

Strom Aviation is again hosting the aviation golfing event of the year and we have made great efforts to ensure that this year's event will be our best one yet from the opening ceremony pre-tournament skins game to the entire day of golf, special events, award ceremony and a new charity affiliation with the Dallas Children's Hospital. **The 6th Annual Texas Shotgun Golf Tournament will be played at the newly renovated Greg Norman designed Doral Tesoro Golf Club and Resort in Fort Worth, Texas on Saturday the 11th of September at 1:30 p.m. (www.doraldesoro.com)**

We realize that many of you are not accustomed to receiving a correspondence long enough to wallpaper a small office and in recognition of how busy we can all be we wanted to make sure that the first paragraph contained all the pertinent information. At the same time we hope that you will read further and learn more about this year's event, hopefully enjoying a few laughs along the way.

As with all of our past golfing events we pride ourselves on not only the quality of the event and the aviation decision makers in attendance every year, but also the creativeness of the invitation. In an industry convinced that all staffing companies are the same, we view our yearly invitation as not only a creative extension of the event itself, but an opportunity to present Strom Aviation in a unique way. (First time reader note: "unique" in Swahili also means, "longer than heck but not quite as hot").

Each and every year we search for new ways to improve upon the previous year's success and this year, being our 6th, we will have many noticeable "firsts" to ensure that this event will be fresh to even the most repeat offenders and we have many.

For starters, this is the first year we solicited sponsorships from a small number of companies that we felt would benefit from the added exposure of this select audience of key aviation professionals. We are proud that our friends at **Business Air Center** in Denton, Texas agreed to sponsor this year's event at the Caddyshack level, our highest level. As a result of their sponsorship we will have a Panoz GT-RA race car on a tee box where the lucky person hitting closest to the pin will win a once in a lifetime "GT Driving Experience" at the Texas Motor Speedway. (www.panozracingschool.com/hotlaps.asp)

We are very fortunate to have friends at **Dallas Airmotive, Aero Instruments and Avionics, CAE SimuFlite, Embassy Suites Hotel Dallas Love Field and Miller Brewing Company** who have also chosen to sponsor this year's event and we have future commitments for our 7th Annual Texas Shotgun already!

With the support of the above listed sponsors we have been able to increase the number of aviation participants that we can accommodate while also increasing the quality of the event. It is personally exciting to be able to send out more than 1000 invitations to aviation professionals from all over the country and year after year receive such positive feedback. Even more gratifying is that we have already heard from many aviation executives who had called from out of state to confirm their attendance before our invitation had even been written.

Perhaps most rewarding is that this year we have chosen to make an affiliation with the **Dallas Children's Medical Center Dallas** by donating a portion of what we have received as a result of the generosity of our sponsors. Although our expenses far exceed the money that has been raised it is our sincere hope that this donation will reach a child in need at exactly the right moment.

While the Texas Shotgun tournament itself will again be free for invitees this year we will be offering the opportunity for interested participants to play in a pre-tournament skins game on Friday beginning at 2:00 p.m. at a reduced cost of \$50.00 per player. (Strom Aviation strongly believes in and respects all of our client's ethics programs and as a result will except payment for the event for any participants covered by such a policy).

One other difference is that the event and actual promotion has grown to such a level that our aviation insurance company has suggested that I put a warning at the beginning of this invitation. Although I explained that my name was not Michael Moore and that this invitation would be less offensive than anything on prime time television or certainly the nightly news, they kept telling me that this invitation might as well be called "Doral Tesoro 451". I respectfully reminded them that I was not forcing anyone to read our invitation and that it is really not so much an invitation as it is a Jerry Seinfeld-esq short story about nothing. They then told me something that I am not sure what to make of, which is that my writing has a "road kill" effect where the reader cannot stop reading it until it is too late.

It was clear from our meeting that I would have to warn readers or lose what has become a Strom Aviation Tradition. I am pleased to report that the following invitation has been submitted to the Letter Writing Guild of Golf Invitations in California and after removing some purely gratuitous nude scenes involving Colin Farrell the NC-17 rating has since been dropped and this year's invitation has been appropriately rated PG-13.

Without any further adieu and a content warning now out of the way I present this year's almost famous Texas Shotgun Golf Invitation.

Strom Aviation has our fair share of healthy competitiveness and this makes us who we are in the staffing industry as our goal is to be nothing less than the best aviation staffing supplier in the country. Second place just does not cut it with Strom.

Unfortunately, at the conclusion of last year's 5th Annual Texas Shotgun tournament held at Bridlewood Golf Club I found that this competitiveness has leaked onto the golf course and become a little personal.

Last year one of our very own held the coveted Gilmore Cup, as it has been called, high into the air with the traditional 4.2 Miller Lites in its bowels. A larger smile you have never seen on our General Manager, Todd Cole, and if you did not know him like we do

you would have no reason to question the legitimacy of this significant golfing achievement. You see Todd has some back issues which frequently require him to have a chiropractor, an acupuncturist, any number of NASA specialists and that monkey Rafiki from the Lion King at his side with some glue in case something should need sudden adjusting, poking, analyzing or reattachment.

One time on a golf course I actually looked at him funny which I guess caused vertebrae 7 to switch places with vertebrae 2 right in front of my eyes. This unexplainable anomaly occurred while Todd reached calmly for a slightly modified remote control which had the words Bombay Sapphire clearly scrawled in crayon in big letters. After depressing a very large button and holding it down for at least 5 minutes I saw the second biggest smile I have ever seen on Todd.

It just doesn't seem possible for him to be able to win unless one of his partners was Vijay Singh or Phil Mickelson. Although it might look suspect that jealousy is the primary motive behind my frustration I assure you that the fact that I have been planning these events with Jared Hatfield for 6 years now and only once have won anything I assure you that it has nothing to do with it. Just because that prize happened to be a trophy of a horse's posterior and I was the captain of the team that year it was not insult to injury (other team member names withheld to protect the guilty but you know who you are!).

I still remember Jared laughing at me in front of my peers as he handed this embarrassing and offensive trophy which we had picked out together before the event. In an effort not to further humiliate someone with such an award I put a lifetime moratorium on any animal posterior trophies for the future. Because of this Hatfield agitated embarrassment I find myself also wanting to beat him in golf and I really don't think it would take much.

This guy has a slice so dramatic that if you get paired up with him it is possible for you to get hit while standing behind him on the tee box. After impact his ball is in a perpetual state of curving which ultimately if it is hit well enough loops behind its starting place and then slingshots down the fairway.

And then I don't have to discuss our president, Dan Wrolson, who I think just last year hit a significant golf milestone of his own which had him pegging more cars than he has owned in his lifetime.

I guess as I write this I am realizing that I am fed up with losing.

After taking some lessons and having the distinct feeling that I am not the only one to have spent too much money to gain a competitive edge over my fellow Strom family members, I agreed to attend a grudge match against Todd, Dan and Jared in Minnesota.

Upon accepting the challenge I envisioned that I would be Ty Webb, Todd would be Spalding, Dan would be Rodney Dangerfield and Jared would be Danny's girlfriend who dances around the green in a nightgown. Victory would certainly be mine!

My first mistake was allowing Jared to book my airfare as I had a 5:30 a.m. departure and I would later learn Jared left at a comfortable 10:00 a.m. sitting in first class on Virgin Atlantic getting a full body massage for most of the flight.

My journey was nothing like Jared's and I think Todd might have somehow sabotaged my flying experience as nothing seemed to go right.

Flying for a living I can honestly say that the cabin space has gotten smaller and I am going to go out on a limb and suggest that this particular airline, in an effort to lose less money, possibly added some extra seat rows, like 87 of them. During the boarding process, I walked down the narrow aisle toward my assigned seat and observed the frightening lack of distance from one row to the next. I knew in an instant that I was not going to fit into the row let alone be able to sit down and concluded that the only thing that would be able to circumnavigate the hair pin turn required to get into the seat aisle would be a life sized pop tart, without the frosting! No doubt in a bit of irony my golf clubs were probably comfortably sitting upright in cargo first class and after sipping some wine were now hitting practice balls towards the AFT lav.

Not wanting to pull any muscles before our very important match on Dan and Todd's home course I did some stretching in the aisle. I tried unsuccessfully to wedge my body into this small space and I remained hopeful that gravity would be of assistance in getting me into this narrow engineering nightmare. My knees were jammed somewhere between page 123 and 132 of the complimentary magazine as I was not yet seated but rather partially airborne as my body was lodged between the Lilliputian-like arm rests. Trying to manage a smile I grimaced in pain as my posterior finally made firm contact after much rocking back and forth. I was hopeful that I would be losing circulation and feeling to my extremities quickly. My seatback was not quite right as it was nowhere close to being perpendicular to the seat cushion.

In another sign of poor aviation times the actual seat cushion which doubles as a flotation device had been sat on by thousands, if not millions, of people making it about as thick and comforting as sitting on a golf tee. Over time an indentation was formed on this particular cushion in a similar manner that a glacier created the Columbia Gorge. As a result I was forced into an unfamiliar position that would not only be the definition of the word "violated" in any standard dictionary but it also reminded me of a very unpleasant visit to the doctor.

It has been said that I look through rose colored glasses which would not only account for my still positive attitude at that moment but it would also explain why every golf green I have ever been on always appear to be blue. I would be landing soon and victory would be mine.

To kill the time I opened my company provided laptop once it was safe to do so. After quite a few gymnastic like maneuvers including one Triple Salchow I finally got the computer in a position where the keyboard was actually supported by my stomach. The

screen could only open a small amount making it almost impossible to see anything. As I struggled to type it became clear that any work lasting more than 120 seconds would surely cause carpal tunnel syndrome. A tingling sensation overcame my right leg with pain that I can only imagine is associated with the early stages of spinal scoliosis.

The flight attendant then came over the PA and informed everyone that we should “sit back and enjoy the flight”. It was as if we were at the Texas Motor Speedway and all of us were lined up on the start line with a million dollar prize going to the person that reacted the fastest to this verbal green light.

The guy in front of me, apparently a relative of the Andretti family, reacted first as he pressed the button and torqued his seat back with such ferocity that I swear the flight attendant, had not even completed the word “enjoy”. Mario’s chair flew back at me without warning and into an immediate horizontal position. With bolts and screws flying through hitting me in the head no less than six times my laptop collapsed under the sudden pressure and locked into the closed position with a loud SLAM.

With all of this happening so fast there was no time to react. My brain had already fired off specific instructions to my fingers to continue typing my then present thought however stupid it might have been. Like a spider that just came face to face with a size 23 basketball shoe from a guy named Shaq, my fingers continued typing my thoughts at the rate of about 75 words per minute. With the laptop firmly closed and Mario’s head inappropriately in my lap I was actually typing on this dude’s forehead with each vowel keystroke grazing his nasal cavity.

In what seemed like an eternity, I stared down on him in total disbelief and shock of what had happened. I was definitely experiencing one of those unusual moments where I was speechless and unfortunately the first thought that came to mind became audible. “You know Sharper Image sells nose hair trimmers?”

After a rather unnerving silence and some angry staring, I finally convinced him that his seat was not the type that reclined for sleeping but rather suggested the distinct possibility that he was in a broken chair as no one else was lying down on the person behind them. He propped himself up, ordered another Jack and Sierra Mist and passed out leaving me in a very contorted position in desperate need of some physical and perhaps mental therapy while having doubts that my kidneys would ever function again.

Vowing never to fly commercial again and making a mental note to call Business Air Center to have our plane refurbished in their new modification center, I did the best that I could to stand up straight, gathered my clubs from baggage claim and very slowly flagged down a cab to take me to The Lafayette Golf Club in Chaska, Minnesota. It then dawned on me that we don’t have a corporate jet but I think that Business Air also charters but for sure Jared would never be booking my airfare again!

By the time I arrived it was clear that Todd, Dan and Jared had been there a while. I don’t know what happened but Todd was holding Dan in a headlock and Dan was

holding the Bombay Sapphire Remote Control in a hand that was always just out of Todd's desperate reach. Then as that was going on I saw out of the corner of my eye Jared sprinting towards them as if he was Ricky Williams chasing after a free bag of pot.

After the commotion died down, I hobbled over to the first tee box hunched over and feeling like that Tim Conway character that walked slower than a box turtle I grabbed my driver and gripped it just about 2 inches above the club head as I was incapable of standing up straight. I swung one of the most awkward swings in the history of golf and my shot blistered down the short grass of the tee box where it came to final resting place just three inches in front of me.

With much laughter from the peanut gallery, Jared was next to tee off and he approached his teed up ball with his driver in hand and the looseness that only an hour and a half massage can create. He rips one down the fairway about 100 yards and the last thing that I remember was watching it make a sharp U-turn as it headed straight back towards us.

When we all came to there was Rafiki standing above all four of us with four empty bottles of Elmer's Glue. We all got up slowly and were incapable of finishing the contest in our current condition. We walked off the tee box leaving the two balls, Refekée and Elmer's glue bottles. It was a given that we would meet again on the golf course at the 6th Annual Texas Shotgun, foursome on foursome to resolve this contest.

On behalf of Strom Aviation, the aviation community, all of our past attendees from throughout the country, our sponsors and our healthy competitiveness, it is both a privilege and an honor for Jared and I to personally invite you to this year's 6th Annual Texas Shotgun Golf Tournament to be held on the 11th of September at 1:30 p.m.

Please RSVP as soon as possible to ensure your spot as this is on a first come first serve basis. While the Saturday tournament is free to our attendees also include in your response whether you will be interested in playing in the pre-tournament skins game on Friday, September 10th at 2:00 p.m. at a cost of \$50.00 per player. Attendance to the skins event is optional but an RSVP is required.

Upon receipt of your confirmation e-mail you will be placed on the attendee list with more information to follow including pre-tournament skins round details, directions, what to bring, when to arrive, discounted hotel suggestions, etc.

Authors Note:

Marc Hossack has worked for Strom Aviation for ten years, lives in Colorado with his wife and two year old daughter who just recently beat him in miniature golf. He owns a limited edition horse's tail trophy for placing last place in a golf event and he is not bitter about his golfing inabilities as far as you know.

Jared Hatfield has worked for Strom Aviation for 5 years, lives in Texas with his wife and newborn girl who at 4 months has a better swing than her dad. While there is no documentable proof that he has ever danced around a golf green in a night gown it is a possibility and the authorities are interested in any pictures should you have them.

Todd Cole has worked for Strom Aviation for ten years, lives in Minnesota with his wife and two children, a monkey named Rafiki and a dog named Bombay Sapphire.

Dan Wrolson started Strom Aviation 12 years ago, lives in Minnesota with his wife and two children. He was last seen running from the scene of a circular dent in a 1968 Winnebago. He was recently dropped from his 4th insurance carrier due to golfing “incidents” but has since found a good deal on E-bay.

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