watching the two four year olds taking it all in.

The trips to the Bay area aren't too bad. If the

weather is not nice for the Cessna there is UAL to SFO and BART to the East Bay. And driving there from SoCal is only 6 hours on I-5, but traveling to the Northwest is more stressful. Those CJ's between LAX and SEA or YVR are just too small and not frequent enough. Alaska Airlines folks are very nice and friendly but their flights don't have much space available either. Buying a ticket is becoming the norm, Expedia, Orbitz and Kayak and other such websites are all on my bookmarks.

Buying a ticket brings me to our big trip this past winter as we flew on V Australia to Sydney since for several days SA space on UAL was very iffy. A few days later we travelled on Virgin Blue to Hobart, Tasmania. Nice city and scenic too, a little Vancouver, BC. There we boarded the MV Orion, an ice-strengthened 350 foot five year old beautiful 5 star cruise ship, for a long journey to the bottom of the world, specifically to the Ross Sea and McMurdo Sound.

We were joined by another 86 experienced fellow tourists to experience the Southern Ocean and in great hopes to see Antarctica. There was also the ship's crew of 82 including ten very experienced and interesting exploration team members.

There were adventures typical of this type of cruising. Very strong winds, huge waves tossing the ship like a cork, rain, hail, snow and then worries about pack ice and waves denying us from landing in the trusty Zodiacs. Yet when it counted the skies cleared and the sceneries of Antarctica were stunning. The penguins greeted us everywhere and the historic huts from 1910 era expeditions were still there and now protected. Mt Erebus, the 13,000 ft land mark volcano was visible for several days and with the midnight sun many nights as well. Some of you may recall the Air New Zealand DC-10 crash in 1979 there. While we were there a team from New Zealand landed at McMurdo Station to finally place a memorial plaque in honor of the lost. At the end of the open water we reached Scott's hut at 78 degrees south. McMurdo, the US Antarctica support station, was just 25 miles farther but not reachable without the help of an ice breaker or some tracked snow cats. A helicopter came and greeted us by a couple of circles around us but that is the only sign of human life we encountered within a zillion miles.

Then there was another little reminder how easily things change. We were visiting the other nearby famous Shackleton hut when the wind shifted and pushed nearby ice floes into our landing bay separating us from our ship. A couple of Zodiacs tried to reach us or get back to the open water without success. One Zodiac had to quickly pull up onto the ice to prevent getting crushed by the moving floes, so we were contemplating our next options. The expedition team did bring extra gear such as tents and food to the shore but not many of us featured a cold night on shore. Eventually it was decided that the floes were big enough to support us so we marched across the floes and used a boarding plank to cross the open leads.

It took a team of 15 to haul the stranded Zodiac back. Finally everyone beat the snowstorm back to the ship and those hot rum toddies really hit the spot.

Our return sail was all "uphill" with strong winds even forcing course changes to minimize the rough ride. We eventually left the ship in Christchurch and after three days visit left for Sydney and home just a day before the big earthquake hit Christchurch. That event was soon supplanted by the Japan quake and Tsunami, but for our long time friends who lost their primary and secondary homes the quake was quite devastating. They spent the night in their SUV and then moved away to their summer place in Marlborough sound.

Well, seems this is getting to be rather a long epistle, maybe I'd get back to enjoying the grandkids and wishing you all a nice summer.

Arvid, LAXFO ret. 2000

IN MEMORIAM

JOE GAYLE BAILEY

Joe Bailey (78) flew west on June 6, 2011 after open heart surgery.

Joe flew for United for 26 years and retired in 1993. After retirement he and his wife, Lea, moved to their home town of Sand Springs, OK. They were very active in their local high school alumni group where Joe was treasurer for 13 year. He was also a

volunteer at the local museum and yearly Herb Af-fair.

CLAYTON O. GRANT

Clayton O. Grant, 83, died May 8, 2011, at Treasure Coast Hospice in Fort Pierce, FL.

He was born in Suttons Bay, Mich., and lived in the area for 25 years, coming from Stony Brook, NY. He served in the Coast Guard during World War II. He was a captain for United Airlines for 35 years. He was also a longtime member of the Treasure Coast Coin Club.

Survivors include his wife of 57 years, Ann Grant; three daughters, and six grandchildren.

Memorial contributions may be made to Treasure Coast Hospice, 5000 Dunn Road, Fort Pierce, FL 34981.

DAVID L. MUNYON

David L. Munyon, 69, of Henderson, Nevada, passed away at his home Sunday, May 29, 2011, following a nine-month fight against cancer.

Captain Munyon was born April 17, 1942. He was raised in Los Angeles and Phoenix, and resided for 19 years in the Seattle area before moving to Henderson in 1990. He majored in mathematics and minored in physics and graduated from Arizona State College in 1963. He taught math at Cortez High School in Phoenix, before being hired by United Airlines in 1966.

Flying was David's great passion and he proudly flew for United for 36 years and retired as a 747 Captain in 2002. He flew all of the Boeing aircraft in United's Fleet starting with the 727 and several Douglas aircraft including the DC-10. David always said that for 36 years he never went to work - he just went flying!

As a youth he became an Amateur Radio Operator, and enjoyed this hobby throughout his life. He loved bluegrass music and built several 5-string banjos. David loved the Lord and was a life-long student of the Bible. He taught Bible classes at Bethany Baptist Church and was active in TMBS (Thursday Morning Men's Bible Study).



He is survived by his loving wife, of 16 years, Bonnie Lambert-Munyon (Retired United Flight Attendant); two daughters, from a previous marriage, and five grand children. He was greatly loved by his family and we know he will be missed by many. A memorial service was held on Friday, June 3 at the Bethany Baptist Church and a reception followed at the Munyon home for a celebration of David's life.

CLIFFORD FRANK WOLFF

Clifford Frank Wolff, a well-known former resident of Lake of Woods, Locust Grove, VA, died February 15, 2011 at his residence in Fredericksburg, VA, following a brief illness. He was 86 years of age.



Cliff was born on August 11, 1924, in North Greece, New York. Aviation was his lifelong passion, and in WWII he served in the United States Army Air Corps, on Guam and Tinian islands. As a first lieutenant, he became the youngest captain of a B-24 Liberator bomber crew. Cliff realized his dream of becoming a commercial airline pilot when he was hired by United Airlines in 1951. His flying career with United spanned thirty-four years, and he retired in 1984 having flown the DC-3 to the 747. He was the first UAL captain to land a 727 at Reagan National Airport. He was accompanied on his final flight from San Francisco to Honolulu by his family and over 90 friends. Cliff continued flying in retirement, co-owning a Cessna 172 Skyhawk at Orange County Airport. He served on the Orange County Airport Board of Supervisors and was an active member of the Orange County Airport Booster Association. His efforts were instrumental in helping the airport to expand.

As a longtime resident of Lake of the Woods, Cliff enjoyed golf, boating, and waterskiing. He was a driver for the Lake of the Woods Volunteer Fire and Rescue service, served on the Lake of the Woods Association Security committee, and was a founding member of the Lake of the Woods Church. He also remained active in the Retired United Pilots Association.

Cliff is survived by his wife, Marilyn, who he married in 1945, one son, two daughters, five grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

The family requests that memorials be made to Orange County Airport Boosters Association, 19103 Constitution Highway, Orange, VA 22960, Lake of the Woods Fire and Rescue, 102 Lakeview Parkway, Locust Gove, VA, 22508, or the charity of your choice.

VERNON "Lee" WOOD

Vernon "Lee" Wood was born on Valentine's Day, February 14, 1930, in Oakland, California. He was a Cub Scout and a Boy Scout. He earned his pilot's license during his High School years. After graduating, he joined the Air Force and served in the Far East for two-and-one-half years during the Korean War. Lee was awarded the Korean Service Medal, the Japan Occupational Medal, and the Korean Presidential Unit Citation. After being discharged, he flew for United Airlines for thirty-five years, twenty-five of those years as Captain, retiring in 1990.

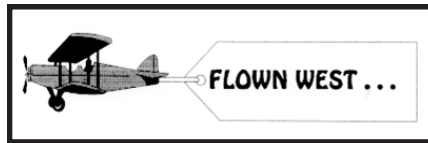


Lee was instrumental in founding the North Valley Pilots Association, was a member of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, and was a former member of the Airline Pilots Association. He was always willing to take the time to encourage young people who had an interest in flying. He spent many hours taking them in his airplane to share with them the joys of being a pilot. Lee always gave more than his share, helping people in need in every way he could. His hobbies were fishing, reading, taking his grandchildren flying, and teaching his grandson to fly. His family, children, and grandchildren were the joy in his life. Lee passed away on Thursday, June 9, 2011. He was eighty-one years old.

He is survived by his wife of fifty-five years, Eileen; a daughter, two grandchildren, a sister, a brother, and many nieces and nephews.

A memorial service will be held at Grace Brethren Church, Chico, CA.

Donations may be made to the Disabled American Veterans and to Gideon Bibles in care of Newton-Bracewell Chico Funeral Home.



Clifford F. Wolff	Feb. 15, 2011
Ray M. Hull	Aprl 09, 2011
John A. Schmitz	Apr. 29, 2011
Clayton O. Grant	May 08, 2011
*James W. Waugh	May 16, 2011
Richard C. Billett	May 26, 2011
David L. Munyon	May 29, 2011
Joe G. Bailey	Jun. 02, 2011
Robert M. Moore	Jun. 05, 2011
Vernon "Lee" Wood	Jun. 09, 2011
Richard W. Mitchell	Jun. 11, 2011
<i>*denotes non-member</i>	



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

United Airlines Retired Pilots Foundation, Inc.

Send memorial and other donations to: Capt. Bernard "Bernie" Sterner, Treasurer
 839 Euclid Avenue, Villa Park, IL 60181-3328, 630-832-3002



From:

RUPANEWS
P.O. Box 400
Vineburg, CA 95487-0400

RUPANEWS Deadline: 15th of Each Month

RUPA's MONTHLY SOCIAL CALENDAR

Arizona

Phoenix Roadrunners (2nd Tuesday)—*Bobby Q Restaurant* - 623-566-8188

Tucson (January)—*Tucson Country Club*

California

Dana Point CA (2nd Tuesday)—*Wind & Sea Restaurant* - 949-496-2691

Los Angeles San Fernando Valley (2nd Thurs, Odd Months)—*Mimi's, Chatsworth* - 818-992-8908

Los Angeles South Bay (2nd Thursday, Even Months)—*Hacienda Hotel* - 310-821-6207

Monterey Peninsula (2nd Monday)—*The Rio Grill Crossroads or TBA please RSVP* - 831-622-7747

San Diego Co. (2nd Tuesday)—*San Marcos CC* - 760-480-7420

San Francisco Bay-Siders (2nd Tuesday)—*Harry's Hofbrau*, Redwood City, CA

San Francisco North Bay (1st Wednesday)—*Petaluma Sheraton*

Colorado

Denver Good Ol' Boys (3rd Tuesday)—11:30am *American Legion Post 1* - 303-364-1565

Florida

N.E. Florida (3rd Thursday, Feb, Apr, Jun, Oct, Dec)—*Spruce Creek CC* - 386-760-0797

S.E. Florida Treasure Coast Sunbirds (2nd Tue. Nov thru Apr)—561-756-4829

S.E. Florida Gold Coast (2nd Thursday, October thru April)—*Galuppi's Restaurant & Patio Bar*

S.W. Florida (2nd Monday, Nov, Jan, Feb, Mar)—*Olive Garden, Ft. Myers* - 239-540-9112

Tampa, Florida Sundowners (3rd Thursday)—*Daddy's Grill* - 727-787-5550

Hawaii

Hawaii Ono Nene's (Last Thursday)—*Mid Pacific Country Club*

Illinois

Chicago Area (1st Wednesday, Mar, Jul, Nov)—*Wellington Restaurant, Arlington Heights* - 630-832-3002

McHenry, IL [ORD] (2nd Tuesday, Jan, May, Sep)—31 N. Banquets & Conference Center - 815-459-5314

Nevada

Las Vegas High Rollers (3rd Tuesday)—*Memphis Barbecue* - 702-558-9422 or 702-565-7175

Reno's Biggest Little Group (3rd Wednesday)—*Macaroni Grill* - 775-250-2672

New York

New York Skyscrapers (June)—*Montclair Golf Club, West Orange, NJ* - rupapetesoman@optonline.net

New York Skyscrapers (October)—*The Assembly Steak House, Englewood Cliffs, NJ* - 203-322-0724

Ohio

Cleveland Crazies (3rd Thursday)—*TJ's Wooster* (Always coed.) - 440-235-7595

Oregon

The Columbia River Gezzers - (TBA) - Ron Blash - rblash@mac.com - (H) 503 636 3612 - (C) 503 504 5324

The Intrepid Aviators of Southern Oregon (3rd Thursday)—*Pony Express, Jacksonville* - 541-245-6896

Washington

Seattle Gooney Birds (3rd Thursday)—*Airport Marriott* - 360-825-1016

Washington D.C.

Washington D.C. Area (3rd Thursday, Jan, Apr, Jul, Oct)—*Marco Polo Rest, Vienna, VA* - 540-338-4574