

The Congressional Record

Newsletter of the Congressional Flying Club and Montgomery Senior Squadron, CAP

Vol. 30, No. 5E

Gaithersburg, MD (KGAI)

May 2012

Bob Hawkins: 1939–2012 Memorial Issue

Editor's note: This is a special issue of the Congressional Record, published in honor of Robert Hawkins, longtime Club president and beloved friend and instructor. He headed 270 on 24 April 2012.

President's message

REMEMBERING BOB HAWKINS

Bob Hawkins passed away peacefully on 24 April 2012. My great friend, a longtime president of the Congressional Flying Club, a passionate aviator and educator. Big guy with even bigger mouth, with great sense of humor, and even greater heart — larger than life! He will be missed greatly and yet I am sure he will continue to live in our hearts and minds.



The man in his element: Why is Bob smiling? Great engine? Good joke? Just happy? Could be all of the above. (Photo by Piotr Kulczakowicz)

It is very hard to write about someone like Bob. Thank God for the pictures! The one above captures the “essential” Bob very well on so many levels. He is in his element delivering the newly rebuilt engine for N5135R. The big grin on his

face... Is it because he has just delivered a perfect baby? Or is it because his yet-another scheme worked out and the club is getting the “bestest” deal ever, again? Or is it because he can see the future: all those pilots getting their certificates issued, skills polished, ratings earned, often with “little” help from Bob himself. Or is it because he is wearing another non-standard issue CAP outfit? Or is it because his latest Trams Fund racket brought enough money to push six cadets through the CAP National Flight Academy? Probably all the above and much more.

A great way to bring back good memories for pilots is to browse their logbooks. According to my logbook, Bob gave me over 45 hours of flight instruction with 28 hours under the hood. We made 80 landings during that time. He signed me off on three flight reviews and one Form 5, and gave me an endorsement for the FAA IFR Knowledge Test. Every moment of it, Bob was subtly passing his immense aviation knowledge to the unsuspecting student: from a few birds living in the engine compartment or a sneaky snake that just ate the bird to very realistic distractions to nuances of replacing an aircraft engine.

On one especially memorable trip, a four hour flight to Skyhaven in New Hampshire (DAW) to pick up a donated Cessna 150, Bob started telling me a casual unrelated story at 88:00 minutes into the flight. We were flying Piper Cherokee 15624 on the second tip tank. By that time I knew that a good Bob's story with many twists to it was a sure sign of a certain impending simulated disaster so, I kept one eye locked on the stopwatch. I was just reaching to switch tanks at the perfect minute 89:30 when the engine suddenly went really rough.

Before I knew it, about one millisecond later, the fuel pump was on, the tanks were switched and the engine was purring as nicely as ever and Bob collected another “slow” student story. Bob's way

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of teaching was to make students comfortable and relaxed so that the learning was very effective and yet keep them at attention to never become complacent. I asked my wife what her memory of Bob was (she took the AOPA Pinch Hitter course from him) and the first thing she said was: "He made me very comfortable as a pilot at the controls of the airplane."



Piotr took this photo of Bob during a visit in April which would turn out to be just 19 days before his "final take-off." As usual, Bob was on the phone, talking up the club and scheming to get more young people in the air.

The last entry in my logbook with Bob's signature is the introduction flight in a Cessna 182RG in July 2009. No more signatures after that. Bob did not give up easily to his illness. While he could not fly, he stayed very engaged in club matters and kept pulling the ropes to fund scholarships for CAP cadets to go through the NFA. He signed a scholarship check for another cadet just over a week before his "final take off." In the picture above, which I took 19 days before he left us, you see Bob on the phone, doing his extremely positive shenanigans, that is, talking up aviation and squaring away every flyer who called (and there were many). That's the way Bob was and that is how he is going to live in my heart.

❖ PIOTR KULCZAKOWICZ

Chaplain's corner

Some 16 years ago, Bob Hawkins suggested that I might become a Civil Air Patrol chaplain. He outlined some of the things I might do for cadets as a chaplain. I thought about that for a while. I was actively involved in hospital chaplaincy. I had not intended, thought of, or desired to become a member of the Civil Air Patrol. I had been led to believe a requirement for becoming a member of the Congressional Flying Club was that one must become a member of the CAP for a minimum of six months. I joined CAP and hoped to be done with that requirement in short order. A few years later, Bob recruited me to assist with the Bethesda–Chevy Chase Squadron in what was then called Moral Leadership training (currently Character Development Instruction). For 18 months, I served there while still serving as chaplain for the Montgomery Squadron. It amazes me now to see the positions in which some of those cadets are now serving as seniors in the CAP. Occasionally, I would drive over to the Frederick Squadron to serve the cadets there as a substitute Moral Leadership Officer.

As Bob's chaplain, I coordinated funerals, did weddings, facilitated cadet character education, provided counseling sessions for youth and adults, and wrote more "Chaplain's Corners" than I can count. I participated in the search and recovery effort for downed CFC member and CAP pilot David Weiss under Incident Commander Bob Ayres and reported to the Wing Chaplain William Gray. Eventually, the Wing Chaplain suggested that I be considered as a replacement for that role. This is something that Bob had suggested when he first talked to me about service.

Eventually, I was seeing Bob Hawkins as a patient in the hospital with which I have been affiliated for over 22 years. I watched Bob from a distance on his journey toward eternity. I saw him on the regular patient units. I saw him in the emergency room. He suffered much. Yet he kept a positive attitude toward his decline. He participated in making his own funeral arrangements. And, he recently "required" that I not depart earth before him, but rather assure that I attend his funeral.

Recently, I had called Bob just to check in. He told me that someone else had called him to

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check on arrangements for him. It seems that the other person had gotten the names mixed up when Bob Ayres died. So caller thought to check with Bob's wife Anne to see what the arrangements were for Bob. Anne informed the caller that he could check with Bob himself, as he was on his scooter negotiating a turn in the house. It was something of a shock to the caller. Like Mark Twain, Bob suggested that rumors of his demise were greatly exaggerated. He got a chuckle out of it, but helped his caller to understand that it was the other Bob (Ayres) that had gone on to glory. Only Bob could convey the humor of that mix up. He had me laughing so uncontrollably that my wife could not believe that I was talking to a fellow on "short final."

I thank Bob for his early call for me to look into service as a CAP chaplain. There are things that I would never have done were it not for that suggestion. Once, a couple got married while flying over GAI while I, with hand-held radio and family gathered, conducted the ceremony from the airport restaurant patio. Another time, I officiated at a wedding at Davis airport after the couple had made a couple of go-arounds and then landed to exchange their vows. Their dog was the ring bearer. And, not many American chaplains have done funerals for former Luftwaffe pilots. Or been in service for a 400-plus personnel search for several days for a downed pilot.

I am currently pressed with the task of assuring Chaplain Corps staff for all 25 CAP Squadrons in the Maryland Wing. It is a challenging assignment fraught with starts and stops, delays and deliberations, joys of success and disappointments with "the ones that got away!" But I keep trying, and will continue to do so. It's something that Bob, having called me to over 16 years ago, would want me to do! Thanks Bob! Amen.

❖ **CHAPLAIN (LT COL) EDCO BAILEY,
D. MIN, B.C.C.**



1990: Bob, Anne and their first dog, Keeper with Six-Niner- Kilo in Laconia, New Hampshire.

A message from Bob's wife, Anne

Herewith we reprint with her permission the message Anne Culver, Bob's wife, sent out on the occasion of her beloved husband's passing.

Dear friends - this is a message I hate to have to send, but this morning, April 24th, at about 4:00 a.m., the love of my life, Bob Hawkins, took off on his final flight, ending two and a half years enduring a rare, orphan, fatal disease called myelofibrosis, and just two weeks short of 73 years of life and 24 years of the high adventure called marriage. Well, it was high adventure being married to Bob, and he has said the same about me. We had a great run and I, too, wanted more. But as sick as he was, it was a blessing that he left so quickly after he started a steep decline a week or so ago. He told the hospice nurse last week that he really was not in much pain, except for the ankle he shattered 45 years ago jumping out of a perfectly good airplane.

Bob was an amazing person, not the least in these last years and especially the last few months and weeks. He endured increasing weakness, oxygen deprivation, nausea, wasting, and countless other problems I can't even remember right now, mostly related to the bone-marrow disorder. All this he bore with dignity, good humor, and warm affection with his many friends.

He was a good sport about it. To people of a certain age, being a good sport is very meaningful.

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He didn't complain or whine; he underwent painful procedures, starting with bone marrow biopsies, and ending finally with two transfusions of blood and platelets every week, which were actually more painful than he let on. And everywhere he went, he left with new friends who love him and his particular humor and caring.



Dressed up to fly: Bob and Anne in front of 70G. Anne says this was "quite a while ago."

Bob endured not only the bone-marrow disease, which made him tired and vulnerable, but also a pulmonary embolism two years ago (from which a third of sufferers die immediately), four endoscopies and laser treatments to treat recurrent stomach ulcers (caused by a lack of platelets), atrial fibrillation, coronary artery disease (people with more platelets could have angioplasty but he could not, so this became critical), and a few other things that I have probably forgotten. I started telling people that if they wanted to beat down Bob Hawkins, they would have to find a bigger stick, because he kept bouncing back.

In the last few months, when this started to become overwhelming for us both, Bob entered hospice protocol at home. At about the same time, a friend put us onto a web site that could help us organize help. As a stoic, independent, I'd-rather-do-it-myself New Englander, it was a crash course for me in learning how to accept help, to ask for help, and to know that people loved us and we deserved help.

Last week, Bob said he didn't think it would end up this way. How did he picture it? I asked. He

said he thought he would be teaching for ten more years. I told him that his many students and fellow pilots would be teaching them instead, as would their students. And so they are already.



That's Bob with Anne looking in through the glass. "Probably West Virginia, late 1980's."

The outpouring of love, support, and friendship of our friends has been overwhelming. Both Bob and I have lived looking for the silver lining, the gifts that challenges bear in their hands. Bob's fellow pilots, student pilots, and wanna-be pilots from every place he went have been pouring out love and appreciation for his passion not only for flying but more importantly for his overarching love of teaching. His biggest passion was teaching kids to fly, and for 15 years he taught at the National Flight Academy for Civil Air Patrol. He has started many a young person (and quite a few not-so-

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young) on the path to a pilot license and the life-changing experience this can be.



Anne celebrates Bob's helicopter ride early April 2012.

He lured me into getting a pilot's license, and while I much prefer to be kayaking, the experience of soloing and then getting my ticket helped me to take myself seriously. When only your presence of mind and learning stand between you and death, each time you cheat death (i.e. land the aircraft) you tend to feel pretty good about yourself. Bob was very proud of me and introduced me, as he did many others, to the amazing family of the Congressional Flying Club in Gaithersburg. Together with my Community Emergency Response Team, my kayaking and camping friends, and our friends gathered here and there over the years, we have a pretty good chosen family in addition to our blood families, and they have poured out love and support for us both. I will depend on them into the future as I go on without Bob.

It would take too long to talk about all his contributions, but let me just say that Bob was an ambassador for general aviation. I once told him that flying did not make him special; HE made flying special. His passion and devilish humor were infectious.

Everyone has a Bob Hawkins story. He created sparkle wherever he went. He was outrageous, frustrating, fun-loving, proud of the people he loved, and always ready to lend his time and skills to help people. He endured a lot of heartache in his life and also a lot of joy. He was the most fun and passionate person I have ever known. He loved me very much and apparently told every-

one. When he could barely respond over the weekend, I told him I loved him and I knew he loved me. Characteristically, he said, "That's a good thing."

Ironically, the span of his disease marks the best time of our lives, despite all the pain and heart-ache. We talked about everything, from his memorial service to how we have helped each other grow and what we really appreciate about each other. Just as his friends have become our friends and will remain my friends, my friends met Bob and fell to his charm. We have traveled a bit, when he still could, visited with friends (mostly here recently), shared detective novels and Jeopardy every night (until he didn't have the energy to stay up long enough to watch it), loved the new "Sherlock" series, and just hung out together.

Bob was a huge bright presence wherever he went, and especially for me. The days ahead are going to be really tough for me, as I learn how on earth I will be without him. But there will never be any regrets.

If you can make the memorial service, we will be very happy to see you and laugh with you, and maybe cry a bit, too, but when it concerns Bob, the laughter always prevails.

Meanwhile, if you are just bursting to tell your Bob story, please post stories, photos, and good jokes here at www.lotsahelpinghands.com !

Thank you so much! Love,

❖ ANNE

Memorial Service Arrangements

A Memorial Service will be held on Saturday, May 12, 2012 at 11:00 AM at the Kensington Masonic Lodge, 4315 Howard Ave, Kensington, MD 20895. Inurnment at Arlington National Cemetery will occur at a later date. As Bob's love was teaching young people how to fly and finding the funds to help make that possible, in lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the "Eberhard G. Trams Memorial Fund," with the notation "Bob Hawkins Flight Scholarship Award," and sent to Congressional Flying Club, 7940 Airpark Road, Gaithersburg, MD 20879. Note from Piotr: "I am sure Bob is quite happy seeing yet another scheme at work! Please contribute."

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Washington Post Obituary:

The following obituary was written by the Washington Post's Adam Bernstein and published in the Metro section on May 10, 2012. It's a tribute to Bob that the Post did a story on his life. You have to be quite prominent to make the cut!

Robert J. Hawkins, data processor and aviator

Robert J. Hawkins, 72, who spent much of his career as a data processor and also was deeply involved in flying as an instructor and major in the Civil Air Patrol, died April 24 at his home in Silver Spring.

He had complications from myelofibrosis, a bone-marrow disorder. The death was confirmed by his wife, Anne Culver.

Mr. Hawkins worked in data processing for Washington area companies, including Pepco and Giant Food. He retired in 2002 after nine years doing data processing work at the Canadian Embassy.

In retirement, he became chief aircraft mechanic for Proxy Aviation Services in Gaithersburg and worked on developing and adapting experimental aircraft for prolonged unmanned flight.

He had earned his private pilot license in 1965 and over the decades served as an instructor, aircraft crew chief, safety officer and board member and president of the Congressional Flying Club, now located at Montgomery County Airpark. He accumulated 4,547 and 1/2 hours as pilot in command, more than half of that as an instructor, his wife said.

He served as a search mission pilot and instructor with the Montgomery Senior Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol's Maryland Wing, which awarded him several decorations. He participated in several missing aircraft and disaster responses and also served for 15 years as a Civil Air Patrol instructor.

In the late 1960s, he appeared as "Pilot Bob" in several episodes of the "Claire and CoCo" children's show on WMAL-TV.

Robert James Hawkins was born in Washington and raised mostly in Bethesda. After his graduation from Archbishop Carroll High School in the

District in 1957, he served several years in the Air Force and was briefly in the CIA, his wife said.

His memberships included the Masons and the Scottish Rite. He was a past president of the Air Force Association's central Maryland chapter.

His marriages to Karen Schumacher and Sharon Bowen ended in divorce.

Survivors include his wife of 23 years, Anne Culver of Silver Spring; two children from his first marriage, Sara Carter of Waynesboro, Pa., and Robert Mullen of Hagerstown, Md.; two daughters from his second marriage, Robin Hawkins-Shusko of Hagerstown and Cheryl Hawkins of Silver Spring; two sisters; three brothers; and two grandchildren.

❖ ADAM BERNSTEIN

Death Notice:

This death notice was published in the Washington Post on Friday, April 27, 2012.

Robert J. Hawkins, 72, died at home in Silver Spring on April 24, 2012 of myelofibrosis and related causes. He was above all a gifted aviator and a passionate teacher.

He is survived by the love of his life, his wife Anne Culver; children Sara Jane Carter, Robert Mullen, Robin Hawkins-Shusko, and Cheryl Hawkins; two grandchildren, Noah Carter and Taylor Anne Shusko. He is also survived by sisters Mary Decker and Teresa Peterson, and brothers Steven, Thomas, and Mark Hawkins.

A Memorial Service will be held on Saturday, May 12, 2012 at 11:00 a.m. at the Kensington Masonic Lodge, 4315 Howard Ave, Kensington, MD 20895. Inurnment at Arlington National Cemetery will occur at a later date.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the "Eberhard G. Trams Memorial Fund," with the notation "Bob Hawkins Flight Scholarship Award," and sent to Congressional Flying Club, 7940 Airpark Road, Gaithersburg, MD 20879.

Online condolences may be made at RappFuneral.com.

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Reminiscences of the Hawk

[Editor's note: The following article was penned by Bob Gawler and printed in our January 2012 Congressional Record.]

[Bob G's note: I spoke with Bob Hawkins today, 1/7/2012, for about an hour and half. Intended to use a digital recorder but his voice was very soft. I was not sure the recorder would pick up his voice. Also, some people are uncomfortable with a recording going, so I scribbled my notes. As he was answering my questions, he became a lot more alert, willing to talk, and became animated, like the Bob of yore. Actually "unload" would be better description and I wish now that I had the recorder on because I don't remember everything said and my notes are hard to read. I must be getting old.]

We started out by confirming he is Robert J. Hawkins, born May 9, 1939, and raised primarily in Bethesda, MD. He graduated from John Carroll High School, attended American University, lots of studies in the USAF and the "school of hard knocks."

Bob enlisted in the USAF for four years and was a RADAR operator and "other duties as assigned" (no specifics). Basic training was at Lackland AFB, Texas. Eventually assigned to North of Ontario, Canada, at NIPPIGON. (He said "almost to the North Pole and COLD as").

He started flying in the early 1960s in Florida but got his Private Certificate in 1963 flying out of W50 and GAI. The examiner he had was at Easton. Part of the test was his cross-country from GAI to ESN. If he got there, he passed that part of the test. But he was unsuccessful on the first attempt, as he did not know the frequency to use in case of an emergency. On his return test, the examiner asked as he walked in the office -- what was the answer, and Bob said "121.5." He walked out with his ticket.

Bob joined Civil Air Patrol in 1962 when the Montgomery Senior Squadron was at W50 and was part of the National Capital Wing. MSS moved from Congressional Airport (Congressional Plaza) in Rockville to W50 and then to GAI and became part of the Maryland Wing — to the relief of Nat Cap and chagrin of Maryland Wing. Supposedly two other Squadrons have had the pleasure of this type of move. (Usually if a Squadron is on a

border of a state and does more work in the adjoining one, they move.) Anyway, transfer of CAP equipment was cause for great heartburn to MD Wing. CFC was able to acquire all of the equipment, including an 18-wheeler truck loaded with enough aircraft parts to put two airplanes back together. They had a Super Cub, an L19, a couple of CE172's, 7AC, and eventually two T34's. The T34's were fun and inexpensive to fly, as the Hobbs meter only worked when the wheels were up. Used a lot of gas but did not have to pay much for the plane.

Bob's duties in CAP ran from Mission Pilot, Observer to Squadron Commander. One mission he remembers well was (more heartburn for the Wing) supplying a Cadet Squadron on a mission with supplies. There were no roads leading to their location, so they dropped the supplies out of the plane. West Virginia had massive flooding, so they landed on a washed-out road and delivered Styrofoam cups, since there was no way for the cadets to sterilize glassware. Additionally I-70S (now I-270) was under construction, so they landed on part of the paved road and transferred blood from the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Rescue Squad to the plane and flew it out to WV. Good old days.

With Anne's encouragement, Bob received his CFIA in 1986. He also has his CFIAI. To date he has accumulated 4,400 hours, with 3,000 of them giving instruction. Those of you who have flown with Bob have at one time or another been subjected to his "bird" in the engine. I have to take credit for that, as I did it to him one time and he never forgot it. Always tried to "get even" with me. We have enjoyed many happy hours flying together.

Bob has had many jobs in CFC: crew chief, cook, painter, mechanic, board member, and president. He said that all of these positions awarded him hours of pleasure, and he is looking for the retirement benefits to kick in. He mentioned the comrade attitude of the Club in the past, when the members seemed to be extroverts, helpful and became part of "the gang" helping in many ways such as helping the "kids" in aviation activities through the Trams Fund and other community services effort. He feels now that there are not enough parties. Participation has changed lately, and new members don't seem as committed to

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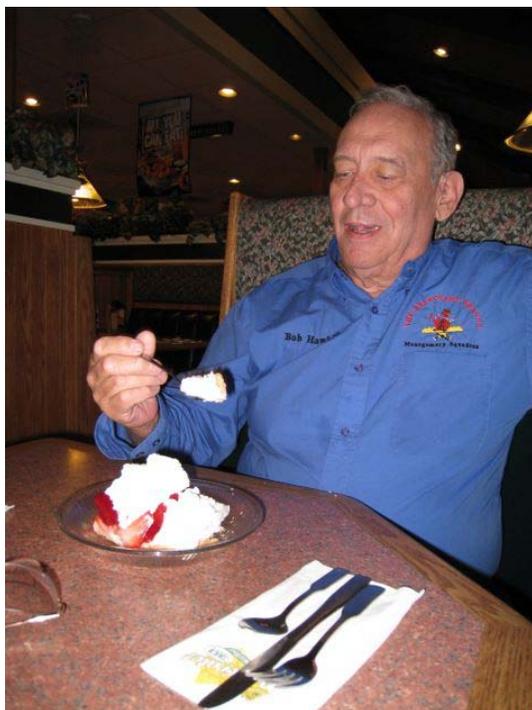
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the old values of the Club. Oh well, times change. In five years he would like to see the Club have the waiting list like it did before; more members, more involvement and KEEP THE MONEY IN THE BANK.

❖ **BOB GAWLER**



Bob enjoys a great dessert in this photo taken on the C2C trip.



The ideal cockpit pilot seating arrangement! Photo and "Post-production" by Selwyn Pianim.



Bob was so proud of Todd --one of his students --who is in AFOTC at Maryland and just signed a contract with USAF to be a pilot when he graduates in 2013.

The Hawk Looks Back

Editor's note: The following article was written by Sandy Gilmour who interviewed Bob in December 2011 for that month's newsletter.]

Bob Hawkins, who chose not to run for re-election this year, served as CFC president since 2005.

The Record interviewed Bob to get a retrospective. Since the mid-2000's and up until a medical affliction began keeping him pretty much at home, Bob Hawkins was a CFC presidential omnipresence at GAI, checking on Congressional Flying Club members and planes with a sharp "Hawk" eye. If you left a master switch on, somehow he would know it and soon his car or van would pull up with the window rolled down. And if you were out of town with a mechanical or personal problem affecting a club plane, Bob would be right there on his cell phone helping you with his full attention.

In a phone conversation recalling club activities during his terms in office and now that he has turned the yoke of club "PIC" over to Piotr, Bob cited the new office trailer as a major club accomplishment: "It was paid for with TRAMS funds and we even got someone to take the old trailer and thus avoid a hefty disposal fee at the dump. And it has up-to-date audio visual equipment – just a very nice meeting facility." Other accomplishments

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he cites for the club include obtaining new airplanes like the 182, the Cardinal and the 150 and 152 as well as all the activities available for CFC members.

He has high praise for all the hard-working volunteers who keep the planes flying and the books in order, who work on getting new members coming in, who organize fly-ins and fly-outs and new programs like the stall-spin practice, and most of all, for the "great camaraderie and spirit in which members are always willing to join in and help each other out. Members will change their plans to help other members."

To say Bob misses flying is an understatement; but what he says he misses most of all is instructing. With something over 4,400 hours, and on his eighth logbook, he notes the best thing he ever did was get his CFI ticket. "I've had more fun than anything as an instructor and I love watching somebody fly well or do something cool and be able to say, hey, I taught him or her to do that!" He added, "I can see why teachers love doing what they do."

Bob said getting young people into the club and flying "has been a blast." However, he expressed some disappointment there have not been even more coming into the flying academy. "The ones we have, have been great. Can you imagine being in high school and being asked, what did you do over the weekend? And being able to say, 'I flew a plane.'"

Bob joined the CFC in the 1960's, a membership he values for all the places he's been and people he's met. There have been the across-the-country trips, Oshkosh, and pricey burger ones.

Bob said, "We are doing better than other clubs," adding the CFC gets compliments for the quality of its maintenance, flight activities, and sense of community. He said the opportunities for work hours assisting in maintenance are a great opportunity to learn how airplanes work and what is required to keep them flying. Bob estimated that perhaps people don't have quite as much time as previously to contribute to grabbing a wrench and said the club is fortunate "to have members like Dick Strock who pick up the slack." For instance, he noted, 35R has a huge number of hours on the airframe and "is in great shape. Other clubs cannot make that same boast."

Bob says getting around these days can be a hassle. He discussed needing blood transfusions twice a week on each Tuesday and Friday, but invited members to give him a call or maybe come to his house to go over a flight planning lesson or just to "shoot the (expletive deleted)."

Bob expressed many thanks and much appreciation for the help given him by members during his illness and remains optimistic about the future.

Many of us certainly have benefited from his sage advice, aviation wisdom and friendly manner on many occasions over the years, and all of us, I'm sure, would like to thank him for the many hours and years of dedication to the club.

❖ SANDY GILMOUR

A Typical Hawkins Story!

The following is from former member Greg Brown and was sent to the newsletter by Gashaw Mengistu.

Seven years ago, I visited the website for the National Association of Flight Instructors and emailed every flight instructor in Montgomery County, Maryland. There were many, but only two responded to me. One invited me to meet him at the airport restaurant on Saturday morning, then drove me around the airport and invited me to join his flying club. His name was Bob Hawkins, and he died today. Bob had one of the best senses of humor of anyone I met – he was equal parts kindness, irreverence, generosity, and good humor. History has it that in the 1960s, the Civil Air Patrol squadron of which Bob was a member cracked down on attire and decorum. The regulations did not specify the color of the required flight suits, however, so Bob showed wore a bright red one in contrast to the olive green everyone else wore. Over the last seven years he gave me countless hours of advice on airplane maintenance, operation, safety, and so on – even long after I moved from Maryland to Tennessee. I cannot fathom the cumulative total of the hours he has given to others over the last fifty-plus years. He was a good (and colorful) man, mentor, pilot, friend. Tailwinds, Bob.

❖ Greg Brown

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Gashaw writes:

It was pretty much my experience too when I wanted to learn about the club. I posted something on dcpilots.org and Bob responded and met me at the airport!



Possible captions for the above photo (or write one of your own!)

Oh, you're interested in flying? Come over here!

Another one of my students just soloed!

If you leave the master switch on again, you will hear from me again!

I just thought of a great scam!



Bob looking sharp in his uniform (for a change) at a CAP encampment -- but Anne gets the best of him with the donkey's ears!



Bob's last flight: special day in a chopper over GAI in April 2012, arranged by the 99's.

The Eagle and the Hawk

I am the eagle; I live in high country...
In rocky cathedrals that reach to the sky,
I am the hawk and there's blood on my feathers.
But time is still turning; they soon will be dry,
And all those who see me, and all who believe in me,
Share in the freedom I feel when I fly!
Come dance with the west wind,
And touch all the mountain tops,
Sail o'er the canyons, and up to the stars,
And reach for the heavens, and hope for the future,
And all that we can be, not what we are.

❖ Song by John Denver