

# RNPA

# CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 168

NOVEMBER 2008



This airplane was phased out as the government decided to make single engine commercial passenger airline operations illegal. The Orion was a retractable gear airplane with a top speed of 220. A round trip from St. Paul to Jamestown ND cost 28 bucks.



Lockheed Orions at Holman Field  
Rare interior view showing the pilot's seat and cockpit

Photos courtesy of James Lindley





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**Each Member!**

The newsletter *RNPA Contrails* is published quarterly in February, May, August and November by the Retired Northwest Airlines Pilots' Association, a non-profit organization whose purpose is to maintain the friendships and associations of the members, to promote their general welfare, and assist those active pilots who are approaching retirement with the problems relating thereto. Membership is \$35 annually for Regular Members (NWA pilots, active or retired) and \$25 for Affiliate Members.

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» EVENTS CALENDAR «

**November 2008**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

**December 2008**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

7 MSP Christmas Party

11 SEA Christmas Party

**January 2009**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Dues bill will arrive early this month.

**February 2009**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

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**March 2009**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

18 SW Fla Luncheon

**April 2009**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

**May 2009**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

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**June 2009**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

11 MSP Summer Cruise

**July 2009**

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

**Future Reunions**

**Albuquerque:**  
 Sept. 28-30, 2009  
**Rapid City:**  
 Sept. 24-26, 2010  
**Omaha:**  
 Sept. 25-27, 2011



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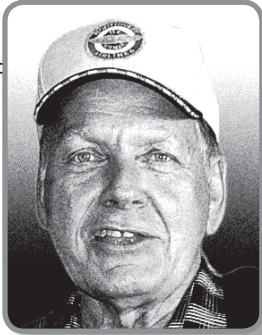
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## President's Report: Gary PISEL



Greetings,

Well RNPA did it again! Even though the turnout was smaller, we had one of the best reunions ever. Thanks to Dick Duxbury for doing all the planning and coordination. Because of his efforts we toured the U S Coast Guard Academy, the Nautilus and Mystic Village. The hotel provided excellent food and atmosphere to renew old acquaintances and make new friends.

At the reunion's annual general meeting elections of officers was held (this occurs every two years). I would like to thank all of you for placing confidence in me and the Board of Directors. We on the Board strive to make RNPA better and bigger. In this time of uncertainty and mergers, it is very important to acquire new members. Ask your friends to join, better yet give them a years' membership as a gift. I am sure they will renew.

As the merger progresses it is important that we keep our identity as well as learning the new company. We are Northwest and will be, even though our check has a Delta Logo on it. I am working with the retired Delta pilots to open the two groups to common goals. Perhaps we can even have some joint mixers or parties.

Coming next year is the REUNION in ABQ. Be sure to register early to earn the chance for a balloon ride. Sign up by Jan 1, 2009 and your name will be placed in the jar, winner to be drawn on the Summer Cruise. This will give you an opportunity to schedule the ride, along with friends, while attending the Reunion.

Again, thanks for placing your confidence in me as President.



## Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

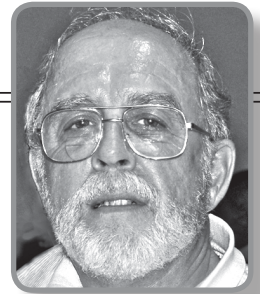
It's that time of year when the leaves turn colors, the temperature finally cools down in some parts of the country and winter looms in other parts of the country. Also its getting close to RNPA dues notice time. They will be sent out in late December. Just a couple of requests regarding your dues. First:

**DO NOT SEND IN ANY DUES UNTIL YOU RECEIVE YOUR NOTICE.**

**Then send in only the amount that appears on the notice.** The dues are \$35 for members and \$25 for affiliate members. For those of you that joined this year, the dues are on a calendar year, not on the anniversary of when you joined. Some applications were sent in on out of date applications with the old dues structure. The difference will be added to your next years' dues. If for some reason you do not want to continue as a member, please let me know so as to save me the time and effort of sending out a dues reminder notice. Also send your dues in a timely fashion and again save me the time effort and cost of a reminder notice. I plan on being gone on vacation from Jan 6th thru the 25th. It may take a while for your check to be deposited.

Thanks in advance for your cooperation.





## FIVE THINGS NEW

### NEW TALENT

It's always a pleasure discovering one of our group who can write well. Our feature story this issue was sent by a first-time contributor and a brand new RNPA member who is still working. After reading his article, I'm sure you will agree that James Baldwin is someone that we would like to hear more from. Welcome aboard, Jim.

However, none of our contributors, with the possible exception of Bob Root, expects to win a Pulitzer here. This ain't literature. It's our collective memoir, if you will. There are no demerits for grammar, punctuation, syntax or any of that other stuff we may have forgotten, if we ever knew it. Send me your stories in any form, please.

Which is a good lead-in for this:

### NEW COLUMN

That phrase "collective memoir" kind of spilled out onto the screen from somewhere and I rather like it. It's as good a description of what this new column is intended to be as anything I can think of offhand.

Think about this as a place to tell that great airline story that you and almost everyone else said we should have been writing down for that book that nobody ever wrote. As someone at the reunion said, "The statute of limitations has expired on that stuff. What're they going to do to us?" If some of that gets too specific, or too potentially pernicious, I will simply "bleep" it. (Our government calls that redacting.)

The column is called "Grinding Out Memories." How about grinding out one of your favorite stories for us?

### NEW STAFF MEMBER

Those who pay attention to such things will have noticed articles from James Lindley in many of the last several issues.

Jim has agreed to be RNPA's Historian.

It turns out that in his case he is an historian in fact, as well as in title. He is the Washington State Historian for the Sons of the American Revolution (WASSAR), where he manages 120 years of archives as well as serving as his chapter's president.

He and his wife have a large family scrapbook created by her uncle, Cecil DuRose, an early VP Western Region, NWA—a rich source of Northwest Airlines history.

Jim asks that if you have any older articles of historical interest that you send them to him. His contact info is in the Directory.

### NEW REASONS TO CONTRIBUTE ARTICLES

While in Hartford, I received several nice compliments on *Contrails*. It would be naive to suggest that we don't each appreciate some stroking now and then, but it's important to recognize why those accolades belong not to me exclusively. Two important reasons:

Reason 1: The contributions of Bob Root, Sue Duxbury and Vic Britt help make *Contrails* "shine." Bob is there every issue with a (usually) humorous, and always well-written, take on the more mundane aspects of our lives. Sue graces us with interesting articles for the distaff side of our group, and the rest of us too, I hope. Vic spends a great deal of time with the unpleasant task of gathering obituary info at a time of great stress for the survivors.

Those three people ease my efforts considerably. Take the time to thank them sometime, too.

Reason 2: If it's true, as I hear often, that each issue is better than the last (you'll have to be the judge of that) it may well be because of—*content*. Have you noticed lately that almost all of the articles have been authored by our own members, not just some interesting article that I happened to come across?

My objective for this magazine, as you have heard me say many times before, is to make it *about us, for us and by us* (read that in any order you choose).

I can do my best to wrestle this desktop publishing software so that what you see is as readable, appealing and "purty" as I know how to make it. But a whole lot of the pats-on-the-back I receive most assuredly belong to those of you who have taken the time to contribute your articles. Can you hear us all applauding?

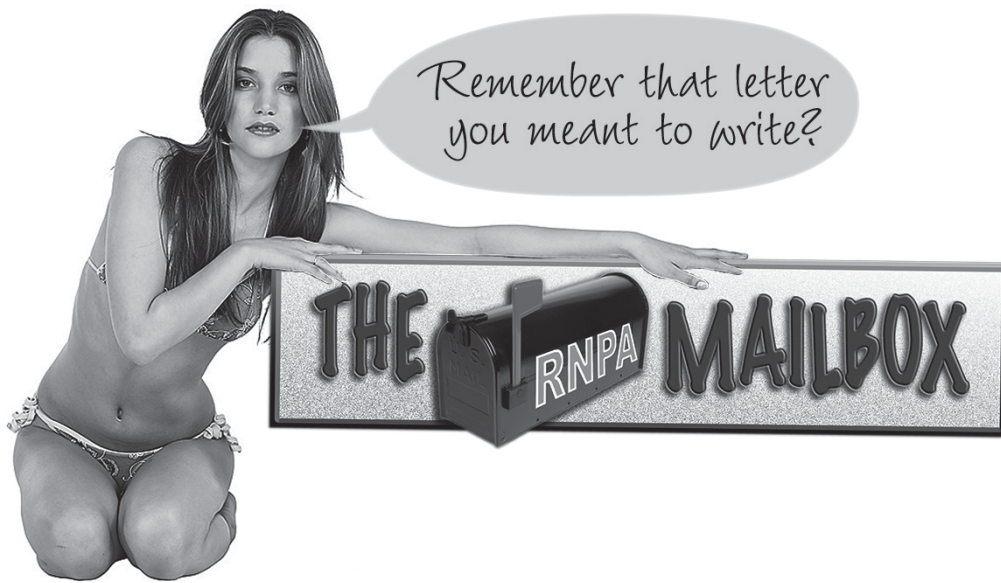
Thank you. Keep 'em coming.

### NEW YEAR

The old holiday greeting wishing "Peace, Prosperity and Happiness" seems particularly apropos this holiday season. From my family to yours, I wish those things for you and yours as we look forward to another trip around the sun.

Whatchabeenupto?





## Dan Stack



Good Morning Gary!

Ah, another friendly reminder. She says, "Can't we just be friends."

*[Dan's referring to the image above, which was sent in an email to all, reminding them to send mail for the Mailbox. -Ed.]*

The Fall colors here in central NH have become quite vibrant. Started just about the time I returned home from the RNPA Convention/Reunion in Hartford mid September.

What a nice time in Hartford! From the Thursday evening ice-breaker to saying our goodbyes Sunday morning. Great to discuss the rumors as well as the facts and fill in some of the empty blocks on others lives in the years since retirement.

The officers, board members and convention/reunion committee did a great job. Thanks to all! We can all look forward to next year in ABQ, the end of September.

My best!

Dan Stack

## John Firis



Dear Dino,

Here you are young man. This 94-year-old guy is finally catching up on dues. Sorry about that.

Still working at staying healthy—

out for a walk 3 times per day and total possibly 4 1/2 miles.

Left eye giving me some trouble. Eye specialist says it's a bleed problem and happens to the elderly folk. Vision not too good. No guarantee that it'll get better.

Recently renewed my driver's license and was told that good vision with one eye is all that I need. Made no trips lately and probably no more travels for me.

Hey man, far too [many] times around the world, who needs more?

Kindest Regards,

John Firis

## Tom Gattone



Hi Gary,

First I would like to introduce myself. My name is Tom Gattone, retired [DL] aircraft mtc and avo out of SAN. I retired in 1992 and since moved to FL. In 1998 I built a house in Port Charlotte and my neighbor and now my good friend is a retired NW pilot, Captain David Good. I have read your magazine in the past, but I really enjoyed "The Joy of Pass Riding" by Bill Barrott. I can relate to it as I have been doing it for over 40 years. The enjoyment that Bill found, I found many times on DL. Just thought I would drop a short line.

Tom Gattone

## Loren DeShon



Gary,

Just a little note regarding the May issue and Lee Carver.

Lee Carver (not a pilot) submitted a letter asking for help locating a previous owner of a Corvette that he owns. I might have passed over his letter, except for the reference to a "split window" coupe. I was that previous owner. Sold the car to a Midway pilot in 1972. Lee and I have been in contact and he is very happy to get more details regarding the history of the car. Interestingly, his letter appeared immediately after mine in the May issue.

Loren DeShon

## David Napier



Dino:

First of all I want to thank you for all the great work that you do with RNPA. You have not lost one step.

I did not change my phone number, the phone co. did, they changed the area code from 908 to 732. My correct number is 732-938-2685.

I still collect and work on my antique firetrucks. I'm involved with a national organization that tells me I'm not totally insane. We started a local chapter in my area, and they elected me the president. They have kept up this madness for the last 16 years. In the national organization I have worked my way up to junior vice president.

I try and keep two trucks running, and one to work on. This keeps me out of Judi's hair and gives me something to do with my time.

I try and go out to Montana and visit my dear friends the Parrotts. This year I had to stay at home due to Judi's loss of a daughter, but by hunting season I'll be there.

Blue side up!

David Napier



**Sterling Bentsen**



Hello everyone,

For those of you that missed the Hartford reunion, you missed a great time. It was again fun to visit with so many of my fellow pilots and their mates.

I sure hope that many of you that have never attended a reunion will make plans on being at the next one. You do not have to be retired to attend.

We are already making plans for ABQ and plan to spend at least one day at the end of the reunion to see the many, many balloons that will be there. Hope to see a lot of you next September.

To the "Management team," you all do a great job. I am very glad that I have been able to attend the last 3 Reunions. It is now time for some of you new retired pilots to show up.

Thanks for all the hard work you all do.

Sterling Bentsen

Morris, an 82-year-old man went to the doctor to get a physical. A few days later, the doctor saw Morris walking down the street with a gorgeous young lady on his arm. At his next appointment, the doctor greeted Morris with, "You're really doing great, aren't you?"

Morris replied, "Just doing what you said Doc, "Get a hot mama and be cheerful."

The doctor smiled and said, "I didn't say that. I said you got a heart murmur. Be careful."



### **U.S. Marine Gunnery Sergeant Saves The Life of USAF Officer Riding Horseback**

Yet another unselfish act of heroism performed by a man wearing the Eagle, Globe and Anchor:

An Air Force Captain narrowly escaped serious injury recently when he decided to try horseback riding, even though he had no lessons or prior experience. He mounted the horse, unassisted, and the horse immediately sprang into action. As it galloped along at a steady and rhythmic pace, the Captain began to slip from the saddle. In terror, he grabbed for the horse's mane, but could not get a firm grip. He tried to throw his arms around the horse's neck, but he began to slide down the side of the horse anyway!

The horse galloped along, seemingly impervious to its slipping rider. Finally, losing his frail grip, the Captain attempted to leap away from the horse and throw himself to safety. Unfortunately, his foot became entangled in the stirrup, and he was now at the mercy of the horse's pounding hooves as his head struck against the ground over and over.

As his head was being battered against the ground and he was mere moments away from unconsciousness, to his great fortune, a Marine Gunnery Sergeant shopping at Wal-Mart saw him and quickly unplugged the horse.

*(Contributed by Vic Britt)*

**Dick Smith**



Thank you, Gary, for another outstanding issue of Contrails along with your very thoughtful comments under Editor's Notes. They are much appreciated.

You and your staff are fulfilling your wish to make each issue better than the last.

After reading Vic's "Flown West", we all realize more than ever the loss of three very remarkable individuals. Phil Schacht played such a vital and indispensable role in the Minnesota Soaring Club for so many years.

Would it be possible to get an extra copy of this issue to share with our members? I will gladly mail you a check for the cost if this can be done.

Cheers,  
Dick Smith

*Dick's copy was sent. We usually have printer's overruns. If you would like an extra, send me \$3 for each copy. Most of that will go to cover first class postage. -Editor.*

**Larry Rakunas**



Hi Gary,

Thanks to all the folks at RNPA for putting on a great reunion/convention. This being only my second RNPA reunion and Mary's first, we both felt welcomed and had a great time.

The Hartford area was interesting as were the excursions. The Marriot was a very pleasant hotel with a great central location. Tom Schellinger's banquet invocation was inspiring and the gala was a wonderful conclusion to a great gathering. We got to spend another week in the Cape Cod area before heading home.

I appreciate the opportunity to get together with my fellow retired pilots and look forward to ABQ.

Larry Rakunas



## IT'S NEVER TOO LATE



Under the heading of “It’s never too late”, I am passing this along for what it is worth. I am reluctant in some ways to do this out of concern some might think I am tooting my horn and, in some small way, maybe I am. Also, with my being in good health, I am reluctant to pass this on due to the friends among us who are struggling with serious and life-threatening issues. I hope this will be seen in a positive light and maybe trigger some thoughts.

When I turned 66 and after signing up for Medicare, I was asking, how could I be on Medicare when I have not grown up yet? Well, there was probably more truth in that than I care to admit. Lifestyle changes were in order. The one thing I had going for me was never having smoked, but other areas were out of control. With help, support and having my fitness guru son all over me like a coat of paint, we set some goals and I looked at my bucket list. What a great concept. Anyway, the end-result and four years later, I managed to drop 55 pounds and get in shape for a dream that I had almost given up on.

In August, eight of us, including my son Chris and daughter Heather, made it to the summit of Mt. Rainier. I absolutely love that mountain, whether hiking at the lower levels or flying around it (probably closer than we should have been legally) when I was still flying. My goal was to get as high as I could and enjoy it. Man, what an awesome experience to do something I had all but given up on. It was without a doubt that hardest physical thing I have ever done, but also one of the most beau-

tiful. We experienced numerous things I have not seen since my flying days. Those of you who have done Rainier or other high mountains understand. One can look at pictures forever, but there is nothing like getting up close to active glaciers and crevasses. My son and I were in the summit crater when my daughter came over the crater lip into view. I just lost it and cried. You talk about putting pressure on your kids. Can you imagine their thoughts of not making it if their old fart dad did at age 70?

We were blessed with a great group, good weather, no altitude sickness issues and a fantastic guide team from International Mountain Guides in Ashford, Washington.

I think there are now three guide services at Rainier that have some permanent facilities on the mountain and in my book they are tops. Check out their web site since they do climbs and treks all over the world. Three of their owners are Phil Ershler, Geo Dunn and Erik Simonson and all are world famous mountaineers.

My son Chris is a health and fitness motivational speaker in Denmark where he lives. He is involved in a TV special over there called “It’s Never Too Late”. Our whole climb was filmed for this program geared for older people. With my memory, this video footage will be priceless.

Now, I am not suggesting that people think about climbing mountains, but I am suggesting that if you have not already done so, take a look at your bucket list and the dreams that you have not fulfilled. Don’t be too quick to chalk them off because of your age or fitness. I am one grateful dude.

I am still volunteering in the Fear of Flying Clinic here in Seattle and at the Museum of Flight at Boeing Field. There are all kinds of volunteer activities at the MOF. What a fantastic air and space museum that has become. If you haven’t seen the new space exhibit, you are in for a treat.

Thank you all for what you all do for us and for helping to keep memories of this great airline alive and well. They will never take that away from us.

Cal MacDonal  
Mukilteo, WA





Hello Gary,

If you have need for some filler in Contrails, I have enclosed a few words that I hope some crewmembers can relate to.

Now eight years past my NWA career I finally got around to joining RNPA. It was fun to read the back issues that came with my membership.

I'm flying a beautiful corporate jet for a private individual. I still enjoy setting the altimeter to 29.92 and getting into the flight levels.

The best to you,  
Dan Gildner

#### FLYING BLIND

The huge 747-400 had lifted its 870,000 lbs into the air just six hours earlier. It roared off the runway from Beijing, China with all 418 seats filled. Onboard were mostly ex-patriots returning to the states for the Christmas holidays. Additionally, 5 mothers had babes in arms, plus 15 flight attendants, 2 interpreters and 4 pilots made up the crew. Two pilots were currently sleeping in the crew quarters.

The flight plan filed with the international civil aviation organization showed 444 souls on board. It listed the aircraft's route, altitude, speed, and flight time. Remarks mentioned a red tail and yellow life rafts.

The senior captain was on duty over west central Alaska. He knew there was a full moon off to his right rear quarter causing eerie light conditions in the clouds. Over the Bering Sea he had checked in with Anchorage air traffic control. It was good to be talking to a U.S. controller after flying out of China over Manchuria and Siberia. The Chinese and Russians spoke English as the International aviation language but communications were always difficult.

He considered the flight's situation as perfect. Anchorage was ahead and to the right 150 miles. 20,300 ft Mount McKinley was off to the left and closer. He had the ship in the jet stream with its 160 mph wind right on the tail. Add that to his cruise speed of 550 mph and he was smoking over the ground at more than 700 mph. Even though he was flying blind the air was smooth and the situation perfect for a continued smooth flight to Detroit.

As he reflected on this, from his left seat on the

dimly lit flight deck, he could visualize the darkened cabin with dozing passengers, the glow of lights from the galleys where the flight attendants chatted and planned the breakfast service. He thought about this beautiful new 175-million-dollar ship.

Painted under the cockpit windows was "The City of Detroit." She had been put into service just 2 weeks earlier and still smelled like a new car. After 42 years of flying, including U.S. Navy service and 34 years with his airline, he was at the top of his profession. He was flying the biggest, newest equipment on the longest routes. He had a lovely wife and 3 bright successful children. Surely any pilot in the world would want to be in his place right now.

Did he think he was more than a mortal?

God was about to give him a wake up call. Stop and imagine the ways he could do that... suddenly the jet stream veered to the south. The 747 gave a slight shudder as it was spit out into cooler, dryer air. The captain's eyes grew very large.

There, close below on the left was the magnificence of the glacier capped Mount McKinley. Its top less than 11,000 feet below and its immense entirety bathed in the full moon's light. It looked very close and powerful.

Almost immediately a bigger glow caught his attention. His eyes lifted to the green and yellow shimmering fireworks of the northern lights. They rippled across the sky like a stage curtain and covered the heavens from the northern horizon to high above the aircraft. Pulling his eyes away to look straight ahead he was treated to the red-orange glow of the soon to rise sun. A spot of bright light, the morning star, was centered in the glow.

Looking further around to the right the moon smiled at him from the southwest. Something else caught his eye, a few sparkling lights from the city of Anchorage. How small and insignificant they looked.

Below him he visualized a trapper outside his cabin, snowshoes on, rigging his dog's harness in the predawn moonlight. The trapper could certainly hear a faint sound of the jet and if he bothered to watch he would notice the occasional flash of the anti-collision light as a tiny speck crawled across the sky.

Inside that tiny speck a man murmured, "Thank you God, I needed that."



## LADDIES IN WAITING-ALAMEDA-JOHN B

Three thirty in the afternoon and the scattered, clouds several thousand feet above me were reflecting color from the afternoon sun, I remember the rays were angled from slightly below so there was a pink color almost as though it was setting. Viewing this beauty from 21,000' I thought, "This almost makes it worth it." The weather had drastically changed from only that morning when a fast moving front had screamed across the San Francisco Bay area with high winds, heavy rain and low clouds.

Fortunately we VMF 133 squadron pilots were not flying but were in the ready room getting briefed for the mornings flights, all of us that is except for two; Del Watts, our C.O. and John B. Who were returning from a southern California air base and at that time were approaching the initial fix for an approach back to Alameda. John was in the lead aircraft who, although younger, had more experience in the A4.

Their flight had to be sequenced almost from takeoff to be able to fit into the chaotic situation going on at the major airports in the Bay Area: San Jose and NAS Moffet in the south bay plus, just 30 miles northwest, was Oakland and Alameda in the east Bay and San Francisco on the west side. The strong pre-frontal winds rolling across the high terrain that surrounds the area plus the thick clouds and driving rain was making it difficult for Del to stay close enough to maintain his position on John's left side.

The A4 with its small wing is normally easy to fly formation on in an instrument approach, you just keep off to the side, step down and back just enough so you can see your section leader's hand signals alerting you to impending aircraft configurations like gear or flaps down. This morning the task was made much more difficult partially by the turbulence which you could kinda roll with because both aircraft were (usually) tossed the same direction since they were so close to each other, but mostly by the reduced visibility due to the heavy rain and very dense clouds, sometimes so thick that Del having lost visual contact (he is only 10 feet away) was several times almost forced to break away to the left in fear of a collision.

Bay approach control assumed responsibility of the section from Oakland Center during the descent and then passed this control over to Alameda Ground Control Approach (GCA). The flight of A4s was being directed by ground radar to continue descent until breaking out to visual conditions. The first signs of the surface was of brown water that was angry with wind driven waves blowing to the south east pushed by a 30 knot wind, vague sightings of familiar Bay Area land marks and then Alameda's runway 31 dead ahead. John puts the section in a left turn to

get enough spacing from the runway so they can make the right turn to land in the opposite direction and into the wind.

These two pilots have a lot on their plate! They are about 400' above the surface (500 is the legal minimum but hey only God controls the clouds and you go as low as you need to when you have about 20 minutes of fuel left), the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge is just about ¾ mile north of the runway they are setting up to land on and the 30 knot tail wind added to the 150 knot maneuvering speed they need to fly will make it difficult to stay inside it (every 20 seconds you travel a mile).

The "wheels watch" officer at the end of the runway peering through the heavy rain sees the flight starting a right turn to the runway as number two aircraft is trying to get some separation so they don't land in section (which is illegal). This means that Del is trying to slow down but there isn't much airspeed to play with since John has had to keep the flight's speed down because the Bay Bridge was so close. One other thing that adds to their problems is that the A4-A aircraft did not have windshield wipers so as long as they are in a turn and looking out the side they could see pretty good but once lined up with the runway the visibility forward was zero! You had to be aware of this and continue using some peripheral vision and a glance at your instruments to keep the wings level and more or less guess that the runway was in front of you.

John in the number one aircraft passed the landing end of the runway and the wheels watch officer turns to concentrate on the second aircraft and is startled to see that he is dangerously close to the water and still descending, grabbing the radio mike he starts to shout a warning when he hears the sounds of an aircraft with full power waving off. Turning around he sees the number one aircraft touching down on the runway inverted! The concussion of the crash and the subsequent explosion of the aircraft overwhelmed any further concerns about Del Watts in the second aircraft.

At 0830 the phone rings in the squadron ready room, now this is a tragedy that involves all of us, as a group we run to a point where we can see the column of black smoke realizing that at least one of our mates has probably perished but which one? A quick inspection of the aircraft sign out sheets indicates that John was flying the plane that is beneath the pall of flames and smoke on the runway. The skipper Del managed to proceed south and get an emergency approach to NAS Moffet, I can only imagine his state of mind as he flew by the burning wreckage knowing almost certainly that his squadron mate was dead.

Tommy Tinker

*Note: John was a San Francisco architect and Dell Watts owned an auto mechanical garage in Sacramento.*



## Only The Irish Have Jokes Like These

An Irishman who had a little too much to drink is driving home from the city one night and, of course, his car is weaving violently all over the road.

A cop pulls him over.

"So," says the cop to the driver, "Where have ya been?"

"Why, I've been to the pub of course," slurs the drunk.

"Well," says the cop, "It looks like you've had quite a few to drink this evening."

"I did all right," the drunk says with a smile.

"Did you know," says the cop, standing straight and folding his arms across his chest, "That a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?"

"Oh, thank heavens," sighs the drunk. "For a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf."



Brenda O'Malley is home making dinner, as usual, when Tim Finnegan arrives at her door.

"Brenda, may I come in?" he asks. "I've somethin' to tell ya".

"Of course you can come in, you're always welcome, Tim. But where's my husband?"

"That's what I'm here to be telling ya, Brenda. There was an accident down at the Guinness brewery..."

"Oh, God no!" cries Brenda. "Please don't tell me."

"I must, Brenda. Your husband Shamus is dead and gone. I'm sorry."

Finally, she looked up at Tim.

"How did it happen, Tim?"

"It was terrible, Brenda. He fell into a vat of Guinness Stout and drowned."

"Oh my dear Jesus! But you must tell me truth, Tim."

Did he at least go quickly?"

"Well, Brenda... no. In fact, he got out three times to pee."

Mary Clancy goes up to Father O'Grady after his Sunday morning service, and she's in tears.

He says, "So what's bothering you, Mary my dear?"

She says, "Oh, Father, I've got terrible news. My husband passed away last night."

The priest says, "Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, Mary, did he have any last requests?"

She says, "That he did, Father."

The priest says, "What did he ask, Mary?"

She says, "He said, 'Please Mary, put down that damn gun...'"

### THE BEST FOR LAST

A drunk staggers into a Catholic Church, enters a confessional booth, sits down, but says nothing.

The Priest coughs a few times to get his attention but the drunk continues to sit there.

Finally, the Priest pounds three times on the wall.

The drunk mumbles, "Ain't no use knockin', there's no paper on this side either."

*(Contributed by Bill Rataczak)*



### MILEAGE

A recent study found the average American walks about 900 miles per year.

Another study found Americans drink, on average, 22 gallons of alcohol a year.

That means, on average, Americans get about 41 miles to the gallon.

Damn we're good! Makes You Proud To Be An American!

*(Contributed by Romelle Lemley)*



Gary,

My memory might not be entirely accurate, but this incident occurred after the 1970 BRAC strike and the 1972 pilot strike, but I can't be sure if it happened in the Fall of 1973 or 1974, before or after the "fuel crisis" of 1973. In any case, I was working as a second officer on the 727.

We were scheduled to fly a trip from MSP to SFO on a Sunday evening from the old "gold" concourse. It was a connecting flight from a 747 (new, in those days) arriving from London. On board the 747 was an Irish Soccer team that was continuing on to SFO for a series of matches on the west coast. Apparently enroute, the soccer team attempted, and succeeded, in drinking all of the liquor on board. They then, according to all reports, further amused themselves by insulting and "moon-ing" the other passengers and crew for the remainder of the flight. On arrival in MSP, the local authorities met them and kept them under "observation" until NWA could decide what to do with them.

Phil Hallin was the Captain, and the agent came over to him and explained the situation, saying that the soccer team promised to "be good" and wouldn't drink any liquor enroute to SFO. I went to the 727 to do the preflight, and Phil went over to take a look at the soccer team. I guess it wasn't a pretty picture, and Phil told the agent and our crew that the team wasn't going to SFO with us.

The flight was uneventful once we got under way. Many of the passengers had come over on the flight from London, and they thanked the cabin crew and Phil for not taking the soccer team on to SFO, as they were very obnoxious on the London flight. We didn't think much

more of it, but as we crew deplaned in SFO, a very British gentleman, three-piece suit, briefcase, monocle, etc. asked us, "Where is the soccer team?" We said that they were probably still back in MSP.

I don't know if they ever got to the west coast to play any of their matches.

Skip Foster

*P.S. Here's a good story from one of my pilot training classmates who went to work for AA:*

Starting in 1941, an increasing number of British airmen found themselves as the involuntary guests of the Third Reich, and the authorities were casting-about for ways and means to facilitate their escape.

Now obviously, one of the most helpful aids to that end is a useful and accurate map, one showing not only where-stuff-was, but also showing the locations of "safe houses," where a POW on the loose could go for food and shelter.

Paper maps had some real drawbacks: They make a lot of noise when you open and fold them, they wear out rapidly, and if they get wet, they turn into mush.

Someone in MI-5 got the idea of printing escape maps on silk. It's durable, can be scrunched-up into tiny wads, and unfolded as many times as needed, and makes no noise whatsoever. At that time, there was only one manufacturer in Great Britain that had perfected the technology of printing on silk, and that was John Waddington, Ltd.

When approached by the government, the firm was only too happy to do its bit for the war effort. By pure coincidence, Waddington was also the U.K. licensee for the popular American board game, Monopoly. As it happened, "Games and Pastimes" was a category of item qualified for insertion into CARE

packages, dispatched by the International Red Cross, to prisoners of war. Under the strictest of secrecy, in a securely guarded and inaccessible old workshop on the grounds of Waddington's, a group of sworn-to-secrecy employees began mass-producing escape maps, keyed to each region of Germany or Italy where Allied POW camps were located. (Red Cross packages were delivered to prisoners in accordance with that same regional system.) When processed, these maps could be folded into such tiny dots that they would actually fit inside a Monopoly playing piece.

As long as they were at it, the clever workmen at Waddington's also managed to add: 1) A playing token, containing a small magnetic compass; 2) A two-part metal file that could easily be screwed together; 3) Useful amounts of genuine high-denomination German, Italian, and French currency, hidden within the piles of Monopoly money!

British and American air-crews were advised, before taking off on their first mission, how to identify a "rigged" Monopoly set—by means of a tiny red dot, one cleverly rigged to look like an ordinary printing glitch, located in the corner of the Free Parking square!

Of the estimated 35,000 Allied POWs who successfully escaped, an estimated one-third were aided in their flight by the rigged Monopoly sets. Everyone who did so was sworn to secrecy indefinitely, since the British government might want to use this highly successful ruse in still another, future war.

The story wasn't declassified until 2007, when the surviving craftsmen from Waddington's, as well as the firm itself, were finally honored in a public ceremony. Anyway, it's always nice when you can play that "Get Out of Jail Free" card.





Hi Gary,

What have the Pisel's been up to these past few months? Well here goes:

On June 17 we left the heat of Phoenix and headed east. Each mile we went it seemed the temperature did not decrease and the humidity did. Driving thru the Midwest was very interesting as our new weather radio's alarm was continually sounding. Luckily we avoided any major storms or flash floods. Finally by the time we arrived in Niagara Falls both the temperature and humidity had lowered. A few days at Niagara Falls were well worth the stop.

After the Falls we headed to Boston where we met up with several others: the Deshons, Sovereign's, and the Olivas. The Fourth of July was at hand and a day on the Boston Commons and The Boston Pops was in order. It should be on anyone's bucket list.

Next on the agenda we traveled up to Maine and the town of Trenton. Here the Bredahl's joined our group. We spent time in Bar Harbor before leaving on our Maritime Caravan. This was a 33 day trip into the heart of the Canadian Maritimes. We visited New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Labrador, Prince Edward Island. It was a very fast paced trip with lots of history, good food and beautiful scenery.

With the caravan over, we returned to Maine and regrouped. Several of the people went different directions. Bredahl's and we went into the New England states of Vermont and New Hampshire. It was a bit early for color, but the scenery was still spectacular. Now it was time to head to Hartford and the RNPA Reunion. Leaving the coach in a campground, we stayed in the hotel where all the fun really is.

After the reunion, we headed across the Long Island Sound by ferry and drove the length of Long Island. We wanted to cross the Verrazano-Narrows bridge [see below], but construction prohibited that, so instead we crossed the George Washington Bridge and stopped at Jersey City's Liberty Harbor Campground. This RV Park is right on the Hudson, directly across from ground zero. We were able to take subways and ferry to visit the city each day.

Moving further south, we stopped at Egg Harbor, NJ, while Barbara and Gayla flew to Santa Fe for a wedding. While they were gone, Myron and I visited the old haunts I used to frequent while based at McGuire back in the 60's.

Leaving NJ, we were traveling alone. We headed south to the ferry at Cape May going to Delaware and Ocean City. From there down towards Norfolk and the Bridge Tunnel to spend time at Virginia Beach. Next on the route we headed south to the OBX, Outer Banks. This is an interesting area of how a sand bar can be built upon.

From here we will again take ferries south and head towards Myrtle Beach SC. Our plans are to go as far south as Key West, but I will have to update you on that later.

To date we have driven 7,560 miles in the motor home and will drive another 4,300 miles before returning home November 9. We have visited 21 states with 6 more to go. We have ridden 6 ferries, crossed several large bridges and dined on more seafood than I thought possible.

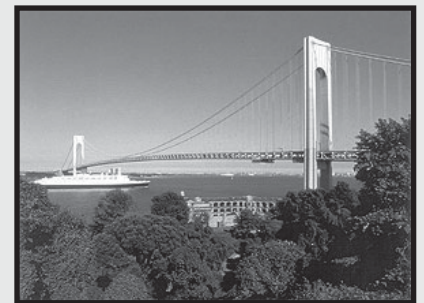
It has been a wonderful excursion of the East Coast.

Gary Pisel

When it opened in 1964, the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge was the world's longest suspension span. The ends of the bridge are at historic Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn and Fort Wadsworth in Staten Island, both of which guarded New York Harbor at the Narrows for over a century. The bridge was named after Giovanni da Verrazano, who, in 1524, was the first European explorer to sail into New York Harbor.

Its monumental 693 foot high towers are  $1\frac{5}{8}$  inches farther apart at their tops than at their bases because the 4,260 foot distance between them made it necessary to compensate for the earth's curvature. Each tower weighs 27,000 tons and is held together with three million rivets and one million bolts. Seasonal contractions and expansions of the steel cables cause the double-decked roadway to be 12 feet lower in the summer than in the winter.

*Editor's personal note: The USS Saratoga visited the 1964-65 New York World's Fair for one week. At the conclusion of our visit, while steaming out of New York Harbor, yours truly was launched in his Phantom II just as the ship's bow cleared under the bridge. A single-plane minor airshow ensued. What fun a young man could have with taxpayers' machinery!*



## Dick Schlader



Gary:

Just a line to offer my congrats on another fine issue of Contrails. The graphics on the front and back, although beautifully done, were grim reminders of the coming demise of NWA as we knew it.

In 1943 I lived in a fourplex in MSP upstairs of an NWA copilot named Gordon Ruona who one day took me for my first airplane ride in a piper cub.

I decided then and there that I wanted to be a pilot for Northwest. As time went on the dream was realized, and I had the good fortune to be Gordon's co-pilot on his first Captain trip to Billings on a DC-3.

Gordon's son Bradley became a pilot for Northwest via Republic, and ended his career as a check airman on the DC-10, I believe. Gordon's daughter Susie followed her dad to Northwest as a flight attendant for more than 30 years. Susie passed away suddenly about a year or two ago.

I started with NWA in September of 1950, and my class was furloughed before finishing ground school. I was hired by PAA shortly thereafter, and I remained for a year and a half, qualified on L-049/749 Connie, domiciled in Beirut and later London. We flew round the world land sectors to HKG via BRU, FRA, MUN, IST and Beirut for a layover. Then to Basra, Karachi, New Delhi, Calcutta, Bangkok and HKG.

Kaitak airport then had a runway tucked up alongside the mountain NE/SW. No long 13-31. But that's another story.

The August issue had great articles and stories. I especially enjoyed the story on Julie Clark and her exploits. I remember well the incident when her father was murdered in flight. Ron Murdock's marvelous recollection of all the problems of

flying the Pacific with the prop aircraft is a great story. Where did he develop his writing skills? I would never give thought to arguing with such an intellect, but weren't the engines on the DC7-C Wright compounds? I worked with Ron on a couple 6 month checks in simulators more than 22 years ago. Smoooooth!!

REMINDER: A word to any and all who are thinking about the 2009 SW Florida Luncheon. It will again be held at the Colony Country Club in Bonita Springs. It's a great facility and the food has been superb. The date is March 18 so sign up soon so Doni Jo will quit worrying.

Best to you and Mona,  
Dick Schlader

## Rique Beslin



Dino,

A welcome from Arkansas to all the folks from Northwest. Just received the latest issue of Contrails and wondered if the pictures on the front of the issue and the back page of the wings were to be offered for sale to us as a remembrance of what once was a very enjoyable and professional airline?

I think I can go back to the 707 tail logo, but remember two previous to that on our Company Manual.

Many thanks for the work you are all doing. A labor of love, obviously.

Carmaleita and I are doing fine despite a few bumps in the road and are still traveling in our motorhome, although much less with the price of diesel these days.

Again, our thanks and gratitude for a job well done.

Rique Beslin

*See elsewhere in this issue for how to order a copy of the "NWA Flown West" photo. -Ed.*

## Royce Wold



Dino, Gary F, Gary P, et al:

Thanx to each and all for your outstanding publication! I have enjoyed every word and picture.

While reading Ron Murdock's "Propellers on the North Pacific" I was reminded of an anecdote involving Ron. On an early '60s DC-8 flight eastbound over the mid-Pacific, Ron was the F/O. This was a Doppler "proving run" flight with Check Airman Russ Sorkness checking.

During these "good ol' days" one of the pilots was required to wear his oxygen mask at all times above 25,000 feet. Enroute, C/A Russ asked F/O Ron to plot a Doppler position fix. Ron, with oxygen mask attached to his face, set to work on his Doppler plotting board.

After some minutes, Ron looked up and Russ asked, "Where do you have us?" Ron's answer, "I have us 20 miles east of my oxygen hose."

The crew was elated that Ron could calculate our exact position with his use of Doppler and Loran!

Bottoms up,  
Royce Wold

## Steve White



Finally broke down and bought our first RV. Expecting pretty good mileage from this one. Looking forward to doing one of those trips to the Copper Canyon, in Mexico.

Steve White





That pretty girl was a memory jogger. Good idea.  
*[Another reference to that email sent to the membership. -Ed.]*

So here's our story:

Wanda & I are just back from a 19 day trip to So. Africa and Namibia. Namibia was just in the news, a Portugese wreck found on the forbidden coast, lots of gold coins. We found other things, helpful and generous people, and lots of beautiful country. Got as far as

Luderitz, Namibia. (find that on Google earth).

By the way, we flew with the new owners, Delta. Nice folks, nice flight. But's a long haul from Seattle to Capetown. Big Jet Lag. Cheap tho, and that's what counts.



Our kids don't want us wasting money on real tickets.

All gravel roads in Namibia, but nice ones. Wanda is also in the pic where we are fording the creek.

Our SAA pilot friend provided the '08 BMW bike, R1200GS model.

We provide a K1200LT for him when he comes to America. It's a nice International trading agreement.

Saw some of the old friends at the summer picnic at Dave & Mary's place. Thanks Mary.

Best Regards to all,  
 Steve & Wanda White

Mr. Editor;

See the request at the end of the letter. Maybe you could publish this, or enough of it to elicit a response for Tod. He was one of the SAA pilots I met on my first motorcycle ride in South Africa.

Much Gras,  
 Steve White

Hi Steve and Wanda,

Yes, unfortunately, the flying was stopped short by the stroke. I'd just done a flight medical, so my faith in the medical profession needs a bit of work, luckily they don't fly. I'd actually done quite a bit of research on strokes about a year before I had one (my father in law had suffered one and I realized that no one was telling him anything, what he could expect recovery wise or even what was going on with him. (He is bed ridden, can't talk or walk. So I genned myself up as much as I could. I realize now why no one was telling him anything, there are no real experts here and they don't re-

ally know, none of the therapists or doctor types have ever had a stroke. Mine was what they call a-typical, they know what happened, not why. No symptoms prior etc (I was 43 when it happened)

Relatively, I'm lucky compared to some strokes, I can walk and talk and drive a stick shift. The airline came to the party fortunately. I still receive a monthly salary until 63, then I "retire" on pension. I keep my travel perks. I just don't fly anymore, and I am spending a lot of time with the kids, 6 and 4 now—that is great. My wife has been fantastic, bless her. My time is my own now. I'm doing a lot of photography, aeroplanes mostly.

My confidence took a bit of a knock after this "incident" and I've lost touch with a lot of people. (I can say now though that a photograph I took is on display on Whidbey Island, U.S.A.)

This is a long shot, but you don't perhaps know of any other pilot in America that's had a stroke?

Keep safe now and God Bless,  
 Tod



Hi to all,

Usually the only time you hear from me is when I'm trying to get you to pay your dues. In the unlikely event that some of you care about my activities, here is a quick update.

I retired from coaching high school football after the 2006 season so that Karen and I could do a little traveling before I got too old. We have spent the last two summers traveling in the US and Canada. In 2007 we put 10,000 miles on our car traveling up the east coast then on to Minnesota, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and the convention, then home via Oklahoma to visit our son. Did a lot

of camping and of course the Reno convention.

This past summer we joined up with 5 other pilots and their wives for the 4th of July Boston pops concert and fire works and then we all departed on a 33 day caravan tour of the maritime region of Canada including Newfoundland, Labrador and Prince Edward Island.

In all we, traveled another 7000 miles and that was in a 1984 VW pop-up camper. We were dwarfed by all the other big rigs around us.

We spent two weeks at home and again departed, this time by car up the east coast to Hartford for the re-

union. We stopped enroute at Williamsburg Va. It is a well worthwhile trip and we are considering a reunion there in the future. After the reunion, off again to Minnesota to visit Bill Rataczak and another retired pilot friend of mine, Dick Irgens.

Spent a little time on a lake in Northern Minnesota to check out the fall colors. I flew home on a Delta pass and Karen is spending some time with her mom. The Delta pass worked out ok once I got thru all the rigmarole of getting it. Well that's about enough about us. How about you letting us know about you.

Dino Oliva

NWA Orient Survey Flight to Tokyo  
March, 1952  
Some familiar names are noted.







### ANOTHER FUN FILLED DAY

Many of you will remember that Chuck Doyle's personal airplane color was turquoise as seen on the 450 Stearman. Not to be outdone, Chuck Jr. decided it was time to have his very own turquoise Super Decathlon.



Chuck Sr. with his 450 Stearman used for sky writing and banner towing. Chuck jr. is in the process of restoring this Stearman.

In early September "crew scheds" in the form of Roy Redman at Rare Aircraft in Owatonna "forced" me to pick up Chuck's new Super D from the factory at the Fox Valley, Wisconsin airport. It was rotten duty, but as many of you know ramp turns always held a special place in my heart. So I reluctantly elected to do my patriotic duty. So off to 96C I went with my daughter Lisa in my Super D to pick up Chuck's new machine. I always fly the new ones! Lisa would be the better looking of the 2 and is wearing shorts.

I was able to get a picture of the G meter for Chuck after my landing in Owatonna to show him my landings were coming along nicely. Please notice that I did not exceed any parameters! Fortunately we did not have to land anywhere where somebody might ask questions like "who picked your color?" Actually the more I see it the more it grows on me.



Fly Safe,  
Bob Peasley



Not married, has a nice Cessna 140A in a heated hangar!

**Best Wishes for Peace  
(and some recovered prosperity)  
this Holiday Season  
from the Contrails staff**



# TRAVELS WITH OLD BOB



Regrettably, we did not travel to Hartford. I do, however, travel. For example:

**1** To CUB Foods. In Shakopee, Minnesota, a former “farm” town now a suburb of Minneapolis, one can find a grocery store called CUB. I went there awhile back. At 11:30 p.m. It seems we needed eggs.

Do not go to CUB at 11:30 p.m. Trust me on this. I really do try not to tell you what to do or not do, but I am telling you for your own good not to go to CUB in Shakopee at 11:30 p.m. If you do you may encounter members of the Spanish-speaking floor-cleaning crew who do not like old English-speaking guys looking for eggs.

I found the egg aisle decorated at both ends with that familiar POLICE LINE, DO NOT CROSS tape. I happened to know this to be the only aisle with eggs because I had visited previously.

Here is a secret I share only with you: I sometimes consider doing things the sign says I can not. For example, my wife has recently discovered microwave popcorn from a place called CURVES. Printed on the bags, in large, bold type, are the words THIS SIDE UP and PICKUP FROM OTHER END. I admit to having some serious thoughts about popping a bag of this stuff with the wrong side up. If I did so perhaps the end I chose to pick it up would not matter. Then there is one of my traveling pet peeves. In every state in our great nation the leaders have forgotten that roads are for tax-paying citizens and it was our tax money they used to build those forbidden reversal crossovers on our Interstate highways. OFFICIAL VEHICLES ONLY! NO U-TURN! DO NOT ENTER!

Yeah, right, unless we just missed the rest stop and there is a nice one on the other side and I am squeezing and no one is looking. (Sorry, I digress.)

Okay, so I crossed. (No, not the Interstate, the grocery store.) I mean, the sign outside said: OPEN 24 HOURS. The eggs were inside the tape. Well, yeah, the floor was a little damp, but there was nobody looking!

WRONG! Suddenly Pancho Villa and four vaqueros were yelling things like “VAMANOSE” and coming at me waving mops resembling machetes. So now I know what Davey Crocket or Dan'l Boone or whoever it was felt like at the Alamo. They didn't seem to care when I told them what the sign outside said. I escaped by hiding in a walk-in freezer for awhile, proudly clutching my unbroken eggs.



2 To an appointment. With the hearing-aid lady. She's moved, from where she was to where she is. (For those familiar with the Twin Cities, from Edina to Excelsior.) I had never been there and, like a good airline person, arrived early. Perhaps twenty minutes early.

One block away were some golden arches. Coffee, I thought.

I have been inside golden arches places a few times, but most of my visits have been confined to the drive-thru window. In short, I did not know the expected routine. I marched up to the young lass in a blue top behind a cash register.

"Welcome to McDonald's. What can I get you?"

"One medium-sized regular black coffee, please."

With eyes on the keyboard in front of her and working her gum with all her molars, she smacked:

"You want a senior coffee?"

"Ma'am, I am familiar with regular and decaf. I am not familiar with senior. Has it been here longer, or what?"

"It's cheaper," she grinned.

"I'll take it!"

I handed her a buck. She actually handed me change! Oh, and an empty cup. We then had a brief stare-down. Finally,

"Isn't the way this works, I give you money and you give me coffee?"

"It's down there at the end of the line in those jugs you pump."

"Oh, thanks."

"No problem."

3 To Wyoming. I spent my early teens in Wyoming. I suspect that is why I sometimes tell people, "I grew up where there are more cows than people." Usually, I say something like that shortly after I have said, "Sorry," which was prompted by some social gaff I made such as drinking from the finger bowl at a formal dinner. Now, I swear this is true—if one travels eastbound on U. S. Highway 20 from Casper, Wyoming to Nebraska, one will come over a rise and discover an easily-read community sign: LOST SPRINGS, Population 1.

4 Back to CUB Foods. There are times in the summer when I wear t-shirts and shorts. I suppose I don't really know why they are called t-shirts, but I have a navy blue one with gold letters on the front which spell NAVAL AVIATION, PENSACOLA

FLORIDA surrounding the Navy Wings of Gold. One day, I went to CUB wearing this shirt.

On the way in, I selected a very nice grocery cart. Inside, I began placing items into my cart. (I may have mentioned that I know where things are from previous visits.) Soon, I had a relatively full cart and had completed the shopping list supplied by my wife.

It would seem that this CUB Foods is the only grocery store available to 500,000 Minnesotans. It is always crowded, except, of course, at 11:30 p.m. I got in line behind a young mother.

I know she was a young mother because she looked young and had a small child in the child portion of her grocery cart. The supply of foodstuffs she removed from her cart conveyed to one and all that she was shopping for more than herself and her child.

Regrettably, at this point in my saga, it becomes necessary for me to do some color commentary. If I am to win that PFIC, (Pulitzer For Irrelevant Columns) I must explain here the physical layout one encounters when one checks out at CUB. In live theater, when an actor explains something to the audience, it is called an aside. Here, when I explain something to the reader it is called Old Bob explaining something to the reader. Most likely, the reader who has never been to CUB Foods. You see, at CUB one bags one's own stuff. Oh, and I suspect that the designers determined shoppers weren't as quick as professionals when it comes to bagging, so each checkout has two, count them, two, moving belts upon which one's purchases may be routed prior to bagging. The checkout person has a swinging gate-like thing which is used to direct the purchases onto one belt or the other. That way, the next person in line can be checked out while the last person is bagging. Now, if all that is too complicated, then you need to shop somewhere other than CUB.

So there I was, at 840 feet above sea level, and my turn to check out had arrived. I placed my purchases conveniently for the cashier and placed my shopping cart at the other end of the belt where my groceries would be directed. This was, of course, along side the belt where the mother's groceries had progressed--groceries she was still busily bagging.

My credit was approved by the credit gods hiding somewhere in cyberspace and I proceeded to where I had left my cart to commence the bagging. And there, at the end of those two moving belts, I discov-

ered, to my utter dismay, I no longer had a grocery cart, but the mother now had two, count them, two! Both half full, except for the one containing the small child.

I must have snorted, or something. Perhaps my snort came out more like a deleted expletive. Whatever, she noticed.

“Oh, did you need your cart?,” asked she.

“Absolutely not,” said I. “I came here for exercise. I shall simply carry each of these bags one at a time out to my car in the parking lot and come get another one.” I then stomped off to get another cart.

While returning, I had a brief talk with myself. The gist of it was that I should not become angry with young mothers in grocery stores. By the time I had returned to the spot, I had calmed.

“You didn’t have to get angry about it, you know,” she said.

“Lady, you are absolutely right. I simply have a problem understanding young people today. I earned the right to wear this shirt when I was young and spent eight years defending the people of this country and now that I am old the people of this country are STEALING MY GROCERY CART!

**5** To Oshkosh, b’gosh. For most of my adult life, I have wanted to attend the annual fly-in affair in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. It happened this year. Except that we didn’t fly in, we arrived in our little recreational vehicle, otherwise known as an RV. Which we parked in the driveway of friends who live not far from Oshkosh. (Our version of camping out.)


I am now not sure attending this affair was such a good idea. In the last issue of *Contrails*, Dave Leighton expressed (with some Pulitzer-like prose) some of his ideas about retirement. Frankly, I subscribe to most of them. I like nothing better than to play a round of golf and follow it with a good baseball game watched from the comfort of my own chair. And yes, I travel, but I have never been someplace I like better than home.

At Oshkosh, I discovered what you saw in the photo on the first page. And a lot more, every one of which had been built by some guy or gal in some garage or hangar somewhere.

Upon my return home, I have discovered sitting in my chair brings a somewhat reduced level of plea-

sure as I am constantly reminding myself of all the active people out there avoiding their chairs.



Oh, and at Oshkosh, I found this: 

The second aircraft type I ever flew. Yeah, I was tempted. Unfortunately, my wife would not provide me with the asking price in case I needed to return to CUB Foods.

**6** And finally, to Waconia, Minnesota. It is a day unlike all days. The sun is out and bright, the humidity is low, the wind is calm, the top is down on the red Mustang.

Behind the wheel, Old Bob is cruising toward Waconia where he is scheduled to have his pacemaker replaced. He is a bit late by airline standards.

In Chaska, northbound on Highway 41, he encounters Carver County Road 10 at Engler Boulevard. He turns westbound on 10 toward Waconia. He exits Chaska and accelerates. A black Nissan Altima of some vintage shoots past the Mustang, followed closely by a rusty Ford F-150 belching black smoke. The next to pass him is a lady in an SUV with Minnesota license 2THEMAL and then Sven goes by on his John Deere combine.

Whoops, a hill. Oncoming traffic. Red and blue lights. Carver County Deputy Sheriff Keith Walgraze, badge number 841.

“Have a nice day,” he said.

One hundred and fifty bucks! Glad I didn’t buy the T-28.

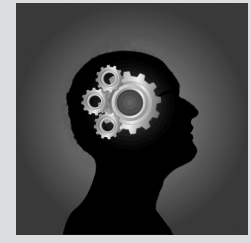
Bob Root  
September, 2008





# GRINDING OUT MEMORIES

The place for that story you always meant to write



To inaugurate this new feature I am going to hog the space to demonstrate the “flavor” of what I hope this column will become. I know you can do better. Let me hear ‘em. –Editor

## *Ah, Darlene, I loved your stories!*

As preposterous as it may seem, I am about to relate two stories concerning someone I’ve never met, nor ever worked with. Do not assume, however, that she is fictional. She is the protagonist in many great NWA stories. Most of you will have no trouble filling in her last name.

Some would call her “famous.”

I have no personal knowledge of either of these gems. The first was related to me by the S/O involved; the second by someone long forgotten. And much time has passed.

Knowing that, you may correctly presume that the chances of them being dead-on accurate are most likely right around zero.

### SCENE ONE

*A DC-10 taxiing slowly in a long line of aircraft uphill northbound at SEATAC. Bud Rice is the captain. Darlene \_\_\_\_\_ is the lead flight attendant. The S/O is fully occupied with some sort of abnormal problem in the cockpit. His problem-solving is interrupted by an interphone call.*

“This is Darlene at door 3 left. This damn door isn’t working right and I need you to come look at it.”

“Well, I’ve got another problem going up here. I’ll be down just as soon as I can.”

“The hell you will. You get your ass down here now. This thing is scaring me.”

“OK, OK, just leave it alone for now and I’ll be down.”

After a short interval, the phone rings again. This time Bud chooses to answer, since the S/O is busy.

A new, excited, female voice yells, “Hey, that door at 3 left just blew open.”

At this point you might expect Captain Rice to take this information seriously. Instead, he says something like, “Yeah, yeah, OK, we’ll take care of it,” and hangs up. The only explanation for his attitude is that he assumes that he’s being sucked into some kind of practical joke. Not so hard to understand, since it is my distinct recollection that he had instigated his share of practical

jokes in his time. In addition, whatever the problem in the cockpit was, it was serious enough that it was beginning to look like they may have to return to the gate. They were apparently trying desperately to resolve it before they were number one for takeoff.

After another short interval, the phone rings again.

“This is Bud.”

Yet another new female voice says excitedly, “Captain, captain, that chute has deployed and Darlene is out on the wing.”

“OK, I’ve heard all this from the others. Knock off the crap girls, we’re busy up here,” and he hangs up.

Shortly thereafter, on ground control frequency comes this transmission: “Hey Northwest 123, this is Western behind you. Do you know that you’re dragging a chute off the left wing and there’s a girl out there on the wing?”

### SCENE TWO

*The front yard of the recently completed home of our same Darlene. I am told that she built it herself—no, I mean she actually built it, or at least most of it, herself with experience gained from her father who was a contractor. She is discussing with a power company representative the possibility of moving a power pole, which is now in the center of the lot, over to the lot corner.*

“How much trouble would it be to move that thing over there to the corner of the lot on the lot line?” she asks.

“Oh sure, we can do that Ma’am, but we’ll have to charge you \$400.”

Thinking that too expensive (sometime in the ’70s, I think), she decides to let it go.

Not too many days later the landscaper is working the front yard with a bulldozer. By batting her eyelashes (that’s exactly how it was related to me) she coerces the operator into teaching her how to operate the dozer.

When the lesson is complete the operator jumps down, Darlene wheels it smartly around, and runs smack into said power pole.

When the power company shows up to replace the pole she asks, “Since you have to replace it, would there be any possibility of moving it over to the property line corner?”

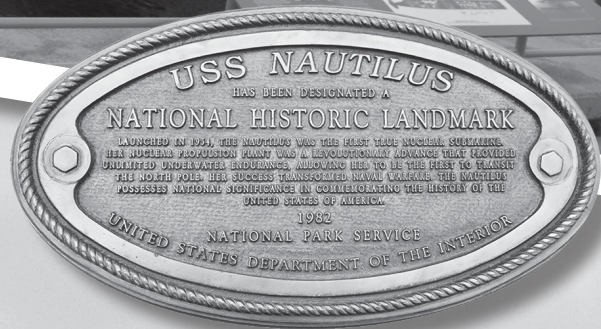
“Sure lady, we can do that.”

And there was no charge! ✈



# WARTON

★ REUNION ★







Photography: Gary Ferguson

Hi RNPA folks from Dux;

Well we had a great convention/reunion this month at the Hartford Downtown Marriott.

Our first day with registration, goody bags, and our evening reception with HEAVY hors d'oeuvres was a lot of fun. When I booked the menu, the Marriott coordinator noted that we seemed to have a lot of meat selections. I explained again that we were all airline pilots and, as it worked out, the reception menu was great. I doubt if anyone went out for an additional dinner that night.

Our bus tour the next day was with three busses. Note; the tour company insisted that I call them motor coaches. The Boeing 747 bus had Vic Kleinsteuber as Captain. The junior buses, the DC-10 and Boeing 727, had Gary Ferguson and Wayne Ward for Captains.

We toured the U. S. Coast Guard Academy on part of the tour and the Submarine base and a tour of the submarine Nautilus on another portion. Lunch and shopping was at the Old Mystic Village. The rain held off until we were returning to Hartford.

On our last day we had our general RNPA meeting in the morning with question and answer periods. Tom Schellinger gave a report about our most recent scholarship award winners. Additionally we had a brief presentation from Dino Oliva and Denny Olden concerning our retirement issues and our Guardian Organization.

The wives and companions had a meeting at the same time and gave us some inputs on future convention locations and suggestions for schedules.

That evening everyone got dressed up for a reception and sit down dinner. Again the menu was excellent (NOT copilot chicken) and we raised some money for our Paul Soderlind Scholarship fund. As usual our president Gary Pisel did an exceptional job as our Master of Ceremonies.

Following dinner we had some wonderful local entertainment with music and singing.

Sue and I are back in Minneapolis for awhile with wonderful fall weather. Still, come November we will be back in sunny Tucson. We will return at Christmas time and should see everyone at the Minnesota RNPA Christmas dinner.

Warm regards to all our RNPA friends. It's still difficult for Dux to see the Northwest name going away—but that's a different subject.

Sincerely,  
Dick Duxbury





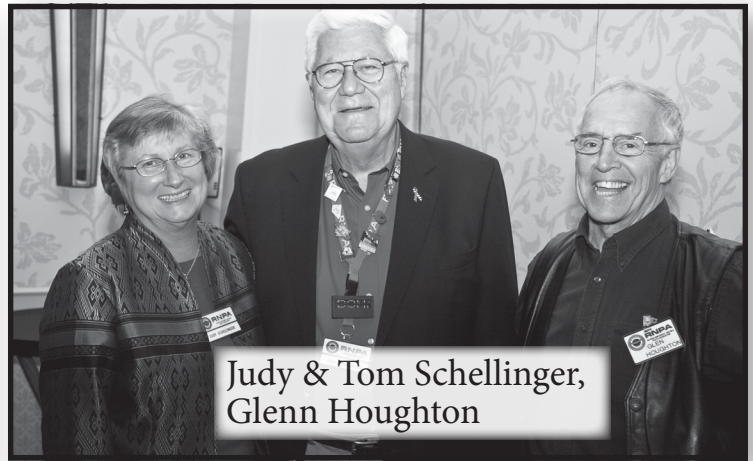
John Dittberner, Marcy Dorau,  
Vikki Hancock, Mary Jane Dittberner



Dino Oliva, Charlie Welsh, Al Sovereign



Kathy Eglet, Dave Pethia, George Lachinski,  
Katie Pethia, Mary Jane Dittberner



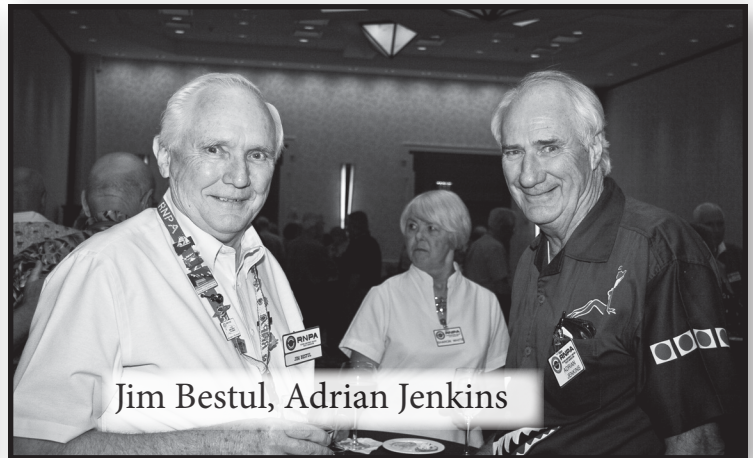
Judy & Tom Schellinger,  
Glenn Houghton



Just too many to list!

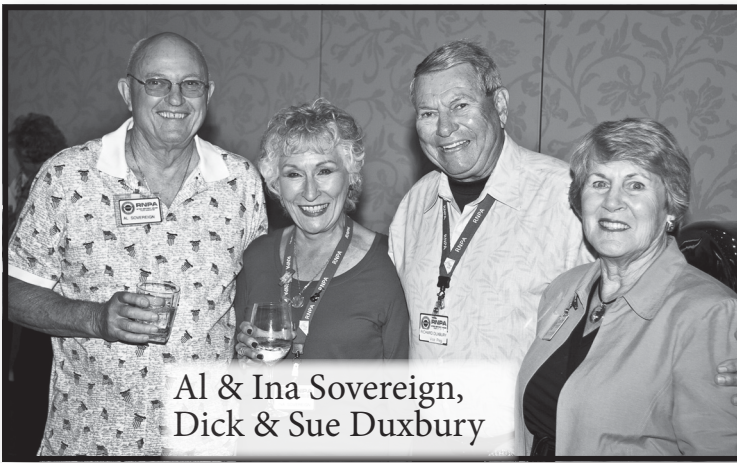


Chuck Carlson, Norm DeShon, Joanne  
Aitken, Chuck Hagen, Lee DeShon



Jim Bestul, Adrian Jenkins

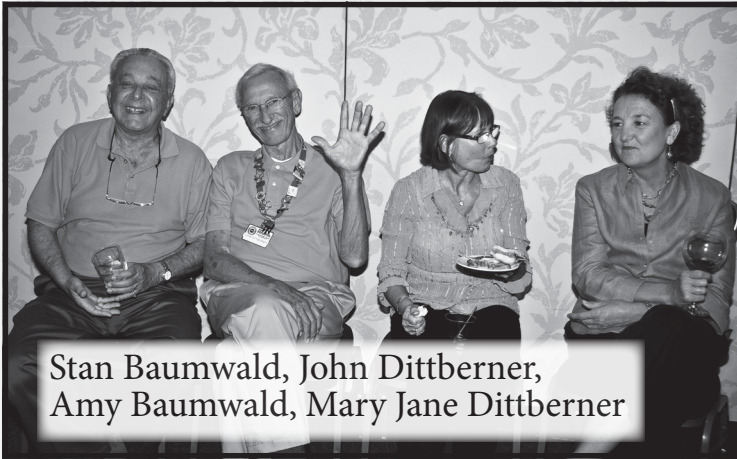




Al & Ina Sovereign,  
Dick & Sue Duxbury



Chet & Sharon White



Stan Baumwald, John Dittberner,  
Amy Baumwald, Mary Jane Dittberner



John Bates, Nancy Bestul,  
Nancy Bates



Vikki Hancock, Mary & Larry  
Rakunas, Judy & Tom Schellinger



Paul & Sharon Sahler,  
Glenn Houghton



Too many to list!







Nadine Bentsen, Jan Mills



Nancy & Jim Bestul, Walt Mills, George Morrison



Skip Eglit, George Lachinski checking their raffle tickets



Jim Mancini, Sterling Bentsen, Phil Hallin, Al Sovereign



Gary Pisel, Sue & Dick Duxbury



Tom & Judy Schellinger, Wayne Ward



Too many!



Kathy Eglet, Chuck Hagen, Skip Eglet, John Dittberner





Ned Stephens, Chet & Sharon White



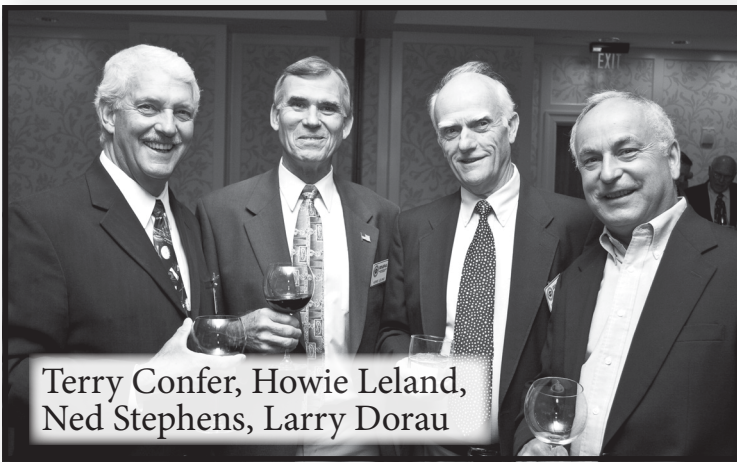
Dutch Wellman, Mary Jane Dittberner,  
Sue Horning, Andrea Wellman



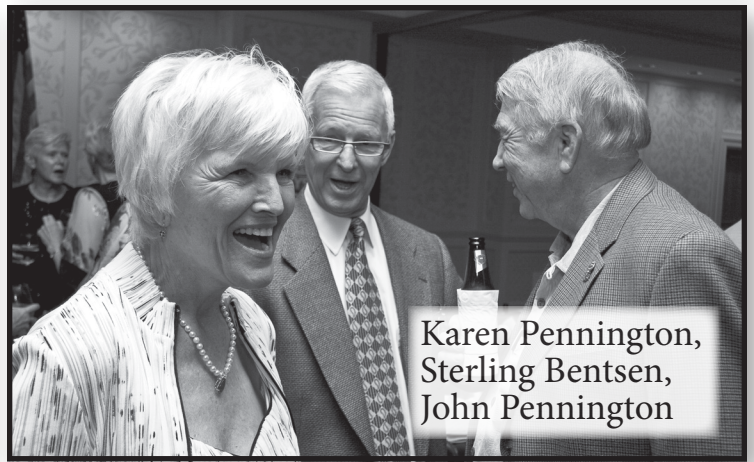
Dave Lundin, Dan Stack, Don Schrope



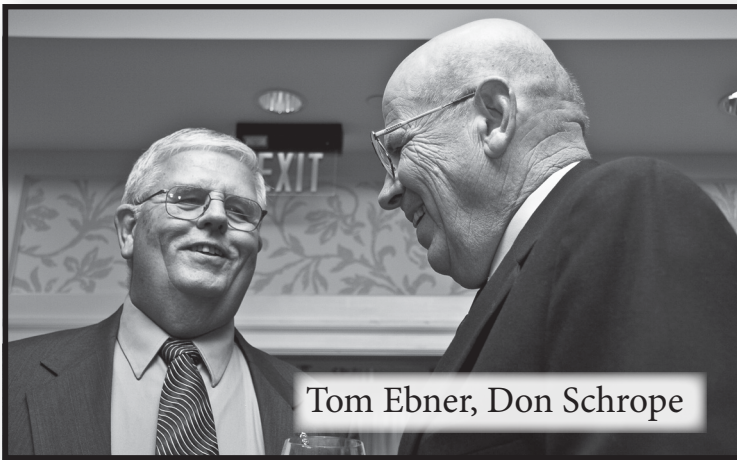
Sue Duxbury, The Dittberners



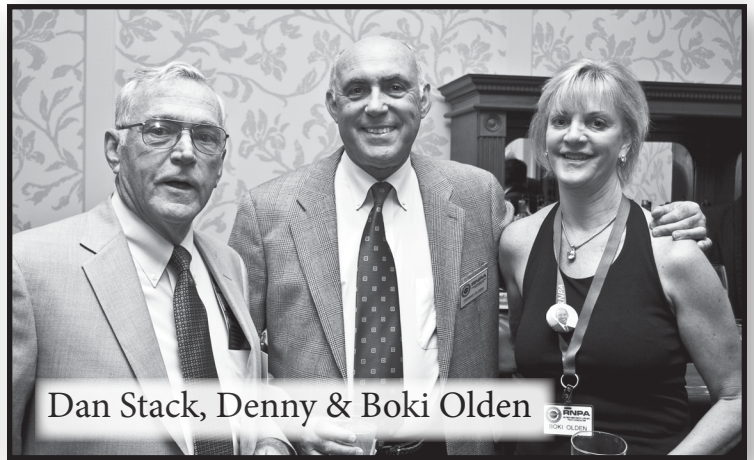
Terry Confer, Howie Leland,  
Ned Stephens, Larry Dorau



Karen Pennington,  
Sterling Bentsen,  
John Pennington



Tom Ebner, Don Schrope



Dan Stack, Denny & Boki Olden





◀ ▶  
Touring the  
U S Coast  
Guard  
Academy  
▼



General Membership meeting





Lunch on the town



Denny Olden and Dino Oliva discussing our pension status





All the pilots in attendance. (The ladies insisted that the photographer get in the photo, but the “gentlemen” wouldn’t make any room.)





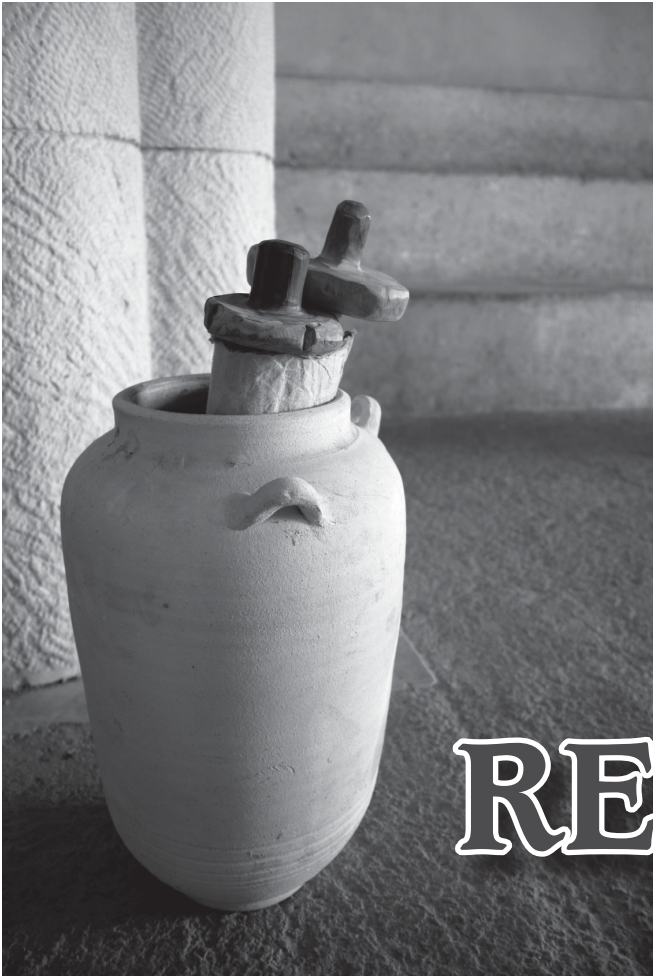


All the lovely ladies in attendance.



PHOTO COURTESY OF NOVEMBER 2018





SHORT  
STORY  
CONTEST  
ENTRY

by  
Richard Conrad

The Dead Sea Scrolls discovered in 1947 have yet to yield the revelation that many scholars believe they contain. In the spirit of the Da Vinci Code this provocative tale of conspiracy and betrayal explores the power of faith and questions the foundation of the world's largest religion.

# REVELATION

## SYNOPSIS

This historical thriller begins in the city of Qumran on the cliffs above the Dead Sea. As the Roman army prepares to destroy their city, the Essenes bury a secret history of their spiritual leader. These writings and the revelations they contain lay buried for nearly two thousand years. They are discovered in 1947 in caves above the Dead Sea but unlike the Dead Sea Scrolls these writings will never be seen by scholars.

It's difficult to tell fact from fiction as the book moves from the ancient beginnings of Christianity to the back rooms of America's most powerful religious institutions. The discovery of ancient scrolls leads Jake Walters into a conspiracy that threatens the very foundation of our nation and the faith of millions. Jake learns the dark secret

behind the invention of "Creation Science", and how it is being used to destroy America's future.

Jake Walters is in a mid life crisis. His teenage daughter doesn't need him any more, his ex wife has built a new life, and his relationships have been one disaster after another. He hasn't reached "middle age" and yet it seems that his life is at dead end. A call from Lauren Shafer would change everything. They had been lovers in another time. It hadn't worked out and she had married one of the men in Jake's navy fighter squadron. Now her husband has died mysteriously and she is being followed. Jake is forced back to a time he had sworn to forget. His past moves to the present as they fight for their lives against a web of deceit. The action flows nonstop.

*Rich wrote this as a novel, the Synopsis and Prologue of which you see here, "several years ago." But he says that he just can't make himself do what it takes to get it published. Seems a shame somehow. -Editor*



A.D. 69. The city of Qumran; atop the majestic cliffs overlooking the Dead Sea.

## PROLOGUE

Joseph's robes were soaked with sweat; his body ached from his labors as he struggled with the heavy jars. The young men of the clan had been given the task of moving the clay jars from the temple near city's center to a secret passageway that led out of the compound into the cliffs below. Joseph's labor was made easier by working alongside Abraham, his life-long friend. They had entered the priesthood together, and their lives would be forever intertwined.

"It has been a month since the Romans came. General Vespasian will not wait much longer," Abraham said as he picked up one of the precious jars. The young scribes had learned the name of the Roman General, who had been dispatched from Rome to put down the Jewish rebellion, from the elders of the clan.

"We need one more day," Joseph answered. "Everything is in place. The boys are ready. We should be done by morning."

The jars had been designed to be carried by one person but the heat of the day and the urgency of the

task made the job difficult. As young scribes, Joseph and Abraham had led a life of leisure. They spent their days studying and recording the ways of his people. Neither was prepared for the physical demands of the task they had been assigned. As the hours wore on, Joseph cursed himself for avoiding the physical training that had been required of the other young men who were charged with defending his people.

They worked through the oppressive midday heat, and as the sun sank in the sky, there was finally some relief from the scorching temperatures. Though the cooler air was a welcome change, the urgency of his work was his main concern.

Joseph sealed the last of the jars. The precious containers would be smuggled out under cover of darkness past the Roman legions that were now camped at the base of the cliffs below his fortress city.

Joseph had spent his life in Qumran; the fortress the Essenes had built on the cliffs above the Dead Sea. As he worked, his mind wandered. He thought of his childhood in the city that he loved. Qumran



had been a paradise for the young boy. Life was difficult for the elders of the clan, the daily struggle to survive as an independent Jewish sect left little time for the children and they were often left to fend for themselves. He thought of the many happy hours he had spent exploring the city and the cliffs surrounding it.

The two young men hurried out of the church as the sun moved closer to the horizon.

Joseph had never been personally involved with the Romans before their present siege of his city and the starvation and death it was causing his people. But through the stories told by the elders, he had learned of the years of repression his people had suffered under their rule. The Essenes were a peaceful sect until the coming of the Righteous One. His death at the hands of the Roman governor had changed the clan forever. They would never again peacefully submit to the will of Rome.

As he walked along the cobblestone streets between the mud and brick buildings that had been his home and his playground as a child, Joseph's pride swelled at the thought of his people's resistance to the great Roman Empire. The Essenes had become a fanatical order and believed in violent resistance to their Roman oppressors. The Roman siege of their city demonstrated the strength of their beliefs. They had held out for more than a month against the world's most powerful military force.

Joseph could not stop thinking of his mission and the fate of his people. He did not know the date of his birth, for his clan did not keep birth records nor were birthdays celebrated with any regularity. All that he knew was that he was born after the death of the Righteous One, the man who had left the Qumran sect to teach to all Jews the "true word" of God. Although Joseph's birth date was uncertain, the tribe had faithfully recorded the 69 years since the birth of their Martyr. From the beginning the leaders in Jerusalem had tried to suppress his message and since his death at the hands of the Romans they had done their best to destroy his following and these records were all that remained to tell future generations of their leader's message.

Joseph's thoughts were not on the future, which was left in God's hands, but on his present duty and the record he was preserving for those who followed. He was a priest and a scribe and had spent many years preparing for the Roman's final assault on their beloved city. As he thought of the fate that awaited his people, he knew that most were not afraid. The people of his clan put their faith in God; He would

lead them to a better life. His clan's belief in God would not hinder their resistance to the Roman legion; they would fight to the last man. The Romans would pay for their conquest. As he thought of his family and his friends, he knew that most would be martyred. His beloved city would be lost, but his mission was nearly complete. They were leaving a record for those who followed.

The Essenes had known since the first Jewish deaths three years earlier in the northern cities of Galilee that their very existence was threatened, and preparations had begun. There were many scribes in the clan and each was given a specific responsibility. Joseph's task had been to record on scrolls made of animal skin and copper, a complete history of the clan's spiritual leader; the man known as the Holy Martyr. Joseph had not known the Holy One. He was recording the many stories that had been passed on since the Holy Martyr had been crucified. This had been a long and difficult process, and Joseph had dedicated his life to recording as accurately as possible the life and teachings of the Holy Martyr. These scrolls were to be hidden in caves, which had been secretly excavated, in the cliffs surrounding the Dead Sea.

Joseph had taken extra time on his walk through his beloved city, as he approached the open square the young men were awaiting his arrival. He was tense and spoke to his subordinate in a forced deliberate tone.

"Jason, take these jars to the gate and see that they are guarded until darkness. I will alert the runners and we will prepare for the final placement."

Having appointed the boys who would be the runners, Joseph knew what lay ahead of them. It would be an adventure that both excited and frightened the young men.

"I will see to it that the scrolls are safe," Jason said. "They will be hidden well; the Romans will never find them." He was still a boy, and though he tried to speak with confidence, his voice betrayed the fear in his heart.

Joseph's voice was stern and his expression one of grave concern as he placed his hand on Jason's shoulder. "These scrolls are different from the rest and must not be lost. This is the only record of the true teachings of the Martyred One. There are many groups who claim him as their savior. There are many stories of his birth and the beginning of his teachings. I have recorded and documented the truth. Future generations must know the truth and it can only come from his people. We will be back soon, and God's teach-

ing will continue.” Joseph spoke these words with as much conviction as he could muster. He was not sure that they would survive the Roman onslaught, but he felt he needed to reassure the younger men.

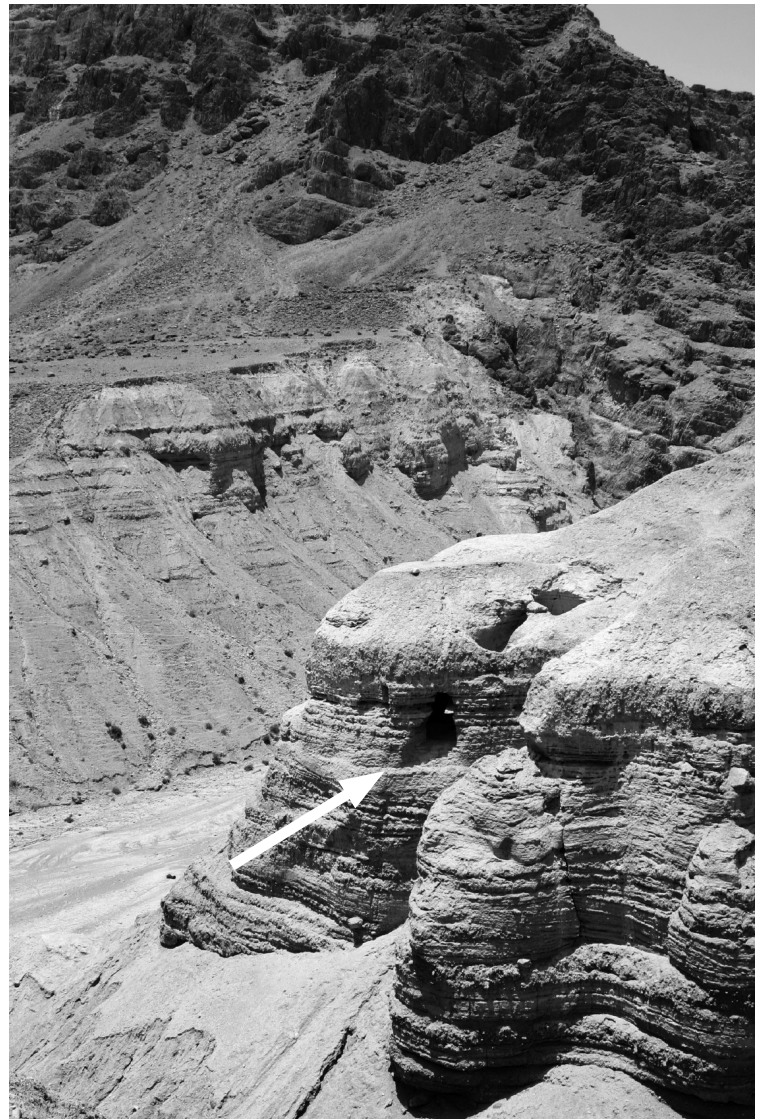
The sun had moved lower on the horizon. The buildings cast shadows on the young runners as they moved the jars from the city center to the hidden exit near the trails that would lead them out of their city and into the hidden caves in the cliffs above the ancient sea. The jars were designed for storage and were not easy to carry. The job of transporting these jars would be a difficult and dangerous one. The scrolls had to be smuggled past the vast armies surrounding Qumran. The task required stealth and daring and a mistake would result in a painful martyrdom, the Romans were adept in ways of making their enemies suffer a lingering death. The caves and cliffs overlooking the Dead Sea were unforgiving places in the darkness of the desert, adding to the fear the young men felt. They all knew that some of their friends would not return, but their foremost concern was that the scrolls be preserved.

The young men huddled together near the jars and waited for darkness. Their faces were painted with ash from the fires and they wore dark robes that hung to the ground that would help to hide them in the night. They spoke nervously among themselves in an attempt to control their fear and give each other confidence. Joseph watched, knowing he would never see some of these boys again. Many had not reached their full height and most did not yet have beards, but they had all made their choice; they had volunteered.

The young men were eager to get started, but Joseph kept them until well after dark. They knew the trails well and darkness of the night would be their ally. The elders had chosen to use the young boys of the clan because they had played in the cliffs and knew the area better than any of the adults.

The sun had been down for nearly an hour before Joseph felt the mission could begin. The desert began to chill. It would be cold tonight, but the temperature would not affect the young men huddled around the earthen jars. His voice was stern as he gave the final instructions. As he spoke the pride he felt for these boys welled up inside him. He knew that they were risking their lives for what they believed.

“These are the last of the scrolls, and the most important ones. They are to be hidden in the newest cave. We have spent many months secretly excavating the final hiding place. You will be given directions and sent out at different times,” Joseph explained.



The cave where the Dead Sea scrolls were found

Joseph assigned the jars and carefully explained the route each boy would take.

“You must not fail!” he said, embracing each boy in turn as they left the stronghold.

Joseph would not sleep; he kept an all night vigil, awaiting the return of the young men. The preservation of the history of the clan was in their hands. As the night wore on, he walked the paths of his beloved city visiting the streets he had played in as a child. He knew they did not have much time. The Romans would be coming soon. He and the members of his sect would fight to the last death. Although they had trained for this moment, he knew they could not prevail against the mighty Roman legion, one of the greatest armies the world had ever known. As he walked, Joseph prayed for the survival of his clan.

It was nearly dawn before the last boy returned. Joseph had greeted each one as he completed his



mission; nearly a third did not return. A few of the boys waited for their friends but most returned to their homes for some much needed sleep, their assignment was complete, their destiny fulfilled.

When Joseph was certain there would be no more survivors, he returned to his home. He lay on his cot and waited for the day to unfold. Sleep did not come easily and he stared through the open window as the sun rose into the cloudless sky. It would be hot again today, but it would not bother him he thought, "My work is complete!" Assured that his future was in God's hand, his eyes closed in relief; his rest would be short.

The attack came without warning. Joseph stared at the ceiling; all his senses tuned to the sounds in the street. It had begun. He slid his feet off the bed and onto the dirt floor. He leaned over and slowly pulled the sword from under his bed. He had kept it there since the siege had begun, but because of his work, he had not trained as the others had. He lifted the sword with both hands and moved to the window.

He could hear shouting in the street. How could he have slept through the warnings? His home was on the opposite side of town from the cliffs near the wall surrounding the city, and all he could think of was that somehow the Romans had breached the wall without raising the alarm. Someone must have fallen asleep.

He cautiously pulled the cloth away from the window opening. Two Roman soldiers were just outside his home. They were dragging a man from the house across the narrow street. "Abraham." Joseph suppressed his desire to scream the name, as he recognized his friend in the hands of the Roman soldiers. He had expected to give his life for his beliefs. His work had been more important than his need to learn to use a sword. Now his friend's life depended on Joseph's skill with the sword he held in his hand. He cursed himself for not training with the others. He forced himself toward the door and moved into the street. The soldiers had their backs to him. He could see that one of the soldiers held his friend and he watched in horror as the other unsheathed his sword and raised it above his head. Joseph was just two paces from the man with the sword but he was too far away to save his friend.

He was too late he thought. He would be forced to watch his friend die. Joseph could see into Abraham's eyes as the blade of the Roman sword began its swift descent. There was no fear in his friend's eyes, only contempt. The contempt in the young man's eyes seemed to infuriate the Roman soldier causing

him to pause and raise the sword again, higher this time; he would show this rebel Jew not to defy their Roman rulers. The extra second gave Joseph the time he needed. He leaped forward swinging his blade with all the force he could muster. The sword sliced through the extended arm of the Roman soldier. As the man fell to the ground in agony his partner released Abraham and grabbed for his sword. Joseph did not recover quickly enough. The Roman soldier was well trained, his sword was out of its sheath, and he raised it for the kill. Joseph struggled to get his sword up but it would not move quickly enough. He closed his eyes, he could smell the blood from the injured soldier, and he braced for the blow that would end his life. He was prepared to die but the blow did not come. He forced his eyes open to see his friend holding a bloody sword. They had survived. They had each saved the other's life, but they both knew that this was not the end.

The attack had come from all sides. The Essenes fought bravely. They had stockpiled many weapons and had spent many long hours training to use them. The Roman soldiers were overconfident. Believing that the will of the Essenes had been broken by the long siege, the soldiers moved too quickly through the narrow streets. The men and women of the clan fought side by side. They laid in wait for the soldiers to pass and attacked from the darkened passageways that they knew so well. Many Roman soldiers lost their life to carefully laid traps. The Romans took heavy casualties as they marched through the city. The unexpected casualties caused a temporary breakdown in the ranks of the soldiers, but the battle-hardened veterans quickly recovered their discipline.

Though his people had trained for this battle, they could not hold out against the Roman legion. The long siege had taken its toll. The Essenes fought valiantly against overwhelming odds. Most of the clan did not survive the final slaughter; those that lived were captured and sold as slaves or sent to Rome to be used as gladiators for the Roman "games." They would be made to fight others who were forcefully recruited from the tribes of people that were abducted during the continuous conquests of the Roman legions.

Joseph and Abraham survived the initial slaughter. They fought side by side through the streets working their way toward the temple. If they were to die it would be where they had worshipped together; where they would be close to their God. Rounding the last building before reaching the center of their beloved city they were confronted by a squad of battle hard-



ened Roman soldiers. Both men fought valiantly saving each other many times before succumbing to the overwhelming odds. They had made their way to the steps of the temple where Abraham was the first to die, his death fueling the rage that Joseph felt toward the Romans. Joseph killed his friend's executioner but without Abraham at his side he had no chance against the Roman soldiers. He fought bravely before being struck from behind by a Roman sword. As he fell he looked to the heavens. At the moment of his death he believed that the scrolls he had worked so hard to record would not be discovered by the Romans and that his people would someday return and tell the world the truth about their martyred leader. The Roman soldier that watched him die would never forget and would never understand the smile that crossed Joseph's lips as he fell on the steps of his temple.

History would not be kind to the Essenes. They

would never return to their beloved city. All traces of their existence would be buried by the sands of time and the secrets that he had so carefully recorded would lay buried in the caves above the Dead Sea for nearly two thousand years.

*The date of the Roman conquest of the Essenes' City of Qumran would many years later be defined by the Christian calendar as A.D. 69. Dionysius Exiguus, a Scythian Monk living in Italy, introduced the first calendar based on the birth of Christ in the fourth century A.D. He made his calculations based on his reading of the New Testament. Most scholars now believe that his dating of the birth of Christ was an error. Mathew 2:6 places the birth during the last year of King Herod's reign. Modern scholars date King Herod's death to March or April of 4 B.C. The actual date of the birth of Christ will never be known. All future historical dating would be based on this error. ✈*



**"NWA Flown West"**

There were so many requests for prints of the cover photo from the August issue that the Board decided to offer my **full-color** derivative (and corrected) version for sale to benefit the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Members with email capability have seen the full-color version. Since I am unable to show that here, you will have to make do with my description: Dark foreground with "FLOWN WEST" in dark gold, red/orange sunset, blue sky and the logos in their correct colors.

The photo will be printed on matte finish paper using an archival print process in an 8" x 10" size (actual image size is 6.2" x 9.3") and mailed in a rigid photo mailer. Price includes postage.

In case you're wondering, NWA has sanctioned the use of their logos to RNPA for this purpose. - Editor



**More than 60% of the \$25 price for each photo will go directly to the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund.**

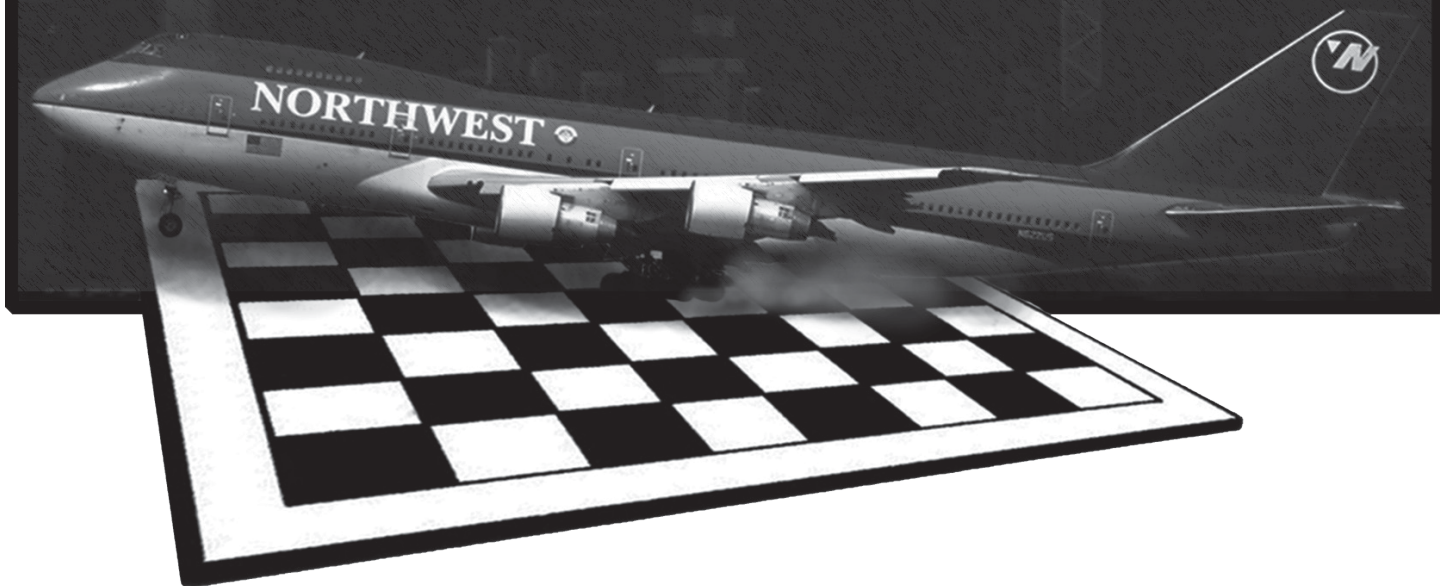
**Order deadline is December 1st**  
so that we can have them printed and on their way to you by Christmas.

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\_\_\_\_ Photos @ \$25 each = \_\_\_\_\_  
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\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

# Rookies and Checkerboards

By James Baldwin



Entering the Flight Operations room I spot Northwest Airlines Captain Jens Houby planning Flight 7 from Seattle's SEATAC Airport to Tokyo's Narita International. He looks up from the paperwork and smiles.

*Good sign I think.*

I'm happy I will be flying my first trip as a first officer on the Boeing 747-200 with a senior "good stick" who's had many years of experience in the Pacific and is regarded as among the coolest of the cool in a cockpit.

*I hope he forgot how much I dozed off at the second officer panel during those long overnight crossings of the North Pacific.*

It's 1986, just four years into my airline career, and it's a pretty big deal to discover that my seniority number allows me to train to upgrade and fly the right seat as a first officer in the biggest widebody aircraft in the sky. The three man crew Boeing 747-200 is still the stalwart vehicle used for international routes, although not many of the American carriers have them. It is an equally big deal

to fly internationally while all of your buddies junior to you were stuck with the domestic stuff we had all been doing.

I join in the planning process as he acknowledges my new position with only mild surprise; the senior pilots at NWA aren't used to seeing new guys moving up in the ranks. It's been a long time since most of the U.S. carriers did much hiring but it certainly is in full swing now.

We get to the airplane, the cockpit preflight goes pretty well and my nervousness abates somewhat; I know I won't be flying the first leg, the captains always did that. Sure enough, after we get the engines started and checklists accomplished he briefs us on how it was going to work with him at the helm. Pretty standard brief from a guy who didn't need to say much. Nowadays it is quite a bit more detailed and we call it a preflight brief. Running the radios and



navigating will be plenty for me today and after 10 plus 08 across the Pacific I actually manage to find Honshu and Choshi Point, and his ILS to runway 34 ends with a smooth arrival that makes it look pretty easy.

Even the bus ride to the hotel has a different flavor now that I am sitting in a front seat with a view and one whole leg under my belt. I'm a first officer now—so what if I was way behind the airplane playing catch-up the whole way.

The walk down to the local gyoza joint is different as a first officer. Who knows where the second officer/flight engineer went, I'm with the pilots now. Captains even seem to pay a little more attention to what you might be bold enough to say. Don't get carried away though. A couple of beers, because that's what they do, you know, but don't get cute. By the time we're headed back to the hotel it's 2 A.M. at home and the adrenaline is finally tapering off. I just had dinner with the guys who know how to "do it" and have proven it over the years. They might let me into "the club" but it looks like it might take awhile. The front seat in an international wide body is a lot different from anything I have done before. For sure this is the big league I have heard about and yearned to participate in.

Up and out of bed at 2 A.M., Tokyo time, because it is 10 A.M. at home and the body knows. Anyway, who cares—the schedule I bid says we're going to Hong Kong today and it is always a good layover. The airport is right downtown and the hotel is only five minutes away. I know I won't fly this leg either; a night time arrival into Kai Tak is not for the weak of heart or new copilots and I've only seen the Cheung Chau Checkerboard IGS to Runway 13 once or twice anyway.

*Better pay pretty close attention though; I might get to do it myself someday.*

Flight planning in Narita is a little different; the second officer doesn't get to go to the flight planning room with the big boys. He goes directly to the airplane to set it up for us and make sure the myriad details are taken care of. An exterior walk-around inspection in dreary, rainy, windy conditions adds to his list.

*Geez I'm glad I got a copilot upgrade and passed the test; I shiver just thinking about those cold walkarounds.*

I'm paying pretty close attention now as Captain Houbly notes the weather conditions in Hong Kong will guarantee us an indoor layover. Another captain, a grizzled old hand well known to all of us "new guys,"

comments to Jens how the winds are favoring the Checkerboard and it "ought to be interesting." Rain, gusty winds, frontal passage about our time of arrival and a slick runway will soon demonstrate why I'm glad I'm who I'm with. Jens just smiles. Secretly, having had more than my share of crosswind experience, I am relishing the thought of watching to see how he'd handle the arrival, still 5 hours away. I'll learn quite a bit from a guy who does it right. Jens was a guy you wanted to do a good job for because you knew he saw it all and never missed a beat. If he did something you didn't quite get, it would undoubtedly make sense later. He'd been there, done that more times than most and after looking at the data and listening to the Japanese dispatcher talk about landing alternates. I hoped he wasn't aware of me vibrating with apprehension. He thanked the dispatcher with no discernible concern and off we went to the airplane.

*Cool!*

Of course the second officer was busy as I settled into my seat and set up the departure for the guy who would probably save our lives several times that evening. The 74 is a great bird but we've got a gusty crosswind to contend with here in Narita just so we can go risk life and limb in Hong Kong. This is starting to get my attention as I really have only actually landed this thing a couple of times in daylight in near perfect conditions. If the Fed says that's all we need, which pantywaist pussy copilot is going to ask for more? Not me.

*I wonder if the training guys saw me close my eyes once or twice waiting for an unsure outcome. It wasn't quite as easy as my mates told me it was at the local pub.*

The departure really is no joke—a crosswind takeoff in the 747 is still a stick and rudder maneuver where the skill of the guy in control is obvious to all involved. Tonight will be no exception. Upwind aileron to keep the wing down with opposite rudder and, once airborne, a coordinated turn into the wind while tracking the centerline is no easy task. I've taught it a few times in a Cessna but in this thing I'm better at rubbing my belly and patting my head while blowing bubblegum bubbles. Daylight is one thing but a rainy, windy night quite another. The crosswind acting on the huge verticle stabilizer forces the nose in directions unknown to man. The Navy guys seldom get it right; the boat is always pointed into the wind.

I'm figuring on a pretty detailed brief but Jens is busy cleaning his glasses.

*When I grow up will I ever be as cool as he is?*



*"As Jens takes over to taxi back to the ramp, my wet fingers vibrating and barely able to push the mike button, I acknowledge the clearance to taxi and realize sweat is literally pouring off of me."*

We get all four of the big Pratts started O.K. and the taxi clearance is only slowed by the poor visibility and need to move carefully on the congested ramp. Boeing windshield wipers never work as well as the ones in my BMW but we finally get the checklists done, make sure they're ready downstairs and agree on the departure. This whole thing is still moving pretty quickly for me but I'm getting a lot of cues from the guy in the left seat with a smile and hints that you'll never see in training. This is the real deal and my first leg seated in front at night.

"Line up and wait" says the tower controller. "Line up and wait, Northwest 17," I acknowledge as formally as possible. Jens uses differential thrust to maneuver the big bird carefully into position; we all know the nosewheels are going to scrub on the rain slicked painted threshold markings if it is not done properly. We've all seen it done the wrong way. Not tonight. It is and they don't. "Northwest 17 cleared for takeoff." I respond, "Cleared to go" and reach down to put the mike into its holder. We don't go though. We're just sitting here. Finally I look over to see if Jens heard the clearance and all I get is him looking back in my direction while inquiring, "Well, are we going?" It takes me a minute to realize this guy has every intention of having me do the flying. I'm dumbfounded but manage to grab a fistful of throttles and advance them with some sort of authority. We're actually moving! My fourth takeoff ever and I'm going to fly this thing to Hong Kong!

*Holy smokes Batman! You'd better start thinking about EPRs, V1, wind direction, the centerline and about a million other things right now!*

As we roll, the rudder pressure required to keep the nose straight is significant and sure enough, I've got to use opposite aileron just to keep the wings level on rotation. Things are really happening fast! My surprise and the mind shift required may only be understood by those guys who have just discovered they are, whoops, mistakenly in the ladies' bathroom.

Climbing out of Narita I'm pretty stoked now as the crosswind takeoff technique even evokes a favorable comment out of the second officer. Probably looking for a free beer, I figure, but who cares? This is the real deal; I'm flying 385 people to Hong Kong some 4 plus 13 away and they don't even know I'm just hanging on for dear life. I don't think I really

stopped shaking until we got past Shimizu or maybe even the whole of Shikoku but it is starting to sink in that the IGS Runway 13 Checkerboard really is the approach in use. The second officer keeps a steady stream of company communiques coming regarding weather and altitudes where turbulence might be lessened but each time I look over for approval Jens calmly says, "You're the guy flying, do what you want, but I still want the chicken."

We both enjoy his ability to lessen the formality and have an unrelated discussion during dinner. It wasn't hard to notice the girls in back enjoyed flying with him too; they actually spoil us with service and choices. I wonder though if they see just who is manipulating the autopilot tonight. My chest is sticking out quite a ways so it might be blocking their view. I finish the meal quickly so I can study the arrival procedures, which for Hong Kong, are not that simple.

Honshu disappears and it isn't long before the lights of Taipei appear out the left side cockpit window, occluded by cloud cover as usual. Not much time is required to traverse the island nation of Taiwan before the British accent of the Hong Kong air traffic controller reinforces how fast this airplane really covers the ground. I have to remind myself to figure out where I should initiate the descent. After considerable mental head math involving crossing altitudes, wind gradients and conflicting traffic I struggle to calculate a descent point out there in space somewhere.

*Oh, what the hell, we're 130 miles from Hong Kong and I think this is about the right spot. I hope he doesn't disagree too much.*

Not a peep out of good old Jens. Years later I will reflect that the outcome is in no doubt after gaining like experience. But not tonight. I am determined to cross Tung Lung VOR at our clearance altitude of 9000 feet or die trying. Never mind that it's the first time I've really had to figure it out on my own. We're tracking the 090 radial off of Cheung Chau VOR now as we made our crossing altitude and I actually have gotten this thing slowed from the 360 knots indicated airspeed I had to use to make the restriction.

*Hey, sometimes when the old guys miscalculate a crossing altitude they use those speeds and now I am too!*

Flying the airplane by hand now, I switch the right hand RMI, the "double needle," over to the antiquated RW NDB radio beacon and am making the turn to track the 045 inbound.

*Man, we're still going 240 knots!*

Just as I start to think about how to get this thing



slowed down Jens diplomatically suggests I might want one degree of flaps. “Yeah,” I say authoritatively, “Flaps 1.” “Flaps 5,” I further state, followed by, “Flaps 10,” moments later. We’re still fast as I wrench the airplane around to the right.

*If I can somehow manage to track the 088 degree course off of RW, the IGS localizer should lead me the rest of the way to the famed checkerboard. Right?*

That’s the theory, but things aren’t looking as “polished” as I would like. Probably a miracle we don’t overshoot here but good old Jens helps out as he feints for the gear handle and I almost yell with glee, “GEAR DOWN, flaps 20!” He lowers the wheels and finally the speed complies as we miraculously intercept the glideslope.

*Wonder how that happened? At this rate we might have a layover in Hong Kong after all.*

“Flaps 25, landing check,” I gag. The second officer reads the checklist as Jens arms the speedbrakes. I’m glued to the gages, trying to keep the needles centered while the other guys are heads up, looking for the famed red and white checkerboard. It’s out there somewhere in the cloudy mist as I battle 500,000 pounds of organized aluminum through the turbulence and heavy rain. I don’t even bother asking the second officer to turn my windshield wipers on—I’m not sure I want to see what’s out there. No luck but we continue our descent with the aircraft under some rough form of control. It isn’t more than 400 feet from the DH, or “Decision Height,” that they finally announce the famous checkerboard is dimly visible and directly ahead.

*Thank goodness.*

We are though, for reasons I had not yet even considered, moving over the ground at a much higher rate of speed than we are showing on our airspeed indicators. It doesn’t take me much more time to realize the published wind is as advertised—18 knots out of the southwest, a quartering tailwind. As we near the checkerboard it is time to make the turn and follow the flashing strobes to the right to line up with the runway, a turn of about 40 degrees. No time tonight to steal a glance or two at the apartment buildings as we flash by almost level with them.

*Hmmm, wonder what that lady is serving for dinner?*

You generally get one shot at aligning the airplane with the runway with maybe a small correction before the radar altimeter indicates the 100’ aural annunciation. I wrestle it straight but the noise of the warning tone takes me above the glideslope. We all know about the watery grave that awaits a long

touchdown and running off the end. We’ve heard the stories and seen the pictures. There is no excess runway here at Kai Tak. As I kick the rudder in to align the airplane with the centerline while keeping the right wing down, runway is disappearing quickly behind us. Although this is all happening at “only” 150 knots, I might as well be in the Shuttle. The effects of the quartering tailwind become painfully apparent to this rookie now as it blows us across the centerline.

*RIGHT WING DOWN! Keep the nose straight and GET THIS THING DOWN!*

The 35 foot radar tone fills the cockpit followed quickly by the last one at 20 feet. When the aural tones from the radar altimeter are that close together you’d better haul back on that stick or you’ll drive the sixteen main gear through the tarmac straight to China.

*Wait a minute, WE’RE ALREADY IN CHINA!*

The panic of that thought in my subconscious forces me to pull and now we are nose high, floating. Oh no, I flared too high and the only way to save it is to increase the angle of attack to lessen the touchdown rate as the airplane continues to sink. With runway disappearing fast, out of the corner of my eye I see Jens put his thumb right in back of the control wheel, preventing further movement. Pretty cool move; there will be no more floating tonight. We must arrive and we must do it soon. We finally do with a resounding thump approaching ugly. I move the thrust levers to max reverse and I’m on the brakes pretty good now; it’s beginning to look like a hotel layover might be possible instead of 400 hospital beds. The anti-skid units are cycling the main brakes now but we’re slowing pretty well.

*Holy smokes, we’re not even going to roll to the end! I’m going to make the second to the last turnoff just like the old guys. Surely I’ve had help from above.*

As Jens takes over to taxi back to the ramp, my wet fingers vibrating and barely able to push the mike button, I acknowledge the clearance to taxi and realize sweat is literally pouring off of me. I hope the guys don’t see my nervousness, but on second thought, it doesn’t really matter. I don’t care. I just flew a fully loaded Boeing 747-200 to Hong Kong, executed the most famous approach in the world and made my first night landing in rain and wind that would have Noah running for cover.

I might be in the club now but there is no question it will take me awhile longer to be as cool as Northwest Airlines Captain Jens Houby. ✈





## HISTORY CENTRE PERSONALITY PROFILE

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### CAPTAIN DICK BROWN RECALLS D-DAY: HIS 35TH MISSION WAS AN IMPORTANT ONE

Retired Captain Dick Brown's distinguished 36-year flying career with Northwest Airlines included more than 25,000 hours in 12 different aircraft types. Now a young 86 (he regularly shoots his age at golf) Dick and his wife, Jean, live comfortably in Wayzata, Minnesota. They've been married more than 62 years.

As a B-26 pilot, Dick flew 66 missions over Europe during World War II. He told the folks at the History center, recently, about his 35th mission – a piece of history, indeed--bombing Utah Beach on the French coast on D-Day, June 6, 1944.

#### **History Centre: Dick, start at the beginning.**

I was based in Boreham, England, a base about 30 miles northeast of London. That's where we landed coming over from the States. The reason we knew D-Day was coming is because we were bombing everything, every airfield and every bridge in northern France. They were building up to D-Day but we didn't know just when. Not the exact time. The night of June 5 we knew, though, because C-47s flew over our base with paratroopers and pulling gliders which would land over there. Then about 4 a.m. June 6 the night duty clerk comes and says "Come on, Lieutenant, get up. It's time to go."

#### **H. C.: We've always heard the weather was bad on D-Day. True?**

Very true. The weather was awful. Rain, windy, virtually solid clouds. The meteorologists told us we would top at seven or eight thousand feet. We ended up at 11,000 feet on top.

Everything we had went up, a maximum effort. Fifty-four planes in our 394th Bomb Group, part of the Ninth Air Force. Four squadrons in our Bomb Group, we were the 584th Bomb Squadron. Nine "V" formations in our Group of six planes each with

these six-plane formations divided into two three plane "V"s one slightly above and ahead of the other. We formed underneath and climbed into the murk. A turn became necessary. Two planes collided. They didn't see each other. Both crews were killed.

#### **H. C.: Tell us about your crew, your armament and your planes. Did you always fly the same one or did you trade off?**

We carried a crew of six or seven. Pilot, co-pilot, bombardier, radio operator, engineer and tail gunner. If you were the lead aircraft in your squadron you had a navigator.

We had 50-caliber flexible machine guns. The tail gunner operated two. The engineer had two in the top turret. The radio operator handled the waist windows with one gun on each side. The bombardier had one in the nose. I had control of four stationary guns, two on each side of the forward fuselage. We had firepower. In our six-ship formations the German fighters didn't want to attack us.

We could carry a four-thousand-pound bomb load in several dimensions—four thousand-pounders, eight 500-pounders, 16 250-pounders or as many 100-pounders as they could get in the bomb bay. Bomb size depended on the target, railroad yards, bridges, ammunition dumps for instance. Most every target had something different. Most of the time we operated from 8,000 to 10,000 or 12,000 feet. The Germans were good gunners. They had those 88 and 105-millimeter guns that could be very effective. A minute's straight and level flight and they could put some holes in you.

My planes? Normally we flew the same plane unless it was in maintenance. My first B-26 was named "Early Bird." Somebody borrowed it one day and it crash-landed and burned. The crew was okay. Most of my missions I did in my second plane,



“Pretty Polly.” That’s the one I flew on D-Day. “Early Bird’s” nose graphic featured a bird with a worm in its mouth with Hitler’s head on it—the early bird gets the worm. “Pretty Polly’s” graphic was a girl with a parrot perched on her big toe. There was a commercial artist in the crowd. We’d chose from pictures he had and he’d paint our choice on our plane.

Anyway, we ended up, as I said, on top at about 11,000 feet. The formation broke up going through the clouds, we were scattered all over. Going over the Channel some other aircraft joined us. We found a hole in the clouds and spiraled down to fifteen hundred feet. What a sight. The Channel was full of ships and boats and I’m sure glad we had the stripes on our wings.

We entered our target area, Utah Beach, northwest of Omaha Beach, that’s where they had trouble. Each unit in our bomb squadron had a specific target, we were mostly after their gun emplacements. We were told to bomb before 6:25 in the morning, from 6:00 to 6:25, a 25-minute window. We actually dropped our bombs at 6:24 and aerial photographs showed we did a pretty good job. At fifteen hundred feet the Germans could shoot about anything at us and we were getting a hot welcome. They didn’t have as many anti-aircraft guns as usual. They had big guns aiming at the people in the water.

Very few GIs were lost on Utah Beach. The landing barges were about a quarter-mile off shore when we got there. I thought to myself, you poor guys, you’re going to be digging foxholes in the sand when I’m home having my second breakfast.

Part of the problem at Omaha Beach was because they had the “heavies”—The B-17s and the B-24s—do the bombing through the clouds from 20,000 feet. Targets were missed because they were afraid they’d hit their own men. Some of the bombing was a few seconds late. That’s why on Omaha we took such a beating, so many casualties.

This might be second-guessing, I know—that’s what some of the book guys are good at. But if they’d used our mediums (B-26s) instead of the heavys, and with the weather so bad, maybe we could have gone downstairs at Omaha, too, and done the job. But as I say, that’s the old second-guess.

Anyway, we left Utah and went home. Our outfit did fly a second mission that day, as we often did, but I wasn’t called to go. Not quite as many of our planes went out the second time because now they were picking inland targets and the weather still wasn’t very good.

### **H. C: Dick, you mentioned stripes on your plane’s wings. What was that?**

Well, stripes were painted on our planes and on those of our Allies the previous night. About four hours before we left. Three white stripes about two feet wide separated by two black stripes of about the same width—around each wing and around the fuselage near the tail. The black stripes made the white stripes stand out more, especially on our silver-colored planes such as my “Pretty Polly.” They told the Channel ship gunners if you see a plane without white stripes, SHOOT IT DOWN! As I said, the stripes went around, over and under each wing and around the fuselage. You could see them from any angle so our ground gunners and fighter pilots knew who we were.

Anyway, as I said, we got home. I went to the Officer’s Club that night to look at the pictures and have a sociable drink. To us it was just another day’s work although an exciting one, D-Day. I got to thinking—yes, just another work day and here we are in the Officer’s Club enjoying ourselves while those poor guys are on the beaches of Normandy fighting for their lives. Somehow it didn’t seem quite fair. But we were each trained for different duties. We all had a job to do.

### **H. C.: What about after D-Day?**

I ended up with 66 missions. After D-Day we bombed right in front of our troops, wherever they were and targeted bridges and the like to frustrate German resupply efforts. Our fighters were with us and they dive-bombed and strafed anything that moved.

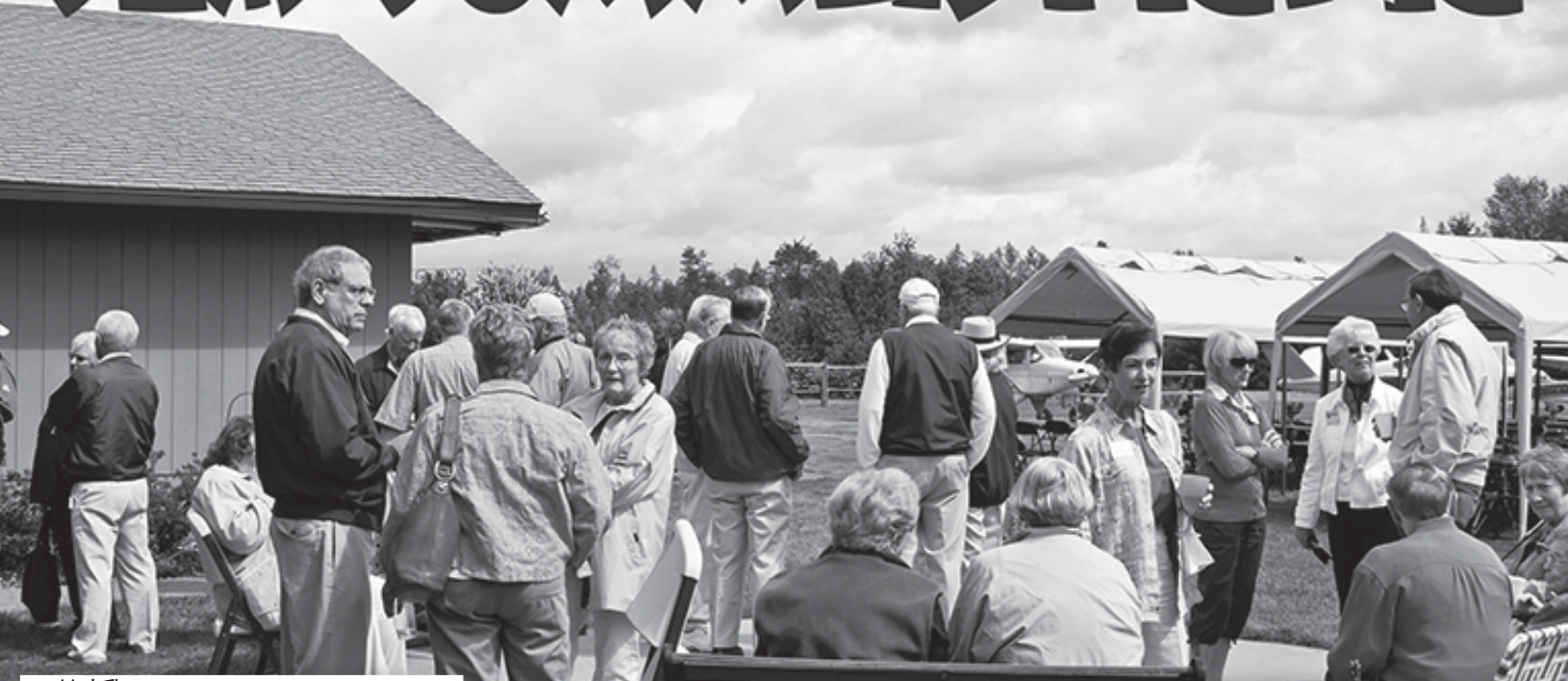
German fighters were no longer much of a menace. I saw only one on D-Day and he was being chased by three or four of our boys. I think we did a pretty good job of messing up German forward air positions. They had to retire their fighters inland and they no longer had the range to bother us much. Our big problem was flak.

I’m 86 now and those days are still with me, vivid in my memory. I think about them, still, and everything that happened. The big picture and little personal things. So much history. And I want to say this—in my mind the B-26 was a great airplane, one of the very best. We got shot up a few times. None of my crew was ever hit. And we always made it home.

*[History Centre] Editor’s Note: In a future issue Dick will tell us more about his favorite airplane and the plane it sired, the Martin 202. ✈*



# SEA SUMMER PICNIC



Hal Thorson



Denny Swanson



John Grimm, Hal Thorson



Marty Foy



Joe Kimm



Chuck Paine



Ted Swan, Sterling Bentsen, Walt Mills



Chuck Carlson, Wayne Stark, Mel Suggett, Phil Miller



Kathy Eglet, Holly Nelson



Warren & Dorothy Avenson



Paul & Rita Pompermayer



Leonard & Shirley Abrams

Alice McCabe, Pat Reiman, Holly Nelson,



Kathy Eglet, Rhea Dow, Alta Christ, Abby Lanman, Pam Beckman



Rae & Monty Leffle, Joanne Aitken



Sandy Bryan, Barbara Peterson, Pat Carpenter



Abby Lanman, Larry Patrick



Pam Beckman, Donna Pauly Chetlain



Erling Madsen, Gary Dickinson



Louise Brewer Drexler, Nancy Bates



Kelly Cohn, Darl McAllister, Dave & Holly Nelson



Gary Dickenson, Lowell Schroeder



Walt & Jan Mills, Nadine Bentsen



Beverly & Jim Palmer



Denny Swanson, Howie Parks, Hal Thorson



Skip Eglet, Wayne Stark, Larry Patrick



John & Dianne Hicks



Art Hastings, Pat Carpenter, John Grimm, Lee Anderson





Marty Foy, Chuck Carlson



Monty Leffle, Kelly Cohn, Rae Leffle, Evie Suggett



Bob & Ruth Mary Fuller



Darlene Jevne, Phyllis Lee, Sandy Schmidt



Jaunita Dineen, Cy Cole, Harriet Tombs

Carol Carstensen, Bob Carstensen,



Phyllis Lee, Ed Javorski, Jim Rafferty



Marv Peterson, Wil Harris



# SCHOLARSHIP FUND REPORT

This is the annual report of the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund, funded and supported by voluntary contributions of RNPA members and associates. Through the extra-ordinary generosity of two of our members we were able to award three scholarships this year. The recipients were formally announced at the RNPA convention held in Hartford, CN.

The student selected for the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund scholarship in the amount of \$2000 is **Tyler Towner**. Tyler is a sophomore studying civil engineering at Boise State University. He previously attended Auburn High School and Green River Community College. He has maintained a 3.74 GPA graduating 29th out of 330 students and was a member of the National Honor Society. He has been active in cross-country, swimming and track and field. Tyler was the lead pianist in the Auburn High School Jazz Ensemble for 3 years. He also works as a lifeguard and swim instructor, and earned a first-degree black belt at age 12, was a Boy Scout, and runs his own landscaping business. Tyler's father is a former NW Customer Service Representative in Cargo, based in SEA.

The Fund was very fortunate this year in that a member of RNPA came forward and became a benefactor. He donated \$2000 to be awarded as a scholarship in 2008 with the intention of making this an annual donation. The student selected for this Benefactor's Scholarship is **Alicia Marie Seubert**. Alicia is a freshman at the University of Central Florida Burnette Honors College and plans to attend medical school after graduation, focusing on cardiology. She has maintained a 4.0 GPA and graduated 2nd out 425 students while attending Lake Howell High School in Winter Park, FL. While in high school she was the yearbook co-editor, and participated in competitive cheerleading. She was also a member of the Future Healthcare Professionals of America, a member of the National Honor Society, Freshman class mentor, Students against Destructive Decisions (SADD), Cheer Camp Coach, and Algebra I Middle School teacher's assistant. She was awarded several achievement and good citizen's awards. Alicia's mother is a DTW based Flight Attendant.

Neither of the above scholarships carries a requirement for an aviation field of study to qualify for the award. The Memoriam Award mentioned below requires that the student must be following a career

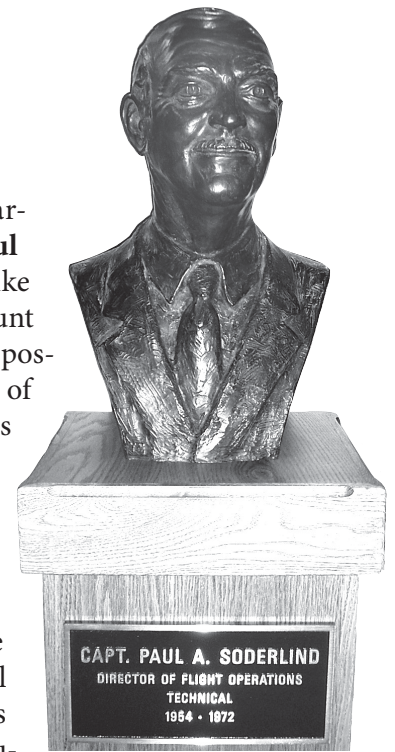
path that is aviation related.

This year the scholarship board awarded **Paul Duehlmeyer** the Robert Mielke Memorial Award in the amount of \$500. This award was made possible through the generosity of the Robert Mielke family and is planned be available for the next three years. Paul is a senior at Kettering University in Flint, Michigan. He has maintained an 88.77/100 GPA while at Kettering. He is active in fraternity activities as social and fund raising chairman, is director of the Academic Evaluations Council, and acted as the fundraising chair for the Student Alumni Council. He belongs to the rock climbing club, scuba diving club, and outdoors club. He has been a co-op at NW Airlines in the Cabin Avionics group, working on the In-seat Power Supply System for the international fleet. His goal is to enter the avionics industry.

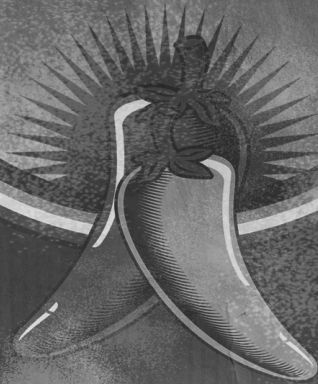
This year there were 116 requests for application with 68 completed and received by the deadline of June 30, 2008. The selection board had a tough job making the final selections, but that is what makes the job so rewarding. There were many qualified applicants, not only with good grades but also with extra-curricular activities that show community spirit and their promise and foresight. We encourage all eligible students to apply for the scholarships regardless of class ranking or outside activities. All that meet the eligibility requirements are welcome to send in an application. Make the request for applications via email to: [tpschellinger@prodigy.net](mailto:tpschellinger@prodigy.net).

A special thanks is due to those who donated to the Fund this year. Please keep in mind that contributions are gladly accepted and help keep the fund solvent and able to support students of the Northwest family. If you wish to donate, please send your check made out to the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund to Tom Schellinger, PO Box 240928, Apple Valley, MN 55124. You will receive a letter acknowledging your 501c3 tax-deductible donation. It is only through your generosity that we are able to make these scholarships available.

Tom Schellinger







**ALBUQUERQUE**

**REUNION**

**28-30  
SEPTEMBER  
2009**





**HOTEL**

We will be staying at the **Hotel Albuquerque** in **Old Town**. Old town is a very unique area of shops and restaurants. It follows the traditional Spanish pattern of a central plaza (*zocalo*) and church surrounded by homes and businesses. Many of the historic homes have been renovated into shops and restaurants. Romantic hidden patios, winding brick paths, gardens and balconies await your discovery. Shopping too! Indian art, turquoise, silver and gold jewelry, blankets and furniture.

**Hotel Albuquerque**  
**800.237.2133**  
Mention that you are with **RNPA**.  
The rate is \$125 +taxes per night.  
Free parking

Not far from the hotel you have the opportunity to ride the **Sandia Tram** to **Sandia Peak**, on the eastern edge of Albuquerque. This tram, at 2.7 miles, is the longest in the world. It rises from the floor of the valley, 5,000 feet up to the observation deck at 10,378 feet. The view from the deck offers an 11,000 square mile panoramic of the Rio Grande Valley and the Land of Enchantment.

**SIGHTS**

Our Day 2 tour will take us to the oldest continuously inhabited community of **Acoma**, and discover 1000 years of Acoma art, culture and history at the **Sky City Cultural Center** and **Haak'u Museum**. You will be able to purchase pottery directly from the potter. Lunch will be at the **Sky City Casino**. A visit to the Indian **Pueblo Cultural Center** is also on the schedule.

**PUEBLO**

There are several. Among the favorites: The **Holocaust Museum**, the **Petroglyph National Monument**, the **Turquoise Museum**, the **Unser Racing Museum**, the **Georgia O'Keefe Museum** and the **University of New Mexico**.

**MUSEUMS**

Early sign up, **before Jan. 1st**, gets you a chance at a **balloon ride** during the reunion. The chance card for the ride will be drawn before September and the winner notified. It also gets you **two (2)** chance cards towards either a free room or a free reunion fee. Sign up **before June 1st** gets you **one (1)** chance card for the free room or the free reunion fee. **Sign up after that and you'll get to watch someone else win!**

**SPECIAL**

Restaurants abound in Albuquerque, with food from world-renowned chefs. The New Mexico flavor of dishes will satisfy your palate for fine food. The variety of dishes will amaze you. Just to the north are the artist colonies of **Taos** and **Santa Fe**, where dining is also a pleasure.

**DINING**

**RV**

Free RV parking on site, but no camping. **American RV Park**, just west of town, is the highest rated in the area: **800.282.8885**

Albuquerque is the home of the **International Balloon Fiesta**, which begins the weekend after our reunion (Oct. 4-12). If you plan ahead you can reserve your same room for the entire period, at normal rates. They normally have 400 to 600 balloons participating.

**BALLOONS**

**RESERVE**

Send \$165 per person (\$190 after June 1st) to:  
**Terry Confer**  
**9670 E Little Further Way**  
**Gold Canyon AZ 85218**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
**Brie Stuffed Chicken**  **Salmon**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
**Brie Stuffed Chicken**  **Salmon**

CONTACT: Phone or email \_\_\_\_\_





# PELICAN LANDING Bonita Springs March 18th, 2009

BRIEF 11:00/LUNCH 12:00/DEBRIEF til 15:00

**Traditional Ceasar Salad**

**Entrée Choices**

**Mahi-Mahi with Tomato-Caper Relish  
Roasted New Potatoes and Julienne Vegetables**

**Chicken Vera Cruz with Yellow Rice  
and Julienne Vegetables**

**Dessert**

**Chocolate Madness Cake  
Coffee Service**

**GUEST NAMES**

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Menu Choices:  Mahi-Mahi  Chicken

Send check for \$30/person payable to:  
**Doni Jo Schlader**  
 3520 Cassia Ct  
 Bonita Springs FL 34134



# SW FLORIDA SPRING LUNCHEON



**DIRECTIONS:** Take **I-75** to **EXIT 123**, go **West** on Corkscrew Road to **Hwy 41** (Tamiami Trail), then **South 2.6 miles** to Pelican Landing/Colony entrance. Directions to the **Colony Club** will be given by gatehouse. **Valet Parking** available.



# RNPA Seattle Christmas Party

Thursday,  
December 11<sup>th</sup>, 2008

EMERALD DOWNS RACE TRACK · AUBURN, WA  
\$35 per person with reservation · \$50 per person at the door

**Information:**

Mary: (253) 876-6406  
mgauthier@wesleyresident.org  
Doug Peterson: (360) 889-0079  
db-peterson@comcast.net

Make checks payable to "**Sunshine Club**"  
and mail to:

Mary Gauthier -A106  
32339 109th Place SE  
Auburn WA 98092

Name(s) *[Please print]* \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ @ \$35 = \_\_\_\_\_

**Reservation deadline: December 8, 2008 · No refunds after this date!**



# MINNEAPOLIS CHRISTMAS PARTY

Chart House Restaurant  
11287 Klamath Trail  
Lakeville, Minnesota

Social Hour 5pm  
Dinner 6:30pm

\$38 per entrée

Choice of:

*Champagne Chicken*

*Baked Salmon Fillet*

*Prime Rib*



Got questions?  
Need more info?  
Call...

Doug Wenborg  
952.447.5441  
Pete Brown  
952.892.6987  
Jim Kary  
952.226.5279  
Ken Kreutzmann  
952.432.0520  
Steve Lillyblad  
952.431.6658  
Terry Marsh  
763.682.4516  
Ray Alexander  
952.890.5798

2008 MSP  
CHRISTMAS PARTY

Please make checks payable to: **Doug Wenborg**  
Mail this section to: **4300 Hickory Hills Trail, Prior Lake MN 55372**

Name:

Entrée:

Spouse/Guest:

Entrée:

People @ \$38 ea. =

**RSVP by Saturday, Nov. 29th**



**Eugene Schwartz**  
1916 ~ 2008

**Eugene Schwartz;** age 92, of Mercer Island, Washington, a retired Northwest Airlines captain “flew west” peacefully at his home on September 15, 2008, following a brief battle with brain cancer. Born on February 7, 1916, Gene was raised in Chicago and graduated from high school at sixteen during the depth of the Depression. He went to work immediately at whatever job he could find. In 1935, he enrolled in a local junior college. The college offered a civilian aviation program where he learned to fly. He continued to work and go to school, eventually graduating from the University of Illinois with a degree in management.

After receiving his private, commercial, instrument and instructor ratings, he worked as a flight instructor and crop duster. Gene was hired by Northwest Airlines in 1945. His 32-year career with the airline began on DC3s and ended with his retirement as a Boeing 747 captain.

Following retirement Gene audited numerous history courses at the University of Washington, specializing in Central Europe, the Middle East and India. Few people were aware that Gene had been an accomplished musician in his youth on oboe and violin. He maintained an abiding affection for classical music, especially the works of Mahler, Berlioz and Mozart. He was a champion bridge player and 50-year life master. His interests also included travel, photography, and, beginning at age 79, computers.

Gene is survived by Barbara, his wife of 53 years, son Doug and his wife Lejla, and granddaughter Lara, whom he adored, [shown above on the occasion of his 90th birthday when he “suited up” for the first time since retirement] as well as many friends. As he said on many occasions during the last weeks of his life, “I had the best job, I traveled the world and I had a family who loved me. I had a great life.”

### *From the Guest Book*

**Jill Heydron;** I’m so sorry to hear about your loss. My thoughts are with you.

**Azra & Haris Suko;** Dear Doug and Lejla, We’re sorry for the loss of your father. Our thoughts and prayers are with you. May you draw comfort from the times you enjoyed together—the laughter, the successes, the joys! We enjoyed meeting your father a few years ago during Lara’s birthday party. He seemed such an endearing man. You have our deepest sympathy.

**Harry & Geri Bedrossian;** Dear Barbara & Family, I always enjoyed Gene’s wit and humor. I enjoyed him on the airline and also as a neighbor when we lived on Mercer Island. Our condolences

**Tobias Neto;** Dear Doug, your father had a long, happy and well lived life. May he now rest in peace! My deep sympathy to Lejla, Lara and your mother. Your friend.

**Neal Henderson;** Hello All, I often flew with Gene as his copilot. We had some great trips. Gene was smart and fun to fly with. Gene will be missed. Respectfully submitted.

**Amina Bicciano (Sarajevo);** Dear Doug, Lejla informed us of sad news. Your father certainly had a nice fulfilling life and was very much loved-people like that are forever immensely missed but life goes on... my deep condolences to you, your mother.

**Emma I Emir Nalbantic (Sarajevo);** We have the honor to meet him before two years. We were surprised of his will for living, his look on the world, and most of all from his open-hearted smile and his jokes. Rest in peace.

**Jerry Slack;** I flew as Gene’s co-pilot (707) on the Coral run (Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Midway); also on his retirement Flt (S/O 747) HND-SEA and met Doug on that flight. It was a pleasure knowing and working with Gene.

**Bob Bartholomay;** Hope your trip west was a peaceful one

**William Victor (Vic) Allen;** I always enjoyed flying with you.

**Jim Palmer;** Dear Barbara, another great colleague gone, my deep sympathy.



**William H. "Bill" Arnold**, age 90, of Redington Shores, Florida, formerly of Edina, Minnesota, and a retired Northwest Airlines captain "flew west" for a final check on Aug. 26, 2008. By all who had the pleasure of knowing him, Bill was the quintessential gentleman. Born in Fargo, North Dakota on Dec. 26, 1917, he attended North Dakota State University pursuing an engineering degree. Bill's studies were interrupted by WWII and he joined the Air Transport Command, sparking his lifelong career in aviation. Bill signed on with Northwest Airlines on September 9, 1942 starting a 35-year career in commercial air travel, culminating as a captain piloting jumbo jets to the Orient.

Bill met the love of his life, Helen, on the cockpit radio as she guided his Air Transport Command flights over Canada from the ground below. Bill and Helen were married in 1944, and in 1977 they retired to Florida for a new career playing golf, traveling and living the good life. For many years, Bill played in the Pine to Palm golf tournament in Detroit Lakes, MN, remaining



**Bill Arnold**  
1917 ~ 2008

competitive well into his 70s. Bill also enjoyed the beautiful sunsets from his home in Florida. Bill was always ready for a game of cribbage or a good crossword puzzle, and will be greatly missed by his family, friends and colleagues.

Survived by Son Hazen (Jennifer); and daughters, Peg Englund and Pat Halgren (Sam); 6 grandchildren; 3 great-grandchildren; and many nieces, nephews and friends. He is also survived by his loving companion, Sarah. Sarah gave him much joy and happiness in his later years



### *From the Guest Book*

**Betty Ann Sternal;** Hazen and family, my deepest sympathy with the passing of one of NWA's finest. I enjoyed flying with your dad; he was a true gentleman. God bless.

**Susan Spohn;** Hazen, your Dad was one of the finest gentleman that I was lucky to fly with. He always respected the cabin crew. My sympathy goes out to you and your family at this time.

**Ed Johnson;** We share in your loss and I offer my heartfelt condolences. Bill set a standard, both as an aviator and gentleman, which few of us were able to measure up to. I only had a few trips on his crew but they were memorable. Another of our NWA greats has flown west.

**Charles Hinz;** Hazen, my deepest sympathies to you and your family.

**Nate & Sandra Cobb;** Hazen and family, condolences and sympathies, with the passing of your father, Bill, a gentleman, in every way.

**John Scholl;** Dear Hazen & family, I had the good fortune fly copilot with your father and Terry Marsh's father. They were two of the finest, most professional gentlemen with NWA. I am so sorry to hear of Bill's passing.

**Terry Marsh;** What a gentleman! Bill was one of my dad's favorite people and me too! I knew Bill for most of my life, and in later years we were neighbors in Florida. He continued to amaze me with his easy, perfect golf swing. My condolences to Haze and family, I share your loss!

**Warren and Dotty Avenson;** Our sympathy to Bill's family and friends. We echo the memories and good wishes of all the signers.

**Tom Giefer;** Bill was a top drawer pilot with a super, unruffable disposition. He set an enviable tone for those who worked with him.

**Skip Foster;** Hazen & family, I met your dad when I was in my first year with Northwest, 1969. Gary Hutteball and I joined him for a round of golf that summer. He was a great gentleman on and off the course. I'm sure he is greatly missed by all of his family and friends. It was a pleasure to spend a brief moment with him.

**Dick Smith;** Dear Hazen and family, we were saddened to hear of your dad's final flight west. He was such a credit to Northwest Airlines and his piloting profession. It is an honor to be counted as one of his friends. He will be long remembered.

**Joe and Jean Wiedemann;** We will miss Bill, a friend and fellow golfer. Our thoughts and prayers are with Hazen, Peg and Pat and the rest of the family.

**Harry Bedrossian;** I'll miss Bill. I always enjoyed flying copilot for him whether it was the props or the 707. He had a dry sense of humor that would crack me up. He was great to fly with since he was always a professional, and a fun guy to be with. I know he enjoyed his life and family.

**Vic Britt;** Bill Arnold was one among a nucleus of senior captains at Northwest Airlines who were outstanding pilots, flew by the book, set high standards, led by example, and showed those joining their fraternity in the sixties and seventies how to make a ten day trip seem like a holiday with friends.

**Lowell Schroeder;** One of the best months I enjoyed as a whale second officer, Bill was my captain, Hazen our copilot, and Cheryl the lead.

**Jane Bramberg;** Bill was the personification of a gentle gentleman. It was my pleasure to know him for so many years and call him friend.

**Art and Evie Antilla;** Our prayers and thoughts with Bill's family. I remember Bill back in the ATC days of the forties. We are of the same vintage. We send our sympathies.

**Bob Jeffrey and Punky;** Dear Pat, Peg and Hazen we are with you in spirit at this most difficult time. Your Dad was the greatest and we enjoyed many good times with him! We hope you will return to Redington at times as we value your friendship as well. On Wednesday Bill's fellow golfers and friends will salute him with a toast at Gooses. God Bless!

**Jim Lindley;** Haze and family, I was sorry to hear of Big Bill's passing. I remember when you and I held his paycheck up to the light to find out what a real pilot made. Your dad was a class act!!

**Milt Eitheim;** Bill was great to work with... a good example of a captain, and I know I learned a lot from him.

**Jay & Gail Jorgensen;** To the Arnold family, I was very sad to hear of the passing of Bill. I was lucky enough to work with Bill on many occasions over the years. Each one was a pleasure for me. Bill was the consummate professional and fun to work with. Have a smooth flight west Bill, you earned it.

**Larry Daudt;** Hazen and family, my condolences to you for the loss of your father. I knew him little but admired him much. He inspired me. May God rest his soul.

**Steve and Ellen Bowen;** Farewell, Bill! You were always one of Northwest's best and one great guy to

know. You will be missed by many. We'll see you out there, some day, in that wild blue yonder.

**Ray Dolny;** One of the best, good pilots, fun to fly with, good golfer and respected by all. Wish I could have held his trips more often. My condolences to Bill's family.

**Bill Horne;** Flying with Bill was always a pleasure. I always hoped I could be as good as he was when I finally made the move to the left seat. Flying with Bill was difficult as everyone wanted to fly with Bill as you had to be very senior to end up in his cockpit. Bill will be missed by all that knew him. I am just happy to have known him and have had the opportunity to serve as a Flight Crew under his command.

**Fred & Mary Raiche;** We are very saddened to hear the news of Bill. The years and memories of Bill and his family have been many and good. Knowing Bill & Helen and Hazen & his two sisters for these many years is very special to both of us. We were fortunate to have worked with Bill (as crew members) on many of Bill's flights. Forever, Bill and his family will be with us in memories.

**Jim Morell;** As a copilot I always tried to fly with Bill. It took a lot of seniority to fly on his crew because he was so well liked and pleasant to work with.

**Bob Bartholomay;** May your last flight be a peaceful one. It was certainly a privilege to have flown with you and have known you.

**Wes and Colleen Vermillion;** We both loved Bill and Helen. One of our favorite memories is boating with them to Edgemont Key! The four of us had a great time together! Enjoy the Flight West Bill, and give Helen a hug for us.

**Doug Wulff;** I knew Bill for almost 40 years and had the honor to work with him at NWA, and also have him as a neighbor after we both retired in Florida. Every pilot at NWA had respect for his piloting skills and as the gentle person he was. Bill, you will be missed by many. May you have a smooth final flight west.

**Virtus Junxit Mors Non Separabit;** Condolences from the brethren of the Minneapolis Valley of the Scottish Rite.

**JoAn Minuti/Adams;** My thoughts and prayers are with you all at this moment and always. The passing of your father and grandfather has ended a chapter in all our lives that was so wonderful. Your dad stood by my side as I buried my own parents. He remained my friend throughout the years. I was so honored and have such love and respect for him. I will truly miss my friend Bill.





**Howard Hammond**  
1927 ~ 2008

**William Howard "Howie" Hammond**, age 83, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain "flew West" for a final check peacefully on May 7, 2008. Howard was born in Burlington, Kansas, on July 18, 1924 and was active in football and basketball during his Burlington, KS, high school days. Following graduation from high school in 1941 and after harvesting that year's crops, Howard and the remaining Hammond family left their Kansas farm for the greater Seattle area. Howard served in the Army in the European Theater during World War II.

Following WWII, Howard met and married Audrey Funk on March 1, 1947. For a number of years, Howard owned and operated a gas station on Capitol Hill in Seattle. Aided by the GI Bill, Howard took flying lessons at the Issaquah Airfield. Upon completion of his required flight time, Howard followed his uncle, Captain Jack Bain, and became a pilot for Northwest Airlines on August 29, 1950. During his 34 years with Northwest Airlines, Howard was stationed in Tokyo, Japan, Hawaii/Marshall Islands, and Seattle. He retired from Northwest Airlines in 1984.

Howard was an avid golfer and a member of the Meridian Valley Country Club and community since its inception in 1973. Howard was active in the Washington State Senior Golf Association and the Retired Northwest Airlines Pilots' Association.

Howard and Audrey were married for 53 years, until her passing on October 21, 2000.

*From Jim Palmer*

It was a sad day when Howie didn't show up for our usual golf game on Wednesday May 7. Howie had the delight of bidding flight schedules after me for about 30 years, since I was hired 10 days before him. I guess that is why he reluctantly would concede my short putts. We checked out on the 747 in the same class in 1975. He lived in a condo in Meridian Valley Country Club about 150 yards from my house since 1972. He recently sold his place in Lake Havasu Arizona. He tried very hard to have a happy life after Audrey passed away in 2000. There was a large turnout of airline and golfing friends at his Funeral. Many thanks to Marty Foy and the Blackjack Squadron for doing a flyby over Howies Funeral reception at the Meridian Valley Clubhouse on May 23. I hear General Motors is doing badly and now Howie won't be getting a new Cadillac every year, very sad.

*I have come to realize when someone you love dies the continuity of life is a difficult surprise. The birds still sing, the flowers bloom, people are in love and the one thing that skips a beat is the heart of the broken-hearted...* — Mary Rethlake, NWA Flight Attendant

Just a reminder that a "Survivor's Checklist" to aid with the passing of a loved one can be found on the last two pages of the Membership Directory.



# Membership Application and Change of Address Form

NAME

SPOUSE'S NAME

PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS

STREET

CITY

STATE ZIP+4 PHONE

EMAIL\* (See note)

SECOND OR SEASONAL ADDRESS (for RNPA annual directory only)

STREET

CITY

STATE ZIP+4 PHONE

DATE OF BIRTH (Optional for affiliate member)

DATE OF FIRST EMPLOYMENT WITH AIRLINE AS:

AN EMPLOYEE A PILOT

DATE OF RETIREMENT FROM AIRLINE AS:

AN EMPLOYEE A PILOT

IF CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY NWA INDICATE:

BASE POSITION

IF RETIRED, WAS IT "NORMAL" (Age 60/65 for pilots)? YES \_\_\_ NO \_\_\_

IF NOT, INDICATE TYPE OF RETIREMENT: MEDICAL \_\_\_ EARLY \_\_\_ RESIGNED \_\_\_

APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF HOURS LOGGED

AIRLINE AIRCRAFT TYPES FLOWN AS PILOT

REMARKS: Affiliates please include information as to profession, employer, department, positions held, and other relevant info:

CHANGE: This is a change of address or status only

MEMBERSHIP TYPE

REGULAR (NR) \$35  
Limited to pilots no longer on NWA pilot payroll

NWA ACTIVE (NA) \$35  
Limited to pilots currently on NWA pilot payroll

AFFILIATE (AF) \$25  
Spouse or widow of RNPA member, a friend, former colleague, or a pilot from another airline

PAYMENT

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:  
"RNPA"  
AND MAIL TO:  
Retired NWA Pilots' Assn.  
Dino Oliva  
3701 Bayou Louise Lane  
Sarasota FL 34242-1105

MAILING NOTES

U. S. POSTAL SERVICE: We are unable to change mailing addresses seasonally. Instead, Contrails and all other mail is sent First Class to your permanent mailing address, which provides for forwarding, unlike our previous mailing system. If desired, please arrange forwarding through the U. S. Postal Service.

\*EMAIL NOTE: To protect email addresses they are published only on the RNPA website (www.rnpa.org), which is password protected. You must send any change to Phil Hallin: RNPAnews@bhi.com





*Courtesy of James Lindley*

## WHERE DO WE FIND BLUE EYED DAUGHTERS?

### PILOT...

Take the captain of a liner, add a soldier, meteorologist, radio technician, navigator, mechanic and a bit of an aeronautical engineer, and you'll have the makings of a Northwest Airlines pilot.

It has been calculated that not more than four percent of the country's population would be physically and mentally qualified to become airline pilots. Whatever the figure may be, the typical Northwest Airlines pilot is the product of a highly selective training.

The typical Northwest Airlines pilot may or may not be a college man, but he usually is about 35 years old and has seen service in some branch of government flying. He probably learned flying with the army, and has been in the air some 7,000 hours since his first solo. At the 180 miles-per-hour cruising speed of the Lockheed Electra, that would be about 1,260,000 miles, or around the world some fifty times. Every three months the Department of Commerce gives him an intensive physical examination. He must fly complicated maneuvers before the eyes of a critical inspector. His knowledge of weather phenomena has an hour's workout before each scheduled flight. Constant practice in a hooded cockpit keeps his instrument flying skills at its peak.

A Northwest Airlines pilot was the first to earn a Congressional Medal for bravery in transport flying.

Another pilot made the first heavier-than-air flight in Canada. A number of pilots have saved sleepers in burning homes by roaring the motors of their planes overhead.

It is axiomatic that a Northwest Airlines pilot is inevitably the proud father of a blue-eyed daughter. Most of the pilots are devoted fisherman, but on many a holiday you'll find them at the airport with wife and daughter—watching the planes take off.

*Submitted by James Lindley from the scrapbook of Cecil DuRose, VP Western Region, NWA—1936 NWA staff writer.*

## RNPA CONTRAILS



TREASURER:

**DINO OLIVA**

3701 BAYOU LOUISE LANE  
SARASOTA FL 34242

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