
rupanews



Journal of the Retired United Pilots Association



**Lockheed Martin F-22 Raptor and the North American P-51D Mustang
Indianapolis Air Show 8/23/08**

IN THIS ISSUE

President's Message
Notices
About the Cover

Page 3
Page 3-20
Page 4

Letters
In Memoriam
Calendar

Page 21-36
Page 37-38
Page 40

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RUPANEWS (USPS 017-562) is published monthly for members for \$35 per year by the Retired United Pilots Association, PO Box 275, Half Moon Bay, CA 94019-0275. Periodicals POSTAGE PAID at San Mateo, CA and additional mailing offices:

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

What keeps RUPA going? Dedicated volunteers and active members! Within RUPA there are no extravagant executive salaries or phony performance bonuses. Virtually all of your dues go to publishing and distributing the *RUPANEWS* leaving no money for pay. There is no paid advertising so we must bear the entire publishing costs. (We are tax exempt so don't want to change that with advertising).

Our most visible volunteers are our Secretary/Treasurer and the Editor of the *RUPANEWS*. Ted Larusson had been the editor for many years and we certainly owe him a great debt of gratitude for his service. Denis O'Malley has now stepped in and is carrying on a tradition of excellence.

Bruce McLeod, our Secretary/Treasurer, took over from Jim Olsen due to Jim's health problems. Now Bruce is faced with health problems of his own and we need someone to volunteer to take on his job. Bruce has diligently kept track of our finances and membership records. He has been very active in providing financial updates and suggestions as to streamlining our costs as well as actively soliciting membership and renewals.

There are many luncheon hosts who spend a great deal of time organizing the luncheon groups around the country. The luncheon groups are very popular with those who are able to attend. If you're not attending a luncheon group in your area, you are missing a great opportunity to connect with fellow pilots.

Another of the most under praised volunteers we have are those described, by a now outdated term, as the Folders and Stuffers. These are the people who drive in from all around the Bay Area to attach labels and sort your *RUPANEWS* into the appropriate mail bag. All of this for a cup of coffee and a donut.

On Page 2 of your *RUPANEWS* you can see the names and titles of many who volunteer and keep the organization running. All of these people are dedicated to one thing; keeping the RUPA family intact. We are grateful to these people and welcome new volunteers.

Bruce has been publishing a thank you list of RUPARIANS who submit an amount over their dues to help keep RUPA running. We do appreciate this. I hope you will include a short note about you and what's going on in your life when you send your renewal. We get more checks than letters. Somebody out there knows you and perhaps wonders about you. Let them know you are still around, please.

Best Regards. *Larry*

EDITOR'S NOTE

On the cover, last month, was a photo of a WWII P-38, and I hoped to get a good story about it, but it came in a 10 page spread with photos, that I didn't have time to edit. So, we have it in this issue, and thanks to Leon Scarbrough, the editing work was done, and I am very grateful. Another great helper has been Bob Burns, Connecticut, who is a photography fanatic, and has helped immensely. My thanks to all who send in things for the *NEWS*, and if you don't see it right away, don't give up. I've got it, somewhere, I'm sure, and will probably fit it in, at the proper time, if I ever get any. 90% of my job is typing and filing, office work, and we will have to do something about that, so my time can be better spent. It's on the list. Any ideas or help gladly accepted, and keep sending in your "stuff". *Dennis*

<p>United Airlines Historical Foundation</p>

<p>Send donated artifacts to: United Airlines Flight Center Mail Room, Attn: Tom Angelos 7401 Martin Luther King Blvd., Denver CO 80207 Phone 303-780-5537</p>
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ABOUT THE COVER—F-22 Briefing at Dallas as relayed to Bob Burns (ex-NASA)

A few days ago, during the Dallas 90th (FS) reunion, a few of us old fighter farts received a visit from a couple of young F-22 jocks from the 90th at Elmendorf who gave us a briefing on the Raptor. The presentation covered more of the combat capabilities, rather than just the brute force and maneuverability that some of us have observed. This is from memory and I probably have a few things wrong.

The stealth capability is far more advanced than that of the F-117 or B-2. It is able to operate in an environment that would be deadly for an F-15 or any other fighter. Apparently they have techniques to work with F-15's and 16's, using the F-22 capabilities to defeat threats and allow the older generation fighter to follow them in. Unlike other fighters such as the F-15, which requires that the pilot take data from several displays and collate them mentally, the 22 has all threats, airborne and ground displayed on a single, easy to understand, display. The aircraft systems do the computations for them.

The display is simple, according to the briefer. If a contact is red, it is an enemy. A green display indicates a friendly. The briefer said, "Red is dead," and that is believable. SAMs (SA-10's and 20's) are also displayed along with their rings. All computations are done by the F-22.

They have three separate communication links, two radios to talk to folks outside the Raptor world, and High Frequency Data Link communications between the Raptors. (Called "High Fiddle"). They may also have another radio for voice between the Raptors. (CRS)

Threat displays, they referred to as "SA" (situational awareness) are displayed 360 degrees around each Raptor. Having this capability means that they can fly pretty far apart while supporting each other, beyond visual range. They display not only the threats (and friendlies) detected by their own Raptor, but through data links -all detected by the other Raptors and by an AWACS if one is up, all coordinated, in the display, by the systems and without voice contact.

They can detect and discriminate enemy aircraft from friendlies without active use of radar, and without being detected, at all. After detection, the F-22 radar uses pencil beam radar signals to momentarily note the position and other information on each potential target. It will note the motion of the detected target, and send follow-on periodic pencil beam signals to keep track of each target while not sweeping the radar. This is done without input from the pilot.

I commented on the report from my friend who did two week test flying F-15C's with the Test Squadron at Eglin against F-22's, with early software systems. He said they went 4 v 1 and 6 v 1 without getting a single shot off. After the briefing one of the F-22 guys told me aside that it didn't really matter how many they were fighting; it could be 12 v. 1 and the 12 stood no chance.

The briefers were careful not to appear arrogant, but they were extremely, if quietly super confident, as I would be in a machine like that. One of them, speaking of the maneuvering capabilities of the F-22, mentioned that they could "sort of" fly circles around other fighters (meaning the F-15). Then he said, almost under his breath, "that is actually what we do."

All of the fancy maneuvering systems, such as the directional nozzles are controlled by normal fighter controls, (stick, rudders and throttles). You command what you want and the computers take care of which control to use, including the nozzles.

In addition to the stealth design of the F-22, it is covered with energy absorbing material on all surfaces. Each F-22 is put on a "stick" after being painted, with the gear raised and then bombarded with radar energy to check the signature, looking for flaws or dings that might reflect energy that could be detected. The bottom line is that the F-22 is, for all intents and purposes, invisible to the enemy yet they have complete awareness of the enemy situation. Awesome.

DANA POINT RUPA LUNCH

Denis, the blue umbrellas were up but the sun was still over the hill, behind the Harbor. The deck was almost empty of customers. Maybe it was too cool for outside? Maybe we should retreat to the inside? But then someone noted the beautiful boat just in front of the deck that was being washed and waxed, by an equally pretty lady. So we sat down and the group assembled, enjoyed the view along with the lunch and conversation. Then the sun came out!

On Deck were: Ed Ahart, Rusty Aimer, Park Ames, Barney Barnhouse, Bruce Dunkle, Ed Krieger, John Grant, Rudy Haluza, Rick Hofer, Ed Judd, Rudy Loftin, Bob McGowan, Bill Meyer, Bill Rollins, Glenn Schwarz, Ted Simmons, Bill Stewart and Joe Udovch.

The subject of the Olympics came up. Rudy Haluza related about his fast walk race in the Olympics of 1968. That stride looks awkward but Rudy said he has had no health repercussions from training himself to race walk. He was able to get to 10 mph walk speed for a quarter of mile in training. In the 50 km race he maintained a 7 mph speed.

Rusty Aimer gave a short run down on the Boeing 787. Rusty is an instructor with Boeing on the 777. Hopes to be on the 787 when they get it going. The Question of Composite vs Aluminum is still be batted around. A note from one of our Group, Ron Cordes who has ALS

"Upcoming ALS Walk to be held at William R. Mason Park in Irvine on Saturday, October 18th. Registration begins at 8:30 am, pictures at 9:30 am and the "Walk" is at 10:00 am. My team, "Captain Ron's Crew", was a great success last year. From the feedback that I have received from my original "Save the Date" email it looks like we are going to have a great turn out. Mary and I look forward to seeing everyone at the "Walk" and BBQ party that evening at our club house in Talega. We are looking forward to another successful "Walk" and fun party. If you have any questions please call me at (949) 388-2067."

Regards to all, *Ted*

DENVER GOOD OLD BOYS LUNCHEON

The weather was perfect for the September Mtg. of DEN Good ol' Boys and a good turnout occurred. Guess all the really great tee times were taken. At any event, the faithful started arriving early and happy hour was its usual rousing success.

The bell sounded somewhere around noon and all due to the purest chance this humble scribe found himself leading the charge through the buffet. The foodstuffs seemed to meet with general approval, and there were seconds for those so inclined. In fact, deserts were left over until someone 'forced' Jim Reid to have seconds. (Hasn't really changed since retirement)

Following the repast, the coordinator delivered his usual effort at a couple of one-liners, at least one of which elicited a chuckle or two.

It was with regret that the demise of Tom Hess's wife was reported. Our collective condolences to Tom. Ralph Wright was reported to be a patient in assisted living. The boring business meeting being short and quickly concluded, the remainder of the meeting was devoted to socializing and hangar flying, and adjourned at an appropriate hour.

Those in attendance included; Bob Sannwald, Bill Hanson, Curly Baker, Phil Spicer, Mack Connelley, Bill Hoygaard, Tom Hess, Al Snook, Bill Fife, Jack Davis, Ken Ewing, Maury Mahoney, Bill Bates, Jim Neuman, Al Dorsey, Ed Riehl, Hugh Moore, Peter Cecchinelli, Dick Shipman, Rick Madsen, Bob Blessin, Duane Searle, Dick Brinkworth, Tom Johnston, Carl Harder, Larry Walters, Stanley Boehm, Jim Reid, Ed Cutler, Cliff Lawson, Russ Ward, Jim Jenkins, A.J. Hartzler, George Maize, the scribe, *Ted Wilkinson*, and arriving after the eating had concluded, Jack Wilhite.

THE WIND CHASERS

On the 19th of August 1964, the U.S. Weather Bureau Office in San Juan, Puerto Rico discovered an area of cloudiness and possible tropical circulation about 1000 miles southeast of Puerto Rico. The squadron had been tracking Hurricane Cleo since the 20th when one of the squadron aircraft discovered a low pressure area east of where the bad weather was reported. Continual tracking and reporting was made as she moved across the Caribbean. On the 24th Hurricane Cleo was approximately eighty-five to one hundred 25 miles south, southwest of Puerto Rico and moving west. Commander Walt Reese and his crew took off at 8:50 am in WV-3, Bureau Number 137891 from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba to reconnoiter the storm. They were to make a low-level, daylight penetration and then land at the Naval Station Roosevelt Roads. They were to collect the usual weather data as on all penetrations, the lowest barometric pressure, areas of precipitation and extent of winds including the highest winds in the storm.

It was the third pilot, LTJG Desmond Phelan, who was in the left seat as the plane lumbered into the sky that bright August day. The Super Constellation headed southeast through the Caribbean skirting the southern tip of Haiti then heading directly towards Cleo. As usual they were maintaining between 1000 and 500 feet above the wave tops while trying to burn some fuel out of the tip tanks. CMDR Reese had elected to fill the tanks and they had some six hundred gallons in them or nearly one ton of weight at the end of each wing. After little more than two hours of droning along with scattered to broken clouds with bases at about fifteen hundred feet, the three meteorologists sighted the great black blur ahead. Sizing her up on radar they determined her to be a moderate to large tropical hurricane some one hundred miles wide with clouds nine miles high. This put the cloud tops at somewhere over 46,000 feet. The radioman passed the next message to the Joint Hurricane Warning Center in Miami, warning them of the severity and enormity of this hurricane. Miami then issued a watch for the East Coast of the United States which later proved to have saved many lives.

During this period the plane increasingly flew into more and more rain, wind and turbulence. Weather bands, like spirals on a pinwheel, were encountered more and more as the plane penetrated into the storm. This action caused the tips to flex more and more. Commander Reese walked through the fuselage, hot and crowded with instruments and people. At the Combat Information Center he peered into the radar for his first good look at this wild she-devil. The storm sprawled on the radar screens like a pulsing green octopus. They were approaching the storm from the southwest but there on the screen was an ominous "hook" cloud some fifty miles long and many miles wide. The echoes from the radar indicated heavy torrents of solid precipitation along its entire structure with heavy rain. Beyond the hook lay the dark hole of the eye itself. This is where they were headed hoping for some respite from the severe turbulence and heavy rain which they were sure to encounter. This is where the crew intended to get the vital statistics of Cleo and send them back to the JHWC at Miami. Cmdr Reese once again checked the radar, which was then focused on the odd looking hook cloud. "Pretty solid stuff," warned the CIC Officer, Ron Walker. Cmdr Reese nodded his head in agreement. When he returned to the cockpit he ordered the plane to circle their present position to burn down the tip tank fuel. It was only a short time before he again headed the aircraft into the storm. The radar now showed a safe passage into the eye of the storm without having to enter the hook shaped cloud. Expecting the worst Cmdr Reese returned to the cockpit and ordered the crew to don their Mae Wests and get strapped into their stations for the rough ride to come. Figuring now that the aircraft was down to a safe penetration weight, Cmdr Reese told CIC to give them a course to the eye and to "con" them into it. Of course, the heading would have to change frequently to keep the surface winds forward of the port wing. The radarmen in CIC now became the eyes of the plane coordinated with the meteorologist who was observing the surface winds and barometric pressure, they guided the plane towards the center of the raging fury while trying to keep the plane out of the worst weather.

As the wind rose, "Metro" Chief, Frank Morgan kept calling out the surface winds: "64 knots... 70... .90.... 110 knots (125 miles-per-hour)."

At 12:45 pm came the first real test. Whirling and swirling just ahead, five miles high and 25 miles thick lay the deadly wall cloud. Surface wind increased, 115...120, humidity was now 100% with a steady wall of water. The aircraft lurched forward. The engines were straining. The pilot called for more power. The fury below was all white. Turbulence increased to the point where all the cockpit instruments seemed to be dancing as if suspended in air. They were almost unreadable. LCDR Don Edgren, who was at the controls, had all he could do to keep the aircraft upright and the wings somewhere close to level. Finally, the plane punched into the area which was where the eye was seen on radar but as they left the wall behind them, the pilots and crew stared in astonishment. The storm had no calm eye. It should have been a big, cloud-domed room about fifteen miles in diameter. Instead it was a wild, confused whirlwind turned loose on the aircraft. Winds were of exceedingly high velocity blowing in several directions at the same time. Turbulence was extreme. The plane was being tossed around like a toy. Reese and Edgren tried to make several turns but the plane was blown into the wall cloud a number of times. This was a storm with an eye gone mad. No one had ever seen anything like it before. There was no peaceful place to rest and relax for this crew. They had hoped to have a cup of coffee while the meteorologists took the pulse of the storm, instead everyone was just hanging on for dear life.

Reese decided to get the plane out as fast as possible. He managed one last tight turn, then called CIC, "Give me an immediate exit course, we're getting out." CIC scanning their radar replied almost immediately, "best route out lies south by southwest, take up a heading of 150 degrees." Next LCDR Edgren made a strange request. "It's my turn to make the exit-remember?" Reese replied, "She's all yours, take her out!"

At 1:01pm Edgren braced his feet on the rudder pedals and took a firm grip on the yoke. He brought the plane around until it was headed directly for the wall. Immediately the plane was buffeted by one hundred twenty-five mile-per-hour winds hitting its right wing. Turbulence was extreme, rain like a solid brick wall. "More power," called Edgren. The plane began bucking like a wild stallion. As the wall cloud swallowed up the plane, the sea disappeared. Edgren concentrated on his altimeter, turn and bank indicators and rate of climb.

Two minutes later the area surrounding the aircraft went black. Edgren heard Reese ask CIC to check their radar. A heavy jolt shocked the plane. Instantly the reply came, "Radar's off the line, we've lost our signal." Just when the crew needed it most the radar had failed and now they were flying blind in the most severe weather anyone can comprehend.

The horror was just beginning. The only thing the crew could do was hold the 150 degree heading and pray. More hard bounces shook the wings. At 1:04 pm there was a great updraft as though the aircraft had flown over an explosion. When the aircraft started up the crew found itself pinned to their seats by the G forces the aircraft was then experiencing. One crewmember found himself lying on the deck grabbing for a chair. He tried in vain to force himself up. The extraordinary upward acceleration continued. Phelan, who was strapped in behind the cockpit found himself watching the left wing. It was flexing hard. The engines were blowing blue fire, straining to maintain their power output. As he watched, the left tip tank swung wild like a big cigar. He shouted through the intercom, "The left tip tank is going." The tank tore loose, dangled momentarily from broken fastenings and pipes then suddenly vanished, leaving the outer end of the wing torn and spewing fuel. The plane banked sharply toward the right wing which still had the tank attached and probably half full. The Lockheed manual states that a Constellation's wings must never be more than 300 pounds out of balance. This crew now obviously had an incredible imbalance of nearly two tons; the weight of the right tip tank plus fuel.

In the cockpit as the right wing dipped, almost pulling the plane over on its side, Reese and Edgren fought the controls. They got the wing up slightly. Reese shouted to the Flight Engineer, Vic Workman, for "MAX" power. Momentarily the four engines roared as Workman increased rpm. and pushed his throttles forward. The engines went from 2,600 rpm to 2900 rpm, then suddenly, crazily dropped to 2000 rpm. With

a surge and a howl, engines number 1, 2, and 3 returned to 2900 rpm. The unnerving sound reminded Reese of a race car revving up in a series of prestart bursts. Soon number 4 joined the howling and wandering.

All engines now began changing speed. Were G forces upsetting the governor flyweights, or were the propellers cavitating? Whatever the cause, the crews heart rates were increasing, respiration becoming shallow and abrupt and perspiration exceeding all norms. What ever they had run into they were surely only minutes from total obliteration.

CMDR Reese prepared to dump fuel to gain stability and lighten the right wing. Before his chance came, at 1:10 pm, without warning, a second jolt even greater than the first shook the aircraft. This was followed immediately by a wild plunge with loss in altitude. In the cockpit Reese's headphones were ripped off his head. In the engineers panel there was a loud crash. Two radios had torn out of their racks. In the rear of the cabin Chief Frank Morgan, though strapped in, was hurled off his seat and lay groaning on the deck.

Everything within the aircraft strained at their moorings. Toolboxes which were lashed down broke loose and rose in the air like balloons. Paper napkins, pencils, charts and navigators kits rose and remained suspended in the air as if suddenly transformed into lighter than air objects. navigator Eston Haymond seeing his equipment floating away tried unsuccessfully to retrieve them. A half-dollar rose from his pocket and hung in mid-air. He snatched it back angrily.

A flashlight was ripped from Phelan's hand and flew to the ceiling. He never saw it again. Back in CIC, Radarman John Lewis, his seat belt broken, found himself pinned to the ceiling. He couldn't get down. Other men floated up there with him, among the parachutes.

Technician Jim Kieffer grabbed a table to hold himself down. The table cut off the end of a finger above the small knuckle as he went to the overhead. Above all the confusion, Lewis heard him shout gamely, "they'll never make a yeoman of me now."

Suddenly, the men on the overhead found themselves hurled to the deck. Lewis came down hard on meteorologist Norman Putrite. Lewis heard him cry, "Where's my arm?" Lewis looked and said, "You're laying on it, Its broken!"

The plane literally began to come unglued. The second tip tank tore off, metal panels were ripped from the wing and the great radome below the fuselage split right down the middle. Inside the fuselage a fire axe broke loose and began chopping holes in the deck.

*Part 1 of 2. Stay tuned for the final excerpt from H J Walter's book, **THE WIND CHASERS***

PILOT'S MOTORCYCLE



MY STUDENT PILOT DIARY

Monday: Rain

Tuesday: Rain

Wednesday: No rain; no visibility either

Thursday: Take instructor to lunch. Discover I don't know enough to take instructor to lunch.

Friday: Fly! Do first stall and second stall during same maneuver. Cover instructor with lunch.

Week 2

Monday: Learned not to scrape frost off Plexiglas with ice-scraper. Used big scratch as marker to set pitch.

Tuesday: Instructor wants me to stop calling throttle "THAT BIG KNOB THING." Also hates when I call instruments "GADGETS"

Wednesday: Radios won't pick up radio stations, so I turned them off. Instructor seems to think I missed something.

Thursday: Learned 10 degree bank is not a steep turn. Did stall again today. Lost 2000 feet. Instructor said that was some kind of record -- my first compliment.

Friday: Did steep turn. Instructor said I was not ready for inverted flight yet.

Week 3

Monday: Instructor called in sick. New instructor told me to stop calling her "BABE". Did steep turns. She said I had to have permission for inverted flight.

Tuesday: Instructor back. He told me to stop calling him "BABE", too. He got mad when I pulled power back on takeoff because the engine was too loud.

Wednesday: Instructor said after the first 20 hours, most students have established a learning curve. He said there is a slight bend in mine. Aha--progress!

Thursday: Did stalls. Clean recovery. Instructor said I did good job. Also did turns around a point. Instructor warned me never to pick ex-fiancé's house as point again.

Friday: Did circuit work. Instructor said that if downwind, base and final formed a triangle, I would be perfect. More praise!

Week 4

Monday: First landing at a controlled field. Did fine until I told the captain in the 747 ahead of us on the taxiway to move his bird. Instructor says we'll have ground school all this week on radio procedures.

Tuesday: Asked instructor if everyone in his family had turned grey at such an early age. He smiled. We did takeoff stalls. He says I did just fine but to wait until we reached altitude next time. Three Niner Juliet will be out of the shop in three days when the new strut and tire arrive. Instructor says his back bothers him only a little.

Wednesday: Flew through clouds. I thought those radio towers were a lot lower. I'm sure my instructor is going grey.

Thursday: Left flaps down for entire flight. Instructor asked why. I told him I wanted the extra lift as a safety margin. More ground school.

Friday: Asked instructor when I could solo. I have never seen anyone actually laugh until they cried before.

NY SKYSCRAPERS FALL LUNCHEON: WED OCT 29TH

Our Fall luncheon will be held at the *Hostaria Mazzei* restaurant in Portchester, NY, just southwest of Greenwich, CT, at NOON on Wednesday October 29th, 2008:

25 South Regent Street, Port Chester, NY 10573 (914) 939-2727 www.hostariamazzei.com

The price, which includes 2 raffle tickets, is \$30/person, to be collected at the door. Spouses and guests welcome (about half the retirees bring their spouses).

If you can contribute a raffle prize or help man the ticket table, please let me know.

If you're planning to come, please contact one of us:

Pete Sofman	rupapetesofman@optonline.net	203-322-0724
Bob Beavis	bbeavis@optonline.net	732-449-9126
Ted Garrity	ssfox747@aol.com	203-227-0763
Hank Lopez-Cepero	margolc@aol.com	203-426-0652

See you all in October,

Pete Sofman

Directions to *Hostaria Mazzei*: (25 S. Regent St, Portchester, NY)
<http://tinyurl.com/5d5pa4> (insert your start address, and click on GO), or

From I-287 Eastbound:

I-287 E:

Take exit 10 to merge onto Purchase St/RT-120/Westchester Ave toward Port Chester/Purchase/RT-120A

Continue to follow Westchester Ave for 1.6 mi

Turn right at S Regent St (parking lot just past restaurant on your left)

From I-95 Northbound:

Take exit 21 for US-1 N for 0.6 mi

Merge onto Boston Post Rd/US-1 and go for 0.2 mi

Turn left at S Regent St (parking lot just before restaurant on your right)

From I95 Southbound:

Take exit 21 to merge onto Cross Westchester Expy/I-287 W toward White Plains/ Tappan Zee Bridge, and go for 1.8 mi

Take exit 10 for Bowman Ave/Webb Ave

Turn right at Bowman Ave and go for 0.8 mi

Slight right at RT-120A/Westchester Ave and go for 0.2 mi

Turn right at S Regent St (parking lot just after restaurant on your left)

From the Merritt Parkway Southbound:

Go past the service station near King St

Take the Ridge St exit

Turn left at N Ridge St and go for 1.6 mi

Turn left at RT-120A/Westchester Ave and go for 0.5 mi

Turn right at S Regent St (parking lot just past restaurant on your left)

Address changes, Snowbirds & Others:

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

RUPA, PO Box 275, Half Moon Bay, CA 94019-0275 — or — E-mail: rupa.sectr@yahoo.com

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

ALTERNATIVE ENERGY (Part II)

William Tucker, Journalist,
February 2008

The following is adapted from a lecture delivered at Hillsdale College on January 29, 2008, during a conference on "Free Markets and Politics Today," co-sponsored by the Center for Constructive Alternatives and the Ludwig von Mises Lecture Series.

There have been a host of debates this year between the Democratic and Republican candidates for president. Many of these candidates believe that among our top priorities is to address global warming by reducing carbon emissions. All or most seem to agree that decreasing America's energy dependence is another. Yet few if any of the candidates have mentioned that nuclear energy--or, as I prefer, terrestrial energy-- could serve both these ends.

Right now there are 103 operating nuclear reactors in America, but most are owned by utilities (which also own coal plants). The few spin-offs that concentrate mainly on nuclear--Entergy, of Jackson, Mississippi, and Exelon, of Chicago--are relatively small players. As for a nuclear infrastructure, it hardly exists. There is only one steel company in the world today that can cast the reactor vessels (the 42-foot, egg-shaped containers at the core of a reactor): Japan Steel Works. As countries around the world begin to build new reactors, the company is now back-ordered for four years. Unless some enterprising American steel company takes an interest, any new reactor built in America will be cast in Japan.

This is an extraordinary fate for what was once regarded as an American technology. France, China, Russia, Finland, and Japan all perceive the enormous opportunity that nuclear energy promises for reducing carbon emissions and relieving the world's energy problems, as reflected in recent soaring oil prices. Yet in America, we remain trapped in a Three Mile Island mentality, without even a public discussion of the issue.

It is time to step back and question whether this prejudice makes sense.

Fossil Fuels

All living things exist by drawing energy from their environment and discarding part of it as "waste," so there is nothing inherently shameful about energy consumption. Almost all our energy derives ultimately from the sun. Plants store solar energy by transforming it into large carbon-chain molecules (the process we call photosynthesis). The entire animal kingdom draws its energy from this process by "eating" this stored solar energy. About 750,000 years ago, early humans discovered that they could also draw solar energy from a chain reaction we call "fire." When heated, the stored energy in carbon chains is released. This heat energy can break down other carbon chains, which causes combustion. Fire has been the principle source of energy throughout most of human history. When historian William Manchester wrote a book about the Middle Ages called *A World Lit Only By Fire*, he was describing the world of only 700 years ago.

All this began to change about 400 years ago when human beings discovered an older source of stored solar energy--coal. Our most common fossil fuel, coal is the compressed remains of vegetable matter that covered the earth 300-400 million years ago. Coal is superabundant and we will probably never run out of it. It was the fuel of the Industrial Revolution, and it is still the world's largest source of energy. It is also the most environmentally destructive substance ever utilized. The EPA estimates that it kills 30,000 Americans each year through lung diseases (and in China it is doing far worse). Coal is also the world's principal source of carbon dioxide emissions.

Oil, another fossil fuel, is rarer and is believed to be the remains of organisms that lived in shallow seas during the age of the dinosaurs. It was first drilled in 1859, but was used only for lighting and lubrication until the invention of the automobile. Now it constitutes 40 percent of our energy consumption and is perhaps the most difficult fuel to replace. American oil production peaked in 1970 and is now declining rapidly--a fact that explains much of our subsequent foreign policy. The Arab oil embargo occurred three years following the peak, when the producing states realized we were vulnerable. The question now is whether world production will reach a similar peak and decline. As Matthew Simmons has written: "We won't know until we see it in the rearview mirror." If it does come, it may not look much different from the quadrupling of oil prices we have witnessed in the last three years.

Natural gas is generally considered the most environmentally benign of the fossil fuels. It gives off little pollution and only about half the greenhouse gas of coal. Natural gas was put under federal regulation in the 1950s, so that by the 1970s we were experiencing a supply shortage. Deregulation in the '80s led to almost unlimited supplies in the '90s. Then we began the fateful practice of using gas to produce electricity, resulting in a price crunch and the loss of many gas-dependent industries, such as fertilizer and plastics factories, which have since moved to Mexico and Saudi Arabia to be near supplies. Now American gas production seems to have peaked and we are importing 15 percent of our consumption from Canada. Huge gas supplies have been discovered in Russia and the Middle East, but will not do us much good since gas cannot be easily transported over water. Thus China, India and Europe will be able to buy pipeline gas much more cheaply and are already out-competing us on the world market.

Alternative Fuels Given the precarious state of these fossil fuels, people have begun talking of "alternative" and "renewable" fuels--water, sun and wind. The term "renewable" is somewhat misleading: no energy is "renewable", insofar as energy cannot be recycled (this is the Second Law of Thermodynamics). The term "renewable" usually describes tapping flows of solar energy that are supposedly "free". But coal and oil in the ground are also free. It just takes work--and energy--to recover them. So, too, solar "renewables" can only be gathered at a cost. They are often limited and may require extravagant use of other resources--mainly land.

What about water? Hydroelectricity is a form of solar energy. The sun evaporates water, which falls as rain and then flows back to the sea, creating kinetic energy. Rivers have been tapped since Roman times and, beginning in the 19th century, dams were built to store this solar energy. Hydroelectric dams provided 30 percent of our electricity in the '30s, but the figure has declined to 10 percent. And all the good dam sites are now taken.

What about wind? Wind energy has captured the imagination of the public and is touted by many as the fastest growing energy source in the world. All of this is driven by government mandates--tax credits and "renewable portfolio" laws that require utilities to buy non-fossil sources of power. The problem with wind is that it is completely unpredictable. Our electrical grid is one giant machine interconnected across the country, in which voltage balances must be carefully maintained in order to avoid damaging electrical equipment or losing data on computer circuits. Wind irregularities can be masked up to around 20 percent, but after that they become too disruptive. At best, therefore, wind will only be able to provide the 20 percent "spinning reserve" carried by all utilities. In addition, windmills are large and require lots of land. The biggest now stand 65 stories tall--roughly the height of New York's Trump Tower--and produce only six megawatts, or about 1/200th the output of a conventional power plant. In the East, most are sited on mountaintops, since that is where the wind blows strongest.

What about the sun? Solar energy is very diffuse. A square-meter card table receives enough sunlight to run only four 100-watt electric bulbs. At best, solar could provide our indoor lighting, which consumes about ten percent of our electricity. But keep in mind: gathering and storing solar energy requires vast land areas.

Sunshine can be harnessed directly in two ways--as thermal heat, or through photo-voltaics, the direct production of electricity. In the 1980s, California built a Power Tower that focused hundreds of mirrors on a single point to boil water to drive a turbine. The facility covered one-fifth of a square mile and produced ten megawatts. It was eventually closed down as uneconomical. Last year, when Spain opened an identical Power Tower in Seville, *U.S. News & World Report* ran a cover story hailing it as a "Power Revolution." That facility, of course, is completely subsidized by the government.

Photovoltaic cells have more promise. They are thin wafers where solar radiation knocks the electrons off silicon atoms, producing an electric current. At present, an installation about half the size of a football field could power one suburban home--when the sun shines, of course. The problem is that photovoltaics are enormously expensive; using them to provide one-quarter of an average home's electricity requires investing around \$35,000. Their greatest benefit is that they are able to provide electricity precisely when it is most needed—on hot summer afternoons when air conditioning produces peak loads.

Part I from this article, was seen in Sept *RUPANEWS*, covering **Nuclear Energy** facts.

William Tucker is a veteran journalist. Educated at Amherst College, his work has appeared in many popular magazines and newspapers. His articles have won the John Hancock Award, the Gerald Loeb Award, the Amos Tuck Award, and he was a finalist for the National Magazine Award. His forthcoming book is entitled:

Terrestrial Energy: How a Nuclear-Solar Alliance Can Rescue the Planet.

HELP WANTED!! IMMEDIATE OPENING!!
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Fellow Ruparians,

I have sent a letter of resignation from the position of Secretary/Treasurer of the Retired United Pilots Association to President Larry Wright.

It has been 12 years since I started working for RUPA, and at 76 years of age, I have been “on the property” well past normal retirement age.

I would like it to become effective immediately, but being a realist, as soon as a replacement can be found, preferably before the end of this year.

I wish I had someone in mind, but honestly, I don't. And that is where you come in. RUPA needs an individual who is willing to serve all our members equally and unconditionally. I will answer any questions asked by a possible replacement, so how about considering it. Email for starters.

Ideally, the new person should be computer literate, preferably with PC format, and have the ability to work with or learn the programs we use all the time, MS Access, Word and Quicken. Commonality keeps it easiest to work together.

I shall assist in every way I can to ensure that you are able to carry out the routine duties of the position before “solo,” and can assure continued support as long as needed.

Bruce McLeod, Sec/T

CLEVELAND CRAZIES AKA NORTH COASTERS

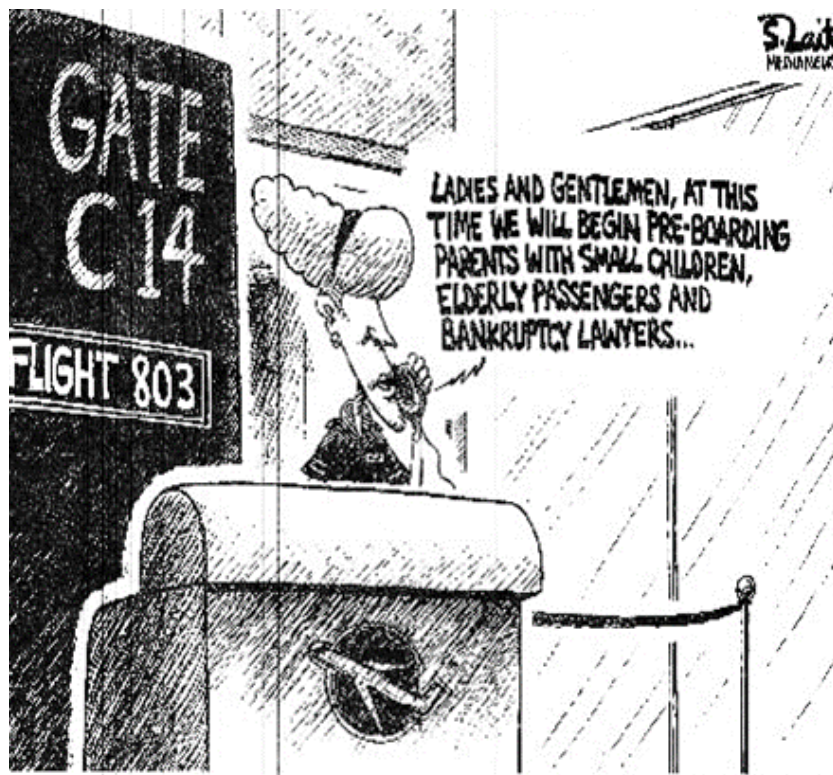
September was a very busy month socially for the Cleveland Crazies. First, on the 6th of September, a group of us were able to charter a rail car for a ride through the Cuyahoga Valley National Park and then have lunch in Peninsula, Ohio. The park is one of the most visited National Parks in the United States, and the only one with a railroad going all the way through it. Gathering at the Peninsula, Ohio depot we boarded the former Flagler Railroad business car 'St. Lucie Sound', very presentable with its art deco interior and hostess Ann Miller waiting for us with coffee, sweet rolls and juice.

Departing to the north we were attached to the regular Cuyahoga Valley Scenic Railroad "Scenic Flyer" which took us to Independence, Ohio and returned us to Peninsula, a round trip of about 25 miles. We then walked the short distance to the *Winking Lizard* restaurant for a wonderful lunch together. All in all, a very pleasant and enjoyable way to spend the morning and meal with friends. The cry has already been raised, "Let's do it again next year" and we shall try to do so.

Second, our monthly meeting at *TJ's* in Wooster brought us a pleasant surprise, a guest speaker, as if we needed anyone to speak for the Crazies. A good friend of Bill and Dorothy Christie was good enough to come to our meeting and talk about his pride and joy, a full scale and flyable WWI Sopwith Triplane, which he has built himself from the original factory plans. Bill Woodall was employed as an engineer, by *Goodyear Tire* in Akron, specializing in aviation tire problems, and who better to do that than someone who speaks airplane. He told us how he arrived at the idea of building the Sopwith and then the construction and finally his first flight. Amusing, interesting and happy to answer all the associated questions that went along with his talk. If you are interested, go to his web site at www.triplanebuilder.com and enjoy. Small but powerful, the attendance as usual and included Don Karaikos, Ken Wheeler, Ed Griffith, Bill Christie, Dick Orr, George Bleyle, Vick Popelars, Phil Jach, Richard McMakin and of course Bill Woodall.

Additionally, all political campaigning and /or discussion has been outlawed until December, in deference to the other patrons in the restaurant who might have come for a quiet meal or beverage.

Richard McMakin



EXERCISE KEEPS DEMENTIA AT BAY

Wednesday, 3 September 2008 Bianca Nogrady

ABC (*Australia*)

Researchers were surprised to discover that the benefits of exercise lasted well beyond the trial. Regular exercise in old age not only reduces the risk of physical problems such as heart disease and hip fractures, Australian researchers have found it may also slow down memory loss as we age. A study of physical activity in patients with early memory problems found 150 minutes of walking per week led to improvements in memory, language and visual skills, as well as giving patients a boost to their confidence.

The results of the study, published in the latest issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, suggest that physical activity could be more effective in improving memory and mental function than drugs, and without the side effects. Lead author and old age psychiatrist Professor Nicola Lautenschlager from the University of Melbourne says there are no drugs available that can improve memory in patients with early memory problems, so the results are particularly important for this group of people.

"Our effect is modest, not dramatic, but it is significant and much better than comparable trials that have been done with medication," she says.

Long-lasting

Researchers were surprised to discover that the benefits of exercise lasted well beyond the six months of the trial, with patients showing improvements 18 months after the study ended. Previous research has shown that people who are more active in later life are less likely to experience dementia or memory loss. However this is the first time researchers have attempted a trial of an exercise-based treatment, which was conducted at the University of Western Australia.

Each patient was provided with an activity plan developed by a physical activity expert, carefully designed to fit with their existing activities, fitness and any physical problems they might have. Patients were also fitted with pedometers to record how many steps they took, and contacted weekly to help them keep up with the exercise regime.

The study did not include tests such as MRI scans, which might have given some clues as to what was happening inside the brain. The researchers suggest improved blood flow to the brain, or the physical and mental stimulation from the exercise might explain the effects. "We know from many trials, mainly with animals, that even an older brain, if stimulated, can still develop new connectivity between brain cells that would improve memory," says Lautenschlager.

While it's early days, Lautenschlager hopes physical activity might play an equal role in dementia prevention as it now does in preventing heart disease.

OLDYWEDS

An older couple got married...he 83 and she 77

They saw an attorney for the pre-nup.

She wanted to own the house..."sure honey"

She wanted a decent sized policy on his life... "no problem"

She wanted sex six times a week... "ok; you can put me down for Fridays"

A EUROPEAN PERSPECTIVE

An Aviation Icon Turns 40

Aviation Week & Space Technology, 09/08/2008 , page 65

By Pierre Sparaco

BonAnniversaire, 747

This month, civil aviation veterans and enthusiasts will celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Boeing 747's first public appearance. The rollout ceremony—much simpler than today's Hollywood-style shows—took place on the morning of Sept. 30, 1968.

Lucky guests who attended (including this writer) still remember Malcolm T. Stamper's clear voice telling the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Boeing seven-four-seven." And the monumental doors of the Everett, Wash., factory slowly began to open, unveiling the nose of a true giant. Stamper was president and general manager of the 747 Div.

Nothing like this had ever happened before: a huge, 63-ft.-high double decker, 231 ft. 10 in. long with a 195-ft. 8-in. wingspan. The fact sheet noted a maximum takeoff weight of 680,000 lb. (which later increased substantially) and seven fuel tanks able to carry up to 50,320 gal. of (cheap) kerosene. Suddenly, air transportation was entering an all-new era.

Stamper didn't need to comment further. There were speeches, of course, but they were not really needed. Watching the newborn was enough—a surprisingly elegant airliner displaying the manufacturer's new color scheme, all white with a red stripe, a departure from the usual and less classy yellow and brown.

During the dinner in the ballroom of the Olympic Hotel, Up with People, an international group of young singers, celebrated friendship around the world. Seattle, still a rather provincial city in those days, was proud to be on the forefront of aviation's new frontier.

The 747's appearance was a major breakthrough, a milestone in the airline industry's increasingly rapid growth and, to some extent, it remains unbeaten. Just think: In the late 1960s, the single-aisle 707 Intercontinental and Douglas's DC-8, the industry's standard offerings on long-haul routes, had about 140 seats. And, suddenly, we were admiring a 363-seat giant that could accommodate up to 490 passengers in a high-density cabin configuration. This was an unbelievable change of gauge, the dawn of a new age or, in other words, the end of elitist air transportation and the emergence of mass flying in "tourist" (later "economy") class, an unprecedented initiative in terms of marketing and fare levels.

Today, 20 versions later and with the upgraded 747-8 to come soon, we simply tend to forget that Boeing's decision to build the heavy lifter was a formidable and risky challenge. In addition, the program was launched (in April 1966) with a single customer, Pan American World Airways, which ordered 25 aircraft, including two freighters, valued at \$525 million. Juan Trippe's flamboyant carrier was making history, unaware of the fact that it would soon approach heavy turbulence.

Expressing nostalgia is not commercial aviation's habit, but the 747 deserves exceptional treatment. When it made its first flight on Feb. 9, 1969, it inaugurated an extraordinary year. The Franco-British Concorde supersonic transport first flew the following month and, in July, Neil Armstrong walked on the Moon. Imagination was the running party.

The week after the rollout ceremony, Aviation Week & Space Technology detailed a 747 improvement program tentatively expected to include an increased-capacity version incorporating a complete upper-deck cabin. In the same issue (in an additional indication that the skies had no limits), another article referred to a short-takeoff-and-landing 737, equipped with four lift-jet engines, able to operate from 2,000-ft.-long runways (AW&ST Oct. 7, 1968, p. 43). Four years later, the first energy crisis provoked a hard landing; the swinging sixties vanished and never returned.

Joe Sutter—the charismatic head of the 747 engineering team (dubbed The Incredibles in Stamper’s in-house motivational campaign)—was born just 18 years after the Wright brothers’ first powered flight. He joined Boeing while the company was developing the B-47 strategic bomber, an airplane said to be so audacious that it seemed the stuff of science fiction.

The commercial 747 was even more impressive. Looking beyond conventional matters of the moment, and remembering Everett’s doors opening majestically, we must raise our hats to the jumbo jet. Put simply, its ultimate goal was to make the world smaller and more accessible to many—and it succeeded.



WELCOME TO RUPA!!

We would like to welcome recent retiree and newest member of RUPA:

Captain & Mrs. Theodore S. Birke, (Margot) of Byfield, MA

Thanks for joining us!

SFO NORTH BAY RUPA LUNCHEON

The North Bay RUPA group met for it's September gathering at the Petaluma Sheraton's Tolay room on the first Wednesday, September 3rd. The sign-in sheet was decorated with a picture of a soon-to-be-retired Vice President of UAUA, so the members could say goodbye. We were pleased to have Buddy and Alice DeCosterd sit in with us, as well as Steve Filson. Call-ins, unable to attend were announced, and the recent passing of retired Captain Bernie Haley was announced. A brief rundown of the latest industry news was given, and the Bulletin Board had several articles...including a picture of retired Captain Jim Perkins automobile..hit by a tree, in the recent hurricane..(Jim was, thankfully, uninjured!)

Steve Filson gave the group a rundown on the recent political scene, in particular, the Akaka bill, and it's progress. Leon Scarbough told of an interesting insurance proposition, whereby one whose term life insurance is about to end, may recover some of the cost invested, by a means of converting, then "selling" the contract. Leon promised to keep the group informed on this idea. Our ever-inquiring Health and Welfare Chair, George Hise, brought some news handouts, concerning the use of pumpkin seed products for several medical problems, as well as an analysis of Copper for arthritis pain. George's suggestion was for all those at one table to try the regimen for a month, and those at the other table to continue drinking red wine, and other forms of dissipation, as a control group! Norm DeBack pointed out the USA Today news article about the lucrative career path of a young football player.

A few aviation items were passed around, as well as a current airline pilot pay scale for domestic airlines, and a copy of a 1968 "The Cockpit", heralding the grand opening of the new training center in Denver!

Attending: Leon Scarbough, John Baczynski, Bill Greene, Larry Whyman, Buddy and Alice DeCosterd, Jules Lepkowsky, Norm DeBack, Ken Corbin, Tom Grey, J.R. Hastings, Sam Anderson, Bob Grammer, Jim Mansfield, Don Madson, Dan Bargar, Dick Hanna, Steve Filson, Bill McGuire, John and Carol Reed, Sam and Mickie Orchard, George Hise, Galen Wagner,

Bob and Doris Donegan.

SEC/T MUSINGS

We have been sending the *RUPANEWS* to a deceased member for 6 months. Why? Well, somebody told the Editor, but nobody ever told me. Please keep me informed of these minor little details if you are forwarding the Word, or get the Word! I would sooner be told many times rather than never at all!

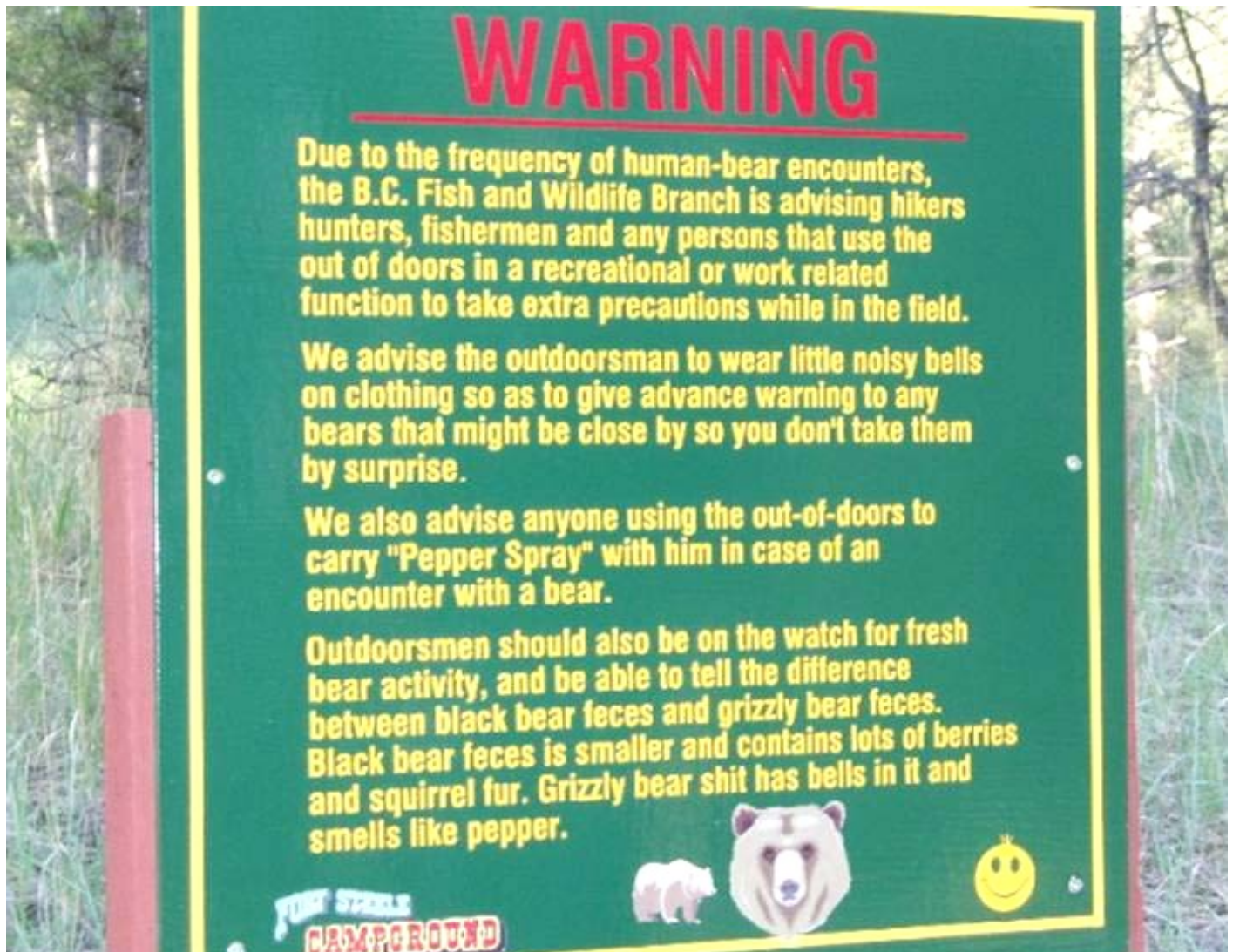
Thank you to all who have sent the correct amount, \$35.00, for your membership renewal. A “few” missed, and I hope they do not take offense at my reminder letters and emails.

This column would be complete now except for problems with email.

I made an error on page 13 of the Sept. issue - correct: rupa.sectr@yahoo.com.

I sent two emails to the above mentioned, deceased member – neither bounced. That is more than can be said of many of our living members! (Including me! ☹)

It is really aggravating when you send me an email and expect a response. Then, when I respond, bounces, asking me to fill out a “permission request form”!! Tom, Dick, Harry and all, I **will not** do “permission request forms” to bypass your spam filters! Add the *RUPA EMAIL ADDRESSES* to your permitted senders before you email me! If an email I send to you is undeliverable and returned, I will remove your email address from the RUPA database. Logically, if it does not work, it is of no use. Right? RIGHT! *BruceM*



LAX SOUTHBAY RUPA

MARK YOUR CALENDARS NOW **THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 2008**

The Hacienda Hotel, 525 North Sepulveda Blvd. in El Segundo. This is just south of LAX.

All RUPA members, active pilots, present or former flight office personal and active or former flight attendants are invited. Widows and spouses of any of the above are welcome. Bring a friend if you like. An invitation to the Clipped Wings will be sent out.

No host bar at 1100 followed by a sit down lunch at noon. Cost is **\$25.00 per person**.

Send checks to Rex May, 6677 Vista Del Mar, Playa Del Rey, CA90233-7545.

Checks must reach me by Monday, Dec. 8 as that is when I must pay and confirm.

I hope to see you there. Best wishes. *Rex May*

WORMS

A minister decided that a visual demonstration would add emphasis to his Sunday sermon!!!!

Four worms were placed into four separate jars.

The first worm was put into a container of alcohol.

The second worm was put into a container of cigarette smoke.

The third worm was put into a container of chocolate syrup.

The fourth worm was put into a container of good clean soil.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Minister reported the following results:

The first worm in alcohol - **Dead**.

The second worm in cigarette smoke - **Dead**

Third worm in chocolate syrup - **Dead**

Fourth worm in good clean soil - **Alive**.

So the Minister asked the congregation – What can you learn from this demonstration?

Maxine was setting in the back, quickly raised her hand and said,

'As long as you drink, smoke and eat chocolate, you won't have worms!'

That pretty much ended the service --

THANKS FOR THE “EXTRA”

The following have added a “Little Extra” to their dues, (in some cases a lot, and a couple of AWESOME amounts!!) between August 21 and September 17, 2008:

Allen G. Anderson, Richard A Anderson, JL “Doc” Bailey, Robert Bandfield, Richard Bennett, George Bleyly Jr., Dick Boston, Jon Boucher, Herb Breivik, Jim Brooks, JM Tony Buck, Douglas Cline, Donald Coles, Mack Connelly, Gary Cook, David Coppin, George Donald, Bob Donegan, Patrick Donovan, Edward Duffy, Ronald Engelhardt, James Enright, Randolph Grant, George Hall, Richard Hall, Bill Harris, Fred Hayes, Chuck Heid, James Higbea, Skip Hillegas, Anthony Horne, Howard Hunter, Robert Jewett, William Jensen, Theodore Keskey, Walter Kimmey, Joy Klopfer, Ray Lahr, David Leippe, Thomas Llewellyn, Bill Madsen, Eric Malm, Peer Maseng, Robert McMichael Jr., Donald Mohr, F.A. Morton Jr., James Nist, Robert Oglesby, Irwin Pederson, Doug Phillips, Jack Quigley, Ray Randall, Joseph Raulins, Bill Rossiter, Harvey Saylor, Richard Schultz, Charles Schwob, Frank Shaw, Jim Shirley, James Strong, Roger Taylor, Charles Tolleson, William F. Turner, Ralph Vrtacnik, Del Walker, Larry Walker, Gene Walter, James Warner, JC Pete Werner, Bill Westfall, Gene White, James Williams

--- THANK TO ALL!!” *BruceM*

ACCIDENT REPORT



(irca 1980)

Dear Sir;

I am writing in response to your request for additional information in Block #3 of my accident reporting form. I put "poor planning" as the cause of my accident. You said in your letter that I should explain more fully and I trust that the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six-story building. When I completed my work, I discovered I had about 500 pounds of brick left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which, fortunately, was attached to the side of the building at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out and loaded the brick into it. Then I went back to the ground and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 500 pounds of bricks. You will note in Block #11 of the accident reporting form that I weigh 135 pounds.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rather rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming down. This explains the fractured skull and broken collarbone.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley. Fortunately by this time, I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope in spite of my pain.

At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground .. and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel now weighed approximately fifty pounds. I refer you again to my weight in Block #1. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles and the lacerations of my legs and lower body.

The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell onto the pile of bricks, and fortunately, only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the bricks, in pain, unable to stand, and watching the empty barrel six stories above me, I again lost my presence of mind, I LET GO OF THE ROPE!

LETTERS

JAIME P. ALEXANDER—Council Bluffs, IA

Hello All, I'm pretty much on time renewing this year but note I completely failed to write last year, probably because I had paid ahead a year and of course completely forgot the correspondence part. It doesn't really matter since life has been bumping along in a generally OK manner. I'm older and find myself more susceptible to "but first" when I set about doing anything. The "anything" still involves flying gliders and my lady friend Dee's Skylane. We did make it to OSH and survived 4 nights in a tent under the wing. Reservations in a nice B&B for the next few days smoothes the process considerably. The glider flying is with the Omaha Soaring Club so we do a lot of scatching for lift. I'm kept busy going up and down anyway by our half dozen students who don't know any better. For a change of pace I can go up and down quicker in the Piper Pawnee tow plane. My home remains chaotic with daughter Kathy, grandson Jonathan (15), and granddaughter Erin (7) doing their thing, often involving dogs Quigley and Sandy. Son Jeff is still on the 737 in DEN. I understand the current plan is to get rid of the 737's. ARGH.

Jaime Alexander, ORD '94

DICK ANDERSON—Seattle, WA

Birthday month has arrived too rapidly again.....and it's time to send in a note and renew subscription to *RUPANEWS* which both Laurie and I enjoy reading. I particularly enjoyed reading Don Barnhart's letter in the latest edition of the *RUPANEWS*. Don was always a pleasure to work with!

We are still spending our winters on Maui and did manage to get over to Oahu last December to see the U of Washington vs. U of Hawaii football game (can you imagine being ahead 21 to zip at the end of the first quarter and then we lost!!!) We stayed at the military hotel at Waikiki - a very nice place! Sure are a lot of changes since I was there on layovers more than 20 years ago!

In April we took the Azamara "Quest" from Miami

to Rome.....a very nice smaller ship and a very enjoyable trip. We also spent a few days in Rome and Laurie got to check "see the Pope" off her "bucket list." Next April we're flying to Hong Kong, boarding Oceania's "Nautica" and cruising for 35 days through the Suez Canal to Athens.

We are settled in our new place in Horizon House-- --a retirement home in downtown Seattle. It is easy to lock the door and go to Maui or take a trip. We're also across the street from a hospital!!!! Thanks to the gang who do so much for the Retired United Pilots Assn.

Dick Anderson

LOIS BENEDICT—Glen Ellyn, IL

Who says you have to spend a huge amount on gasoline for a family vacation? --- Not true, if you live in Illinois and I'm sure there are historical places in every state. I'm talking about Starved Rock State Park in Utica, Il (near La Salle). You can make it a day trip to climb the rock, see the caverns, and learn its history.

We decided to make it a family "get together", so we had to make a reservation way in advance, to be able to stay at the Lodge. Our family, eight daughters, husbands, and children had a ball! We were there two nights, three days; it was a wonderful experience. (If you go, make sure you bring your walking shoes.) We had Cheryl from Wisconsin, Celeste and Claudia and their families from Wisconsin, Cynthia from California, Colleen and her family from California, and, of course, the ones around here. Besides the usual things, we rode the trolley, had canoe races, played games in the great room, etc. etc.

And you've heard the expression, "you may have to sing for your supper"—well, think about knowing that you will have to wait two hours, for our supper! It's crazy, but many, many people do it! The place, Rips Tavern in Ladd, known for their famous chicken dinners (It's 20 minutes from Starved Rock). By the time you're seated, you know everyone around you. They come from Peoria, Quad Cities, all around. It was a fun thing to do, the chicken was great, but once was enough for me! We met several people who keep coming back; they said they love the chicken, and --- the socializing!

So, for Illinois people, head for Starved Rock State Park, and it won't cost you an arm and a leg for gasoline, and it's a real education, especially for the grandchildren—they'll love it! Thanks to all the volunteers --- much appreciated. *Lois*

This is for the Oct. issue. Ross's birthday is Oct. 27th. Check to Half Moon Bay. No typewriter or computer. Hope you can read it.

GEORGE BLEYLE—Hudson, OH

I have been very, very busy the past year. I think I previously mentioned that I'm a qualified volunteer brakeman on the Cuyahoga Valley Scenic Railroad (see cvsr.com) It's all diesels, no steam, but that doesn't make the job much easier or simpler. The engines are all ALCOs; the newest was built in 1965, the oldest in 1959. There is one RS-18, one C-420, one C424, three FPA-4s and several others, in various stages of maintenance and repair.

This past April, I was asked/invited to train as an engineer. Unlike a pilot's license, qualification and certification are accomplished by each individual railroad (not by the government), as it's not enough to know how to operate the engine. The engineer must know the book of local operating rules, slow orders, speed restrictions, the locations and maximum crossing speeds of all grade crossings, whistle signals, station stopping points (in the event to Conductor is unable to "call the train down") and many other local items. A minimum of 120 hrs at the throttle under instruction and 40 hours of classroom work are required to qualify. I have 112 hours at the throttle and zero hours in class!! When I'll get it all complete and my check ride done is anybody's guess.

I think I also previously mentioned that I bought a 34 ft Mainship trawler (Triple7), which, in May 2006, I "single-handed" (nautical term for 'solo') from Hammond, Indiana, up Lake Michigan, thru the Straits of Mackinac, down thru Lake Huron and Lake St. Clair and across Lake Erie to my "home port" at Cedar Point marina in Sandusky, Ohio. Then, last summer (2007) I took Triple7 from Sandusky to Rockland, Maine and back, again, all single-handed. I went thru the Erie Canal, down the Hudson River, up the East River, thru Hell Gate, by LaGuardia airport, out Long Island Sound, thru the Cape Cod canal and up the coast to Gloucester,

Mass., Portland, Me. to Rockland, Me. The round trip was exactly 50 days of which 36 were "on the water." The other 14 were weather, "crew rest" and mechanical/maintenance days. It was a real adventure!! At times, I felt like Huckleberry Finn going down the Mississippi on a raft!!

In 2006, I also obtained my U.S. Coast Guard 50-ton Masters License with qualifications on "Inland Waters" and "Towing Assistance." And, as of a month ago, I have been hired as a Mate "deck hand" on the Sandusky/Lake Erie island cruise boat the "Goodtime I." (See goodtimeboat.com) The Goodtime I was built in 1971, is 117 ft long with a 26 ft beam and weighs 85 tons. On days other mates are working the boat, I can volunteer and work for free - just like the railroad!! If/when I obtain 90 days of service on the Goodtime I, I can apply to the Coast Guard to upgrade my license to 100 Tons and add "Great Lakes" to my approved operating area. I think the plan is, down the road, to be available as a reserve Captain!!

I turned 66 three days ago. Time is flying by; I'm healthy and having great fun. United Airlines is permanently off my radar!! If anyone is near Cleveland, Akron, Sandusky or Cedar Point amusement park (in the summer) and would like a boat ride (and a beer or two) or would like a train ride in the winter, please do not hesitate to call. Cell: 330-414-3047.

Cheers to all, *George Bleyde*

JIM BURRILL—Wooster, Ohio

We have had a good year and hope to have many more. Good health has been our lot to date. Thirteen years of volunteering, travel, being involved in our church, seeing the grand kids growing up, redoing foreclosure houses, visiting frequently with our "Cleveland Crazies" and taking each new day as a gift makes life worthwhile.

The September issue's reference to "nightmare" reminds me that I don't miss my nightmares of missing a flight. I do miss the comradery we had with fellow crew members and the flight operations folks. I enjoy seeing the names of the guys I flew with in LAX on the DC-8 during 69-77. I thought they were old then! It must be the California sun that keeps them going.

Till next year. *Jim & Monica Burrill*

THREE SECONDS TO WORK

Ace, Newell “Robbie“ Roberts, a descendant of Eddie Rickenbaker's “ Hat In The Ring Squadron“, tells how they ‘worked’ their P-38s from up six miles plus—down to North Africa's desert sand. Robbie recalls : “With only” three seconds to work ' there was no time to correct any mistakes — I learned this lesson from the first Messerschmitt I shot down. In that encounter, I had three seconds to see it—pull up—and shoot ! ”



Back home, most people had thought fighter pilots would zoom and dive and twist around like a swarm of bees, spitting bullets right and left. For us—it wasn't like that. You take-off in your P-38 for several hours to escort bombers, patrol or strafe. Even though you had the most concentrated firepower of any WW II fighter at that time, you only had a couple minutes worth of bullets. You held your fire until you were a hundred yards from your enemy, then ' let her go' in three second bursts, each squirting 300 shells, that could knock him down. Unless, he shot you first!

My first shoot-down was one of two Me-110s cruising over Tunisia. I was the flight leader and we were patrolling the Mediterranean, trying to keep the U-boats' periscopes under the water.

On our return, about to strafe German field concentrations, when I saw a couple of twin- engined Messerschmitt's just above us on our same compass heading! We had the speed to overhaul them—but no time to maneuver, so I just gave my engines full throttle, pulled up the nose, got one in my sights, gave him a squirt and he burst into flames. It took about as long to do it—as it takes you to read about it. My buddy was as quick—and he shot down the other one.

We learned to fight in teams, rather than accepting high risk ' solo ' aerial combat. And almost anytime we attempted to use aerobatic maneuvers, the Jerries could shoot us down. In a P-38, the pilot ' ate up ' his precious time trying to roll or pull it around—when a German fighter pilot could kill him in a handful of seconds. In addition, many of the P-38 pilots we ' lost ' were those who let themselves be 'suckered away' from their formations. The Jerries would often send one of their fighters, out ahead - down low - as a decoy. If one of our pilots attacked the decoy, a whole team of Me's would swoop down and kill him. But, if our whole team dove after the ' bait,' the Me 109s would usually keep out of it. As a team, we could often out-fly and outshoot the Jerry's team.

From England, we headed toward Algeria for nine straight hours with a B-26 to guide us. Sitting in that P-38 was bad enough, but we were thinking about 'shooting our way in. The airfield was still in enemy hands. Recently, the airfield had been surrendered to Allied troops. But German bombers had just cratered the runway. We landed anyway and successfully dodged around the bomb craters, except for our Colonel who smashed his P-38 'flat as a pancake', but crawled out with only bruises. Winging that far to North Africa had set a distance record for fighters. But after flying across the North Atlantic in mid-winter, it was easy.

[And that was an interesting deal-so let's back up a bit-and consider the threats of that scenario.]

In case the Japs attacked the West Coast, after striking Pearl Harbor, our squadron of fighters was rushed to California to ' head them off. ' It was a lucky break for us, when that did not happen. Our P38s were so new, nobody knew how to effectively fly them in combat.

Now, we had time to work out a new system of battle tactics, and learn how to use the P-38's strong points. Formation flying in weather over the ocean was the most dangerous flying I have ever done. Sometimes. Our formations were so tight that our wingtips were only three feet apart. Less than that, it turned out, when

someone jammed his wing into my rudder. But we both got down okay. Another day, I watched two Lightnings fold together-canopy to canopy-then plunge into the ocean. Not long after that, in the fog, a pilot smashed up into me from below and 'knocked out' both of my engines. He had to bail out, but I chose to pancake 'dead stick' into a small field. I didn't get hurt.

Then, we were given new P-38s equipped with jumbo belly tanks. And rumors quickly spread that we were heading 'overseas'. We felt good about it, because we now had confidence in the P-38's strong capabilities. Our squadron flew from California to Maine, where we practiced long flights in thick soup over the Atlantic. Labrador was our first leg, but it was frequently buried in low cloud. So, each day, a Flying Fortress carrying our squadron's navigator, would take a look. We got in there okay. However, the world's best weatherman could not predict the weather waiting for us in Greenland. After several false starts, we 'hovered closely' around our 'mother ship' and headed for it. With icebergs and mountains all around, our navigator in the B-17, was able to locate the tiny runway. We all got down alright. But, fighters taking off behind us, headed for a different airstrip in Greenland. Their navigator could not find it-so they all bellied in on the ice cap-stayed there for a long time. We pushed on to Iceland.

That flight out of Iceland still gives me dreams more terrible than any aerial dog fight I've ever been in. In thick soup, with each Fortress 'mothering' four Lightnings, we headed toward Scotland. The soup became thicker. And then thicker. For five incredibly tense hours, we were forced to jam ourselves closer together under the Fortress' wings-with our wingtips nearly touching one another. It seemed more like 50 hours !

Through a small hole in the clouds, we finally saw land. But it flashed by so quick- we didn't have a clue whether the hole was over Scotland or Germany. We made contact with a radio station in Northern Ireland and asked them for a homing assist. We couldn't understand their instructions- and in our frustration, we cursed them out. They said: "Don't worry old chappies. Just stay up there-and we'll have you down in a jiffy!" They sent up a 'night fighting' radar-equipped Beaufighter. And we fastened on that plane and its crew 'mothered' us into an airfield just in the nick of time. I had only enough gas for maybe thirty more minutes.

The British gave us combat training from the hottest combat squadron in Great Britain-the 303rd Polish Pursuit Group. Those Spitfire-flying Polish kids taught us everything they had learned flying while against the Jerries. We went along with Poles on seven of their combat sorties. Those Poles were the best dog fighter pilots' I have ever seen. By the time we reached Africa, we thought we could 'sweep the skies of Jerries and Eyties.'



Our squadron's first home was actually a goat pasture. And when it rained, we had to land without making a three-point landing. If we did, the P-38's nose wheel would bury itself in the mud and we would flip over on our backs. Early on, we lived on chocolate bars and emergency rations. I weighed 175 pounds when we arrived—four months later, I was a stringy 135 pounds.

Lockheed Lightnings were built to fly and fight at 30,000 feet plus, and our main task was as high altitude escort for the Flying Fortresses on their forays over North Africa and Italy. Nobody had any idea that the P-38s would be good for combat down to ten feet. And Buddy, I really mean-TEN feet-to include a low-level mission on the strategic but enemy-held-Faid Pass. GHQ assigned us fly into it and 'clean out' Jerry's tank and gun positions, so our troops could push through. The pass was just wide enough, to allow four P-38's-with near overlapping wings-to 'squeeze' between its steep walls. We were ordered to do the job between 7:20 and 7:25 a.m. No earlier than 7:20 a.m. BUT-absolutely NOT LATER than the 'exact time hack' of 7:25 a.m. On the 'dot' we roared into Faid Pass-shooting-then climbing and diving and-shooting-as though we were on roller coaster rails. Every time we dived, we shot a burst into a gun position or a tank, then zoomed up to gain a favorable position for the next dive. At 7:25 our ground troops charged through. The remaining Jerries were dead, wounded or hiding out. Our coordinated attack was so successful; we cleaned out the Kasserine Pass, on another day.

While zooming up, I saw several Me-109s take off from the edge of a woods. I couldn't tell how many there were for the dust. But I told my flight, " Let's take them on. I'll take the first one." My wingman said : "I'll take the second." Lovell and McWhorter picked out their own. One Me-109 pulled around 'head-on' into me. Twice before, I'd had been flown into 'head-on.' So talking to myself I said [maybe shouted], "If you can take it, Jerry-I can." Both of us were just 200 feet off the ground, when I gave him a squirt. He blew to pieces and I made a quick turn left to avoid the debris.

When Rommel's army was still in Tripoli, I was doing reconnaissance, and I'd dropped down to 5,000 feet over a peaceful place named Casa Bonita. There wasn't a German plane in the air. No one seemed to be shooting at me from the ground. And I was curious as to-WHY THEY'RE NOT- shooting at me? I kept peering down. In a flash, I saw blotched silhouettes-and I nearly jumped out of my seat. Directly below, I could make out a very skillfully camouflaged airstrip that was stacked, wingtip to wingtip, with dozens of planes. Only intuition and pure luck had revealed them. Maybe 'Desert Fox' Rommel, had been stashing them as an unpleasant surprise party for us. I immediately thought : "Robbie, you'd better high tail it-out of here! "

At a bomber base, the B-26's loaded up. Bombers had led me across the Atlantic and down to Africa. This time I led them. And we swept into Casa Bonita to unload bombs so quick that only three Jerry fighters had time to respond. Later, Intelligence counted 128 Axis aircraft destroyed by the raid. After Rommel evacuated Tripoli, our squadron strafed his communications center, then using difficult to guess figure-8's, we swooped in on the lines of trucks, locomotives and rail cars, and let them have it with bombs, cannon and machine guns.

Our missions with the Fortresses were at high altitude, with six to twelve Lightnings attached to each set of twenty B-17s. We flew high fly above them, so when the Jerry tried to get set to dive on them, we were positioned to dive on them. As long as they let the bombers alone, we let them alone. They might even send a couple of Messerschmitts down to make non-firing passes. We stayed where we were, unless they actually attacked the bombers. That's how 'businesslike' it was. But it took plenty of nerve for the Jerries to attack our bombers. From the bombers defensive formation, at least nine Fortress' guns would be shooting at them. Meanwhile, our Lightnings would be attacking them with all we had. Usually, the only time we broke formation was when a Fortress was struck by 'ack-ack' or gunfire, then it fell behind.



Over Tunis, our bombing missions were low-level. Our total mission distance was short enough to allow us to carry bombs, defend the bombers and still make it back home. On one mission, I was flight leader for a dozen Lightning's, protecting two dozen Fortresses. After we completed that part of our mission, we headed down to drop our bombs on some railroad yards, where I almost twisted my neck off, looking around and up for Jerries on my tail.

Just as our bombers warned us by radio, I saw this bunch of Me-109s coming up behind us. I called my planes together, and I began making a fifteen-degree bank join- up turn into the attacking Jerries. During the turn, I looked in the cockpit of the closest Lightning and saw its pilot munching on a chocolate bar. I guess he was distracted by his hunger and was not listening to his radio. Or he was not looking around. When I turned my head to look at him again, he wasn't there. Jerry shot him down. They must have thought he was such easy meat, they could shoot down the rest of us. So, going round and round about fifty feet off the ground-eleven P-38s and fifteen Me-109s, fought for nearly 100 miles. The Fortresses soon disappeared as we battled.

We lost two men, the fellow who went down eating the chocolate bar and Bill Lovell. Bill shot down one Messerschmitt before he was also killed. That fight explains why the next day's battle communique read :

"All our bombers returned safely."

Newell O. Roberts. M.D. 94th Pursuit Squadron

[Abridged from Collier's magazine, September 3, 1943]



The escort record of fighter squadrons was a matter of pride and sacrifice:

While it had long been said that the Tuskegee Airmen, Redtails, were the only fighter group who never lost a bomber to enemy fighters, suggestions to the contrary, combined with Air Force records and eyewitness accounts indicating that at least 25 bombers were lost to enemy fire, resulted in the Air Force conducting a reassessment of the history of this famed unit in late 2006.

The claim that no bomber escorted by the Tuskegee Airmen had ever been lost to enemy fire first appeared on 24 March 1945, in the *Chicago Defender*, under the headline "332nd Flies Its 200th Mission Without Loss." According to the 28 March 2007 Air Force report, however, some bombers under 332nd Fighter Group escort protection were shot down on the very day the *Chicago Defender* article was published. The subsequent report, based on after-mission reports filed by both the bomber units and Tuskegee fighter groups as well as missing air crew records and witness testimony, was released in March 2007 and documented 25 bombers shot down by enemy fighter aircraft while being escorted by the Tuskegee Airmen.

This news puts to rest a large bone of contention among veteran WWII fighter pilots, and their families.

ADVERSITY

"Adversity is the state in which man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, being especially free of admirers then. It has the effect of eliciting talents, which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.

We see many who are struggling against **adversity** who are happy, and more although abounding in wealth, who are wretched." (Author unknown)

SALLY BUTZ—Marco Island, FL

I never seem to get the renewal for the *RUPANEWS* in by George's birthday. His birthday would have been yesterday so I almost made it. Maybe next year!

I wrote last year about George passing away on March 15, 2007. I e-mailed it and I guess it didn't make it since I didn't see it in the *RUPANEWS*. Someone must have written in because his name was in the Flown West section.

This has been a busy hurricane season. Fay was "only" a tropical storm but it almost passed directly over us and it made for a noisy night with the wind howling and the sound of the rain. We were fortunate the electricity on most of the island was only out for about 10 hours. It was the first time I had been alone in a storm. I have a cat but he spent the whole time under the bed. I was tempted to join him a couple of times!!

Fay finally passed through and then Gustav, Hanna, Ike, and Josephine were all lined up out there.. Ike was supposed to hit southwest Florida but it looks like Texas will take the brunt of it. We are getting rain and wind from it, which is amazing to me since Ike is a couple of hundred miles away. Hopefully things will quiet down now.

I am sending a check (with a little extra) for the renewal of the *RUPANEWS*. I've always enjoyed reading it and recognize quite a few of the names from when I flew out of Chicago and Denver.

Sally Butz

JOHN CHYLE—Jenner-by-the-Sea, CA

Thanks for all your efforts. I look forward to each issue to hear about people I flew with as well as to see how others are faring in retirement.

Hired in 1967 I retired in 1997 after five years as a S/O, of which two years were enjoyably spent in LHR and GVA on the 727. Since then Lena and I have travelled considerably in our Lance camper as well as using the airways. Our most recent trip was to Turkey with an REI led adventure tour. Strongly recommend it. Maybe my expectations are not so high, but we usually get passes where we want to go.

My health is good, but I have given up running and tennis. I like to hike or bike every day if I can't get

a spirited ping-pong game with a neighbor. My other vises are collecting and polishing rocks and playing my recorders with a chamber group, mostly Baroque music. Of course, maintenance around the house is a given.

Life is good here.

John Chyle

DOUG CLINE—Saint George, UT

Hi Folks-- Thanks again for all your time and effort. Am sending two checks, one for 2009 dues, and one for your extra fund.

Thank you again, *Doug Cline*

DEANNA COFFEE—Vienna, VA

Dear Bruce; Thank you for contacting me about the *RUPANEWS* subscription. Yes, I know it will help me to keep up with any changes on the retiree benefits and travel changes, so I am enclosing a check for \$35.00

Thank you for remembering me;

Deanna Coffee

DAVE COPIN—Batavia, IL

Dear Bruce, I've got a good memory; it's just short! Thanks for the heads up.

I wanted to get my dues in to you early this year, but you know what happened. I'll try to do better in the future.

Sincerely,

Dave Copin

CLARENCE R. (CLANCY) CROSS—Evanston, IL

Denis: the following is an update on my Dad, retired Capt. Clarence R. (Clancy) Cross (PIT, EWR, MIA, ORD). Thanks, *Bill Cross*

"This has been an eventful year for me. My beloved wife, Alene, died in November, 2007 and I moved from Ocala, FL to Evanston, IL. this Spring, where I am living about 8 blocks from my son and his family. I'm able to walk about a mile every day and swim frequently, but will have to "check out"

again on the indoor exercise equipment, once the Chicago winters hit. Time marches on as my grandson will be graduating this winter from the University at Zacanthos, Greece, with a degree in Environmental Studies and my granddaughter will be graduating from the University of Chicago with a degree in History. Always enjoy *RUPANEWS* and the wish all readers the best."

EMILY J. DEVINE

Dear Bruce:

I am delighted to support the *RUPANEWS*. Kindly keep me on your mailing list, as I so enjoy hearing about the latest RUPA activities and keeping up with our dear friends. Indeed, I recently attended the SFO Annual Picnic at Flood Park in Menlo Park and saw many old friends there.

Thanks you for your dedication to RUPA, serving as Secretary/Treasurer.

Kind regards,

Emily J. Devine

DONALD DIEDRICK— Carol Stream, IL

Greetings, Denis. (I have advised "email" request on Survey to Bruce, and posted my renewal check.)

Hopefully most members will opt out of paper *RUPANEWS*, saving time and money.

Thank you and all those whose quiet efforts we appreciate each month.

Apart from our Hawaii visit late last year, it has been relatively quiet, while we share the concerns of a tighter economy. Happily we maintain good health by reasonable diet and exercise. A visit to the Museum of Science & Industry in Chicago allowed us to appreciate UAL's well kept B727 display, rekindling memories of more stable times—now pondering reduced operations & layoffs coming this Winter.

The medical and historical articles in the *NEWS*, along with a few laughs and the activities of our Members, ensures cover to cover reading— don't stop now!

While we still have our youngest daughter in College, our son still lives at home and bought his first car recently, while our eldest daughter enjoys living in SAN.

We look forward to another Hawaiian visit soon—still hope to move there in a few years.

Best wishes to you all,

Don

ED AND PEG DUFFY—Lusby, MD

Dear RUPA- Thanks for the great job you continue to do year after year. Enclosed are my dues plus a little for the doughnut fund for the Folders and Stuffers.

Peg and I are enjoying life here in Maryland. We are also getting to see more of our family on both coasts.

Hope UAL will continue to survive, -- in spite of our leaders?

Best regards,

Ed & Peg

J. MARTY DUNKLE—Thousand Oaks, CA

Hi Denis, My last August message fell through the cracks, but will try again in case anyone cares about an old DC3 octaganarian stew. I still enjoy hearing of old friends and recalling the good times we all had. My pal Al and I are still rocking along; have a trip to the Orient planned for this fall then will spend the winter in Palm Desert, to escape the dreadful winter weather in Thousand Oaks. Thanks to all who do the good work of Keeping the Rupa group glued together,

Cheers,

Marty Dunkle

DEL AND PAT GARTNER—Stuart, FL

20 years this month since I retiredwhere have the years gone.....except for the arthritis that keeps reminding me of my age my health has been good.....still enjoying golf and travel! We moved here from Horseshoe Bay three years ago.....eight grandchildren was the reason....enjoying our new home ..can fish in our back yard...and close to the ocean. but do miss my Texas golf buddies. We have taken some interesting trips. Australia, China, South America and this Spring we had a great time

on a River Cruise from Amsterdam to Budapest. Later this month we are going to Montenegro and to the Holy Land in the Spring. We RUPA guys have a monthly lunch At Mariner Sands Golf Club. Very nice bunch.....Keeping our mind sharp at Florida Atlantic University Lifelong Learning Center. Miss being in the left seat and keep my uniform pressed!

Del and Pat Gartner

DOROTHY GATES—Pleasantville, NY

October 1st, would be Bill's 79th birthday. I enjoy the NY Skyscrapers luncheons thanks to Pete Sofman, a great organizer. I noticed the new RUPANEWS increase to \$35.00. good idea, check is in the mail.

Thanks,

Dorothy Gates

HERB GIEFER—Evergreen, CO

Five years since I left the Friendly Skies. Hello Medicare, hope I don't need you much. 'Bout the only thing I miss is that sweet voice asking: "How would you like your coffee, Captain?"

Awe, I miss the Europe layovers, too, and the visual approaches. Keeping busy with golf, skiing, gardening and riding my Honda 750. Looking forward to Thanksgiving week at an oceanfront villa in the Keys with the kids & grandkids, 10 of us in all. Thanks to all the RUPA worker bees.

Herb

PETER GRANATA—Wellington, FL

Hello to all you good people. Fourteen years into this flight called retirement, and I got lucky with access to a turboprop Marchetti; a beautiful plane available for a mere 400K.

My wife's mechanical problems are stable with Aricept, and my son finally got a clean bone culture and got his knee replaced and is doing incredibly well.

Still ride my horses and fly a bit, and life is good.

Pete Granata

H. DAVID & KATHY HARRIS—Crystal Lake, IL.

Another good year with fun and no health problems. Took our motor home through Florida for March and April, a good time to get out of the Chicago area! Attended the 12 hours of Sebring event, quite a spectacle. I drove in the 45th anniversary race for Formula Vee's at Roebing Road Raceway in Savannah in April. What fun! I forgot how hard racing is on the body. I drove the National Champion's car so we ran real well. Even Kathy enjoyed it. Our son-in-law is the Chief engineer (crew chief for you NASCAR fans) for E.J. Viso in the IRL. We enjoy going to his races. Grandkid count is up to six. Daughter Jill & Mike have two boys 11 & 9, son John has three boys 11, 4, & 1 and one girl the queen, Nina 9.

Interesting time for both United and our country. Still meet Wednesday mornings at 8am with retired United cronies at Andy's Restaurant in Crystal Lake. If I could give advice to pilots who are still working it would be to try and forget the company and political struggles and enjoy flying those big birds. It might take a while but you will miss it after it's gone. Wishing you all the best.

Dave Harris

Check is in the mail.

BETSY C. JOHNSON—Los Altos, CA

My renewal check is enclosed.

Thanks for all of your hard work and info each month. You seem to be my only connection with UAL.

Betsy Johnson

GRAHAM JONES—Bowling Green, KY

Many thanks to all of you for your work on/with RUPA!

Enclosed my 2008-09 dues - + \$10 to cancel some of the overhead. It's the one publication that keeps us all in the loop. Thank you for that! Hope this finds you well.

Graham Jones, UAL Retirement Class of 2005.

DAVE LEIPPE—Cameron Park, CA

I found the check book. We rarely pay for anything by check these days. Enclosed is a check for my dues. It will be late this time. I was thinking it was

annual from when I joined, but then I don't remember when that was, so my birthday works for me.

I have to get some spare time one of these days and write something of interest to add to the magazine. I think there is a storm brewing in the near future when the PBGC finalizes our retirement pay. I spent a few years working for CALPERS as an Investment Officer and then a few more years working for Bill Ewald in the Industrial Relations Committee.

I like the printed magazine, however, if you were to offer to publish by email as a PDF file, I am sure some would subscribe electronically and save on printing and postage.

Keep up the good work.

Cheers,

Dave Leippe dave@leippe.com

KEN LUND—Port Charlotte, FL

Coming up on 8 years of everyday being a Saturday - and lovin' it. Soon after retiring, followed Jim Boyer's interest & got involved with Rotary. Kinda overshot. This year I'm an Asst. Governor while Brit is our Club President. Big throttle back coming July 1. Brit just got a new hip & doing fine. Looking forward to our trip to Vietnam with Bill & Mary Gage Campbell in Nov. Grateful for our health (incl kids & grandkids) and for having flown when we did - esp the opportunity to close a wonderful career in HNL.

Thanx for all your efforts, Denis.

Ken

C. ERIC MALM—Lake Tapps, WA and Scottsdale, AZ

8 years now since I last parked an a/c in SEA. Still living on Lake Tapps, WA and taking my Harley to our Casita in Scottsdale for the winter. I can't believe how much change there has been since our layovers on the 727 (mine always in August) near Camelback and Scottsdale Road. A few health setbacks that would be boring to talk about. A check+ is in the mail. Thanks for all the hard work.

Eric Malm

DAVID E. MANZELL—Southport, NC

Not much change here in North Carolina. We do have a new granddaughter, Avery, in D.C.

Dave and Pat Manzell

JB MCCLURE—Orange, VA

My thanks to all for keeping the *RUPANEWS* going. Can't believe 9 years have passed since my last flight. Grand kids keep us busy and in good health.

My best to all

JB

DON MCGANN—Lakewood, CO

Dear Bruce: Please pardon – I'm late – no excuse!

Genuine thanks for all you and the RUPA staff do for retirees and RUPA. Your efforts are truly appreciated.

I do hope and pray UAL will pull all together and realize success.

Sincerely,

Don McGann

DON MERUCCI—Pleasanton, CA

The past year has been a fairly quiet one, medical wise. We were able to complete all our trips and get more off our to do list. We also were on hand to greet our newest grandchild, a girl, Kasey Makenzie Merucci, in Scottsdale, AZ. We were also there to check on her progress in early September. She is doing nicely but will really have a hard time trying to wrest control of the household from her two year old sister. We must have arrived during a mild spell. The temperature only got up to 111 degrees!

We spent three very short days at the National Museum of the United States Air Force in Dayton, Ohio. This is a must see even if you were not in the Air Force. I was able to reconnect with one of my old airplanes, Triple Nickel. This is a Lockheed Constellation with a 555 tail number. They did the old girl proud. The museum has a definite "Thrifty Pilot" appeal: parking and admission are free!

The next year may not be as benign, as there are indications that a double hip replacement may be in the offing. I knew I should have let the first officer do all those en-route walk-a-rounds. Too many trips up and down those ladders is probably what did me in. No matter what actually happens, we are setting a schedule of travels, hoping to fit pleasure trips in between trips to the doctor place.

Many Ruparians have said that they have all but given up on pass travel. I must admit that NRSA is not for the faint of heart. But Mary and I have gotten on many over sold flights at the last possible minute. There was one flight, PHX-SFO, where I listened to the agent buy off people only to hear my name called for an economy plus seat. So don't just give up. This is one of the last vestiges of a dream career we have left. I do have one favor to ask though. On days that I plan to travel, if you are senior to me, please stay home.

Things look to be in a pretty sorry shape right now. I offer one piece of advice; pray, vote, pray.

Hoping to make the next fold & stuff, & the check is in the mail.

Don Merucci

Editor: We always seem to get on those over-sold too, but the wide-open ones, forget it!

ED MITCHELL—Littleton, Colorado

I must have flown for UAL (Usually Always Late) for too long because I am not one, but TWO months late with my dues. Mea culpa, mea copious culpa. I don't want to miss an issue though, as I love to see if there are notes from guys I remember and the other interesting articles.

I've been retired now for three fast moving years and I am surprised I don't miss flying as much as I thought I would. I miss the people, but they have mostly retired too, so I guess I'm better off. I have to get on my calendar the meeting for the Denver guys as I have been wanting to go to one since I retired.

My son, Ed, is now a Captain on the RJ with Skywest here in Denver and really enjoying himself. They seem to treat their employees pretty well as far as I can tell. He says he gets a lot of days off, things are fixed on the airplane when he

writes them up and he is not hassled by management. Air conditioned office, panoramic view, challenging work and coffee and drinks at the other end of the interphone....but you all remember that stuff. He has been married to a wonderful woman now for two years and lives in Arvada in his first house of his own. He would like to fly for a carrier that flies international sometime, but is not overly anxious as he knows what the airline business is like. I told him United will probably change back again for the better as it has in the past, but to not hold his breath.

My daughter, Melissa is doing what she likes best which is writing. She is a tech writer for a company in Ft. Collins and she is writing short stories on the side. She is laid back by nature so she enjoys a relaxing work environment too. She says she can't believe she is getting paid to write stuff and her bosses pretty much leave her to her own devices without direct supervision. She is single and lives with roommates in a house in Ft. Collins. I still count my blessings in my two children who are great human beings. My ex and I get along fine and still get together with the kids on special occasions.

The warranty ended on my right knee and now I have a new one. Like the others I have talked to with the same new knee...."I wish I had done it two years ago." Works great, supposed to last a long time. I started a business with a friend in the machining industry and it has been such a steep learning curve! Keeps me off the streets and stimulates my mind but it demonstrates the difference between a business owner and an employee....I keep reminding my business partner that when he said we would work only half days, I didn't know he meant 6 in the morning till 6 at night.

Thanks again for you guys who work so hard on the *RUPANEWS* as I look forward to it and reading about the old folks.

Keep 'em coming.

ED

BETTE AND FRANK MORTON—Littleton, CO

Fifteen years retirement coming up and I still can't get Frank on the computer. Think I should give up?? duh!

As many of you know, we sold our summer place in Canada and I am still having sellers remorse. We haven't done any traveling this year but will make up for it in '09. Getting to use 25% passes on Southwest will help a great deal. Can't believe all the places we have dropped but picked up "Saskatoon Saskatchewan?" We have been in good health altho Frank deals with heart problems. I seem to be healthy as a horse and can keep up to just about anything. Golf handicap has dropped, but just a wee bit. Our children are all in Colorado so we are privileged to see them fairly often. We are in the Littleton phone book so feel free to stop and say hello. (ps. Leahy, call home.)

Thanks to all of you for keeping RUPA's newsletter coming. Will be sending check with extra via snail mail.

Bette and Frank Morton lovacat9@msn.com

F. A. MORTON, JR—Centennial, CO

G'Day; Tired of apologizing for being late.

Use the extra for whatever, maybe a Folders and Stuffers October Fest, or a beer, anyway.

F.A. Morton

CHUCK AND MARGE MUHL—Fallbrook, CA # 74 and have now entered the world of Chemo. Aches and pains in past had been called Fibromyalgia for years. Laziness [that I thought was associated with fibromyalgia] got worse this year and blood tests above and beyond standard led to bone marrow withdrawal with diagnoses of MDS (myelodysplastic syndrome) and non-hodgkin lymphoma. Drip, drip is not a problem, but shot of Neulasta [to build up white cells] results like a sore throat in the neck. Marge has sciatic nerve problems.

We are thankful for our daughters and their families and good memories.

Chuck

RON PETERBAUGH—Brighton, CO

Bruce: Sorry this is a little late, it seems that these birthdays sneak up on me anymore. As always I

would like to thank you and all the officers for your tireless dedication to publishing and sending out the *RUPANEWS*. Both Virginia and I look forward to receiving it every month. Again the check is made out for 50.00, please put the extra into petty cash or wherever it is needed.

Ron Peterbaugh

ELIZABETH PETERSON—Wenatchee, WA

To staff of *RUPANEWS*: It seems I recognize only a few names of the pilots John flew, but I still enjoy reading the newsletter, although some news is quite sad. John would not believe what has happened to our once wonderful airline!

Most sincerely,

Elizabeth Peterson

P.S. My daughter has kind of taken over being my secretary.

STAN RUDEEN—Arvada, CO

Hi Denis--welcome to the editor's desk. Thanks, classmate Ted Larrison, for a job well done.

Enjoying a quiet year in Colorado. Thankfully, no illnesses to report. I have been writing my memoirs during 2008, something for my grandchildren to read about--grandpa growing up on a farm in Nebraska without electricity or indoor plumbing, meeting grandma in the first grade, playing six-man football, learning to fly, landing aboard ship, and life in the airline industry. It will not be a best-seller and most of you would be totally bored. We have a wonderful friend who is a retired high school English teacher that is editing all my grammatical and rhetorical errors.

Betty and I will be celebrating 50 years of wedded bliss in December. We have decided to book a trip to Cancun for all 19 of our family during Thanksgiving week when the grandkids are out of school, including the two freshman at CSU. We'll travel on an AeroMexico charter to the Barcelo Riviera Maya, an all-inclusive resort. A good deal? Will let you know next year.

Stan & Betty

SIX NEW WAYS TO DIAGNOSE SKIN CANCER

Allison Van Dusen, 08.21.08, 11:40 AM ET

Had a summer of too much sun and not enough sunscreen? It's probably time to make a trip to the dermatologist's office for a skin cancer screening. The good news is, the experience probably won't be as painful as you're expecting.

While biopsies are still considered the gold standard for determining whether a suspicious-looking mole is cancerous, advances in technology and medicine are starting to change the landscape of dermatologic diagnostics. Thanks to the mainstreaming of devices in the U.S. like the dermatoscope, a handheld device akin to a magnifying glass that helps doctors more accurately assess moles, experts say fewer people are undergoing unnecessary, scar-inducing excisions.

In Depth: Six New Ways To Diagnose Skin Cancer

These noninvasive techniques soon could have some competition. In the past decade in particular, researchers have been looking for new, more accurate ways to peer beneath the surface of the skin to determine which moles need to be removed and which ones can stay put. Some of the techniques being studied right now employ light, scent and even tape to inform a diagnosis. Computer software that may be able to help dermatologists diagnose melanoma is also close to hitting the market.

"When you talk about the art of medicine, this is really it," says Dr. Ellen Marmur, chief of the division of dermatologic surgery at Mount Sinai Medical Center. "So many times skin cancer mimics perfectly normal-looking [moles or growths]. Even with all of our amazing technology, sometimes it comes down to a basic sixth sense."

Roots of Research

While having a mole removed that turns out to be benign may not sound like such a big deal, think about those people whose bodies are covered in suspicious lesions, considered a risk factor for skin cancer, says Dr. Orit Markowitz, director of pigmented lesions and skin cancer at Mount Sinai Medical Center's department of dermatology. And what if the mole is on a person's back, an area that doesn't heal well, or face?

But beyond just preventing unnecessary, costly, painful and anxiety-producing biopsies, dermatologists say research in this area is also aimed at early detection, which can make skin cancer easier to treat, involve the removal of less skin and potentially save lives.

Though basal cell and squamous cell carcinomas, the two most common forms of skin cancer, are easily treated when detected early, it's estimated that one in 58 men and women will be diagnosed with melanoma in their lifetime, according to the American Academy of Dermatology's latest statistics. One American dies of melanoma almost every hour.

What's New

Some of the more interesting, noninvasive techniques being looked at include tape stripping and diagnosis by scent. Like it sounds, tape stripping involves applying tape to a mole, peeling off the tape and sending it to a lab for an evaluation of the genes in the top layer of the skin, Markowitz says. La Jolla, Calif.-based biotech company DermTech was issued a patent late last year for use of the diagnostic, called epidermal genetic information retrieval, to detect early stage melanoma as well as monitor the disease. The method is currently in clinical studies.

More research is needed to determine whether or not odors emitted by the skin can be used to identify basal cell carcinoma in a large population. But preliminary findings by researchers at the Monell Chemical Senses Center, a nonprofit research institute based in Philadelphia, are promising, says George Preti, senior

author of a study out this week that identifies a unique profile of compound levels that cause skin cancer odors. Should further studies confirm the connection, down the road Preti envisions the creation of a device that's sensitive to these compounds.

Another tool that dermatologists have been hearing about the efficacy of for years is the confocal microscope. But it hasn't been common in clinical settings due to its initial unwieldy size and somewhat steep learning curve, says Dr. Summer Youker, associate clinical professor of dermatology at the University of California, Davis. But that may be about to change.

Rochester, N.Y.-based Lucid Inc. refined the technique--which provides a look at the cells beneath the surface of the skin--with the creation of the lightweight VivaScope 1500 a few years ago and, last year, the handheld VivaScope 3000. While both are designed for noninvasive, routine clinical exams, the latter can also get at those hard-to-reach places on the body.

Currently the devices are commonly used in Australia and Europe, but dermatologists in the U.S. aren't expected to follow suit until next year, when the company plans to introduce an Internet-based program VivaNet, that connects dermatologists and their images with pathologists. The system could potentially produce a diagnosis with the accuracy of a biopsy in under an hour, according to Lucid officials.

Business As Usual

Of course, dermatologists say that none of these techniques are likely to replace their basic visual exams or, more important, the need for people to get annual checkups. But doctors are hopeful that they'll soon have better tools to help them accurately and quickly figure out the health threat posed by a mole--without the help of a knife.

"We haven't found the one definitive way to do noninvasive cancer imaging yet," Marmur says. "But the research is getting better and better and better."

Health Forbes.com

ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET

In 1986, Peter Davies was on holiday in Kenya after graduating from Northwestern University .

On a hike through the bush, he came across a young bull elephant standing with one leg raised in the air. The elephant seemed distressed, so Peter approached it very carefully.

He got down on one knee and inspected the elephant's foot and found a large piece of wood deeply embedded in it. As carefully and as gently as he could, Peter worked the wood out with his hunting knife, after which the elephant gingerly put down its foot. The elephant turned to face the man, and with a rather curious look on its face, stared at him for several tense moments. Peter stood frozen, thinking of nothing else but being trampled. Eventually the elephant trumpeted loudly, turned, and walked away. Peter never forgot that elephant or the events of that day.

Twenty years later, Peter was walking through the Chicago Zoo with his teenage son. As they approached the elephant enclosure, one of the creatures turned and walked over to near where Peter and his son Cameron were standing. The large bull elephant stared at Peter, lifted its front foot off the ground, and then put it down. The elephant did that several times then trumpeted loudly, all the while staring at the man.

Remembering the encounter in 1986, Peter couldn't help wondering if this was the same elephant. Peter summoned up his courage, climbed over the railing and made his way into the enclosure. He walked right up to the elephant and stared back in wonder. The elephant trumpeted again, wrapped its trunk around one of Peter legs and slammed his stupid ass against the railing, killing him instantly.

Wrong Elephant!.

CHARLIE SCHWOB—Goodyear, AZ

Hi RUPARIANS, Eighteen years since I set the parking brake on a HKG-SEA trip. Time does fly. I'm still in good health, although have two new knees, a new hip, and two cataracts. I'm almost bionic. My hip got displaced four times in the month following surgery. Never felt pain like that in my life. I told my wife I now know what natural childbirth feels like. They finally put some super glue in, and it haven't had any problems.

I finally had to sell the Baron. Two expensive. Burns 22 gph and fuel at \$5.45, it was too much. I hated to see the old girl go. Many thanks to all of the folks that put the *RUPANEWS* together. I look forward to every issue. *Charlie*

DAVE SHROYER—Littleton, CO

Good morning, Bruce. Big 86 today – doing good. Check enclosed for *RUPANEWS*, CK \$10 for mailing expenses.

Sure admire the RUPA Team for all the special effort – Stay vertical!!

Dave

DON SOBEY—Tucson, AZ

Here is the report from solar orbit 76. The days just seem to fly by without any prospect of slowing down at all. If it wasn't for the weekday names on the pill dispenser I'd be lost. The health is good, much to the surprise of almost everyone, especially the retirement people who counted on me being gone years ago. Hah! As they say, "If I knew I was going to live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself". Ah well, my sainted mother made it to 103 so maybe I'll last long enough to unbalance the actuaries account.

Other than that, staying active around Tucson in the Daedalions and QB's and trying to discipline an unruly putter keeps me one step ahead of whoever much of the time.

Boy! Remember the Red, White and Blue service? Meals with real food, real utensils and served by real, dare I say it, Stewardesses? Now, since 9-11, its more like 7-11 without the class.

Check's in the mail as they say.

Don

SULLY (JOHN P.) SULLIVAN—Williamsburg, VA

Gentlemen: Surprise, surprise. Enclosed is my check for two years and it will be early this year. Thanks for all your hard work. Gail and I look forward to, and enjoy, reading this newsletter every month. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Sully

CHUCK THOM—Goodyear, AZ

Denis et al, Well I said I wouldn't do it, then I went and did it. Fly again, for pay. I now own a CFI (SEL) and AGI, after 7 months of "total immersion" in the quest.

Total cost, \$15,000 for flight/gnd instruction, and all the equipment, books, charts, \$700 to a DPE (FAA too swamped to do the free ones). Oh, and \$200 to get spin training in a Great Lakes biplane. (That part was fun, and worth it). Air Safety Flight Academy at Glendale airport (AZ) is new, growing, and has contracts with Airlines from India, China, and South Korea to train airline pilots from the ground up- Private Pilot, Commercial, Instrument, and ATP. I will be in the mix somewhere, doing flight and ground instruction.

It is incredible how much I had to learn (relearn) for the first time, especially all of the things we took for granted that Dispatch did in planning, each flight. VFR flying in the extraordinarily dense PHX traffic area was all new and difficult for me to learn. Imagine teaching a rookie to navigate MOA, ALERT AREAS, MTRS, RESTRICTED AREAS, PARACHUTE AREAS, GLIDERS, etc. There are at least eight flight schools sharing airspace with Luke AFB, weekend Rocketeers, & live eagles.

Before now, I'd never done a Chandelle, Lazy-8 or 8s on Pylons, in my career. Now I must teach them. It will take 12 months to recoup my investment before I realize positive earnings. Ground school (classes of 10-15) should be doable until I'm 75 or so, but for now I'll flight instruct to enhance my ability to teach ground school.

So why, do you ask, did I do it? \$\$\$\$\$!

However, as a lifetime professional aviator, I have no doubt I will also enjoy the flying, the challenge, and the reward of teaching young lads and ladies to

be safe, efficient, and professional aviators.
Corollary Benefit: it will keep my mind and body active, longer than golf and bridge probably would have.

Physically, all is well here. You have my vote for dues increase. *RUPANEWS* is a phenomenal publication, and I share it with non-UAL pilots and interested neighbors. Thanks, Ladies and Gentlemen of *RUPANEWS*! *Chuck Thom*

DEL WALKER—Ft. Meyers, FL

Sorry about the late payment. Memory a little weak.

I've enclosed a check for \$100, so I won't miss any issues for quite some time. Keep up the good work.

Del Walker

P.S. We still live in Ft. Meyers in the winter and North Carolina in the summer. If anyone wants to chat my phone no. is (336) 461-1058 in N. C. and (239) 454-5512 in Florida

JIM WARNER—Greenback, TN

I was saddened to learn about the passing of legendary UAL Flight Attendant Rachel Woodings. Although I never met her, I had heard enough stories about her to know that I'd really missed an experience.

I was Chicago based from June 1989 until my retirement in December 2005, having flown 727, 737, DC-10, 777, and A-320. I don't recall having her as a flight attendant on any trip I flew on, and from what I've heard about her, I would remember it!

I think it would make fascinating reading if everyone who had a personal story about Rachel would send it in to the *RUPANEWS*. From the stories I heard second, third, fourth, etc. hand, these stories would certainly make a wonderful book. What a way to keep alive the adventurous spirit most of us only dream about!

Thanks for all you do for RUPA. Check's in the mail, early for a change.

Jim flyboyjwb@aol.com

JACK WILHITE—Morrison, CO

Enclosed is our check –thanks for all the hard work you do to put out a great *NEWS*. I especially like the humor – let's have more!

I am still flying the Mig-17 in air shows & charity flights—about 90 flights per year. Also playing baseball and softball. Everyone is 20 years younger, it seems. Twenty years have flown by. My best to my many friends.

Check six,

Jack

MIKE WOMACKS—Scottsboro, AL

Dear Bruce, thanks for the reminder. My apologies for being late. I have just taken a new job as a Captain on a Citation CJ and have been busy in school and flying, and quite frankly, forgot to send in my dues. It has been three years since I set the parking brakes on the 400. A lot has transpired since that time, but most of it has been good. In spite of being upset (a nicer term than I'm thinking) about United's treatment of all retirees, I have just moved on, hopefully setting an example for my kids and grand children. I have been flying since I retired. Started out flying 135 charters in a Navajo Chieftain, then Captain on a King Air, and now the Citation.

We still live in Scottsboro, AL, but have a home in Lake Placid, FL, and a cabin in the mountains of North Georgia. We try to spend time in all of these as well as visit my daughters in Tuscaloosa, AL. My son just entered his first year of college, and wants to be a pilot when he graduates. Hopefully things in the industry will improve by then. I thank all of you for keeping us informed and look forward each month with the *NEWS*. Sincerely,

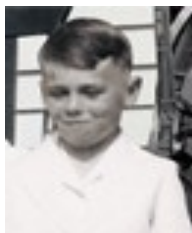
Mike Womacks

You type so well, Mike, hopefully, you'll have a computer, next year. Editor

IN MEMORIAM

RAYMOND J. BROOKS,

Died September 12, 2008, Ray was born in Detroit on October 29, 1929 as the son of Herman Joseph and Martha Leona Brooks.



To pursue and achieve his dream, he joined the United States Navy as a cadet, and then the newly formed United States Air Force. He was a member of an early Air Force flight school class, 53A. Ray treasured being an

accomplished fighter pilot, and especially prized the F-86 Sabre Jet. He retired as Lieutenant Colonel of the United States Air Force and the Michigan Air National Guard. Later in his aviation career, he was a corporate pilot for General Motors Corporation. Ray started his commercial flying career with United Airlines in 1964, and retired from United Airlines in 1989 as a Captain who flew the 747, 737, 727, DC-8, DC-10, DC-7, DC-6, and Viscount



Ray was first diagnosed with lymphoma in 1984 and, despite a dire prognosis of six weeks to live, he fought the disease into remission with treatment from the M.D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston. Ray was cancer-free for 20 years before the cancer came back. Once again he overcame it with aggressive treatment using the same team of doctors who had followed him closely for the past 20 years. Ray used his experience to guide and advise others, diagnosed with cancer, from United Airlines, and encouraged others to seek the best treatment available to them, and to never give up their fight.

The Brooks family asks that donations be made in lieu of flowers to either: The Raymond J. Brooks Memorial Fund at M.D. Anderson Cancer Center, P.O. Box 4486 Houston, Texas 77210-4486; or

The Raymond J. Brooks Memorial Fund at the Holland Hospital Foundation, 602 Michigan Avenue, Holland, MI 49423

DAVID L. DYE

Dave Dye, Class of 1965 went to be with the Lord on March 10th 2008 after a short but courageous fight against pancreatic cancer. Born in Liberty Kentucky on May 8th 1943, he spent most of his childhood in Salem Indiana. He graduated from Salem High in 1961 as Valedictorian of his high school class. His parents had to tell him many times to turn out the lights, quit studying, and go to bed. His dedication to academics and love of his country lead him to the Air Force Academy, where he graduated in 1965. Upon graduation he went to Selma AL. to attend UPT at Craig AFB. After pilot training he was asked to return to Craig as an instructor pilot in the T-38. After his active duty Dave served as a pilot in the A-37 at Grissom AFB. For 32 years Dave was an airline pilot for Eastern and United Airlines. He also acted as a liaison for the Air Force Academy for many years.

Dave provided guidance for many people in his life. He was an inspiration for many people in both their spiritual and everyday life. He was a wonderful husband, father, grandfather, and brother.

Dave leaves behind his wife Ellen, children John, Joelle, Emily, and David, grandchildren Michael, Sara, Laura, Katie, Edward, and Jenna, and brother Barry. All that knew and loved him will miss him very much.

HALEY, BURNHAM J. "BERNIE"

Burnham J. "Bernie" or "BJ" Haley Beloved husband, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, passed away peacefully on Mon., August 18, 2008, at the age of 87, surrounded by his family. Bernie is survived by his wife of over 58 years, Madonna; his children and their spouses, Steven (Trudy), Timothy (Carol), Brien, Patrick (Ida), Daniel, Nora (Malcolm), and Brent (Karen); granddaughters, Katie, Beth, Maggie, Colleen, Jessica, Candie, Heather, Rori and Kelsey; great-granddaughter, Haley; and his sister, Doris Chamberlain, of Woodland, ME.



Bernie was born November 15, 1920, to Leo and Margaret Haley, in Caribou, ME; and, along with his sisters Leola, Gwen and Doris, was raised on the family farm near Washburn, ME. Bernie learned to fly early in his life and; in May, 1943, he began his career as a pilot for United Airlines,

flying to the South Pacific for the Army Air Corps during World War II. After the war, he was based in Chicago, Illinois, where he met Madonna Doody, a co-worker at United. They were married in September, 1949. Bernie and Madonna moved to Los Altos in the summer of 1952, where they raised their seven children.

Bernie retired from United as a 747 Captain in November, 1980, after 37 1/2 years with the airline. Interment at Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Los Altos, CA

Published in the San Francisco Chronicle on 8/22/2008



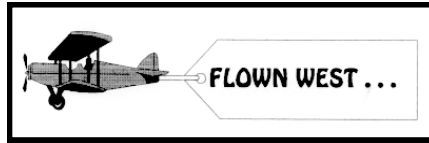
UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE® (All Periodicals Publications Except Requester Publications)
Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation

1. Publication Title RUPANEWS		2. Publication Number 0 1 7 - 5 6 2		3. Filing Date 10/1/2008	
4. Issue Frequency Monthly		5. Number of Issues Published Annually 38,095		6. Annual Subscription Price \$35.00	
7. Complete Mailing Address of Known Office of Publication (Not printer) (Street, city, county, state, and ZIP+4®) 1104 Burke Lane, Foster City, CA 94404-3636					
8. Complete Mailing Address of Headquarters or General Business Office of Publisher (Not printer) 1104 Burke Lane, Foster City, CA 94404-3636					
9. Full Names and Complete Mailing Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor (Do not leave blank) Publisher (Name and complete mailing address) Retired United Pilots' Association, 1104 Burke Lane, Foster City, CA 94404-3636 Editor (Name and complete mailing address) Denis J. O'Malley, 10310 Grandview Drive, La Mesa, CA 91941-6844 Managing Editor (Name and complete mailing address) Denis J. O'Malley, 10310 Grandview Drive, La Mesa, CA 91941-6844					
10. Owner (Do not leave blank. If the publication is owned by a corporation, give the name and address of the corporation immediately followed by the names and addresses of all stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, give the names and addresses of the individual owners. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, give its name and address as well as those of each individual owner. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, give its name and address.)					
Full Name		Complete Mailing Address			
Retired United Pilots' Association		1104 Burke Lane, Foster City, CA 94404-3636			
11. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities. If none, check box <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> None					
Full Name		Complete Mailing Address			

12. Tax Status (For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at nonprofit rates) (Check one)
 The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for federal income tax purposes:
 Has Not Changed During Preceding 12 Months
 Has Changed During Preceding 12 Months (Publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement)

13. Publication Title RUPANEWS		14. Issue Date for Circulation Data Below 10/1/2008	
15. Extent and Nature of Circulation		Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	No. Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
a. Total Number of Copies (Net press run)		3,175	3,090
(1)	Mailed Outside-County Paid Subscriptions Stated on PS Form 3541 (include paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies)	3,153	2,988
b. Paid Circulation (By Mail and Outside the Mail)			
(2)	Mailed In-County Paid Subscriptions Stated on PS Form 3541 (include paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies)	66	64
(3)	Paid Distribution Outside the Mails Including Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Paid Distribution Outside USPS®	0	0
(4)	Paid Distribution by Other Classes of Mail Through the USPS (e.g. First-Class Mail®)	0	0
c. Total Paid Distribution (Sum of 15b (1), (2), (3), and (4))		3,219	3,052
d. Free or Nominal Rate Distribution (By Mail and Outside the Mail)			
(1)	Free or Nominal Rate Outside-County Copies included on PS Form 3541	0	0
(2)	Free or Nominal Rate In-County Copies included on PS Form 3541	0	0
(3)	Free or Nominal Rate Copies Mailed at Other Classes Through the USPS (e.g. First-Class Mail)	5	4
(4)	Free or Nominal Rate Distribution Outside the Mail (Carriers or other means)	1	1
e. Total Free or Nominal Rate Distribution (Sum of 15d (1), (2), (3) and (4))		6	5
f. Total Distribution (Sum of 15c and 15e)		3,225	3,057
g. Copies not Distributed (See Instructions to Publishers #4 (page #3))		36	39
h. Total (Sum of 15f and g)		3,261	3,096
i. Percent Paid (15c divided by 15f times 100)		99.81%	99.84%
16. Publication of Statement of Ownership <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> If the publication is a general publication, publication of this statement is required. Will be printed in the October 2008 issue of this publication. <input type="checkbox"/> Publication not required.			
17. Signature and Title of Editor, Publisher, Business Manager, or Owner Cleve G. Spring, Circulation Chairman, Retired United Pilots' Association			Date 10/1/2008

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RAYMOND J. BROOKS	SEPT. 12, 2008
BRUCE CHALMERS	MAY 09, 2008
DAVID L. DYE	MARCH 10, 2008
BURNHAM J. "BERNIE" HALEY	AUG. 18, 2008
ART LINDSTROM	Services held SEPT. 05, 2008



HIGH FLIGHT

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

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

John Gillespie Magee, Jr., September 3, 1941

United Airlines Retired Pilots Foundation, Inc.

Send memorial and other donations to: Capt. T. S. "Ted" Bochniarz, Treasurer
1165 Regency Dr., Westchester, IL 60154-5638

RUPA'S SOCIAL CALENDAR

Monthly Scheduled Lunches

1st Wed. SFO North Bay—*Petaluma Sheraton*
2nd Mon. Nov, Jan, Feb, Mar SW FL—*Olive Garden, Ft. Myers* - 239-540-9112
2nd Tue. San Diego Co—*San Marcos CC*- 760-723-9008
2nd Tue. Nov-Apr Treasure Coast Sunbirds—*Mariner Sands CC* - 772-286-6667
2nd Wed. PHX Roadrunners— *Please call for directions* - 480-948-1612
2nd Thu. Oct-Apr. SE FL Gold Coast— *Flaming Pit* - 561-272-1860
3rd Tue. DEN Good Ole Boys— *11:30am American Legion Post 1* - 303-364-1565
3rd Tue. LAS High Rollers—*Memphis Barbecue* - 702-558-9422 or 702-565-7175
3rd Tue. Dana Point CA— *Wind & Sea Restaurant* - 949-496-2691
3rd Wed. Reno's "Biggest Little Group"—*Macaroni Grill* - 775-747-4429
3rd Thu. LAX—(Even Mo.) *Hacienda* - 310-821-6207;
3rd Thu. LAXV—(Odd Mo.) *Mimi's, Chatsworth* - 818-992-8908
3rd Thu. Ohio Northcoasters—*TJ's Wooster* (Always coed.) - 440-235-7595
3rd Thu. SEA Gooneybirds—*Airport Marriott* - 360-825-1016
3rd Thu. So. Oregon (MFR)—*Pony Express, Jacksonville* - 541-245-6896
3rd Thu. TPA Sundowners—*Daddy's Grill* - 727-787-5550
Last Thu. Hawaii Ono Nenes—*Mid Pacific Country Club*

Bi-Monthly Scheduled Lunches

1st Wed Mar, Jul, Nov. Chicago Area—*Wellington Restaurant, Arlington Heights* – 630-832-3002
2nd Tue Jan, May, Sep. McHenry (ORD)—*Warsaw Inn* – 815-459-5314
3rd Thu Feb, Apr, Jun, Oct, Dec. NE FL —*Spruce Creek CC* - 386-760-0797

Quarterly Scheduled Lunches

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

Deadline: October 22, 2008

Mailing: November 5, 2008



RUPANEWS

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