

Dear Friends,

1984

I can't put this off anymore, and I do apologize for dragging out the holiday season this long! The Post Office's new rates have nothing to do with it. Each attempt to get this going has been disrupted. Not now.

This year began like last year in New York City and I was dragged back to fly a trip for the Reserves. With a sense of déjà vu, I flew with my old Squadron, the 14th - it's been 10 years - and after a trip with a 300 hour copilot - i.e. well, I survived.

Last May, Pacific East Air cancelled my leave of absence, and I promptly worked their last flight into bankruptcy. People are always making me come back to work. Even Flying Tigers seems prepared to have me on the flight deck this May.

Tigers recalled me in July but due to their delivery method the notice was delivered 24 hours after the deadline. I arrived for training but was told no. Can you say "grievance?" I knew you could.

The travel aspect of my life took a big hit with loss of my pass privileges - (since restored due to my many union visits.) I did have a really good trip through the Northwest in June. And, of course, my visits to Roger & Mitzi's farm continue to provide a fine escape for me.

1984 was definitely an odd year - one of constantly changed plans and shortened visits. I became a god father for the last time - my collection of god children are all healthy and wonderful. You couldn't ask for a better bunch.

I treated myself to a new truck and am now preparing for a Chicago domicile. You'll all be easy to visit now so watch out. My handy man skills continue to improve thanks to your tolerance in my attempts.

Joy, Larry