

January 2024

SQUAWK



UFO President. From the Port Side

by Kenneth (Brownie) Brown



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2024 State of the Organization

Congratulations on seeing the New Year break forth. The shortest day is now in our rearview mirror, and the fresh air of a new flying season is on the wing of our future.

Before I give you the upcoming plan for 2024, which was discussed extensively on January 10th at the board meeting, let us reflect on what has been accomplished in the last year. 2023 came alive after the pandemic that had so many events shut down:

- February with the "Meet the Prez" West Coast "road trip," with meetings in WA, OR (2), CA (3), AZ (2), AOPA Buckeye AZ (2 days), and Reno NV.
- September RENO RARA Air Races NV. On the way home, we stopped for a short visit with Arty Trost in Sandy, OR, who had completed her flight around the perimeter of the US (December SQUAWK).
- At the Reno Air Races, we met members and talked about all things UFO. This was a great opportunity to meet our members and hand out lots of rack cards to older pilots, but we learned that without a "booth" this is really the hard way to introduce the UFO/AW (Aux. Wing) organization to the flying public.
- In September we attended the Friday Harbor, WA, fly-in with 40 attendees.
- Local monthly meetings here in Sequim with local UFO/AW members.
- And various flyouts in Washington State.

Many administrative changes have occurred in 2023, as well as building the infrastructure of this fine organization. Two new members joined the board, Treasurer George Futas and In-House Counsel/Secretary Gary Sackett. Two very experienced individuals who bring to the board a wealth of knowledge and background. We are still looking for additional people to fill both Membership and IT positions.

The production of the annual printed Friendship Directory was accomplished and set

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a high mark for quality. It is now provided as an electronic version with an optional printed version available for purchase via the website. The January 1st version is now in production.

This was a very successful year featuring a breakout and change of direction in many unseen ways.

What is the plan for 2024 and going forward, is always a question for any organization. Our group of members is unique. We have more wisdom and life experiences than most organizations. Also, our members have reached a level of financial security not seen in other organizations. There are really two categories of members: those who are still very active in aviation and flying, and a more sedentary group that enjoys the occasional local UFO meeting/ gathering but no longer wishes to travel very far from home, for various reasons. All very understandable.

Setting schedules, events, and gatherings is more than a little bit challenging. We strive to meet our members where they are and provide what their needs dictate. Event planning and expanded visits for 2024 are being considered with the cooperation and leadership of the board of directors providing input, approval, and budget.

We are reaching out to various organizations for an affiliation between the memberships that will provide more opportunities for our members.

One organization we are trying to work with is the Silver Wings Fraternity. (<http://silverwings.org>). They have a cottage at Sun-n-Fun which would make a great place to cool your heels or have lunch while attending all of the activities. Look for email announcements as we continue to work out a mutual agreement.

In the past, the UFOs have always had a one-day event: however, this year we are planning a two-day event in Paso Robles, CA. in May. It is on sale now on our website. Limited registration is available as of this writing. This event is for members of the UFO/ AW and their significant other only.

An additional item that was suggested at the board meeting was having an option for a paid printed version of the newsletter.

Scholarship for youth aviation was discussed and we will be looking for one or more partnerships with organizations who are already doing them. It would be our best opportunity to serve this need. No final decision has been made.

I am looking forward to seeing as many of you as possible in the coming year. In the meantime, please promote the UFO/ AW organization in all the places you go. We are always looking for good stories for the SQUAWK and your history is always welcome. I know many of you are veterans and we would like to hear about your adventures. Send them to Egon at editor@ufopilots.org.

As always. Tailwinds and clear skies,

Brownie president@ufopilots.org



by Egon Frech



I've been taking part in a lot of safety meetings and briefings lately, some of them in person but mostly by Internet. There's the local VMC Club once a month, various Internet offerings by the American Bonanza Society, AOPA and the FAA, and of course the FAA Wings program, where I achieved Advanced Level 2 last year after what seemed like decades struggling through the Basic levels.

I didn't use to do all those things when I was younger, feeling that the best way to learn about flying was to go out and do it. I actively probed the edges of the envelope, ranging from thunderstorms to ice in clouds to long overwater flights to low IFR ceilings and night IFR over the Rocky Mountains. Somehow, I survived. I felt I didn't need all those safety lectures, and that if I followed all the advice people in authority would hand out, like "VFR not recommended," I would go flying only on bluebird days. I was much more interested in how I could get it done than in avoiding all risk.

One of those experiences sticks in my mind. We had planned a ski trip in Vermont and wanted to stop and visit a friend along the way. The weather was IFR, raining and blustery, when we launched out of Bedford, MA, in the 172 in the late afternoon, but it was nothing the airplane or its pilot couldn't handle. Our intended stop for the night was Springfield, VT, where we planned to do an NDB approach. Problem 1 (potential accident chain link #1?) occurred when we encountered severe headwinds and Boston vectored us almost due west, right into the wind for what seemed like forever, instead of letting us go northwest toward our destination. We were about an hour into the trip when we arrived at Springfield, and it was already dark.

Problem 2 showed up when we reached minimums for the approach and didn't see any lights. Another circuit and approach gave the same result. I decided we'd go to our alternate, Rutland, VT, which was also our ski destination. It had an ILS and a control tower, which gave reason for more confidence.

Problem 3 was that ATC put us into a long hold going into Rutland. By the time we were cleared for the approach, we had used almost half of our 4-hour-plus-reserve

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fuel supply. The ceiling was now reported at minimums, and if we missed the approach, we wouldn't have enough fuel for a second one of that length. Our recourse would be to go back to Manchester in total defeat.

The ILS needles were absolutely centered as we slid down the approach, so much so that I started to get suspicious (I wasn't that good; after all, I was hand-flying a 172). Roxanne has etched in her memory the sight of me tapping on the instrument, willing it to wiggle just a little bit. Enter Problem 4: The vertical guidance needle was inoperative. I couldn't understand it; it had worked fine two days before. I switched to the localizer approach, which had minimums 100 feet higher than the ILS. I got to the minimum altitude, and not a sniff. OK, I reasoned, I was right on track laterally, what harm could it do to go 100 feet lower, down to the ILS minimums? Sure enough, the lights appeared and we landed without further incident. The next day we took the ILS receiver to a shop and discovered that one of several tuning crystals in the unit, which generated the frequency for the Rutland approach (a different one had generated the frequency for previous one at Manchester that had worked) was faulty.

So, the general safety education arc of this story should be that I slid steadily downhill, breaking rule after rule, taking more and more risk and coming to an untimely end, which served as a lesson for the rest of you. But here I am, still flying at age 84, and in the same airplane at that. It's not that I scared myself and stopped probing the limits. Was I that good? Probably not. Likely, I was just lucky. That, and the 172 is a very forgiving airplane. Also, the boundaries demarked by the rules and safety education programs are designed to keep you from finding where the actual limits are, because when you find one of those limits you may already be in too deep to recover. It's like being taught to fly at least 10 knots above the stall speed on final approach.

Today, I'm a lot more cautious. Old age makes you that way for some reason. It gives you the chance to reflect on all the things you got away with when you were young, to appreciate that most of your life is behind you and that if you want to live to an even riper old age you'd better be more careful from here on. These days, I take those safety lectures much more seriously and I fly mostly on bluebird days.

That's over and out for now.

Egon Frech,

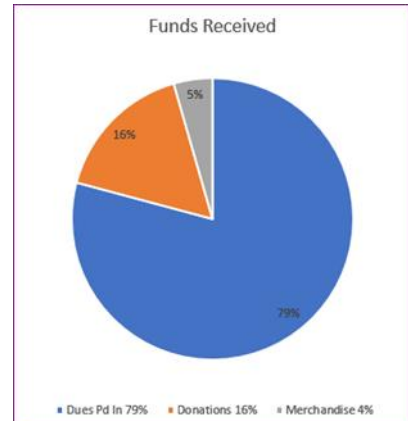
editor@ufopilots.org



How are the UFO Funds Applied?

Member Dues are the major part of the funds that support our UFO organization. This is a snapshot of the fund's distribution in recent years. The breakdown of the income is:

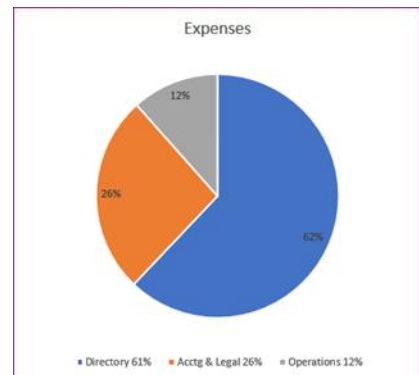
Dues:	79%
Donations:	16%
Merchandise sales* (profit):	5%



The goal for our organization is to accrue funds to support both our organization and charitable activities related to aviation activities.

For the same recent year periods, the major expenses related to income received were:

Membership Directory:	
preparation, printing, and postage *	62%
Accounting and Legal Services:	26%
Business Operations:	12%
Membership mailings	
Advertising	
Website, Software, PO Box	
Banking & Credit Card Fees	
Meeting Expenses	



Dues Income has not covered the organization's expenses in recent years—the support from members who made donations made up the shortfall. Operations costs are continuing to increase just as they are for all businesses.

We have taken steps to create a budget. In doing so, we have made financial decisions regarding allocating our members' dues.

Distribution of the free printed Friendship Directory to all members will no longer be provided. New members will receive a one-time complimentary directory. The expense of a free published directory cannot be sustained with existing dues. There will be an electronic Friendship Directory distributed quarterly.

The printed Friendship Directory will be available for sale on the website. It will be published twice a year. January and July.

Annual Member Renewals were changed from January to coincide with the month the member joined. This reduces the annual crunch for mailing and accounting and distributes the activity over the entire year.

Updates to our website and software tools are an essential expense. We will be revamping the website to utilize technology better, make information more available and timelier for our members, and reduce workload for all the parties who use it, including administration.

More allocations for local member meeting support are planned.

Just like any family, we either increase our income, or we must cut the expenses. Raising dues was considered, but not adopted. We, instead, will work to increase membership and donations, plus better utilize our revenue and donations for the benefit of our membership and charitable goals.



To: "bookkeeper@ufopilots.org" <bookkeeper@ufopilots.org>

Greetings,

I'm Chris Blaydon, one of your members. I'll be 90 years old on January 6th so maybe I won't qualify as a UFO anymore, ha ha.

I have your Navy hat and I wear it with pride. I just received your letter regarding annual dues. But now I have a serious question.

What is the point of paying dues to be an organization where I have never met anyone who is a member, never been invited to any meetings and don't see any point of membership.

Respectfully,\

Chris Blaydon

Dear Chris,

First, Merry Christmas.

Second, you are and will always be a UFO. The only age requirement is to be a pilot and fly after your 80th birthday. There is no upper age limit on your membership. So you are a UFO, and that does not change, except the number of rotations around the sun you have completed.

To answer your question, our organization relies on our members being the type of individuals who are self-starters, see a need, and fill it. As a pilot, we do this all the time while commanding our craft. I have attached the entire membership for PA of both the UFOs plus the "kids" in the AW (Auxiliary Wing).

Your friendship directory also has the Pennsylvania members at the time of its printing. Look at the list, see who is close, and email or call them and invite them to a coffee, breakfast, or lunch just to meet and talk about airplanes.

Call Robert Jackson at 717-642-9886 (Local Host for PA) and talk to him about a gathering.

Being a part of the organization is more about speaking/sharing your aviation history than it is about dues.

Please reconsider what you can gain and the right to tell everyone what it is like to be over 80 and still flying. You are a UFO ambassador to all the pilots you come in contact with.

Wishing you all the best.

Brownie



Hi Egon and Brownie:

Thanks for including my TFR incursion story in the latest issue of the Squawk. The most common comment I got on my "Adventure" from fellow pilots, was "Join the Club!".

The variety of articles was fantastic (as usual), and I particularly enjoyed the long story about the "perimeter flight". Almost makes me want to get off my duff and do even a part of such a trip.

I hope you both have a great Holiday Season, and the strength to continue on for a Healthy and Prosperous 2024!

Warm regards,
John Chirtea

Mr. Frech,

Thanks for the great edition, the stories, pictures, etc. Very enjoyable.

Tom O'Donnell
(Sorry, can't locate my membership number)

CHICKEN WINGS™

BY MICHAEL AND STEFAN STRASSER





Two Old Glider Pilots - Quitman, GA - 30 Dec 2023

By Joe Blandford

Well, we finally made it – USAF Colonel (Ret) Benjamin Rutledge Fuller’s Glider flight in honor of his 90th birthday. We’re 1st Cousins. The weather finally cooperated, and we did it on 30 December at the Brooks County Airport (4J5) in Quitman, GA. He and I soared for 41 minutes, which was a record for the day at our club. We also think that we hold the record for our club for the combined ages of flying together in the glider at 177 years, as I’m 87. We had a good number of members plus several visitors, including two new members who have just joined our group. The picture with us on the outside of the glider show Rutledge on the right and me on the left. The picture of us in the glider show Rutledge in the front seat and me in the back seat. He actually did most of the flying.





Never Too Old to Help Santa

By Gary Sackett

Angel Flight West volunteer pilot since 2002, I was the only UFO to participate in the 2023 Santa Flight conducted by the Utah Wing of Angel Flight West. Every Christmas season for the last 23 years, the Utah Wing has conducted a Santa Flight mission for a Utah Title I grade school. (Title I is a federal education program that supports low-income students throughout the U.S.)



Wing chooses a Utah Title I grade school for the mission, and volunteers in the Salt Lake City area gather school supplies, clothing, toys and other gifts for delivery to the kids.

This year's event was held on December 7 at the St. George, Utah, airport (KSGU). Twenty-five Utah Angel Flight pilots delivered hundreds of pounds of cargo to the airport, flying out of seven different Utah airports.

About 480 grade-school children were assembled at the airport to greet the pilots, Santa Claus and Mrs. Claus, who arrived from the North Pole in a Beech Bonanza.

Among other media outlets, a Salt Lake TV station covered the event: <https://ksltv.com/606473/angel-flight-pilots-bring-gifts-donations-to-title-1-schools/>

One benefit of old age is that your secrets are always safe with your friends ... because they can't remember them!



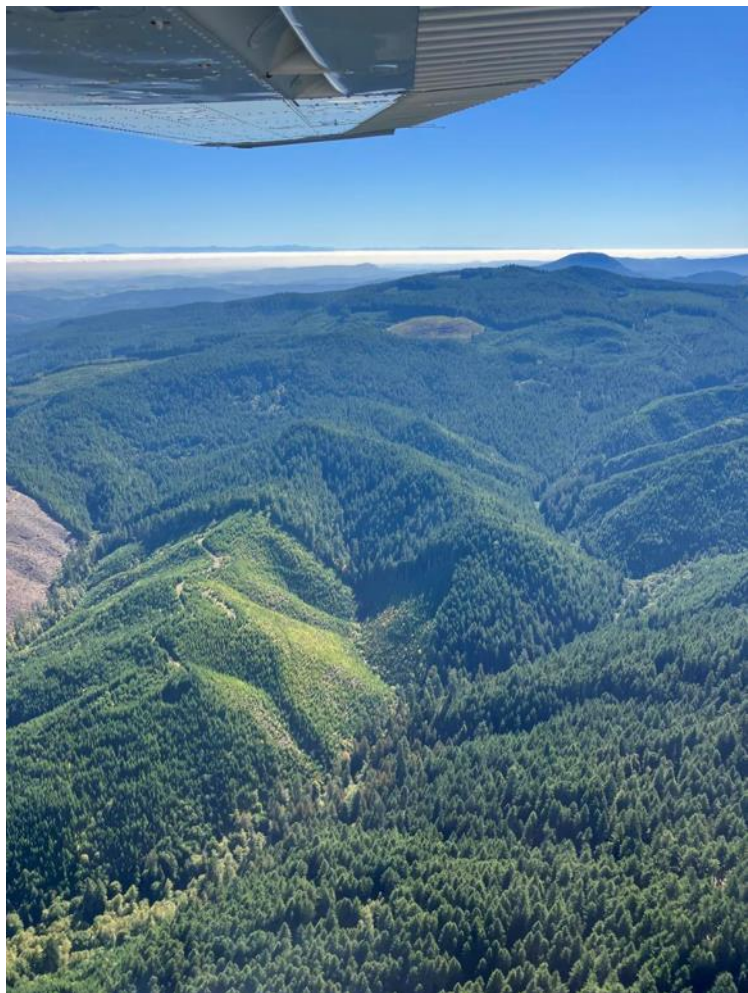
Oregon UFO Member’s Flight Featured in Lighthawk’s Publication

From Lighthawk NOTAM

In early October, LightHawk volunteer pilot Jane Rosevelt took writer Jenna Butler on a flight above western Oregon to get a sense of the landscape, forests, and forest management. The flight was conducted in partnership with Oregon Wild.

Oregon Wild is an organization that works to protect and restore Oregon’s wildlands, wildlife, and water. They partner with the Spring Creek Project at Oregon State University to provide an Environmental Writing Fellowship to one scholar each year. The focus of this year’s fellowship is the critical relationship between climate change and forests in Oregon’s Coastal Range and will result in a portfolio of written work on this topic.

Jenna Butler, this year’s Environmental Writing Fellow, is an author and scholar based in Alberta, Canada, whose research focuses on endangered ecosystems. During her year-long Fellowship, Jenna has described the focus of her work as providing a look at the ways in which communities interact with, alter, and protect the climate forests of Oregon’s Coastal Range and drawing connections to the ways in which communities interact, alter, and struggle to protect the boreal forests in northern Canada. The book, which Jenna plans to write as part of her fellowship, will tie together themes related to differences in



Different management and ownership of Oregon Coast Range forests. Photo by Casey Kulla.



land use and environmental protections and the increasing occurrence of fire from a warming climate.

Oregon Wild is a long term partner of LightHawk's and we were excited to provide a flight to contribute to Jenna's understanding of forest management and ecological impacts to forests in a way that is only possible from gaining an aerial perspective.

Following the flight, Jenna shared, "The LightHawk flight was an incredible opportunity to see the various forestry management strategies and burn sites from the air and to hold them in direct visual contrast in a way I couldn't just by reading books and articles for my research."

Both Jenna and Casey Kulla from Oregon Wild commended volunteer pilot Jane Roosevelt for a fantastic flight and thanked her for sharing her vast knowledge of the area. Jane has been volunteering for LightHawk for about 25 years.

Jane Roosevelt
16300 Sunrise Ct
Lake Oswego, OR 97035
503 860 6389

Nevada Luncheon

The Reno, Nevada, UFO group had a lunch meeting December 8th at the Bonanza Casino restaurant. Thirteen UFO members attended plus 8 of the UFO ladies for a total of 21 folks seated at the table. In addition to having pleasant conversation and a nice lunch we had our UFO member Jim Martin do a 45 minute presentation of some of the test pilot work he did for NASA on a four-engine turbo-jet airplane intended for very short runway operations. There was video showing some of the flying on that project. All very interesting.

The gathering lasted over 1-1/2 hours with everyone wishing everyone else a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year upon leaving. I did not get a picture of the group which I had intended to do but nevertheless it was a handsome looking group of UFOs and their ladies. Our next lunch meeting will probably be in February of 2024.

Lew Gage, Northern Nevada UFO Representative



Builder's Mania?

Toshkazu Tsukii (Ski to those who know him), a UGO member and retired Raytheon engineer, has built some interesting projects. One of them was a guest house built at La Cholla Airpark in Oro Valley, AZ, out of a combination of 3 transport aircraft cockpits and bodies, large enough to contain a swimming pool. It was featured in the Arizona Daily Star in 2017.

His latest project is a light airplane (Piper Twin Apache) that has been successfully integrated into a Hi-Lo Travel Trailer, where you can live, travel and entertain. It has the following unique features:

- 1) Modified fuselage for wider body (6 ft wide)
- 2) Provides seating for 3 crew members abreast in the cockpit
- 3) Room for 2 to sleep in the fuselage
- 4) Double folding wings and V tail (8' wide when folded)
- 5) Equipped with side-by-side flight simulator and karaoke machine, which allows you to sing "Fly Me Tender" while piloting an airplane of your choice
- 6) Adjustable height (10'6" tall on road and for storage and 13' tall while camping)



Ski with guest home, above. Camper, below





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OR

Snow on the Palms

In this issue, we're publishing an excerpt from the book "Snow on the Palms", written by UFO member George Poncy under the pseudonym George Williams. It describes his life as a Miami socialite and secret drug smuggler. It's available for sale on Amazon.

1972 Piper Cherokee 6

Single engine, fixed gear, 300 hp Lycoming engine

Propeller = Constant Speed

Seats = 6-7

Crew = 1

Fuel = 83 gallons

Fuel consumption = 13.7 gal/hr @ 65% power

15.8 gal/hr @ 75% power

Est. endurance (65% power w/1 hr fuel reserve) = 5 hrs

Cruise Speed = 168 mph (146 knots)

Range @ 75% power, 1 hour fuel reserve = 840 statute miles

Useful load = 1607 lbs

Useful load w/ full fuel, 185 lb pilot, second and third rows of seats removed = 924 lbs

924 lbs cargo as:

<u>Cargo</u>	<u>Amount</u>	<u>Wholesale Price</u>	<u>Street Price</u>	<u>Courier Fee</u>
Colombian Red	18 bales	\$350K	\$900K	\$100K
Cocaine	440 kilos	\$12.3MM	\$29MM	\$1.32MM
Cash (in hundred-dollar bills)	\$44MM	-	-	\$1.32MM

Wow.

Continued on the next page



Chapter 1

May 4, 1989:

A million flashing lights, tires screeching, yelling and hollering and above it all: "FREEZE! DON'T MOVE, JERKWEED!"

I froze. And not just my body. My entire being went completely primordial. I couldn't even breathe right. My brain seemed to have three levels:

Disbelief. It wasn't really happening.

An acute awareness of what was going on around me.

Completely frozen.

Weapons were actually pointed at me. I'd never realized that when a loaded handgun looks at you the barrel seems about the size of a sewer pipe. My first instinct was to raise my hands in the air, but I would have fallen over and tumbled off the wing.

There were all kinds of uniforms, and lots of people in suits. Someone reached up and grabbed me off my airplane; I almost fell on my ass. I had my flight bag with me and a deputy yanked it away as if it contained a bomb. A plainclothes guy cuffed me behind my back and took me by the forearm. I estimated maybe 25 lawmen altogether. Christ, all they needed was Seal Team 6.



Piper Cherokee 6

As I was escorted from the hangar, I saw at least a dozen cars, half unmarked but with little cop antennae. Most of the marked vehicles were Palm Beach County Sheriff's Department green and whites. All the wig-wags were going, a kaleidoscope in red and white. There was a small curious crowd around the periphery. What a show. I saw no cameras, thank God. Fortunately, I didn't recognize anyone so I hoped no one knew who I was.

The suited guy opened the back door to an unmarked sedan. As I got in, he put his hand on my head, just like on TV, so I wouldn't hit my noggin on the car roof. For some reason, that familiar gesture made it all suddenly real. I felt a rush of nausea.



There were two of them in the front seat. I was, of course, alone in back still cuffed up. There was no barrier between us, not that I could have done anything. This wasn't the movies, despite the theatrics. No one read me my rights. In fact, no one spoke a word. We rode up I-95 to West Palm Beach and exited east on Okeechobee Boulevard. It had started to drizzle. The forecast I'd gotten from Flight Service hadn't been accurate. Briefly, I wondered if I'd ever be in the air again. That was a chilling thought. We stopped for the traffic light at Parker. I watched the drops on the windows turn from rubies to emeralds as the light changed.

Now I was a goddamn poet.

We turned north at the Intracoastal, pulled in the entrance to an office building just up from the north bridge and parked in the covered garage. I was hustled through the connecting corridor and up the elevator to what I figured out later was probably FBI headquarters. I was led into a room that looked like every interrogation room you've ever seen on black and white monitors. They took off the bracelets and left me alone.

All the time I was trying to think, and it wasn't working very well. I realized with a sickening feeling that all the bravado, the cool, the collected thought processes I'd envisioned when faced with arrest had dissolved. All I could think of was how my mom and my relatives, all the friends and people who knew me, were going to react. I'd suddenly crossed the line from Palm Beach bon vivant, upstanding citizen and minor social figure, to pre-felon. Would I still get a decent table at the B and T? The thought was so grotesque I almost laughed. Where I was going, I'd be lucky if I got a bath maybe once a week, and best not drop the soap. Would I be Bernie Madoff's roommate? Somehow, I didn't think so.

Back at Lantana Airport, the feds were unloading 440 kilos of high-grade Colombian cocaine with a street value of \$29 million from my Cherokee Six. Under current guidelines, five hundred grams equaled thirty years in federal prison. I was facing more time than the known universe had existed, which was about fourteen billion years before parole eligibility.

Jerkweed, the guy had yelled out. I hadn't heard that since *Die Hard*. I was, understandably, at a low point.

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Getting To Know Colette Miller

by Skip Brown

As a child, I used to dream I would escape the T-Rex or other monsters by flapping my arms and flying above them. My father was a pilot and I always felt safe in the sky. My mother was a concert pianist and my father was an aeronautical engineer, so my short-lived career as an opera singer and my life-long career as an aviator came naturally.

I learned to fly in a 7ECA, Citabria. I presently have a 7KCAB Citabria and I am building a Sonex with the Jabiru engine and the aerobatic wing. I have had airplane partnerships in a Luscombe 8A and a 7AC Champ, which 5 of us rebuilt.

My father encouraged me to do aerobatics. The first time I did them with Mac, my instructor, I was hooked. He taught me how to spin and I think I made him sick because I kept saying, "Let's do that again."

I'm a member of IAC (International Aerobatic Club).

On my first solo cross-country in the late '60s, I was flying an old Citabria out of Orange County Airport (now John Wayne). Like many planes in flight schools, it had seen better days.



1968 Champion KCAB Citabria

When I landed at my destination at Palomar, I may have landed hard. My tailwheel was acting funny and the local mechanic said a spring had come loose on the tailwheel steering assembly, and baled it on with safety wire. He told me to land straight and then make wide turns when taxiing.

I took off toward Orange County Airport, only to discover my radio wasn't working. As I approached home base, I noticed the winds were buffeting me, but I saw a small Cessna in the pattern, so I assumed it was safe for small planes

to land. As I approached the airport, I rocked my wings and got a green light from the tower, so I proceeded to enter the pattern, but had trouble turning downwind. I assumed it was be-



cause my tail had baling wire on it, but by the time I turned the plane onto final, I had figured out the wind was extremely strong and blustery. For the first time, I thought I might actually crash the plane.

When I got the plane stopped, the wind was shifting to a right crosswind and I couldn't turn my tail into the wind and get off the runway, possibly because of the tailwheel, or the wind strength or both. Fortunately, when I took so long to stop, they had sent out the rescue trucks.

Oops, I figured I was in some kind of trouble for taking up the whole runway. Instead, they congratulated me for making the landing and told me I was the first person in a light plane who had the guts to land there in the last two hours. "But I saw a small plane practicing in the pattern," I said. They answered that he wasn't practicing; he was trying to land and had given up and gone to Fullerton. The wind was in the high 30s and reached 40 knots while we were talking. They said that if it got much stronger, they would close the airport to all traffic. When I told them that it was my first cross country and told of my misadventures with the tailwheel and the radio, they congratulated me again. I didn't tell them that I, too, would have given up if I had checked the windsock and known how to read it properly. It was stupidity rather than bravery, and I almost committed a fatal error. It was one of those *God helps fools and children moments*, but I learned to have healthy respect for the winds on landing.



I grew up in Downey, California, and attended Downey High School. I got my Bachelor's (History, with minors in Economics, Music, and Anthropology) and Master's (Applied Socio-linguistics) degrees from Long Beach State. I studied opera at the International Opera Studio in Zurich, Switzerland. To pay for college, I worked as a portrait artist at Disneyland, thus getting invaluable training in portraiture. I taught high school and community college for 43 years. I am still a working artist, doing portraits and wildlife paintings in pastels and oils.

Besides airplanes and flying, I enjoy hiking, bird watching, carpentry, music, art, reading, building aircraft, singing, playing the piano, and trying new things like building a non-mortared stone retaining wall (my latest project). On my bucket list is to finish the Sonex project I am presently engaged in and do the first flight.

And now the rest of the story:

When asked for any philosophical thoughts or insights, Colette answered: *"Be a good listener and a good observer. Take advice; you can never learn too much. There is always something you don't know and probably need to. Knowledge is a treasure that can't be stolen or destroyed by fire or flood. It is also a free gift you can pass on to others."* Colette lives in Diamond Point (Sequim WA) She has a son who lives in Kirkland WA, a daughter in California, a grandson, a granddaughter, and a great-granddaughter. She has been a UFO for several months and is a regular at the monthly UFO Sequim breakfast meeting.



Chris Law

comanchyay@gmail.com

Got my PPL for <5g's back in 1974! Learned to fly because we lived in a remote section of Labrador (Canada) and wanted to be able to occasionally leave our isolated jobs. Bought my first aircraft, a PA 20 taildragger (C-GUUU) a day after getting my PPL! Spent many years flying taildraggers in the wilds of Newfoundland & Labrador

before sailing around the world on our "homebuilt" boat, GROAIS II. Upon return to "civilization" I passed my IFR license (At age 70) in my Maule (with no autopilot) and bought a Comanche with full IFR instrumentation which I still fly on a regular



based in eastern Canada. We make/made extensive trips in our Comanche across Canada and back to Labrador, and to visit friends in Quebec and Ontario. I have been a Canadian Owners and Pilots Association member since the late 70's and just passed my medical with flying colors, so am good for at least another two years.

Robert L Frangione

Sebastian, Florida

Retired airline captain, rated in CE500, IA-Jet, G159, CL600 and DC9, former corporate flight department manager, former adjunct professor of aeronautics at Florida Institute of Technology and Embry Riddle University, CFI, more than 20,000 hours of flight time.

NBAA Million Miler, NBAA Safe Pilot 15,000 hours, Wright Brothers Master Pilot.

Has been flying continuously for 60+ years.



Jerry P Campey,

East Helena, MT

Passed on September 9, 2023

John R Patterson,

Leeds, AL

Passed on November 30, 2023

