



RUPANEWS

Journal of the Retired United Pilots Association

Volume 8 Number 6

(Journal 563)

August, 2006



IN THIS ISSUE

President's Message
Notices

Page 3
Page 3-10

Letters
In Memoriam
Calendar

Page 11-33
Page 34-38
Page 40

—OFFICERS—

President Emeritus: The late Captain George Howson

President: Cleve Spring, 1104 Burke Ln., Foster City, CA 94404-3636, 650-349-6590, clevespring@comcast.net

Vice Pres: Larry Wright, 605 Joandra Ct., Los Altos, CA 94024-5343, 650-948-5587, patlarry@aol.com

Sec/Treas: Jim Olson, PO Box 3203, Springfield, MO 65808-3203, 417-890-9484, jimboymo@yahoo.com

Membership Bill Richards, 1421 Canberley Ct., Trinity, FL 34655 727-375-9859, billwd6j@verizon.net

—COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN—

Convention Sites.Ron Jersey ronaldjersey@aol.com

Fold'n 'n Stuffin'Cleve Spring clevespring@comcast.net

WHQ LiaisonMilt Jensen mcjensen@runbox.com

Widows CoordinatorCarol Morgan perdidol@cox.net

Patti Melin

RUPA Web MasterArvid Von Nordenflycht arvidvn@yahoo.com

RUPA WEBSITE.....rupa63.org

—AREA REPRESENTATIVES—

Chicago.....	Bernie Sterner	Los Angeles, Valley	Don McDermott
Dana Point, California.....	Ted Simmons	McHenry, Illinois.....	Claude Nickell
Denver (Good Ole Boys).....	Ted Wilkinson	New York	Pete Sofman
Florida, N.E.	Lowell Johnston	Ohio (North Coasters).....	Richard McMakin
S.E. (Gold Coast)	Stan Blaschke	Phoenix (Roadrunners).....	Frenchy Bourgeois
	Jimmy Carter	San Diego Co.....	Robt. L. Bowman
S.W.....	T. J. Sobota	San Francisco Bay	Sam Cramb
Tampa.....	Matt Middlebrooks		Cam McEachern
Las Vegas (High Rollers).....	Andy Anderson	Seattle	William R. Brett
	Jerry Johnson		Brent F. Revert
Los Angeles, South Bay.....	Rex May	Washington D.C.	E.K. Williams Jr.

—BOARD OF DIRECTORS—

Floyd Alfson, Rich Bouska, Sam Cramb, Milt Jensen, Ron Jersey, Milt Jines, Howie Jundt
Ted Larusson, Bruce McLeod, Walt Ramseur, Bill Smith, Arvid Von Nordenflycht

**Here is how to renew your subscription to the RUPANEWS
or change your Address or any other personal information:**

The renewal date for your subscription is always printed on the address label on the back page of your most recent copy of the RUPANEWS. If you have moved, the Post Office will forward the RUPANEWS for only 60 days. If you have two addresses in the database (Snow Birds) you must notify us when you want them switched by one of the following methods:

Send your \$25 renewal check or updated information to:

James E. Olson, PO Box 3203, Springfield, MO 65808-3203 — or —

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

—RUPANEWS—

Editor Ted Larusson

8229 Cashel Way, Sacramento, CA 95829-1527

Telephone (916)-689-5358

E-mail: tlarusson@comcast.net

RUPANEWS (USPS 017-562) is published monthly for members for \$25 per year by the Retired United Pilots Association, 1104 Burke Lane, Foster City, CA 94404-3636. Periodicals POSTAGE PAID at San Mateo, CA and additional mailing offices:

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I want to inform everyone that our Sec/Treasurer, Jim Olson, has moved. Jim has returned to his native Missouri. All of his addresses and phone number have changed and are listed on the opposite page as well as here. Please take notice of these changes so that your checks and other information get to him in a timely manner.

James E. Olson
PO Box 3203
Springfield, MO 65808-3203
417-890-9484
E-mail: jimboymo@yahoo.com

In regards to address changes, Snow Birds in particular, you must notify us when you want your addresses switched. This process cannot be automated and the Post Office will only forward the *RUPANEWS* for 60 days and then they tear off the last page with your address and send it to me with the forwarding address. If we have extra issues we can send you a new one, but if we have run out you will miss that issue. I received five back pages in the last two days and was able to send out replacement issues for July.

So far we have received bids from three Seattle hotels in regards to our 2007 Convention. Our Convention Sites Chairman, Ron Jersey, along with Rich Bouska, will be making an onsite tour of these facilities soon to decide which hotel we will use.

As I said last month, we are requesting that those of you who think you will be attending the convention to notify Ron Jersey that you may be attending so that we can get some idea of how many rooms we will need. This doesn't mean you're locked into attending it's just a straw poll. Please notify Ron by one of these methods.

Ron Jersey
3 Pheasant Lane
Gorham, ME 04038-2253
207-839-6943
E-mail: ronaldjersey@aol.com
Or RUPA answering Machine: 800-787-2429

We still haven't gotten any volunteers from the Seattle area to help with the convention. Come on folks, we really need your assistance!

Cheers, *Cleve*

NOW HEAR THIS!!

RENEWAL CHECKS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS OR ANYTHING ELSE YOU THINK IMPORTANT, GOES TO OUR SECRETARY / TREASURER:

----JAMES OLSON----

HE HAS A NEW ADDRESS:

JAMES OLSON; RUPA; P.O. BOX 3203; SPRINGFIELD, MO 65808-3203

HE HAS A NEW EMAIL ADDRESS:

jimboymo@yahoo.com

HE HAS A NEW TELEPHONE NUMBER:

800-787-2429

(Commit this to memory; then eat this page.)

DANA POINT RUPA LUNCHEON

Wind And Sea Restaurant

Dana Point CA

July 18, 2006

The 'crew' were treated to a beautiful day at the Harbor. A sea breeze keep the group comfortable. A welcome relief from the inland temperatures.

On deck were; Rusty Aimer, Park Ames, Carlos Bernhard, Walt Bohl, Bruce Dunkle, John Grady, Pete Hansen, Jack Healy, Bob McGowan, Bill Rollins, Ted Simmons, Bill Stewart and Joe Udovch.

Tony Testa is still on extended sick leave. Another member on the sick list Ron Cordes checked in by E-mail; (copy follows) ...very serious. Best wishes to both of you.

Ron's Note:

'Just wanted to let you know that I was diagnosed with ALS, (Lou Gehrig's Disease) last fall, and have great difficulty walking now. I usually use a walker or cane, but the cane is difficult and I must hold someone's arm to maintain my balance. As a result, I seldom drive because it is difficult/dangerous getting from the car to where I am going. Greet the guys from me.'

Ron lives in Talega (San Clemente); his e-mail is roncordes@cox.net.

With Park Ames and other masters of the "Joke" time went quite fast and the stories were great. Of note was the summer employment Rusty Aimer took on. A copy of his words follows.

"I recently received a call from an old friend who owns an airline registered in Indonesia. One of his 747s was in Marana, AZ getting a D Check at Evergreen Air Center. He needed someone with Engineering and Test background to do a Mx. test flight on his aircraft. (He knows I have over 15 years and 10,000 hours on the Rope Start 747s in my 5 or 6 different former lives!) It has been close to couple of decades however since I had regularly flown this old bird (May of 1989 to be exact, when I left LH to come to UA). Perhaps I still remember a lot more about 747s than any other plane I have ever flown! (Including the 767 I retired off of two years ago!)

My buddy flew one of his regular current and qualified check pilots all the way from BRU to give me a quick and dirty FAR -91 currency check. (This could legally be just a :30 minute brief in a bar and 3 bounces afterwards!) I leave it to your imagination to what that :30 minute brief was all about, at the nearby TUS Hooters!! The 3 bounces actually went pretty well considering I didn't have anything to drink other than an Ice Tea!

The ATIS at the nearby TUS Int'l was reporting 48C in the shade! (@ around 2PM local time at the Arizona Desert Bone Yard!)

After running the APU for a few hours, with two A/C packs on, closing all the doors including the outflow valves and only opening the cockpit overhead escape hatch (a trick I had learned from an old Pan AM F/E years back) we managed to bring the temp in the cockpit to a cool comfortable 120F!

This old tired Freighter (original PA 1969 vintage) had definitely an air flow problem! Even at the end of the two hour test flight in a block altitude of FL 410-230 the cockpit temp never went below the mid 90's! The Main Deck cargo area was nice and cool.

A couple of small bottles of H2O went down quickly and came out in the form of a salty sweat into my poor burning eyes! I truly felt the real feelings one would have working in a friggen oven dude!

We managed to perform the test flight safely but it sure wasn't pretty! (My Depends were soaking wet and it wasn't because of my age related incontinence!!) The effects of the heat and dehydration showed shortly after we finished the test flight. The three of us had a hard time navigating back to our hotel! The simple task of reading the map or the street signs became almost impossible! We did however find our way back to the Hooters for a post flight dinner, drinks and badly needed eye adjustments!!

I certainly realize why I love being retired so much, and hope I never have to work in HELL again! BTW, do you still have that contact # for the Wal-Mart Greeter's job??!! :-). I hear they have a better retirement than ours at UAL!!! ...Best regards, Rusty"

After Rusty's story... yes we all agreed retirement is OK.

Next Lunch Tuesday August 15th (comes early).

Regards, *TED*

DENVER GOOD OL' BOYS

The July Meeting of the Good ol' Boys occurred on a beautiful summer day and was well attended. For once the humble scribe was the first one in attendance, but not for long, as the faithful began making appearances forthwith. It was rumored that cool libations helped those who were overheated cool down.

The dinner bell sounded at noon on the dot, but the trenchermen who had observed the victuals being made available on the buffet had mostly assembled, so the sounding of the bell was hopelessly redundant. At any event all managed to load their plates and this scribe heard no complaints.

Following the repast, a few announcements were made, including that retired crew scheduler, Myrna Boyd, was in the hospital, and we wish her a speedy and complete recovery.

The floor was turned over to Jim Krasno who delivered an update on the status of our various lawsuits and appeals. The boring business meeting having been successfully concluded, the group devolved into visiting and socializing, and was still in full swing when the scribe took his leave.

Those in attendance included: Bill Fife, Bob Sannwald, Curley Baker, Phil Spicer, A. J. Hartzler, Pete Cecchinelli, Dave Murtha, Hank Keyser, Maury Mahoney, Tom Hess, Dick Garbrick, Jim Krasno, Bill Hoygaard, Bill Bates, Ralph Wright, Jack Davis, Rick Madsen, Bob Blessin, Mack Connelley, Bob Ashworth, Ed Cutler, Ed Riehl, Cliff Lawson, Bob Clipson, Tom Hudgens, Ray Bowman, Stanley Boehm, John Allen, Hal Meyer, Roger DeLozier, Jim Jenkins, Jim Harris, Chuck Fellows, and the scribe and coordinator, *Ted Wilkinson*

Address changes, Snowbirds & Others:

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

Write: James E. Olson, PO Box 3203, Springfield, MO 65808-3203

Or: Phone 800-787-2429

Or: E-mail jimboymo@yahoo.com

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

STROKE IDENTIFICATION:

A neurologist says that if he can get to a stroke victim within three hours he can totally reverse the effects of a stroke . . . totally. He said the trick was having a stroke recognized, diagnosed and then getting the patient medically cared for within three hours, which is tough.

RECOGNIZING A STROKE:

Thank God for the sense to remember the "3" steps.

Read and Learn!

Sometimes symptoms of a stroke are difficult to identify. Unfortunately, the lack of awareness spells disaster. The stroke victim may suffer severe brain damage when people nearby fail to recognize the symptoms of a stroke.

Now doctors say a bystander can recognize a stroke by asking three simple questions:

S *Ask the individual to **SMILE**.

T *Ask the person to **TALK**, to **SPEAK A SIMPLE SENTENCE**. (Coherently) (i.e. . . It is sunny out today)

R *Ask him or her to **RAISE BOTH ARMS**.

NOTE: Another 'sign' of a stroke is this: Ask the person to 'stick' out their tongue. If the tongue is 'crooked', if it goes to one side or the other, that is also an indication of a stroke.

If he or she has trouble with any one of these tasks, call 911 immediately and describe the symptoms to the dispatcher.

A cardiologist says if everyone who gets this e-mail sends it to ten people, you can bet at least one life will be saved.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE A HOME ALARM SYSTEM, THIS IS A GOOD IDEA.

Put your car keys beside your bed at night. If you hear a noise outside your home or someone trying to get in your house, just press the panic button for your car. The alarm will be set off, and the horn will continue to sound until either you turn it off or the car battery dies.

This tip came from a neighborhood watch coordinator. Makes sense to me.

ABOUT THE COVER: Deke Holman and his Christen Eagle II.

The project was started in 1961 in a single car garage and later in a 3 car garage. It was finished in June of 1988. I flew it to Oskosh in July for the EAA convention and won the Lindberg Trophy for Outstanding Workmanship. I now have 504 hours and it is the most honest airplane in any configuration. After some spin training with Sean D. Tucker, I know it is a well built airplane.

Deke Holman

NORTH BAY RUPA GROUP

Once again, on the first Wednesday of the month, the North Bay RUPA group met for lunch, at the *Petaluma Sheraton's Tolay Room*. Despite the holiday the day before, a good turnout gathered for an hour or two of good conversation, and companionship. The group welcomed RUPA's president, Captain Cleve Spring, and Director Sam Cramb to our get-together (along with Director Bill Smith, one of the regulars!). Announcements were made, and the latest news of the industry, and our situation was discussed. Stan/Lee Anderson remarked on the passing of an industry Icon...Lay of Enron...George Hise brought three articles that stated recent surveys are proving that 1. coffee is good for you!, 2. beer can aid in prostate problems, 3. Pot is non-cancer forming...after a good round of applause, George was nominated by acclamation to become our "Secretary of Health"!! Reminders of upcoming events were: Air Show at Charles Schultz Sonoma County Airport...August 19th and 20th...(thrifty pilot tip=buying a membership gets you in free!)...RUPA picnic at the Palo Alto Elk's Lodge picnic grounds to be held Thursday, August 24th, always a fun event!...and the Air Races near Reno on September 14th to 18th.

In attendance Clyde Wilson, Sam and Mickey Orchard, Leon and Vicky Scarbrough, Jerry Thomas, Ken and Shirley Corbin, Dick Hanna, Barney Hagen, Deke Holman, Sam Anderson, Dwight Daley, J.R. Hastings, Jim Mansfield, George Hise, Bob Grammar, Cleve Spring, Sam Cramb, John and Carol Reed, Gardner Bride, Lee Anderson, Larry Whyman, Dick Lammerding, Bill Greene, Dick Smith, Bill Smith, Bill McGuire, Woody Lockhart, Bob and Doris Donegan.

Meetings held every month on the first Wednesday at 12:30 pm...all friends of the RUPA group are welcome!

SEATTLE GOONEY BIRDS

The Seattle Gooney Birds met at the *Marriott* Thursday July, 20. Less than average attendance probably due to spectacular weather.

Attending were: Bill Jensen, Eric Skone, Jim Barber, George Mollison, Russ Stephens, Al Haynes, Chuck Westpfahl, Dan Jessup, Bob Collins, Dave Carver, Dean Turner, Jim Bleasdel, Howard Holder, Neil Johnson, Tom Smith, Jack Brown, Ken Case, Ray Dapp, Don Anderson, Jim Dorsey, Wes Olney, and Brent Revert.

The only item of business was to encourage all to lend voice to the attempt to include United in the upcoming Pension Bill. This would allow 20 years to achieve fully funding pensions. It has been approved for Northwest and Delta - why not United and USAir????

Brent

SAN DIEGO RUPA LUNCHEON

There were five at our meeting this month. Bob Harrell, Don Trunick, Paul Whitby, Pete Moyer, and myself. There is no program to our meetings, we just talk about flying; what else?

Bob Bowman.

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

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

LOS ANGELES VALLEY LUNCHEON

July is always a small turn out and with temperatures this year in the valley over 100 degrees and with some out of town on summer trips only the following 13 were at *Mimi's* for lunch:

Doug Rankin, Marcene Rankin, Joyann Moore, Jack Moore, Herb Goodrich, Lee Cameron, Rex May, Ray Engel, Don McDermott, Bob Mosher, Doug Bielanski, Denny Fendelander, & John Joyce.

We started gathering at 11 a. m. with visiting and there was general discussion of various people's bad experiences trying to fly Space Available.

Don McDermott then said that Doug Bielanski had some current information about the pensions for those that have been retired less than 10 years. For those with more than ten years the PBGC is paying their full amount of their pension.

For those who are affected, URBPBA currently has 5 active appeals. 1st is Judge Lefkow's decision approving the termination of the United Airlines Pilots' Defined Benefit Pension Plan. 2nd The United States Supreme Court to review the decision of the Seventh Circuit which affirmed the approval of the ALPA-United agreement. A decision on whether the court will accept the case is expected sometime before the end of September 2006. 3rd United has appealed to the Seventh Circuit Judge Darrah's decision ordering the payment of the October 2005 non-qualified pension payment. 4th United has appealed Judge Wedoff's decision ordering the payment of non-qualified pension benefits for the months of November and December 2005 and January 2006. The 5th is of the Bankruptcy Courts approval of United's Plan of Reorganization with the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals.

Rex May announced that Ron Cordes has Lou Gehrig's disease.

Herb Goodrich said that Jim Day at 87 years of age, recently underwent a heart valve replacement, and has been in and out of the hospital with infection and pneumonia. Herb also thanked everyone for their cards and kind thoughts after the death of his wife Hilda.

This month's story from Lee Cameron told of recently going to the Heritage of Race Pilots convention in Cleveland, Ohio. He said that there were many Legendary pilots at the gathering. Lee flew a Martin B-26 solo in the 1949 Bendix Air Race from Rosamond Dry Lake, (near today's Edwards Air Force Base), to Cleveland, Ohio.

Our next luncheon at *Mimi's* will be September 21. Till then, *Doug Rankin*

THE MOUNTAIN MAN AND THE ARMY

Fifty-one years ago, Herman James, a North Carolina mountain man, was drafted by the Army.

On his first day in basic training, the Army issued him a comb. That afternoon the Army barber sheared off all his hair.

On his second day, the Army issued Herman a toothbrush. That afternoon the Army dentist yanked seven of his teeth.

On the third day, the Army issued him a jock strap. The Army has been looking for Herman for 51 years

Author Unknown

LETTER FROM A RETIRED PILOT TO HIS PEERS:

Here is a home study simulator course for those who, forced to retire at 60, still hunger for the romance and adventure of airline flying. That "Romance and Adventure" will all come flooding back to you if you follow the steps of this "practice trip" at home:

1. Stay out of bed all night.
2. Sit in your most uncomfortable chair, in a closet, for nine or ten hours facing a four foot wide panoramic photo of a flight deck.
3. Have two or three noisy vacuum cleaners on high, out of sight but within hearing distance and operating throughout the night. If a vacuum cleaner fails, do the appropriate restart checklist.
4. Halfway through your nocturnal simulator course, arrange for a bright spotlight to shine directly into your face for two or three hours, simulating flying an eastbound flight into the sunrise.
5. Have bland overcooked food served on a tray midway through the night.
6. Have cold cups of coffee delivered from time to time. Ask your spouse to slam the door frequently.
7. At the time when you must heed nature's call, force yourself to stand outside the bathroom door for at least ten minutes, transferring your weight from leg to leg, easing the discomfort. Don't forget to wear your hat.
8. Leave the closet after the prescribed nine or ten hours, turn on your sprinklers and stand out in the cold and "rain" for twenty minutes, simulating the wait for the crew car.
9. Head for your bedroom, wet and with your suitcase and flight bag. Stand outside the door till your wife gets up and leaves, simulating the wait while the maid makes up the hotel room.
10. When your spouse inquires, "Just what in the hell have you been doing?" just say, "Recalling the good old days of all night flying to romantic places." as you collapse into bed.
11. If you are a purist, make this a two-day trip instead of a turn-around, and do this two nights in a row.

Hope you enjoy your simulator session.

--G. E. Donald



"I tell ya', it's getting to the point where smoking can be hazardous to your health!"

FYI, MAYBE

Ted,

I am going to pass this info to you and you can handle it as you see fit. A few months ago I detected in the maze of all the bankruptcy info from the court the company and URPBPA that something was amiss with the company paid up Life Ins for retirees. After some contact with WHQ and an old friend on the MEC, I was able to determine that there was a gap of coverage for those who retired between July 1, 03 and 12/31/04 a period of 18 mos. It seems the judge limited URPBPA to representing those pilots who ret. prior to June 30, 03 and ALPA when they signed their new agreement in Jan 05, but did not say who represents the pilots who ret. in that 18 mos period. So we have a gap gang. It is not known at this time how many are effected but as I write this the company is sending out statements to those eligible outlining what benefits are payable.

It is not automatic that you receive the benefit as there are some conditions attached. I will pass to you the E-Mail I rec. which will outline those conditions. I think all retirees in that gap should be made aware of the situation so they can ensure whether or not they have it coming. Thanks for your time and all the work you guys do getting out the newsletter. If you need more info you can get me online or call 717-581-5299.

Regards,

JJ Cunningham

Last Night While I Lay Sleeping,
I Died Or So It Seems.
Then I Went To Heaven
But It Was Only In My Dreams
But It Seems St. Peter Met Me,
There At The Pearly Gate.
He Said, "I Must Check Your Record,
So Stand Right Here And Wait.
I See Where You Drank Alcohol,
And Swore Quite Often Too.
Fact Is You've Done Many Things
That A Good Person Shouldn't Do."
"We Can't Have People Like You Up Here,
Your Life Was Full Of Sin."
Then He Read The Last Of My Record,
Grasped My Hand And Said



"Come On In."
He Took Me To The Big Boss,
"Take Him And Please Treat Him Well,
He's Worked For An Airline, Sir.
He's Had His Share Of Hell."

Designs by RaggiTyAnn
raggiTyAnn@juno.com ©

LETTERS

ROBERT J. AHRENS—Belmont, CA

July 2006 check-in time and pay my dues. The past year has come and gone. Our last travel adventure was on the Dawn Princess from SFO to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico and back to SFO. Stops at Santa Catalina, Mazatlan and Cabo San Lucas. Weather and food were great. We are now in the process of putting together a fishing and boating trip using the latest in fishing equipment, to a High Sierra Lake. I'll let you know next year how it all worked out. Until then. Stay Healthy and Enjoy your Retirement.

Regards, *Bob*

3914 Christian Drive, Belmont, Ca. 94002

WALLY AMLING—Leucadia, CA

Another year older, 23 years in retirement. It doesn't seem that long ago.

Marjorie and I are both in good health and doing just about everything we did 23 years ago. Marge had a lump removed from her breast 11/05 and is doing fine.

Wally



JOHN H. ANDERSON—Green Valley, AZ

Greetings to everyone

I'm a grateful man: I walk funny, but I don't have pain. Cataracts out of both eyes, gave me back the pleasure of reading, television, night driving and I can follow the golf ball. A pacemaker set at 70 (low) and 130 (high) lets me exercise and the body feels better with higher steady low rate. I'll be on the cruise this fall.

John

WILLIAM Y. ANDERSON—Crystal Lake, IL

Hi! 85th Birthday Greetings.

Everything is fine and dandy here. We are fine and in good health. My old wingman is doing fine in Florida and I can't let him beat me yet.

Hi to all you guys and best of things to you all.

Willie & Lo

GEORGE A. BLEYLE—Hudson, OH

Good afternoon, Ted;

To see a T-28 on the cover of the June 2006 *RUPANEWS* really brought back memories!!!!

I flew the T-28 as a student naval aviator in VT-3 from Jan-Jun 1965, then went to VT-5 and got my 6 "traps" aboard the USS Lexington in July 1965; then returned to VT-2, during my part of my furlough, as a Formation instructor from Sep '70 to May '72.

Altogether, I accumulated 1327 hours in the T-28, and, if I close my eyes, I can still hear (and smell) that R-1820 engine!!

Keep up the good work with the *RUPANEWS*. I read it cover-to-cover every month.

Cheers,

George

2259 Weir Drive Hudson, OH 44236

bigfoot24@alltel.net

HUGH CHANCE—Arvada, CO

Just a note to update you on Hugh's condition. As of the first of this year, the Drs took his care away from me. I had been caring for him in an assisted living apartment, but his dementia had progressed to where they no longer would permit that situation. So he has been in an Alzhemier's facility since then. He still recognizes the family but after 24 years of retirement there isn't much he remembers about UAL. He doesn't remember having been a pilot for 36 years.

Enclosed is \$25 for the next year.

Please send the *NEWS* to: 10239 W 55th Dr #104
Arvada, CO 80002

Sincerely, *Lois Chance*

CLIFF CHANEY—St. George, UT

Thanks to you folder and stuffers, for the work you do for the *RUPANEWS*. Don't see that many that I know, but the ones I do know, howdy!!

This last year seems to have been at about warp speed. Have just finished putting together an experimental light sport aircraft. Built by Aeroprakt in the Ukraine. Finished the test flights last week. Fly's beautifully, excellent performer, and uses auto gas; which is just delightful. After an hours flight, 4 gallons of fuel. Perfect.

Talk to Jack Horrell every Saturday; we met in 1940 at Sacramento, he was taking his night cross country in a Stinson, and I was studying for my commercial. At the weather bureau. Same ol Jack. Wonderful attitude. A brief conversation with Buddy Joffrion, he sounds just wonderful, but has been going through some very trying times. Phyllis, his wife, is just one strong lady. Chit chat with Beverly Hughes occasionally, and she is well. Talked to Jim Day this week, and he is healing slowly. I occasionally see Bill Fry and Leah, they come to St George from Las Vegas, as he is building some hangers here. Steve Fusco and I talk quite often. His birthday is in July, as is Johnny Campbell, and Scotty Devine. So happy birthday to all you Cancers, many, many more. My dearest Phyllis is busy with her music, and her recipes. Has 4000 books, can you imagine? So all is well here in St George, Utah.

Respectfully, *Cliff Chaney*

JAMES T. DAVIS—Cupertino, CA

The latest *RUPANEWS* has arrived with a T-28 on the cover, triggering all kinds of nostalgic memories. It was the Air Force advanced "multi-" engine trainer at Reese Air Force Base in Lubbock, Texas for a few short months in 1951, bridging the gap between Basic's T-6 and Advanced's final trainer, the B-25. Its grounding after multiple engine seizures and resultant prop departures, which provided real-life "forced landing" practice to a number of cadets. The T-28s were ferried to Kelly Air Force Base where they sat until replacement engines were installed, This meant we were all thrown into the B-25 and instead of an instructor taking two cadets up to do air work, there were four cadets on each flight. By the time it was your turn to do stalls, etc. after breathing in carbon monoxide from the bomb bay and experiencing weightlessness, it was a challenge to just get into the seat to fly. Thank God we had a group of savvy flight instructors who had just returned from Korea where they had been flying night intrusion missions in the Douglas B-26 (an offshoot the Douglas A-20 of World War II fame). On graduation, where Eddie Rickenbacker was the keynote speaker, I was assigned to combat crew training on the B-26 at Langley Air Force Base, expecting to go to Korea. After three weeks of sitting around Reese waiting for a class assignment a change of orders sent me to a troop carrier outfit at Donaldson AFB in Greenville, South Carolina. The Korean War was at its peak and as a result, the squadron I was assigned to was a part of a reserve group which had been called to active duty. It consisted of two squadrons and the group headquarters from Pittsburg plus the squadron I was assigned to from Boston. Many of the Pittsburg pilots had been flying for Capital Airlines prior to recall. In fact, Otto Kaintz ran the instrument school at Donaldson. The airplanes we were flying were the original Flying Boxcars, the Fairchild C-82 which had been mothballed and sitting in the desert since the end of World War II. It had electric everything, flaps, gear and you name it. We never knew which of the electric motors would be operating on any given flight. It was definitely more dangerous to our side than it was to the Koreans so when I was finally sent overseas, it was to Europe where the C-82s, which had been used in the Berlin Airlift were being replaced by C-119s.

To digress, not long after reporting to the troop carrier assignment at Donaldson the whole outfit was sent on one of those renowned field deployments. This one was called "Operation Longhorn" and it turned out to be one of those teachable moments. Our outfit lived in tents out in a no-man's land of sagebrush and sand near Brownwood, Texas. We were making daily formation paratroop and equipment drops in preparation for the big final show-off day drop, and we were camped near the airport. The night before the big drop, in flies a bunch of C-119s. The crews deplaned in their dress blues, their B-4 bags were loaded onto a waiting bus and off they all went to stay overnight at the local hotel. The next morning they came out, flew their drop mission, refueled and headed back for home base. It turned out they were a reserve outfit based in Miami, manned mostly by airline pilots. My instant reaction was, "I'm in the wrong outfit."

It took another three years before I could get out of the active military, go to work for United Airlines and fly the B-26 out of Long Beach, California in the reserves. It was then that I realized what the probable reason for the cancellation of my initial assignment to combat crew training in the B-26 was all about. Fresh out of training with 200 hours total and very little instrument training did not qualify me to do night intrusion work in weather over North Korea. It's a hell of a lot of airplane for one pilot, particularly one who was wet behind the ears.

Now as we approach the fifty-first anniversary of reporting to DENTC on July 4, 1955, I can recall the words of the chief pilot Clyde Bonham of Clinton Aviation's Instrument Training Program. (Those of us who had military white instrument cards had to get our FAA instrument rating before receiving our F/E training at United.) When he asked at our first briefing, "How many of you guys are ex-military?" three quarters of us proudly raised our hands. Then he zapped us with, "You guys are just lucky to be alive." It turned out Clyde had been washed out of a military training program.

Flying the Cessna 140 under the hood using needle ball and air speed plus a little coffee grinder radio to navigate the radio range signals on those hot July days turned out to be a real challenge. I think the

thing that saved me was the beam bracketing techniques in vogue at the time. Because I couldn't keep the wings level with all the thermals, my attempts to get back on the beam must have appeared to look like beam bracketing. While all this folly was going on, at night an old (now fifty year olds look young) instructor named Jim Summers held forth trying to get us ready to pass the instrument rating written. To be sure we passed the exam, each time he'd cover a question that he knew would be on the exam, he'd tap his pointer on something. After about a month we moved to the flight engineer phase of the training under the likes of Ted Bryant who tried to teach us all the intricacies of the number one prop blade switch (or was it the number 3 blade switch?). It seemed that in each class there was one guy who insisted upon asking questions of the deepest level of non-importance.

Somewhere during this chain of events we each got about five hours in the Convair 340 which I guess proved we could fly an airplane. We even got a couple of looks at a real DC-6 interior while it was laying over in Denver during the late evening hours. Oh yes, to add a touch of drama to the TC experience, some kook put a bomb on one of our DC-6s which carried his wife/girl friend, killing all on board as it approached Longs Peak after departing Denver westbound.

Little did we realize that we were destined to be rushed out of Denver onto the line to serve as strike breakers for the ALPA and UAL as the FEIA went on strike. At that time, flight engineers' uniforms had two stripes and since our newly assigned uniforms had two stripes also they hurriedly sewed on a third stripe which was slightly off color, paid us as and called us pilots. We stood out like sore thumbs. As a result of the hurry to rush us out of Denver and onto the line I recalled two little bits of information got neglected. The first one I discovered on checking into San Francisco one October morning. Les Mussel, San Francisco's chief flight engineer immediately got me on a check ride to Los Angeles and back. After getting the engines started, Les said, "Go back and check the cabin door." I did, despite the fact that I had no idea what I was going to check. Reaching the door I found the flight attendant nearby and asked her what the guys did when they checked the door. I

was told they looked in the little holes in the door. After faking it for several flights I finally found someone who could tell me what I was supposed to be looking for. The other little detail I missed was that there was a forward and aft adjustment on that little drop down seat where the flight engineers sat*. (See the short addendum at the end of this e-mail tracing the flight engineer position.) When the previous flight engineer would leave the seat in the aft position I would wonder why I was having such a tough time reaching the throttles on take-off. It took a while to figure that one out. Over the next forty years of flying the Main Line and now eleven years of retirement, many more lessons have been learned; some the hard way.

Speaking of lessons learned, as I write this, the radio newscast has just announced that the Delta Airline management has given notice to the pilots' union to be in the bankruptcy court on Monday to be informed of their decision to terminate the pilots' pension plan, turning it over to the PBGC which itself is bankrupt. With this announcement in mind I am enclosing a "Non Sequitur" cartoon showing a line of executives, briefcases in hand, marching one after another off a cliff. Caption: "The filing of Chapter Eleven by Lemmings, Inc." It seems to me the whole domestic airline industry except for American is following this example. I wonder whether the flexibility the American pilots gained when they left the ALPA (over the flight engineers being pilot-qualified) allowed them to be able to reap the benefits of ALPA bargaining and yet act in ways that perpetuate their self-interests. Reference the "B" scale that American pilots bought and then had the nerve to come to us for relief, I recall an American Allied Pilots Association local chairman coming to one of SFO Council 34's meetings and saying, "We made a terrible mistake accepting the "B" scale and you guys have to hold the line" ... and we did hold the line at great cost to United Airlines when we struck in 1985. Then there was the three-man crew on the 737 which we battled for when everyone else was continuing happily to fly the DC-9 with two-man crews while encouraging us to "Go get 'em, United!" Enough 20/20 hindsight.

One could go on and on but with all the snafus through the years we all had the privilege of flying the best equipment, with the best people. Now,

through some stroke of fate, the oldest retirees have not had their retirement income cut drastically. Add to that the fact that our ALPA pension insurance people had enough moxie to trust us with some of our investment decisions by creating the "B" plan which turned out to be a blessing. I would like to believe that shielding those who had been retired the longest and retired at the lowest rates had a humanitarian basis. However, I am sure that the potential liability to the PBGC was the major factor since the payments were the lowest for the oldest and their life expectancy was the least.

I never cease to be amazed by the spirit and professionalism of the flight and cabin crews that I encounter while pass traveling. I commend them for their dedication. If UAL is to survive, it is this "can do" attitude that will make the difference.

*For those who don't recall the origins of that little afterthought for a flight engineer F/E seat, it was a direct result of a series of fatal DC-6 accidents. The emergency procedure for a heater fire called for depressurization, firing CO2 to the heater and starting a high dive. Much later it was discovered that this resulted in incapacitation of the two-man DC-6 cockpit crew as the CO2 concentrated in the cockpit. Not understanding the cause, the FAA was about to ground the entire DC-6 fleet. A compromise was reached when the airlines agreed to put a three-man crew on the airplane. The flight engineer was installed; hence the "Mickey Mouse" seat. Initially the seat was occupied by people from the ground mechanic job description but around 1948, when a group of pilots were furloughed (the infamous 88) a number of pilots were re-trained as flight engineers. This was the beginning of the turmoil that eventually led to one union representing all of UAL's pilot cockpit crews but not before the bitter flight engineers' strike of 1955. This in turn, led to the furlough of another group of pilots in 1958 which included me. At that time there were two lists; one for flight engineers and one for pilots. I had moved up through the flight engineer seniority list to become a co-pilot and as a result of the 1955 strike settlement, lost my right to revert to F/E and was furloughed out of seniority.

E-mail: jimbarbarad@earthlink.net

(408) 739-3968 - Tel

U-2 CHECK RIDE

The following came from an individual who worked at the Lockheed Skunk Works. It's an account of a public relations check ride in a two-seat U-2 aircraft. Some day, probably years from now, the public may eventually get to openly hear about the many exploits of the U-2 and the SR-71, but for the time being we'll have to settle for the occasional tidbit like you find below.

FLIGHT OF THE DRAGON LADY

Maj. Dean Neeley is in the forward, lower cockpit of the Lockheed U-2ST, a two-place version of the U-2S, a high-altitude reconnaissance aircraft that the Air Force calls "Dragon Lady." His voice on the intercom breaks the silence. "Do you know that you're the highest person in the world?" He explains that I am in the higher of the two cockpits and that there are other U-2s airborne right now. "Astronauts don't count," he says, "They're out of this world."

We are above 70,000 feet and still climbing slowly as the aircraft becomes lighter. The throttle has been at its mechanical limit since takeoff, and the single General Electric F118-GE-101 turbofan engine sips fuel so slowly at this altitude that consumption is less than when idling on the ground. Although true airspeed is that of a typical jetliner, indicated airspeed registers only in double digits.

I cannot detect the curvature of the Earth, although some U-2 pilots claim that they can. The sky at the horizon is hazy white but transitions to midnight blue at our zenith. It seems that if we were much higher, the sky would become black enough to see stars at noon. The Sierra Nevada, the mountainous spine of California, has lost its glory, a mere corrugation on the Earth. Lake Tahoe looks like a fishing hole, and rivers have become rivulets. Far below, "high flying" jetliners etch contrails over Reno, Nevada, but we are so high above these aircraft that they cannot be seen.

I feel mild concern about the bailout light on the instrument panel and pray that Neeley does not have reason to turn it on. At this altitude I also feel a sense of insignificance and isolation; earthly concerns seem trivial. This flight is an epiphany, a life-altering experience. I cannot detect air noise through the helmet of my pressure suit. I hear only my own breathing, the hum of avionics through my headset and, inexplicably, an occasional, shallow moan from the engine, as if it were gasping for air. Atmospheric pressure is only an inch of mercury, less than 4 percent of sea-level pressure. Air density and engine power are similarly low. The stratospheric wind is predictably light, from the southwest at 5 knots, and the outside air temperature is minus 61 degrees Celsius.

Neeley says that he has never experienced weather that could not be topped in a U-2, and I am reminded of the classic transmission made by John Glenn during Earth orbit in a Mercury space capsule: "Another thousand feet, and we'll be on top."

Although not required, we remain in contact with Oakland Center while in the Class E airspace that begins at Flight Level 600. The U-2's Mode C transponder, however, can indicate no higher than FL600. When other U-2s are in the area, pilots report their altitudes, and ATC keeps them separated by 5,000 feet and 10 miles.

Our high-flying living quarters are pressurized to 29,500 feet, but 100-percent oxygen supplied only to our faces lowers our physiological altitude to about 8,000 feet. A pressurization-system failure would cause our suits to instantly inflate to maintain a pressure altitude of 35,000 feet, and the flow of pure oxygen would provide a physiological altitude of 10,000 feet.

The forward and aft cockpits are configured almost identically. A significant difference is the down-looking periscope/driftmeter in the center of the forward instrument panel. It is used to precisely track over specific ground points during reconnaissance, something that otherwise would be impossible from high altitude. The forward cockpit also is equipped with a small side-view mirror extending into the air stream. It is used to determine if the U-2 is generating a telltale contrail when over hostile territory.

Considering its 103-foot wingspan and resultant roll dampening, the U-2 maneuvers surprisingly well at altitude; the controls are light and nicely harmonized. Control wheels (not sticks) are used, however, perhaps because aileron forces are heavy at low altitude. A yaw string (like those used on sailplanes) above each canopy silently admonishes those who allow the aircraft to slip or skid when maneuvering. The U-2 is very much a stick-and-rudder airplane, and I discover that slipping can be avoided by leading turn entry and recovery with slight rudder pressure.

When approaching its service ceiling, the U-2's maximum speed is little more than its minimum speed. This marginal difference between the onset of stall buffet and Mach buffet is known as coffin corner, an area warranting caution. A stall/spin sequence can cause control loss from which recovery might not be possible when so high, and an excessive Mach number can compromise structural integrity. Thankfully, an autopilot with Mach hold is provided.

The U-2 has a fuel capacity of 2,915 gallons of thermally stable jet fuel distributed among four wing tanks. It is unusual to discuss turbine fuel in gallons instead of pounds, but the 1950s-style fuel gauges in the U-2 indicate in gallons. Most of the other flight instruments seem equally antiquated. I train at "The Ranch." Preparation for my high flight began the day before at Beale Air Force Base (a.k.a. The Ranch), which is north of Sacramento, California, and was where German prisoners of war were interned during World War II. It is home to the 9th Reconnaissance Wing, which is responsible for worldwide U-2 operations, including those aircraft based in Cyprus; Italy; Saudi Arabia; and South Korea. After passing a physical exam (whew!), I took a short, intensive course in high-altitude physiology and use of the pressure suit. The 27-pound Model S1034 "pilot's protective assembly" is manufactured by David Clark (the headset people) and is the same as the one used by astronauts during shuttle launch and reentry. After being measured for my \$150,000 spacesuit, I spent an hour in the egress trainer. It provided no comfort to learn that pulling up mightily on the handle between my legs would activate the ejection seat at any altitude or airspeed. When the handle is pulled, the control wheels go fully forward, explosives dispose of the canopy, cables attached to spurs on your boots pull your feet aft, and you are rocketed into space. You could then free fall in your inflated pressure suit for 54,000 feet or more. I was told that "the parachute opens automatically at 16,500 feet, or you get a refund."

I later donned a harness and virtual-reality goggles to practice steering a parachute to landing. After lunch, a crew assisted me into a pressure suit in preparation for my visit to the altitude chamber. There I became reacquainted with the effects of hypoxia and was subjected to a sudden decompression that elevated the chamber to 73,000 feet. The pressure suit inflated as advertised and just as suddenly I became the Michelin man. I was told that it is possible to fly the U-2 while puffed up but that it is difficult.

A beaker of water in the chamber boiled furiously to demonstrate what would happen to my blood if I were exposed without protection to ambient pressure above 63,000 feet.

After a thorough pre-flight briefing the next morning, Neeley and I put on long johns and UCDs (urinary collection devices), were assisted into our pressure suits, performed a leak check (both kinds), and settled into a pair of reclining lounge chairs for an hour of breathing pure oxygen. This displaces nitrogen in the blood to prevent decompression sickness (the bends) that could occur during ascent.

During this "pre-breathing," I felt as though I were in a Ziploc bag-style cocoon and anticipated the possibility of claustrophobia. There was none, and I soon became comfortably acclimatized to my confinement.

We were in the aircraft an hour later. Pre-flight checks completed and engine started, we taxied to Beale's 12,000-foot-long runway. The single main landing gear is not steerable, differential braking is unavailable, and the dual tail wheels move only 6 degrees in each direction, so it takes a lot of concrete to maneuver on the ground. Turn radius is 189 feet, and I had to lead with full rudder in anticipation of all turns. We taxied into position and came to a halt so that personnel could remove the safety pins from the outrigger wheels (called pogos) that prevent one wing tip or the other from scraping the ground. Lt. Col. Greg "Spanky" Barber, another U-2 pilot, circled the aircraft in a mobile command vehicle to give the aircraft a final exterior check.

I knew that the U-2 is overpowered at sea level. It has to be for its engine, normally aspirated like every other turbine engine, to have enough power remaining to climb above 70,000 feet. Also, we weighed only 24,000 pounds (maximum allowable is 41,000 pounds) and were departing into a brisk headwind. Such knowledge did not prepare me for what followed.

The throttle was fully advanced and would remain that way until the beginning of descent. The 17,000 pounds of thrust made it feel as though I had been shot from a cannon. Within two to three seconds and 400 feet of takeoff roll, the wings flexed, the pogos fell away, and we entered a nose-up attitude of almost 45 degrees at a best-angle-of-climb airspeed of 100 kts. Initial climb rate was 9,000 fpm. We were still over the runway and through 10,000 feet less than 90 seconds from brake release. One need not worry about a flame out after takeoff in a U-2. There either is enough runway to land straight ahead or enough altitude (only 1,000 feet is needed) to circle the airport for a dead-stick approach and landing.

The bicycle landing gear creates little drag and has no limiting airspeed, so there was no rush to tuck away the wheels. (The landing gear is not retracted at all when in the traffic pattern shooting touch and goes.)

We passed through 30,000 feet five minutes after liftoff and climb rate steadily decreased until above 70,000 feet, when further climb occurred only as the result of fuel burn.

On final approach, Dragon Lady is still drifting toward the upper limits of the atmosphere at 100 to 200 fpm and will continue to do so until it is time to descend. It spends little of its life at a given altitude. Descent begins by retarding the throttle to idle and lowering the landing gear. We raise the spoilers, deploy the speed brakes (one on each side of the aft fuselage), and engage the gust alleviation system. This raises both ailerons 7.5 degrees above their normal neutral point and deflects the wing flaps 6.5 degrees upward. This helps to unload the wings and protect the airframe during possible turbulence in the lower atmosphere.

Gust protection is needed because the Dragon Lady is like a China doll; she cannot withstand heavy gust and maneuvering loads. Strength would have required a heavier structure, and the U-2's designer, Clarence "Kelly" Johnson, shaved as much weight as possible—which is why there are only two landing gear legs instead of three. Every pound saved resulted in a 10-foot increase in ceiling. With everything possible hanging and extended, the U-2 shows little desire to go down. It will take 40 minutes to descend to traffic pattern altitude but we needed only half that time climbing to altitude.

During this normal descent, the U-2 covers 37 n.m. for each 10,000 of altitude lost. When clean and at the best glide speed of 109 kt, it has a glide ratio of 28:1. It is difficult to imagine ever being beyond glide range of a suitable airport except when over large bodies of water or hostile territory. Because there is only one fuel quantity gauge, and it shows only the total remaining, it is difficult to know whether fuel is distributed evenly, which is important when landing a U-2. A low-altitude stall is performed to determine which is the heavier wing, and some fuel is then transferred from it to the other wing.

We are on final approach with flaps at 35 degrees (maximum is 50 degrees) in a slightly nose-down attitude. The U-2 is flown with a heavy hand when slow, while being careful not to over control. Speed over the threshold is only 1.1 VSO (75 knots), very close to stall. More speed would result in excessive floating.

I peripherally see Barber accelerating the 140-mph, stock Chevrolet Camaro along the runway as he joins in tight formation with our landing aircraft. I hear him on the radio calling out our height (standard practice for all U-2 landings). The U-2 must be close to normal touchdown attitude at a height of one foot before the control wheel is brought firmly aft to stall the wings and plant the tail wheels on the concrete. The feet remain active on the pedals, during which time it is necessary to work diligently to keep the wings level. A roll spoiler on each wing lends a helping hand when its respective aileron is raised more than 13 degrees.

The aircraft comes to rest, a wing tip falls to the ground, and crewmen appear to reattach the pogos for taxiing. Landing a U-2 is notoriously challenging, especially for those who have never flown tail draggers or sailplanes. It can be like dancing with a lady or wrestling a dragon, depending on wind and runway conditions. Maximum allowable crosswind is 15 kts.

The U-2 was first flown by Tony Levier in August 1955, at Groom Lake (Area 51), Nevada. The aircraft was then known as Article 341, an attempt by the Central Intelligence Agency to disguise the secret nature of its project. Current U-2s are 40 percent larger and much more powerful than the one in which Francis Gary Powers was downed by a missile over the Soviet Union on May 1, 1960.

The Soviets referred to the U-2 as the "Black Lady of Espionage" because of its spy missions and mystique. The age of its design, however, belies the sophistication of the sensing technology carried within. During U.S. involvement in Kosovo, for example, U-2s gathered and forwarded data via satellite to Intelligence at Beale AFB for instant analysis. The results were sent via satellite to battle commanders, who decided whether attack aircraft should be sent to the target. In one case, U-2 sensors detected enemy aircraft parked on a dirt road and camouflaged by thick, overhanging trees. Only a few minutes elapsed between detection and destruction. No other nation has this capability.

The U-2 long ago outlived predictions of its demise. It also survived its heir apparent, the Lockheed SR-71 Blackbird. The fleet of 37 aircraft is budgeted to operate for another 20 years, but this could be affected by the evolution and effectiveness of unmanned aircraft.

After returning to Earth (physically and emotionally), I am escorted to the Heritage Room where 20 U-2 pilots join to share in the spirited celebration of my high flight. Many of them are involved in general aviation and some have their own aircraft.

The walls of this watering hole are replete with fascinating memorabilia about U-2 operations and history. Several plaques proudly list all who have ever soloed Dragon Lady. This group of 670 forms an elite and unusually close-knit cadre of dedicated airmen.

United Airlines Historical Foundation

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

HELENE A. DENTON

Dear RUPA,

Here I am finally sending in my check for the *RUPANEWS*. This is due to becoming a Grandmother for the first time at 82. She is a fine spirited and an exploring child now when I visited at 4, 7, 9 and one year. Just like her Father at that age, a mover and explorer... I thoroughly enjoyed attending the Christmas party that they had in L.A. It was nice to talk to pilots who had flown with my husband and thought he knew how to fly. Seventeen different airplanes between the Airlines and the Air Force. It was from a two winged cloth covered wings to a 747. The airplane has changed our way of living. It certainly has changed mine to visit the East coast and 60 years of seniority has helped.

The planes are flying fuller now, and I hope we are on our way up. *Helene*

DON & JAN EIKEN—Sun Lakes, AZ

Yesterday, Jan & I were privileged to attend the 100th birthday celebration for Capt. Ralph Johnson at Falcon Field in Mesa, AZ. 95 other friends & family were in attendance to pay tribute to this legendary United pilot.

His wife of 69years, Ruth, was in attendance as well. Ralph was hired by United as an engineer and test pilot at Cheyenne. He has a number of patents related to aircraft safety and yesterday received a commendation from Governor Napolitano in addition to being installed in the AZ Aviation Hall of fame. Ralph was instrumental in the development of VASI, the Monitored Approach, and Cockpit Resource Management. We are most fortunate to have him in the R.U.P.A. group in PHX. He's a great story teller and has some "hair-raising" stories to tell!

Jan & I are thankful for our good health and the opportunity to travel. We go regularly to SEA & DEN to visit kids and grandkids. We also spend quite a bit of time on the farm in Minnesota which is a pleasant relief from the heat in AZ at this time of the year.

Our thanks to the crew that puts out such a great magazine. *Don & Jan*

FRANK ERNST—Cape Coral, FL

Six years into retirement and working to keep things in perspective, like how fortunate June and I are to have great kids and family, including one Granddaughter and a Grandson who is due this October. We have wonderful friends and good health. We relocated to Cape Coral, FL from Long Island, NY a little more than a year ago, and love the climate, although we never realized how significant the hurricane season is here, in terms of preparation requirements, such as shuttering the windows, and protecting valuables from potential tidal surge, etc. We have gotten use to sleeping in our life jackets and football helmets. We have to work to keep things in perspective because the atrocity, regarding our pensions, which was contrived and masterfully executed by Glenn Tilton and his cronies, and brought to fruition with the help of ALPA and a huge percentage of our working pilots, is abhorrent. As much as we try to keep things in perspective, it is difficult for us, or probably anyone who has lived their lives in an honorable way, where integrity is a key quality, to experience this needless, painful attack. The likelihood that appropriate justice will not be administered to those who are responsible for this attack on the retirees of United, including ourselves, who were dedicated ALPA members for lifetime careers, makes acceptance of this atrocity very difficult. Willie Nelson wrote a song, as I recall, called The Healing Hands of Time, and we are certain that time will help, although the time would be much shorter, for us, if the criminals were behind bars.

In any case, realizing that we all get only one walk through the park, we will do our best to continue enjoying life and wish our friends, Health, Love and Happiness.

STEVE FUSCO—Medford, OR

Ted: A short note to let you know that all is well with wife LeeAnn and me here in Medford, Oregon. I remain active in EAA and QB's, and enjoy flying my RV6A experimental airplane. Both LeeAnn and I remain healthy, happy and active as I pass milestone No. 82. Many thanks to all the volunteers that make RUPA a great organization. --

Steve

MIKE AND CLARE GALLAGHER—Sparta, NJ
66/03---EWR/JFK/LGA---142 Alpine Trail, 07871

It's three years since I retired and we have been busier than ever. We now have six Grandchildren. Three girls and three boys, all close by. They keep us hopping.

We want to thank URPBPA and all their workers for fighting for us and also Capt. Doug Wilsman for all his help in trying to preserve our pension.

We don't have anything nice to say about ALPA or the 70% of the pilots who voted to get rid of our pension so we won't say anything.

Until next year, *Mike and Clare*

CARL AND ELISE HANKWITZ—Kailua, HI

Hello from beautiful Kailua, Hawaii ...

It has been five years now since I set the parking brake on my final flight. And what a five years it has been. An ugly divorce, 9/11, UAL filing for Chapter 11, finding my childhood sweetheart and then marrying her on a beach in Hawaii; two months later diagnosed with prostate cancer; proton radiation treatment at Loma Linda in Southern California; back to school to learn film production and a new career as an independent film producer and finally the loss of the pension.

Every one of the above events were life-changing experiences. Some for worse and some for better.

I would, however, like to talk once again about prostate cancer and proton radiation therapy. Proton therapy allows for the most aggressive cancer therapy possible, while keeping the harm to healthy tissue and side effects to a minimum.

A prominent radiation oncologist once told me that every man will get prostate cancer if they live long enough. Some get it sooner and some later in life. In the 1980's, medical science developed a predictor that has saved millions of lives. It is called a PSA test and it works for the large majority of cases. That and the old "finger wave" have become the industry standard for diagnosing the possibility of cancer. We used to automatically spend the extra \$15 during our annual UAL medical to get the PSA ... but have we continued to have the PSA checked AFTER we retired?

The **change** in PSA score from one year to the next is just as important as the score itself. The most recent example of this that I have first hand knowledge of is a 64 year old man who's PSA went up from 3.8 to 4.5 in one year. We were at a dinner party together and I pulled him and his wife aside and told her to get him to an urologist ASAP for further examination. He was diagnosed with second stage prostate cancer and will be the 14th man I have personally sent to a proton treatment facility for "the cure".

LESSON: Get the PSA done every year and DON'T listen to the doc when he says well, lets wait a while and do it again. Insist on a referral to a urologist and get the "finger wave" and a BIOPSY if you are at all suspicious. It is insurance money well spent and just may save your life.

Proton Radiation Therapy has recently become the gold standard for treatment of prostate cancer. The recently published 10-year study from Loma Linda shows the best survival rate with least possible side effects of any treatment available today. It is also the most expensive ... but Medicare and most all supplemental insurance companies recognize proton as a viable treatment. Yes ... even United PPO and local HMOs like we have here in Hawaii.

Since Loma Linda's proton facility was built in 1991, several other proton facilities have come up on line. Loma Linda's website: <http://www.llu.edu/proton/>

The The Midwest Proton Radiotherapy Institute in Bloomington, Indiana is now up and running and my number 12 referral was treated there. He is a retired UAL pilot. They are affiliated with Indiana University. <http://www.mpri.org>.

Recently the M.D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston, Texas has opened their new Proton Therapy Center. They are affiliated with the University of Texas School of Medicine. http://www.mdanderson.org/care_centers/radiation_onco/ptc/.

The Northeast Proton Therapy Center affiliated with Massachusetts General Hospital and Harvard Medical School also offer the proton radiation therapy.

http://cancer.mgh.harvard.edu/cancer_radonc_nptc_home.htm.

If you take nothing else away from my message this year, please take the time to have your PSA checked and compare it with last years score. Send me an e-mail if you have any questions.

Thanks and God bless.

Carl and Elise chankwitz@mac.com

JACK HEALY—Laguna Woods, CA

Here it is June again and my 86th birthday. Good for me, but probably why the pension went south. Margaret and I are doing pretty well with our health (using Medco). We use the passes traveling about the country. We have had good luck flying on a Tuesday or a Wednesday.

We mostly visit our children and grandkids living in Virginia, Colorado, and Oregon.

We now live in Laguna Woods Village, California--a senior city of 18,000 old timers. It is a very interesting place with two golf courses and seven clubhouses with lot of activities to keep one busy. It is halfway between LAX and San Diego.

I have two sons flying for Fed Ex and I don't hear them complaining these days.

If should be in our neighborhood, we would enjoy your visit.

Jack Healy (healy@lworld.net)
5382A - Avenida Sosiega. Laguna woods, CA
92637



*"Yes, I am a C.E.O., but not, I trust,
in the pejorative sense."*

LISLE O. HICKS—Loon Lake, WA

Dear Ted and fellow RUPA members;

Not too much activity this past year. My mother passed away; she was over 100 years old. She had accepted the Lord and it was her time to go. We will miss her but she is in a much better place now. I had my left knee replaced seven years ago and now I had to have my right knee replaced. I'm glad I only have two knees. My daughter and grandson are into horses now so that keeps us busy. There is always something going on. I have a hard time keeping up with this younger generation. We keep improving and upgrading our house. With the travel situation now, it's easier to stay home. We do plan on a trip to Idaho in July for our annual family reunion.

God bless,

Lisle

RICK HOEFER—Mission Viejo, CA

Hi Guys,

I'm only a couple of weeks late. This last month has been hectic and July is going to be the same. First granddaughter arrived on the 22nd. Sirianna Marie. Steve is in London, Mark is somewhere in the jungles of Costa Rica, Dan and Ying are in Mexico and Teri is on the coast of Oregon vacationing.

Last year we made our annual trek to see our exchange student daughter and her family in Austria. Tomorrow she, Ursula, and her eldest, Peter, arrive for a months stay. Next Sunday the parents of Andrea, our German exchange student friend, show up for three weeks. And finally, Lida, a Greenland Eskimo, shows up with her boyfriend for a week. I love it, we love it. Oh yes, and then Kieren, Australian, shows up for a couple of days with his family but they will stay at Disneyland.

We spent a week at the Embassy Suites in Burlingame (SFO) for the first West Coast reunion of the USS Intrepid. Made some new friends. Very interesting. I asked one fellow, "Do you remember the AJ crash and destruction?" He said, "Remember it! I was part of the arresting gear crew." Interesting group.

Any questions? *Rick Hoefer* marierick@cox.net

THE EXERCISE MYTHS

*I get my exercise acting
as a pallbearer for my friends
who exercise. — CHAUNCY DEPEW
(American politician, died at age 94.)*

Three common myths about exercise pervade our culture today: any physical activity is exercise; all exercise is good for you; and being fitter means being healthier. As myths so often do, these three have taken on the mantle of absolute truth. A measure of the depth to which they have penetrated our collective consciousness is the way most people react to their even being called myths. Be honest. Weren't you just a little shocked when you read those initial statements? Sure you were—because if these are truly myths, then the implication is that exercise is not necessarily good for you. It would mean that the golf or tennis or roller-blading you've been doing isn't necessarily exercise, or that being fitter doesn't automatically make you healthier. And that's impossible . . . isn't it?

No. Simply put, some forms of exercise are good; some are not so good. And, as we'll explain, some can be downright dangerous to your long-term (and even to your short-term) health. Moreover, some activities that most of us would consider to be exercise don't give us nearly as much bang for our fitness buck as we've been led to believe: walking, for example. How can this be? The confusion arises out of common misconceptions about exactly what exercise is and what it isn't.

Many examples of what people consider exercise are in reality pleasurable leisure pursuits. That probably seems to be a nitpicky point, but it really isn't. Golf, softball, basketball, tennis, skiing, racquetball, and other sports activities are just that: sports. Games. Fun. There are undoubtedly some fitness benefits associated with these activities, but not as many as you might think. And—here's the kicker—these benefits come *at what risk*? Even golf, that most gentle of sports, sends its devotees to emergency rooms, physical therapists, orthopedists, and chiropractors in droves with hurt backs, twisted ankles, and injured shoulders. The other activities are even worse.

And what about the hard-core "getting-in-shape" endeavors—Jogging, aerobics, roller-blading, cycling, stepper workouts, Tae Bo? Surely they improve fitness, don't they? Of course, but the way they do it is tremendously inefficient and comes with an almost harrowing amount of risk.

In 1999 alone weekend athletes and exercisers ended up in emergency rooms by the millions at a cost of some \$22 billion. Most of these casualties were aging baby boomers injured trying desperately to stay in shape through jogging, hiking, aerobics, roller-blading, and a host of other activities. Sadly, most of these sufferers probably accepted the idea that injury in some form—shinsplints, muscle strains, sprains, pulls, tears, or even worse—was the price of admission for better health and a trimmer, fitter physique.

Running is a case in point. Even if they don't suffer other injuries, runners end up with bad knees, damaged hips, and weak backs—all injuries that arise from the punishing beating the body takes when you run. It may surprise you to learn just how punishing it is, so let's take a look.

The impact transmitted through the ankles, legs, knees, and hips to the rest of the body from each running step is about three times your body weight. If your feet pound the ground eight hundred to a thousand times per mile, which is about average for the typical stride, and you are a 150-pound runner, you will jolt your body to the tune of about 120 tons of collective force per mile you run. If you are obese and trying to "get into shape" by running, these figures are much more frightening. A 220-pound jogger generates 175 tons of force. That's 550,000 pounds of force on knees, hips, and back. Brutal! If you don't think these forces injure runners, think again. Go pick up a copy of one of the many magazines devoted to running, and you're almost guaranteed to find at least one article on treating running injuries. Or better yet, go to the *Runner's*

World website' and navigate to the sections on injury, where you will find descriptions of over "fifty typical running-related injuries and their treatments. And as if all those injuries aren't bad enough, a recent study reported that runners and boxers had the same amount of a potentially harmful protein, S-100B, in their blood. Elevated blood levels of this protein, which leaks from certain brain cells when they are traumatized, have been shown to correlate with neuropsychological deficits. So, not only does running pound your back, it pounds your head as well!

Legions of people are willing to accept these risks in an effort to improve their health. And why shouldn't they? It seems like every time you open a newspaper or turn on CNN you're being told of yet another study purporting to show the health and/or longevity benefits of moderate exercise. Despite the fact that these studies are virtually all flawed, it seems as if physical activity *should be* good for you. To a great extent, it probably is, but not if you end up badly injured in the process. And not if you're spending hours and hours of your time engaged in pursuits you don't really enjoy in an effort to seize whatever benefit exercise has to offer. But take heart, there is a better, safer, more efficient way to reclaim or preserve your health, fitness, flexibility, and strength.

Slow Burn is a form of exercise that has been shown to provide all the benefits you seek from an exercise regimen in only thirty minutes per week, with negligible risk of injury. It's a revolutionary method of strength training that far exceeds the benefits of almost any other kind of exercise you can think of. Slow Burn will change the way you think about exercise forever. In fact, Slow Burn will establish a new paradigm for exercise, a whole new meaning for the word, and, like all truly revolutionary discoveries, a whole new vocabulary for talking about it. Exercise will never be the same again.

Exercise Versus Play

So that you'll know where Slow Burn fits in the universe of exercise and fitness activities, we need to define a few terms: *exercise*, for one. Most people seem to think of any physical activity they perform, from walking around the block to running a marathon, as exercise. By this common definition, bowling, golf, gardening, dancing, and even flying a kite are considered exercise, because doing any of them is more strenuous than sitting around watching television or reading. And it's true that these activities, undemanding though some of them are, all do improve fitness to some degree. So, exercise would appear to be any activity that improves fitness. But then, what is fitness? Well, fitness is what you get when you exercise—but that definition just brings us back full circle to where we started.

Let's agree instead that to be considered exercise, an activity must make you stronger, improve your cardiovascular system, help you lose excess body fat, improve your endurance, improve your flexibility, and build you up by preserving or increasing your bone density and muscle mass. Any activity that accomplishes all these objectives is exercise; anything that falls short, while perhaps beneficial to some degree, we'll categorize as *play*, if indeed it's a pleasurable pursuit, or *not worth the effort*, if it doesn't measure up and we don't enjoy it. As you'll see in coming chapters, perhaps to your surprise, all these objective measures of fitness that we've said define exercise are chiefly manifestations of becoming stronger. The bottom line is that exercise is something that builds strength, and Slow Burn is the best way to do that.

You may think that all this business about what's exercise and what's fun is just semantics, but it isn't. It illustrates a point central to dispelling the myths of exercise. The distinction is evident not so much in relation to golf, softball, tennis, and other sports that you might honestly pursue for fun, but rather in relation to jogging, aerobics, stationary cycling, pumping a stepper, and a host of other mindless "fitness" activities that you might be doing, not particularly for fun but out of a desire to be more fit. We don't mean to imply that there aren't many people who truly enjoy jogging or hiking, because obviously, some do; for these people, such activities clearly qualify as *fun*. What they don't qualify as, however, is exercise according to our definition. Let's examine why. Virtually all the benefits that come from these activities

derive from increased strength. If you're out of shape and you begin to jog, for example, you'll strengthen your thighs, calves, hips, and abdomen, but not the rest of your muscles and bones. The Slow Burn regimen strengthens these same muscles along with all the rest—to a much, much greater degree, and in about one-tenth the time. So if it's strength you're looking for as you grimly jog mile after mind-numbing mile three or four times a week to stay fit, why not save your ankles, hips, knees, and back and spend just thirty minutes a week doing Slow Burn instead? You'll be way ahead of the game. Not only will you get stronger faster and more safely, you'll also have the 3 1/2 hours you saved to do something you truly enjoy.

In the same vein, if you're playing tennis, racquetball, basketball, or any other sport a couple of times a week just to stay in shape (or to get in shape) and not really for the enjoyment of the game, bag it; spend a fraction of that time doing Slow Burn (without risk of twisting an ankle or taking a racquet in the eye) and spend the rest of your time doing whatever it is you truly enjoy, which may not be an athletic activity at all. But if you do love the sport you play, your added strength and stamina from doing Slow Burn is sure to improve your level of performance.

But what about endurance? What about cardiovascular fitness? Surely we need to jog or walk or bike or do some other sort of endurance-oriented activity to keep our hearts and lungs fit, don't we? Again, the surprising answer is no. Although most people think of these two exercise objectives—cardiovascular fitness and endurance—as one and the same thing, in fact, they aren't. You'll learn why in Chapter 4, which is devoted entirely to the subject of strengthening the heart.

In that chapter, you will see that while jogging does indeed improve endurance, it does so not by improving the capacity of your heart or lungs, but by increasing your strength and making it easier to run. The more you jog, the stronger your running muscles become, and the easier it is to jog. Cardiovascular fitness is another matter. As the full Slow Burn story unfolds in successive chapters, you'll come to understand that what people commonly think of as cardiovascular fitness—i.e., endurance—improves as much with Slow Burn as it does with jogging. We're not saying that doing Slow Burn will increase your running endurance better than running itself will, but by the same token, neither will running increase your endurance for other activities—rowing, for instance. Your muscles must adapt to each specific demand placed on them. That said, however, Slow Burn will indeed make you a stronger runner if you run already, and it will make you a better rower if you row already. In short, it will make you better at any endeavor you're adapted to doing.

Don't Beat Yourself Up—Build Yourself Up

The promise of the Slow Burn fitness program is to quickly and efficiently build your strength without injury and without the risk that accompanies most of the activities all of us pursue in an effort to be fit. Remember: the goal of exercise is to build yourself up, not to beat yourself up. When you're stronger you can be better at whatever it is that you want to do, whether that means athletic endeavors, leisure pursuits, or simply everyday activities.

When you join the Slow Burn Fitness Revolution, your muscles and bones will become stronger, your endurance will improve, you'll enhance your flexibility, and you'll burn more body fat. Performing a Slow Burn workout will set in motion biochemical forces that will make you less hungry and get rid of many of the aches and pains that may have seemed to be an inescapable part of getting older. Slow Burn will definitely make you fitter and, to a certain extent, healthier. Why do we say "to a certain extent"? Isn't a fitter body a healthier body? Not necessarily, which leads to the last of the exercise myths: fitness equals health.

Fit Does Not Mean Healthy

To illustrate the fallacy of this myth, let's look at two examples. The first is that of Jim Fixx, the running guru and author who died from a heart attack while jogging at age fifty-two. Certainly he was fit. But was he healthy? His autopsy report said no. Fixx had a family history of heart disease and had developed

coronary arteriosclerosis himself, but he ignored the warning signs of impending cardiac disaster, apparently feeling invincible because of his extraordinary fitness. Since taking up running years before, he had shed sixty pounds, run about 57,000 miles, and completed numerous marathons, and he continued to run fifty to sixty miles per week. He walked out of the house one day in July of 1984, began his jog, and fell over dead. With all the fitness in the world, he couldn't outrun his diseased coronary arteries. Fit, but still unhealthy.

Compare Jim Fixx to Sir Winston Churchill, who was not only obese, but smoked, overate, and drank with abandon, yet lived to be ninety-one. No one would describe Mr. Churchill as fit, but he was certainly healthy. Jim Fixx could have run circles around Churchill, but Churchill lived to be forty years older. Health is a state in which all the components of the body are functioning properly and there is an absence of disease. Fitness is the ability to perform strenuous work or exercise. Clearly, it is possible to be healthy without being fit and *vice versa*.

Why the distinction? Because it is important to realize the limitation of all forms of exercise, including strength training, when it comes to your health. If you have severe heart disease, following a Slow Burn regimen is not going to make your heart disease go away. In fact, just as with any form of exercise, it could actually cause you to exceed the capacity of your heart and develop problems. Slow Burn cannot cure cancer. These diseases involve health issues, not fitness issues. You can undoubtedly improve your fitness doing Slow Burn, but your health is another matter. For this reason, as with any exercise prescription, it is important that you seek the advice of a physician before beginning your Slow Burn regimen to ensure that your health will support your fitness efforts. While you are doing Slow Burn training, should you experience any worrisome symptoms, such as chest pain, shortness of breath, or headache, don't ignore them. Don't be like Jim Fixx. Seek the attention of a physician.

Even though exercise can't guarantee perfect health, it is true that you will improve your health as you progress with your Slow Burn training. You will strengthen your muscles and bones and improve your circulation, your sensitivity to insulin, and your blood sugar control. If you've got it to lose, you should even lose some excess body fat. But these are improvements in health that is already basically good. By engaging in exercise, you won't cure some underlying disease, but you will build upon and improve your existing health. You will become a stronger, healthier you in just thirty minutes a week. Now, instead of spending hours jogging, walking, or cranking out your three sets of twelve reps in the gym three to five times a week, you can spend just a half hour, or work out as little as once a week doing Slow Burn and take all those extra hours to the beach.

No matter what your starting condition is—even if you're currently quite frail and weak—as the weeks go by, you will become noticeably stronger and fitter. From your once-a-week Slow Burn session, you'll find all your physical pursuits becoming easier—whether that means playing a better game of tennis or climbing the stairs in your home more easily. Once you stop believing the myths of exercise, you can start working to build strength, and playing to have fun.

Excerpted from Chapter 1 of *THE SLOW BURN FITNESS REVOLUTION*

By Frederick Hahn and Michael and Mary Dan Eades, M.D.s

(Their set of 3 VCD's, 20 minutes each, show how to do the exercises and how to modify how you do them depending on how very weak you are or how strong. I recommend buying the book and the VCDs.---Ed.)

Example: Doing a standard push-up (from the toes) using Slow Burn. The world's record for doing perfect Slow Burn push-ups is 16.

[Http://www.seriousstrength.com/slowburn_video.php](http://www.seriousstrength.com/slowburn_video.php); or call 212-579-9320 to order!

PAUL E. KANE—Princeville, HI

ALOHA RUPA Members. Just completed my first year of retirement, does this mean I am off probation now? For those who are new to this game I have a tip. If each day brings you feelings of extreme anxiety, severe depression, or total helplessness, then welcome aboard and get use to it, we are all in for a long bumpy ride. Mahala Nui Loa to Cleve, Jim, Ted, and all the volunteers and members for this great publication that makes me feel still connected.

As part of my contribution, allow me to pass a saving tip I recently learned. Buy your generic drugs at COSTCO. They consistently charge little over their cost. Example: 60 pills of Compazine, which helps prevent nausea in chemo patients, cost \$54.99 at CVS, COSTCO price, 100 Compazine for \$19.89. Another example 145 pain pills \$72.57 at CVS, COSTCO price \$28.08 for 150 pills. Also you do not have to be a member to buy prescriptions at COSTCO, just tell them at the door you wish to use the pharmacy.

If anyone should be interested in some great real estate investments on beautiful Kauai please send me an E-mail. Or if you're just planning a vacation here, drop me a note and I'll gladly tell you where to go and not to go.

Until next year I wish you all, sunny skies and a cool tradewind.

Aloha, *Paul* aikane2002@aol.com

HARRY LLOYD—Islamorada, FL

Hi Ted:

Another year into retirement and another two trips up and down the east coast to and from our homes in the Florida Keys and New Jersey.

The "four winds" of 2005 (Dennis, Katrina, Rita and Wilma) took 3/4ths of my roof shingles off the keys house. We had more asphalt on the streets than the county! I had decided to get a metal roof when it was due and I got a little help paying for it with the insurance money. The only other damage was to the screens on the porch and the motors and electricians in the jacuzzi/swim spa.

Jane and I are doing well healthwise and trying to stay above water in the finance department due to

the "necessity to eliminate the retirement benefits in order to exit bankruptcy" (What a crock!)

I look forward to the *RUPANEWS* each month and I thank all of you who put it together and get it out to us.

Dues are in the snail mail.

All the best, *Harry*

(This letter is late due to computer incompatibility and bad luck. Apologies to all.—Ed.)

LEN MARTIN—Boerne, TX

This year, 2005, was a year of travel for us. We spent most of eight months away from home for one destination or another. In March we made our annual motor home trip to Florida visiting kids and grand kids and working the Bay Hill golf tournament as a volunteer. As we viewed the majestic beauty of the gulf coast along I-10 and US 90 we could not have imagined what devastation would be there in a few months. On our return we stopped in Houston to work in the Shell Houston Open. A few days after getting back to Texas we left for about three weeks in England before joining other RUPA folks for the Baltic cruise. Our biggest problem traveling SA on UAL has been getting out of and into SAT. Such was the case this time. After missing several flights we got on the last one that would connect through LAX. It is a long story but because of a belligerent perhaps scared 9 year old we got the last two seats to LHR, and it proves an old adage, never leave the gate area until the plane is pushed back. We made a big semicircle around the south west and north of London. We visited a bunch of castles and a few golf courses. This was pure golf, coming up to make your approach shot to a green with a 200 foot moat and a 14th century castle behind it. Leeds #5. If you golf in the UK try to hook up with a club member the greens fee is about half. Visited several War museums and rode the Piccadilly Line about a week before it was blown up. The cruise was wonderful, great weather and magnificent sights. Certainly enjoyed the fellowship and story telling on domicile characters around the dinner table. We were back in TX for about 10 days

before we left for Colorado. Enjoyed the Santa Fe Opera on the way to stay in the Castle Rock area

for the International Golf event. Received my 10 year jacket this year. Time flies. From there we headed east and covered about 20 states, a dozen military golf courses plus some civilian. We visited friends and relatives along the way and flew home for a few days to work the Texas Open. I am still on the quest to play all of the US military golf courses in the world. My tally is 105 out of approximately 160. I am gaining on it. On our leg home we stopped in Atlanta where I attended a Global Missions conference. A world class academician and expert on the Middle East who speaks 5 languages fluently including Arabic said "There are more Arabic speaking Christians in the middle east than there are Jews in the whole world." (I hope no one is offended by this quote. I present it simply as food for thought). It had great significance to me considering the involvement of the US in all of the geopolitical aspects in that region. The Christmas season brought us the opportunity to work with a group of International students hosted by our church. Most of them were Oriental, Japan, Korea, China, Taiwan. I was able to connect with them as I had visited every one of the countries represented at least twice. Like most of us I received a letter in the mail from the PBGC recently.

The good news is my pension wasn't cut: the bad news is my pension wasn't enough to be cut.

God bless you everyone.

Len

JIM MCBRIDE—Napa, CA

Fellow Rupans,

Nice to see a different cover photo and story for the *RUPANEWS*. We must have a couple years of photos and stories of interesting Oshkosh airplaneoholics. We have a few more right here in the Napa Valley, including Jim Clark, Jerry Gustafson, and Deke Holman (still going strong with aerobatics at 80+ years). I'm still playing golf 8 days a week, usually with Joe Messina, who's still going strong at 77 years.

Had a couple interesting trips recently. Jeanne and I did the cruise from Buenos Aries to Santiago, by way of the Falkland Islands. Spent Christmas and New Years Eve in Buenos Aries. Just spent two

weeks in Turkey. A very interesting country for history and scenery.

On another note, your yearly PSA check. Don't forget it. I skipped a year and went from a PSA of 2.0 to a PSA of 28.0. Bad news, very aggressive and metastasized, and 10 positive biopsies out of twelve. Radiation worked for a while. I'm now a regular at UCSF medical center, having been thru one clinical trial, and just starting another clinical trial this week. There's no cure for hormone refractory metastasized prostate cancer, just attempts to slow it down, before chemotherapy, as the last resort. My advice: Don't skip a year of PSA tests.

Regards, *Jim*

New e-mail address: jmcbride4011@sbcglobal.net

KEN MILLER—Reno, NV

Ten years retired--it went fast! Last year my female doctor looked me straight in the face and said, "You are very healthy for your age". On June 28th, Lifeline Health Screening came to the neighborhood with their Ultrasound equipment and determined that I had a 90% blocked left carotid artery! There is a right carotid also! So I looked up the 10 best hospitals and Stanford was #11 and the closest so I drove the 270 miles and after their testing it was 60-70% blocked and they don't operate below 70% and their vascular surgeon said it was more risky to operate than not to operate. So he recommended lose 15lbs., exercise 30 minutes a day and go on a low fat diet and return in 6 months. I got a reprieve!! I went back to Reno and cleaned out my freezer and filled four bags of bacon, pork ribs, hamburger. breaded shrimp and boy was my nephew happy carting out the meat to his freezer! I must add, the surgeon said to daily take 1 baby aspirin. I had a false sense of security and this is my message: we all get warnings and we should heed these warnings! The ultrasound cost \$105 and well worth it! I checked my blood pressure today 20 June and it was 113/68 with a pulse of 73! The low/non fat diet is working! On the news last night, it was announced that Ken Lay died of 3 blocked arteries and with all his money he could have had the top medical care. Any questions, give me a call at (775)826-0718. Regards to all, *Ken*

GROUNDED BY LAYOFFS, STAYING THERE BY CHOICE

Many Furloughed Pilots Decline Airline Recall Offers

By Del Quentin Wilber

Washington Post Staff Writer

Thursday, July 13, 2006; D01

John Lonneman vividly recalls the day six years ago when he was offered a job as a pilot for United Airlines. "I felt like I was on top of the world," said Lonneman, who had dreamed of being at the controls of a jetliner since he was a boy. Then, a few months after the Sept. 11, 2001, terrorist attacks, Lonneman was laid off-- joining thousands of pilots cast aside in the economic turmoil that struck the nation's airline industry.

Now, airlines are starting to call pilots back to work. But Lonneman isn't rushing to return. His love of flying has collided with tough realities. Most of the legacy carriers, the airlines that dominated the industry before the era of budget carriers, are struggling to make a profit or emerge from bankruptcy protection. Pilots are working longer hours and taking steep salary cuts to help keep their airlines afloat. Some are away from home for 22 days a month, up from the 15 or 16 of a few years ago.

In the four years since Lonneman was furloughed, he went back to school and started a family. He got a nursing degree and took a job at a hospital in Colorado. He said he would pass -- for now -- on United's offer to get back into the cockpit. "I wanted to diversify my skills instead of getting back into an industry filled with uncertainty," he said, adding that he could see himself returning to a financially healthy airline in a couple of years. "Having other options is the key to surviving a career in the airline industry."

Airlines seeking to bring back some of the estimated 8,000 furloughed pilots are finding that many have concerns similar to those voiced by Lonneman. United has had to offer recalls to three to five pilots to get one to accept admission into a training class, union and airline officials say. Delta Air Lines, which announced a recall last month of 60 to 70 furloughed pilots, would not disclose the ratio of offers to acceptances. Delta pilots and union officials say the ratio is three offers for every acceptance.

American Airlines, US Airways and Northwest Airlines also have pilots on furlough. They have not mentioned immediate plans to begin recalling any. Analysts predict that those airlines will have to begin rehiring in the next year or so to meet growing passenger demand and replace retiring pilots. Union and airline officials say they are not surprised by the pilots' hesitance to return. In fact, union groups and employment consultants are urging pilots to resist the offers -- for now.

"Pilots watch the news, too," said Duane E. Woerth, president of the Air Line Pilots Association. "Every single time there is some international incident, oil jumps five bucks a barrel. The pilot thinks: 'I just relocated my family once, and I'm going to have to relocate them again, and some unknown event will happen. Some airline will panic and furlough me again.' They just don't want to get caught in that whipsaw."

Almost everything in the pilot world is based on seniority. The best routes, planes and schedules go to pilots who have been with an airline the longest. Under union rules, recalls are offered first to pilots who have been with the airline the longest. Pilots generally can bypass being recalled one time. By declining the recall, they get more time to evaluate how their airline is doing and allow less senior pilots to be hired instead. Junior pilots are more vulnerable to future layoffs and will be assigned less desirable schedules and routes. When the more senior pilots return, they leapfrog ahead of the junior aviators.

Airlines also are confronted with trying to lure furloughed pilots away from other aviation jobs. Some pilots are flying private jets for corporations or working for low-cost and regional carriers, which have not been as hard hit as their legacy counterparts. A growing number of laid-off pilots are hooking up with airlines in Asia, the Middle East and South America, where there are intense pilot shortages and the pay is often better

than in the United States. Others joined the military. Some, like Milind Limaye, simply left the business. Limaye was laid off by American Airlines in 2003. He didn't see much of a future in waiting for a recall notice. So he went back to college and has just completed his first year of medical school. "The industry was basically in shambles, so I decided to do something different," Limaye said. "I wouldn't go back. I only fly for pleasure now, but even that is difficult at four bucks a gallon for fuel."

Andrew Miller, a United pilot who was furloughed in early 2002, said losing his job steered him into a better situation. He has since become an executive at AXA Advisors LLC, a financial consulting firm. On Monday, Miller got his recall notice in the mail. He said he was going to pass on this chance to return. He swears he will never go back, but he admits that he hasn't resigned or taken his name off the list. He and industry observers say the true test of whether pilots abandon their old airlines will come when they get a final shot to return. Many pilots fulfilled their childhood dreams of working for a major airline by spending thousands of dollars on required training and education. Most spent years leapfrogging from regional and commuter carriers to the big leagues.

"It's sentimental," Miller said, describing how difficult it has been to withdraw his name because he knew he wanted to pilot jets since he was a youngster flying back and forth to visit divorced parents. "A lot of this boils down to emotion," he said. "It's something I wanted to do for so long."

Randy Ott, the son of a Northwest Airlines pilot, was furloughed by United in 2003. He flew for a charter company and in South America, where pilots are "treated like royalty," he said. "It was like being a Pan Am pilot in the 1960s." When he got a recall notice in December, he said, he agonized over the decision to return. In the end, despite United's problems and a steep pay cut, Ott said he couldn't resist getting behind the controls of a 767. "I've been a true-blue airline guy since Day One," he said. "I'm holding on that this gets better. This industry has always had its ups and downs."

© 2006 The Washington Post Company

DEFINITIONS

Following is a list of definitions appropriate for the investing community.

BULL MARKET -- A random market movement causing an investor to mistake himself for a financial genius.

BEAR MARKET -- A 6 to 18-month period when the kids get no allowance, the wife gets no jewelry, and the husband gets no sex.

MOMENTUM INVESTING -- The fine art of buying high and selling low...as opposed to VALUE

INVESTING -- The art of buying low and selling lower.

P/E RATIO -- The percentage of investors wetting their pants as the market keeps crashing.

BROKER -- What my broker has made me.

"BUY, BUY" -- Insider Stock market recommendations made by flight attendants as you step off the plane.

STANDARD & POOR -- Average Investors life in a nutshell.

STOCK ANALYST -- Idiot who just downgraded your stock.

STOCK SPLIT -- When your ex-wife and her lawyer split your assets equally between themselves.

FINANCIAL PLANNER -- A guy who always remembers his wallet when he runs to the 7-11 for beer and cigarettes.

MARKET CORRECTION -- The day after you buy stocks.

CASH FLOW -- The movement your money makes as it disappears down the toilet.

YAHOO -- What the seller yells after selling this stock to some poor sucker for \$240 per share.

WINDOWS 2000 -- What you jump out of when you're the sucker that bought Yahoo at \$240 per share.

PROFIT -- Religious guy who talks to God.

MARION D. MILLER—Marysville, WA

Dear Mr. Olsen,

I am writing to update you about my father, Marion D. Miller, retired from UAL for 31 years in April of this year. Marion retired on the DC-8 in SEAFO in 1975. Marion and his wife, Virginia lived in the Seattle area near SEATAC until about 10 years ago, when they moved to Marysville, WA. Their current address is: Merrill Gardens, Apt. 222, 9802 48th Dr. NE, Marysville, WA 98270. In the summer of 2004, Marion had a stroke, which slowed him down a bit but he has pretty much recovered and is getting along OK now and still enjoying life. Marion celebrated his 91st birthday in April. Other than being hard of hearing, Marion is enjoying pretty good health. Beginning 3 years ago, Marion began helping his son, Dan, with construction of an RV-8 airplane from a kit. With his background as an A&P, Marion has been a great help on the project, which is about ready for its first flight as of July, 2006. Marion is looking forward to flying with his son in the new airplane, which will be a quick and efficient way to get around the country.

Marion enjoys reading the *RUPANEWS* and keeping track of United retirees. If you or other United retirees have questions about Marion, feel free to write him or email me. His phone number is: 360 659 1757. I am Marion and Virginia's son, Dan Miller, and will be happy to pass along messages or provide more details.

Best regards,

Dan Miller

cdmiller131@hotmail.com

DENNEY NAROG—Spanaway, WA

Greetings to All,

Because I've been consistently late with my RUPA dues check, I can't blame the current tardy payment to having entered into the 'seventies' (age, that is). I can remember when I thought that anyone who was seventy years old was REALLY old! I can now state what it feels like to be in that category, and though I occasionally wonder who that is in the

mirror, I can honestly say it doesn't feel too bad.

We sold our 'dream retirement' home last year, as we adjusted to the new budget imposed on us by UAL, PBGC, et. al. Now, we're looking for our next home site while dealing with a real estate market in the Puget Sound area that has gone entirely berserk.

Added a new grandbaby (girl) to the family tree last May, which brings the total to fourteen in that category. Oddly enough, the great-grandchildren list has stalled at seven.

Four of our grandsons have safely completed a tour of duty in the Middle East, for which we are very grateful. I'm mindful of the warnings that were posted in Matthew 24:4 and 2 Timothy 3:1-7, so I'm not too optimistic about them, and many others, being exposed to the senseless danger of warfare.

Guess that's it for now. Thanks to all who make the effort to keep us informed and in touch. Check's in the mail, (honestly).

Denney

ebayden@comcast.net

RAY & COLLEEN O'SHEA—Highlands Ranch, CO

This is to inform you that I am still among the living, after 83 years on planet earth. It may be twilight time for us octogenarians; however Moses was in the prime of his life at 83 years of age, huh!

We still travel on crowded UAL occasionally. Colleen & I golf regularly since its handy living on the # 1 fairway of the Links Golf Course. Our thanks to the RUPA officers, and to those who produce and assemble the *RUPANEWS*; we enjoy the reports, news and commentary's even though the old familiar names of those writing is about an even count with the old familiar names that we read in the flown west memoriam. Tempus Fugit.

Keep smiling and God's Blessings to all.

Ray

ROBERT M. ODGERS—Western Springs, IL

After the news about Hearing Aids/rebates in *RUPANEWS*, we can relay some helpful news about our experience. I have worn aids off and on since UA discovered my hearing loss, while flying around DENFO. The good doctor that I was referred to was adamant that my loss was due to playing an instrument, shooting guns, using power tools, going to concerts, and was not due to airplane noise! (Later I discovered he was a Workmen's Comp doctor for you know who).

After many units and trials, I had settled on the BTE model. But as time progressed it seemed like the average life of the units purchased did not last, compared to the price. (Along with the battery life). When I had read in the RUPA Magazine that BCBS was putting up 80% of a one shot deal on hearing aids, I jumped on the chance for new hearing aids. I interviewed and tested 5 different audiologists with prices up to \$7200 for duals, when I was directed to COSTCO for a testing and evaluation. What really impressed me was the testing and evaluation which was far superior to anything I have seen to date. Being a retired pilot, I was also impressed with the price which was lower than any of my local dealers. Obviously digital with soft plastic ear inserts, and WOW I can hear most everything again! (See my wife's letter below). Note that you can get all kinds of colors in the new ones and the grays are almost invisible! AND with the 80% cash back from BCBS, you just can't beat the deal. Of course the exam and trial period are free and no Costco (like the pharmacy) membership is required. If you do buy the goods, membership is required.

Now, to the best part for the current hearing impaired, who already have units but can't seem to keep the buggers working without constant intervention.....My hearing aid specialist at Costco told me about the "Dry & Store" portable hearing aid de-humidifier that kills bacteria and removes the moisture from the aids by setting them in the unit and push "Start" and 6 hours later you are back in business. It seems that MOISTURE is one of the biggest culprits for problems with the old hearing aids. So, I got the **Global unit** on the Web, and tried out my old hearing aids in it! Wow, they came back to life after one treatment, so now they are my standbys. Hmmm? What was the old pilot saying about leaving airplanes out all night, and

having the gremlins screw up the electronics? Check it out on the Web...about 95 bucks, but I recommend the rechargeable can dehumidifier for the extra bucks, although the unit comes with the standard use and toss small briquette type. I also bought an extra ultraviolet light bulb for replacement purposes in the future. My advice is to order everything at one time and save on the shipping costs. Mahalo!

Dear Ted,

After seeing an article about hearing aides in your March edition, my husband and I started re-evaluating his current hearing aides. We had the good fortune of purchasing new aides from Costco and a very knowledgeable audiologist. We did evaluate three different sets of digital aides from other specialists but found them to be all about the same. What mattered was the testing and evaluation. We too, sent the claim to BCBS, but were denied the claim. I called and complained and it seems they made a 'clerical error.' (Whatever that is) (Sounds like UAL!) We received a check for 80% of the cost of the aides a week after the call. My point is, please don't believe everything BCBS says, and advocate for everything you are entitled to. Also, if you think that you have a hearing loss, get evaluated immediately. **Our family life is so much more enjoyable—no more blaring TV's or repeated conversations.**

Sincerely,

Lynn Odgers

BOB PURYEAR—Davis, CA

Fellow former pilots and friends: By my annual letter I want to inform those who might be interested, that Norma & I have made the big move. We have left our Geodesic Dome home of 20 years in Trinity Center, to move to the University Retirement Community at Davis. This seems to be a great place and we're sure, so far, that we made a good choice. Part of the appeal for me, is an active pilots group, which meets weekly. There are a number of retired UAL pilots here; previously, before they flew West, Jay Nelson and Ray Gundlach and their wives lived here. Both

Dottie Nelson and Doriet Gundlach remain as active residents and friends to all. Wayne Walker and Max Rasmussen and I are the current RUPAs here, as far as I know. Anyone looking for a neat place to live, not too far from SFO give it a look.

After 20 years of mountain driving, snow, a culturally challenged atmosphere and remote, but beautiful area, we decided it was time to move on. So, to find us now the phone is 530-747-6495- email: puryear@urcad.org- snail mail address: 1515 Shasta Drive, # 2104 Davis, CA 95616. Downsizing 63 years worth of possessions was not fun- but at least WE did it, not leaving that chore to our 3 "kids"- They all were a great help in the move. We cancelled the annual EAA Air Venture trip this year-but plan the Reno Air Races, as usual. Other than that no big plans for 2006- the big move was enough excitement for this year. Our health remains good and we stay active, with our 2 mile walk each day before breakfast- 37 years of experience getting up before sunrise to keep the blood circulating and the waistlines in control. With the food here, that might become a problem. Very good meals! The annual dues are in the mail to Jim Olson. We hope to see many of our old friends at the RUPA picnic in Palo Alto.

Warm regards to all and thanks to the core of busy volunteers who work so hard to keep us all informed. This is my 25th year of retirement- 1981 seems like a long time ago- and it was! The 8 day old granddaughter, who met the last flight is getting married next month! *Bob and Norma Puryear*

RALPH RIDGE—Castle Rock, CO

Another year, another check, another update, same old bad news for the airline industry. Heard an interesting statement the other day from a supposedly credible financial person: major corporations, who have canceled their worker pensions, have spent more money on manager perks and buy outs than they saved by canceling the pensions. Frustrating!!

I'm still involved in the Corvette restoration business and Sharon and I traveled to Australia again this spring for their annual judging meet. Got to drive a Corvette (right hand drive conversion) from MEL to SYD... what a hoot. Next year (if

they get chapter approval), we'll be stopping in New Zealand on the way to AU for the first NZ judging meet.

I've been in touch with one of my fellow "Cleveland Crazyies", Al Cavallaro, who was seeking advice on restoring his '58 Vette. He's had that project in the works for years, and is now getting serious about finishing it. He bought the car new and will have a real gem when it's done. Collector cars are more and more becoming better investments than the stock market. Witness the latest prices at any Barrett-Jackson auction.

Started flying (for hire) again for a company here in DEN who has a King Air F90. Single pilot, high workload, but lots of fun. I still love that "airborne" feeling. Company is seriously looking at buying a Lear 55. That will actually be easier to fly since it's two pilots.

Life is still a ball! Just hope the health holds out so I can keep enjoying it to the fullest.

Thanks to all at RUPA who make this magazine possible. I read it cover to cover, each month.

Ralph

JACK SCHRANDT—Madison, WI

Ted,

Can't believe it will be ten years in August - still don't have enough time to do all those things I put off years ago. Still have the travel bug - Europe a few times and an interesting trip to the southern tip of Patagonia last fall. Check is on the way to Jim. Thanks to you all for your efforts - the monthly news and keeping us informed.

Jack

VAN STEWART—Alexandria, VA

Ted,

My check for another year's dues is in the mail, as they say, to Jim in SRQ.

I received the June issue of *RUPANEWS* today. Solid work as always. The good lookin' T-28 on the cover got my attention. The plane's only shortcoming, as far as I'm concerned, is that it's a B model, not a C. For the uninitiated, the

difference is that the C had a tailhook and a slightly smaller prop arc to accommodate the nose oleo compression on carrier landings. Of course, I dug out my old Navy logbooks to see if I'd flown BUNO 138292 in training, but I didn't, though I flew several that were within a few BUNOs of this one. I had a lot of good tours in 21 years in the Navy, and most were fun. But the most fun was teaching carrier landings in T-28 Cs in VT-5; open canopies, roaring R-1820s, and the occasional opportunity to spend an afternoon running the deck for 6 or 10 quick carrier landings. It didn't get much better, or more fun, than that.

On a sadder note, while I was in the drawer where I keep my logbooks, I dug out my first UAL logbook that showed, as I had remembered, that Don Mainwaring, whose obituary was also in the June issue, was the captain on my very first ID out of new hire school in July 1986. It's always sad to see the good guys depart.

As for me, now three years post-UAL, like many, I'm poorer and angrier because of the scurrilous behavior on the part of UAL management, PBGC, the bankruptcy court, and others I won't mention here. I have some, not a lot, but some, hope that there will be at least partial relief when the dust settles. I had the great good fortune to have gone to law school at night for my last four years at UAL, graduating at the end of May 2003, the same week I flew my last trip before retirement. After taking a much needed rest for a few weeks after the bar exam, I found a job at the Board of Veterans' Appeals in DC. The 9-to-5 routine is certainly different after the Navy and UAL, but the hours are regular, the money's not bad, I feel like I'm helping veterans, and the only time I've packed a bag has been for vacations.

The job keeps me from attending quarterly RUPA luncheons, and I'll have to fix that in the future. In the meantime, I enjoy occasional lunches in DC with a couple of old Council 11 stalwarts who also work there.

I join the chorus of thanks to you, Ted, and to all the others who put in the time and effort to keep RUPA afloat and functioning for the benefit of us all.

Van

FRANK L. SWAIM—Birmingham, AL

Dear Ted:

Greetings to you and all your crew. I really appreciate the fine publication. Am happy to be able to still recognize a few names.

Everything here about the same. No travels due to medical schedules. Etc.

In August I'll be 91. Glad my name is still off the back page. Life is good.

Sure do miss flying.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Frank

LYMAN L. WALTER—Palatine, IL

Dear Ted,

I have always liked the cartoons in the RUPA Journal, except the one on page 32 of the June addition. That cartoon shows George W. Bush pulling the Social Security rug out from under retirees.

George W. Bush is the only president in our lifetime that has tried to fix the failing system.

ALPA was always non-political until the mid-80s. Then we were told to vote the big D. That didn't get us anywhere.

I appreciate all the fine work you all do for us. Please keep the politics out.

Sincerely, *Lyman*

Thanks for your letter, Lyman. There are members that have access to the lady that has the software to actually put the newsletter together. They send mostly cartoons for fillers. I send some fillers too, but I don't see the RUPANEWS together until I proof read it. We were running late for the June issue and I figured nobody would really notice the cartoon.

Well, I was wrong. The cartoon bothered me too, Lyman and for the reasons you stated. I will be more vigilant in my editing. --Ed.

IN MEMORIAM

LLOYD ESMOND COOLEY

Born In 1918 In Silverton, OR and passed away peacefully on March 29 in Mt. Vernon, WA. Retired US Navy and United Airlines Captain, former Highline School Board and WA State School Directors President, College track star, and fisherman extraordinaire, Lloyd was always more interesting than his accomplishments. Whether he was leading a pony through the kitchen, playing bagpipes for the neighborhood children, or providing leadership in his many endeavors, he lived life with great energy and respect for those with whom he shared it.

Lloyd is survived by his wife of 63 years, Jerry Cooley; sons David and Christopher, and daughters Kathy McCabe and Robin Krause, 7 grandchildren, and 3 great-grandchildren.

A Celebration of Life was held on May 20, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Mt. Vernon, WA.

Memorials can be directed to Skagit Hospice, 2031A Hospital Dr, Sedro Woolley, WA 98284 who provided such loving care and direction to the family in recent months.

Parkinson's won!

Four months in a nursing home was enough.

Now he is with the rest of his family in a beautiful country graveyard in Pedec, OR

Regards,

Jerry

DENNIS DANIELS

From Marlene Daniels, Fountain Valley, CA

Dennis and I had been looking forward to the reunion in October. Dennis passed away on May 11, 2006 from a heart attack, a result of his congestive heart failure that was diagnosed 21/2 years ago. We were standing by for a flight to New York to leave on a cruise on May 12. He started to perspire heavily but was in no pain. We hailed a taxi to return home and I asked the taxi driver to take us to Fountain Valley Hospital. Dennis was admitted to emergency. All his attending doctors were called in to check him. They made every

effort to keep him alive but could not save him. He never had any of the intensive pain they talk about. His blood pressure failed. I know he is in a better place. He was given a military naval honor guard and flag ceremony at his funeral. He is greatly missed by all his family and friends.

MILLARD "MARVIN" DESKIN JR.

Millard "Marvin" Deskin Jr. joined his beloved wife of 60 years, Margie Lou, on Tuesday, May 30th after a brief illness. He passed away peacefully in Terra Linda at his home of 50 plus years. Born and raised in San Francisco, Marvin married his high school sweetheart and entered the Army Air Corp at age 18. He was an officer and a gentleman by an act of congress and a combat veteran by age 20. After the war he went on to fly for United Airlines for 32 years. During this time he received numerous company accolades and retired in 1982 as a Captain with a flawless record. Always on the cutting edge, Marv was into jazz and big band sound and always built or bought the best sound system available (sometimes to the chagrin of his neighbors!). There was always music going on at Marv's house and many of his friends have tapes or CD's that he spent hours mixing. He was always putting together some compilation of music for some lucky person. In his early years you could find Marv sitting behind his drum set playing along with Krupa or softly brushing his symbols to Sinatra. His hobbies were varied and numerous, ranging from golf to reading and crossword puzzles, bridge, chess, photography (shooting, developing and printing), building and flying remote control planes, writing computer programs (the infamous "Pool"), watching football and flying his own Cessna. When not in the friendly skies, Marvin was probably best known for his skills in woodworking and built much of the furniture and electronics enjoyed by his family and close friends today. He designed and built everything from room additions and remodels, redwoods decks and outdoor furniture to full bedroom/desk sets to coffee and end tables and in the end to simple, yet intricate coasters and mail openers. He also built his own television set, amplifiers and weather stations. Yes, Marv was a man of many talents and very strong emotions. He staunchly stood by his political convictions but was never above being able to poke fun at a situation, including his own

political party. Marvin will be missed by many for many different reasons. Marvin is survived by his loving children Douglas Deskin, (Claudia McConnell) and Darcy Lee Deskin, his grandson Douglas Marcussen Fletcher and his extended family Mere, Bill and Willie. A celebration of his life was held at his home (730 Las Colindas Rd, San Rafael, CA 94903) on 7-8-2006 In lieu of flowers, please make contributions to Hospice of Marin.

MARV DESKIN

Marv Deskin died on Memorial Day, May 30, 2006. His flying career began in the Army Air Corps, flying P38's in combat over England. He seldom spoke about those days.

My husband, Dave England, was a flight engineer when Marv flew co-pilot on the DC6. Later he was Marv's first officer on the Convair. Dave relates several remembrances from those days.

On the DC6, a particular captain had a fetish about mid-air collisions. When they got to cruise, he had the co-pilot raise his seat all the way up and forward. Marv liked to sit low in the cockpit. Dave remembers the captain saying, "Ok, Marv, up in the crow's nest." Frustrated at Marv's reluctance, he blurted, "Don't you know how dangerous it is! It's almost like being in combat!" At which point, Marv, in that easy-going way he had, asked, "Ever been in combat, Captain?" —"No." —"Well, I have and it ain't the same."

Dave was a fairly new co-pilot on the Convair the day he and Marv flew westbound out of Elko into a blizzard. At about 14,000 feet, they ran out of power. They considered shifting blowers when both engines quit. It was pretty busy there for a while. After the engines got going again and Dave's adrenalin stopped pumping, he asked, "Was that carburetor ice?" Marv coolly looked over, "Yeah, man!"

Marv and Dave shared a love of jazz. They were both retired when Marv sent a tape he'd made to Dave around the time of Desert Storm. In a note he enclosed with the tape, Marv wrote: "Tell you what. I'll get in my P38, you in your F89, and we'll go give 'em a hand. On second thought, I think I'll call in sick."

In the words of Harry Stewart, who wrote an evaluation of Marv as co-pilot, "If I ever have an inflight emergency, I sure hope I have Marv Deskin in the right seat." Dave says Amen to that!

(submitted by *June England*)

FRED H. DWYER

I am writing to let you know that Fred Dwyer flew West July 10, 2006. He wasn't feeling well for the past few weeks, and was anemic and had Myelodysplasia, a bone marrow problem.

He had a good long life, 94, and we were together for 64 years.

Sincerely, *Betty Dwyer*

JOSEPH J. MATYAS

It is with great sorrow I announce that my husband Joseph J. Matyas, retired United Airline Captain passed away June 13, 2006, from pancreatic Cancer.

We were married 51 years and have 7 children and 10 grandchildren. Four of his sons he taught to fly and three are flying commercially which will carry on his legacy in aviation.

Joe was a man who was taught to fly by the seat of his pants, he needed no schooling by today's standards. Back then, experience was more important than books.

We will miss him dearly.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Matyas and Family

"HANK" MAXWELL

On the family farm south of Biggsville, IL. Sunday June 25, we said goodbye to our friend Hank Maxwell.

Family and friends all gathered to celebrate Hank's wonderful life, share stories and a meal.

The Lima Lima Flight Team, led by Capt. Bill Cherwin, made several passes, the last one, the missing man formation.

Capt. Jim McCusker read a very moving poem he wrote for Hank's family.

Hank was very special to me. I had the honor to have Hank fly with me on my retirement flight. Three days of wonderful memories that will last my lifetime.

Bob Kelly

‘THE LAST FLIGHT HOME’

God's ready room was full of pilots
But He saw an empty place,
And looking through His Airline Logs
He saw your anguished face.

So He ordered out a DC-10
To help you fly away
From all that hurt and pain you felt
Throughout each long drawn day.

He wrapped United Wings around you
And gently lifted you on high,
To once more see Earth's beauty
Known only to those who fly.

But too soon your fuel was running low
And your Airliner couldn't climb,
So He slowly closed the throttle and said,
"Relax, this landing's Mine."

Now on approach with gear and flaps
And the checklists all complete,
Your final landing was a thing of beauty
"Greaser" that couldn't be beat"!

At Heaven's Gate as you deplaned
God announced to the cheering crew,
"Captain Maxwell's" safely home at last,
His life's mission is all through."

It broke our hearts to lose you Hank
But your Last Flight wasn't alone,
For we all flew as your wingman
On that day God called you home.

Clear skies, Strong Tailwinds and Smooth
Landings
[Capt. Jim McCusker]

JOSEPH A. MESSINA—1926-2006

Joseph A. Messina never talked about going to work. Instead, he always went flying.

The Air Force veteran and United Airlines captain brought his passion for the skies to others through the United Air Explorers, a division of the Boy Scouts which pioneered in teaching Chicago suburban teenagers about flying.

Mr. Messina, of Palatine, died July 13 of congestive heart failure. He was 79.

Born on September 20, 1926, in Portsmouth, Va., Mr. Messina served in the Air Force during World War II and the Korean War. "He was stationed stateside in Texas and Mississippi where he taught servicemen to fly T-6 planes," said his eldest daughter, Dare Messina.

In 1946, he married his wife, Patricia. After leaving the Air Force, Mr. Messina joined United Airlines, where he was stationed in California and Colorado before moving to Chicago in order to fly bigger vessels. Mr. Messina taught three of the couple's four children to fly.

"My brother Joe, who became a captain with Northwest Airlines, flew solo before he could drive a car," Dare Messina said.

A spiritual man, Mr. Messina had a memorable conversation with a priest at St. Thomas of Villanova Parish in Palatine in the late 1960s.

"He always felt very blessed and fortunate about how his life had turned out; how he got to where he was at," his son and former Air Explorer Joseph Messina said. "The priest suggested that my dad should go out and do something nice for someone else. That's where the idea for the United Air Explorers came from."

Mr. Messina started the club as a ground school to teach preparation to youths interested in getting their private pilots licenses. The 16 original members from Palatine and Fremd high schools ranged in age from 14 to 17.

Mr. Messina got a commitment from each member's family to donate \$100 in order to purchase a plane for the club to use. With the money collected, they bought a 1946 Aeronca 7-AC Champion.

Soon, Mr. Messina recruited some of his colleagues at United Airlines to volunteer their time.

“Over the United Air Explorers 20-year span, approximately 50 pilots and technicians volunteered,” Joseph Messina said.

As word spread, the club grew rapidly throughout the 1970s and early '80s, eventually including more than 150 high school students and three airplanes. Flight lessons were given at the former Elgin Airport for \$4 per hour.

Many former Air Explorers went on to become aviation professionals, never forgetting their starting lessons with Mr. Messina. One former Air Explorer, Alfred Haynes, was captain of United Airlines Flight 232, which was forced to take an emergency landing in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1989 after the DC-10 suffered a mid-flight engine explosion. Though the plane crashed during landing, 184 of the 289 passengers and 10 crew members survived. A passenger on the plane, Dennis Fitch — a DC-10 instructor and another former Air Explorer — assisted with the landing.

“Denny (Fitch) credited my father for his quick thinking,” Dare Messina said. “Of course, as usual, my father was very modest about it.”

After he retired from United at age 58, Mr. Messina developed a heart problem. Slowly, the club took on different leadership before it disbanded in the late 1980s.

In 2003, the Joseph A. Messina II Aviation Explorers Scholarship was founded at

Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. Former Air Explorers Clarence Copping, Kerry Johnson and son Joseph Messina “got together and sold the 1946 Aeronca Champion plane that was used for lessons,” said David Neumeyer, SIU professor and department chair for Aviation Management and Flight.

“The money from the plane was donated to support students coming to SIU with a flight career goal.” Mr. Messina was present when the first scholarship was given out. “He was truly a great mentor,” Neumeyer said.

In addition to his wife, daughter and son, Mr. Messina is survived by two more daughters, Robin and Cindy; nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

EDWARD F. STREHLOW

Edward Frederick Strehlow, 86, of Pinehurst, died Sunday, April 23, 2006, at Manor Care in Pinehurst NC.

Mr. Strehlow was born Jan. 26, 1920, in Wausau, Wis. He received his pilot's license and cross country instruction rating at White Bear Lake, Minn. He was an instructor for the first South American students. He was a civil aeronautics inspector in 1942 and 1943 in Jamestown and Minot, N.D. He joined the U.S. Air Force and flew B-25 bombers and was discharged in the fall of 1945. He joined United Airlines in 1946 and flew for 34 years out of Midway and O'Hare airports. He retired in January 1980 and moved to Pinehurst NC in 1981.

Surviving are his wife of 62 years, Mary Jane Hildebrandt, a daughter, a sister, two grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

A memorial service was held at Brownson Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Memorials may be made to Brownson Memorial Presbyterian Church, 330 S. May St., Southern Pines, NC 28387.

JACK W. SWART

After almost 27 years of active retirement, Captain Jack W. Swart, LAX, has “slipped the surly bonds of Earth” one last time. He passed away peacefully at his home in Seal Beach, California on May 27, 2006. He was 86 years young.

Jack was a true pioneer of United's Los Angeles/Honolulu legacy. As his oldest son, it would be an honor for me to briefly re-cap some highlights of my dad's remarkable career for the distinguished members of RUPA:

In 1941, Jack Swart was a flight instructor at Mines Field (now LAX). On Sunday, Dec. 7, he and a student had gone up a few times before they were signaled back to the tower to learn the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor. One month later, he was hired by United Air Lines, and was enrolled with the first training class at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Jack began his career with United in the historic Boeing 247, but by Sept. 1942, he was flying as First Officer on DC-3s out of LaGuardia. Only six

months later he was back on the West coast where he began training for the Air Transport Command with United's Pacific Military Operations at San Francisco.

During World War II, Jack flew co-pilot on eight transport missions from San Francisco to Australia in C-87s (modified B-24s) and C-54s (DC-4s). Along the way they landed on a dozen little islands in the South Pacific, two of which had ocean at both ends of the dirt strip. As a United employee under contract to the military, Jack first landed at Hickam Field in Honolulu, Hawaii on Oct. 2, 1943.

When the war in the Pacific began to wind down, Jack went back to commercial routes. In June 1945, when he hit 1,000 hours, he was promoted to Captain at the age of 25. He flew DC-3 "Cargoliners" out of Denver before his final transfer to the Los Angeles area, first at Burbank, and now with passengers.

Captain Jack Swart flew his first trip out of Los Angeles on March 30, 1946. Los Angeles Municipal Airport had only begun commercial passenger flights on March 1, 1946. That little fact was probably not so important then, but now it seems almost legendary. (LA Municipal became LA International in 1952.) Also, in 1946 United began flying DC-3s to the famous "Airport-in-the-Sky" on Catalina Island, and Jack flew there quite regularly for a while.

By 1950, United had been flying Boeing 377 Stratocruisers between San Francisco and Honolulu for a few years. And when flights from Los Angeles to Honolulu began, Jack was in the right place at the right time. The LA Flight Office brought Capt. Harry Huking down from San Francisco, and they asked Jack to fly right-seat in the Stratocruiser "Hawaii" for the inaugural flight on October 9, 1950. The passenger list included a couple movie stars and the wife of Hawaii's most famous citizen, Mrs. Duke Kahanamoku.

In the late 1940s and through the 1950s, Jack flew DC-4s, DC-6s and DC-7s. In the 60s he flew DC-8s and stretch-8s. Amazingly, when United committed to Boeing 747s in 1969, he wasn't senior enough to get on right away! He had to wait two years, and then fly co-pilot for his first few months in the new Jumbos. His first flight in a 747 was LAX-HON.

During Jack's final two years with United, he flew

747s exclusively between LA and Hawaii, and on Sept. 22, 1979 he was in command of his last flight to Honolulu. In keeping with United tradition, he called-in sick for the flight home.

When Jack wasn't flying, he was sailing catamarans. Highlights include five Trans-Pac races (LA to Honolulu, of course), one 24 hour at-sea speed record, numerous first-to-finishes in Southern California yacht races including three first-to-finishes in the largest yacht race in the world, Newport to Ensenada, 1960, 1963 and 1964.

Jack Swart is survived by Dot, his loving wife and companion of 64 years, his two sons and their wives, Richard and Miyo of Oakland, California, David and Carol of Gardnerville, Nevada and his three grandchildren, Jason, Jamie and Lindsey.

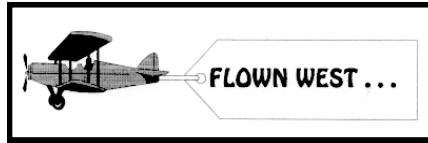
Thank you for letting me brag a little about my Dad, he was a great guy.

David Swart

1245 Kingston Way
Gardnerville, Nevada
89460



This is the flight crew of United Air Lines' inaugural flight between Los Angeles and Honolulu on October 9, 1950. Captain Harry Huking and Captain Jack Swart (who flew co-pilot) and the rest of the crew pose for the Honolulu Advertiser newspaper photographer in front of the Boeing 377 Stratocruiser "Hawaii."



FLOWN WEST

DONALD WELSH	3/20/2006
EDWARD F. STREHLOW	4/23/2006
JACK W. SWART	5/27/2006
MILLARD "MARV" DESKIN	5/30/2006
JOSEPH MATYAS	6/13/2006
ROBERT E. LEE	7/09/2006
FRED H. DWYER	7/10/2006
JOSEPH A. MESSINA	7/13/2006

Indicates Non-Member



HIGH FLIGHT

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

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

John Gillespie Magee, Jr., September 3, 1941

RUPA'S SOCIAL CALENDAR

Monthly Scheduled Lunches

- 1st Wed. SFO North Bay—*Petaluma Sheraton*, Petaluma, CA - 707-585-1882
2nd Mon. SW, FL—*Olive Garden*, Ft. Myers, FL - 239-417-8462
2nd Tue. San Diego, CA—*San Marcos CC* - 760-723-9008
2nd Tue. Nov-Apr FL Treasure Coast Sunbirds—*Mariner Sands CC* - 772-286-6667
2nd Thu. Oct-Apr SE, FL Gold Coast—*Flaming Pit* - 561-272-1860
2nd Fri. PHX Roadrunners—*Best Western En Suites*, Scottsdale Airport, AZ 480-948-1612
3rd Tue. DEN Good Ole Boys— 11:30am *American Legion Post #1* - 303-364-1565
3rd Tue. LAS High Rollers—*Memphis Barbecue* - 702-558-9422 or 702-565-7175
3rd Tue. NE FL—*Spruce Creek CC* - 386-760-9736
3rd Tue. Dana Point, CA—*Wind & Sea Restaurant* - 949-496-2691
3rd Thu. (Even Mo) LAX—*Hacienda* 310-821-6207
3rd Thu. (Odd Mo) LAX—*Mimi's*, Chatsworth, CA 818-992-8908
3rd Thu. Ohio Northcoasters—*TJ's Wooster (Always coed.)* - 440-235-7595
3rd Thu. SEA Gooneybirds—*Airport Marriott*. - 206-702-0989
3rd Thu So. Oregon (MFR)—*Pony Express*, Jacksonville, OR - 541-245-6896
3rd Thu. TPA Sundowners—*Daddy's Grill* - 727-787-5550
Last Thu. Hawaii Ono Nenes—*Mid Pacific Country Club* - 808-395-5459

Quarterly Scheduled Lunches

- 1st Wed Mar, Jul, Nov. Chicago Area—*Itasca CC* - 630-832-3002
2nd Tue Jan, May, Sep. McHenry (ORD)—*Warsaw Inn* - 815-459-5314
3rd Wed Jan, Apr, Jul, Oct. Washington Area—*Belle Haven CC* - 540-338-4574

Semi-Annually Scheduled Lunches

- 2nd Tue. 11:30am May, Nov. Inland Empire RUPA—*Davenport Hotel*, Spokane, WA - 509-455-8888

Deadline: August 23rd, 2006

Mailing: September 6th, 2006



RUPANEWS
1104 BURKE LANE

PERIODICALS

PLACE LABEL HERE

\$25 Subscription renewal date on label