

RNPA

CONTRAILS



ISSUE NO. 170

MAY 2009

OUR 39 YEAR HISTORY ONE ISSUE AT A TIME

RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION



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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 «

MAY						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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31						

JUNE						
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11 MSP Summer Cruise

JULY						
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

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 20 SEA Summer Picnic

SEPTEMBER						
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27	28	29	30			

Albuquerque Reunion

OCTOBER						
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NOVEMBER						
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29	30					

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DECEMBER						
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27	28	29	30	31		

9 SEA Christmas Party
 13 MSP Christmas Party

JANUARY						
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10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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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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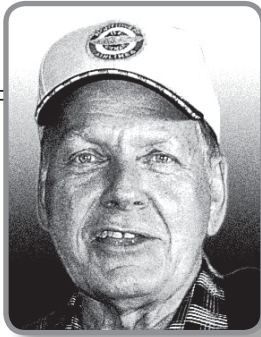
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President's Report: Gary PISEL



Greetings All,

Well winter is almost over, at least here in AZ where it will be over 90 in the next few days. Time to plan heading out of the Valley of the Sun for the summer.

The Future of RNPA: I have been asked that question several times. What is the future of RNPA and what are we going to do. At present RNPA is strong and healthy with over 1300 members. The social gatherings are well attended in all locations. We, the Board, believe we will be a viable organization for several years to come. However there will come a day when all the loyalties will be to Delta and RNPA will lose out. I suspect that day is at least 10 years down the road if not further. This will be a discussion area for this summer Board Meeting in June.

New Employee Number: As you may have heard, Delta has assigned new employee numbers to all former Northwest personnel. Your new number can be found by logging on to RADAR, then going to your personal account. The new number is 9 digits. It is not related in any way to your former employer. If you have problems you can call Pension Benefits: 800-692-7367 and they can help you.

Occurring Events: All the employees from NWA have now changed to the Delta uniform as of April 1st. I heard there were some glitches, but for the most part it is going well. The aircraft are being painted, you may have seen the 747 YouTube segment; SAD.

The Pension Benefit number is currently operated by NWA people until Jan 1, 2010. Currently you can call and get the information you need. After next Jan you will call Delta for the same information.

All NWA retirees will be given access to DELTA NET. This is the main access to all Delta information. You will be able to apply to DELTA CARE for loans or grants to cover unexpected expenses, such as floods, medical etc. More information will be forthcoming on this in May.

At the end of April Barbara and I will be attending the Delta Pioneers Reunion in Atlanta. The Pioneers is made up of all Delta Retirees. They hold their reunion at the same place (ATL) the same time every year.

RNPA REUNION – ABQ: Don't forget to sign up for our Reunion in ABQ this coming September. Plan to stay over for the Balloon Festival. Forms can be found in this issue of Contrails.

As we plan for future Reunions we welcome ideas as to locations and possible organizers. We do our best to keep the costs reasonable and the venues interesting. Please contact any Board member with ideas.

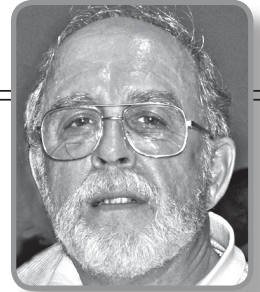


Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

For those of you that have contributed to the retired pilots fund, here is a thank you note from the daughter of one of the recipients:
“RNPA, Thank you for your generous support for dad over the years. We appreciate the checks and they are needed more now that dad is in assisted living care.”

The pilots receiving these payments were retired before we had a pension for them.

Dues reminders were mailed out in early March with a deadline for return by March 25th. The majority of those that were tardy with their payments sent in their checks. The few that did not unfortunately had to be removed from membership. I did have one comment regarding the tone of the reminder notice. It was not my



“FLOWN WEST LOGOS”

I am happy to report that the sales of my image have earned the **Paul Soderlind Scholarship Fund \$3,682.51** after expenses, thanks to the almost 200 of you who ordered one.



ONLY FIVE DOLLARS MORE...
...for you. But what a royal pain for our treasurer.



This is Dino sending out this year's **delinquent dues notices**. As he says below, most of these eventually got paid, but it's an unfair burden on him. Some in this pile will probably miss an issue or two of *Contrails* until they realize sometime next Fall that they haven't been getting the magazine. (Yes, that happens—too frequently.)

We could double his pay, but that's still ZERO!

We all do this on a voluntary basis, so how about a little consideration next year, please?

SO YOU THINK THE STOCK MARKET'S DEPRESSING?

How about this? The “Flown West” section is twelve pages long this issue. Not only is that surely a record, but it's also very depressing for Vic and me to have to report all the sad news. I keep hoping for just one issue without a “Flown West” section.

Considering this, it just may be time for those of you who have never attended a Reunion to think about it.

Me? I think it's past time to renew the will.

Whatchabeenupto?

ABOUT THE COVER(S)

Since we're all in a rather nostalgic mood over the loss of our company, or at least it's brand, I thought it appropriate to point out that RNPA has a substantial history of its own. The only physical evidence that our organization exists is represented by those 170 newsletters/magazines.

When I began scanning each of those covers I assumed that it might be a time-consuming operation. I was right! I neglected to factor in the time I would spend reading through so many of the old issues. What a long trip.

I didn't know all of the pioneer pilots that were chronicled in those early issues, but I certainly knew *of* a great many of them. While the loss of the airline tends to be abstracted in the form of airplanes and people in general, the richness of the memories of the (mostly) men in those newsletters with whom we all worked was quite moving.

I have said this before: It's hard to imagine another occupation in which one can go to work with so many different people and yet have so much in common with each one of them. I challenge anyone to show me any large group of fellow employees where one enjoys working with ninety nine and forty four one hundredths of them. That is most probably the reason for RNPA's success.

There has been talk of late wondering how long RNPA will survive. Probably not for another 170 issues, but it will certainly last for a while longer. It's just too rich a history to go quietly into the sunset just yet.

intention to offend anyone with the notice and I apologize to anyone that took offence. I may have subconsciously been irritated by the fact that the notices required additional expense to RNPA and that it took about 8 hours of my time to send them out to those who could have prevented the problem by spending about 2 minutes of their time and sending in their payments when they received their initial dues notice.

Unfortunately Northwest is no more. I, along with everyone else, am sad to see our airline disappear. RNPA is the last venue for us to keep in touch with the great people we all had the pleasure of working with throughout the years. I hope that we all are able to continue our friendship through RNPA, and I would encourage each of you to convince any of your friends that do not yet belong to join in with us and enjoy the legacy of the employees of NWA.

THE MAILBOX

Maggie McMahon 

Dear Dino,

Your dues statement is included, since it's one I don't mind paying at all! Kudos to you and the Board for once again providing such enjoyment through the year.

Things move along much faster with retirement—or is it just age? Our winter in MN has been a classic snowy mone—so a visit to the BWCA is in order. Play your cards right and you too could share the experience! Watching the colors change here this year included not just the leaves, but aircraft colors as well. Much to my surprise coming home the other day, I see old NW colors in the form of not one, but TWO, of our old crew busses for sale along Hwy 52. Any takers out there? I just think of the possible fun to be had!

Best to you and Karen,
Maggie McMahon

Don Wiedner 

Hi Dino,

Not much to update for Jeanne and I, we're still hanging around our little hunk of land south of Lakeville, Minnesota and enjoying raising bees, trees and occasionally, two grandsons. I still have projects in the workshop to do, so life is pretty darn good.

We still enjoy the four seasons in Minnesota, but do take a 6 week winter break in the Pensacola area. Other than that, my urge to travel has pretty well burned out.

I hope you and the other RNPA executives know how much you're appreciated by us retirees for keeping this enterprise afloat. I'm trying to encourage the new retirees that I'm still in touch with to join up—has to be the spent \$35 I can think of.

Cheers,
Don Wiedner

Gary Thompson 

Hi Dino,

Here come the dues for 2009. Thanks for all you do.

Hope to see you in ABQ.
Gary Thompson

Gary Webb 

Dear Dino & Karen,

Cortney and I have our new house and outbuilding done in Safety Harbor, and are in the process of moving in. It's a good feeling.

See ya in March,
Gary Webb

Montie Leffel 

Dear Dino,

Thank you for the 2009 dues statement which arrived a few days ago. Wings Credit Union will be sending you a check shortly.

January marks my 8th year of retirement and I still miss the flight crews and layovers in HNL and AMS. I have been living in SEA 45 years and we have had more snow this past month than the total snow fall in all 45 years. Sometimes, I think I am back in MSP where I began my airline career 53 years ago when I was 22 years old.

Thanks for all the hard work you do for RNPA and I am looking forward to seeing you in ABQ next September.

Happy New Year and Best Wishes!
Montie Leffel



Tony Polgar 

Hello Dino,

Thanks to you and all that help with RNPA. I look forward to each publication. They are great!

I would like to thank all who sent me cards, emails, phone calls, thoughts, and prayers after my triple by-pass. I had 95% blockage in a location called the "widow maker" because no one survives a heart attack with blockage in that location. I am very lucky the doctor found the problem at the time he did. I am getting better each day.

I have rented a home in Hawaii for the month of February so my wife (who deserves a rest after being my nurse) and I can relax and soak up the sun and do nothing. As any of you men who have been sick know how difficult we can be.

Thanks again to all,
Tony Polgar

Dorothy Sutter



Dear Dino,

Just anote with the dues. Red is doing really good after a tough year and is feeling more like his old self again. He had his heart surgery a year and a half ago, so that's a long recovery. This last November he celebrated his 90th birthday and is looking forward to lots more years, that is. We both enjoy all the letters and cartching up with everyone's activities you fellows report on.

Keep up the good work.

Ever,

Dorothy & Red Sutter

Walt Howard



Greetings everyone!

Nothing new in my life these days. The only trips I now take are to the clinics and hospitals because of Parkinson's disease and cancer on the right side of my face and jaw.

Dorothy and I have been together for 62 years, and we still enjoy our home in Hudson, Wisconsin.

We have two sons and a grandson flying for the airlines!

Walt Howard

Ralph Kisor



Greetings from sunny Arizona and Pioneer RV Park where Ralph is a ping-pong "jock" and Ann is a yoga enthusiast.

Thanks for all you do for this fine organization,
The Kisors

Faye DeShazo



Thank you for your help. I had a hard time in 2006 & 2007. I spent over 100 days in the hospital, but the doctor cut a hole in my head and removed a blood clot and I have been fine since and feel fine.

Faye DeShazo

Marv Lund



Hi Dino,

You guys are doing a great job with RNPA.

We enjoy the stories in the magazine, and I remember some of my own. Some good and not so good.

Helen and I are still driving after eye sugery, although with all the rain and snow we've had so far this winter in Seattle it's been kind of hectic at times. It's still a great place to live.

Our grandson, Chris, has been flying for Northwest over ten years and hopes to be Minneapolis based since the merger.

Best regards,

Marv Lund



Art Steadman



Hi Dino,

...and all of the gang that keeps us up to date on the goings on. Great job.

Not much to report here. After reading what all the others are up to we lead a pretty slow and dull life. Summer on the lake in Washington. Winters in Arizona. both of us are really healthy except for Enid's arthritis.

Our time is pretty much spent with our kids and grandkids.

Hope to make another reunion sometime.

Regards,

Art Steadman

Robert McLeod



Dino,

I wish to pass something along which happened to me with the 401K.

I received a letter from NWA on the 19th of November, informing me as I was over 70½ years old, I had 30 days to take the 401K in cash or roll it over into some IRA and was mandatory I take a percentage payment. It was the law to take the percentage.

NWA said it was in their 401K contract not to handle the 401Ks after a person reaches 70½ years old.

I pointed out to NWA that the law states I do not have to take a distribution the first year if I double up the second year with single distributions thereafter.

Finally, I had already taken that distribution out of one of my IRAs. This coupled with trying several days on the phone to get through to anybody. This business came during the busiest time of year.

Had I known this was coming, I would have done this sooner and none of the distribution problem would have happened. Also I would have had an IRA paying a little more. So to all of you—remember at 70½ years old NWA no longer allows you to be in their IRA program. Take some action before that!

Robert D. McLeod

Muryl Cole



Hi again Dino and all hands,

Everything is normal in Phoenix, AZ.

We lost others of our old original Empire Airlines pilots this past year—Wm. Nelson and Dennis Smilovich. So now we are down to four left: Joe Buskirk, George Castle, Larry Smitz and myself.

God Bless you all and keep healthy,
Muryl Cole

Lyle Prouse



I just sent in my RNPA dues and Retiree Fund contribution and Barb and I are heading into 2009.

We continue to be blessed with good health, which becomes more and more significant each year, and for which we are extremely grateful. I'm still flying, still holding an FAA First Class Medical, and still happy each time I get above terra firma and look down. Early in my NWA career Norm Midthun was in front of our class and he made a statement I've never forgotten. "Pilots," he said, "need a very simple mind so they never get tired of looking down and enjoying the land beneath them." That may not be the exact quote but it's very close and I've never forgotten the idea behind it. And so it is with me; I never get tired of looking down at all the various landscapes and the beauty of our land.

Barb and I have not made a RNPA reunion since the one in SAT. Ya'll always plan it when it's my deer hunting opener and I am still an avid chaser of those wily critters. Guess I'm going to have to reorder some priorities if we're to make another gathering.

We have three small grandkids in southwest Georgia, ages 9, 7, and 3. The two older ones are in the gifted programs at their schools and were on the state academic honor roll this past year. I'm wondering where those genes came from! The little three year old girl has one day a week at a child care center, which she loves. But on her first day she told her dad that some girl had pulled her hair and "really pissed her off." I know where those genes come from! All three are terrific kids and the superb parenting they've had really shows.

Until our paths cross we wish all of you well. Things could be better with our economy and some other things, but in all that's truly impor-

tant neither Barb nor I can complain and each day is a gift.

Best wishes, good health, and may every day be a good one for you—unless you've made other plans.

Blue skies,
Lyle and Barbara Prouse

Erling Madsen



Hi Again Dino:

My dues for 2009 are enclosed. It has been said before but bears repeating, "RNPA, the biggest bang for the buck," all year.

I try to write neatly but with Parkinson it always deteriorates.

A very sincere thanks to you, the officers, and the editorial staff of Contrails. A superb job by all.

Summer 2007 we tragically lost our eldest son. In a matter of days our President, Gary and Barb were here to offer compassion and condolences. Gary was present when we brought Todd home from the adoption agency in New Jersey, March 31st, 1966. They encouraged us to attend the convention in Reno, which we did and it was great. So much support was felt from everyone. It seems that we have lost so many comrades lately, many of them far too young as well as some of the old legends.

Sincere thanks,
Erling & Ardella Madsen

Janet Partel



Really enjoy reading Contrails. Retired January, '08—will be 48 years with NWA.

Hope to be more involved with RNPA activities now and Contrails helps keep me informed now that I'm not flying.

Thanks to you all.
Good job!
Janet Partel

Lou Shumway



Hello Gary,

I'm getting my RNPA dues into the mail today and thought I'd grace your e-mail box with an e-mail. For some reason the weeks and months are passing at an accelerating pace, but I'm still as young as I always have been, even though I turned 70 last month. Ten years away from NWA; that seems like 10 months.

Our lives still involve quite a bit of traveling, even though airline travel is becoming less and less pleasant. With one son and two grandchildren in Hilo, Hawaii, it does require that we travel to Hawaii a couple times a year. We also have enjoyed attending Elderhostel's. This is an organization with educational programs, in both domestic and international locations. Last year we were in San Antonio, Texas and Michigan's Upper Peninsula. I guess we became honorary "Uppers." Depending on how our pension holds up we may even be able to attend an international elderhostel this year.

We are still in Illinois, under the approach to 14R at ORD, and life goes well. We remain healthy, and are moving only a little more slowly.

Greet all from us and thanks for all of your good work. I thoroughly enjoy my issue of "Contrails" when it arrives. We all owe you guys a large debt of gratitude.

Lou Shumway



Terry Juliar



Dino,

We appreciate so much all of you people who put all your time and efforts in for RNPA.

My wife, Nadine and I are enjoying precious moments with our family and friends. We are have so much fun watching our grandchildren's activities. We always look forward to watching their hockey games, but look forward more to the baseball season, when it is warm.

Our health has been good enough for us to think we are still outside the outer marker for the final approach.

We are changing some things in our life that could become life changing events like not balancing on the end of ladders to paint the top piece of trim on the house.

Thanks again to all of you. I will email this and the dues are in the mail.

Terry Juliar

Paul Haglund



Dino:

The work you and the others do to make RNPA viable is very much appreciated. 2008, like most years, was filled with blessings and other. Good health (for our age) makes our life style possible. While Destin, Florida is our home, we spend four months during the warm weather at the condo in the North Carolina mountains.

We traveled a lot in '08, Bulgaria for three weeks visiting our son, his wife and four children. Minneapolis visiting a daughter and two grandsons. Ireland for a couple of weeks golfing with friends. Colorado Springs for a squadron reunion in the Fall. Life, for our family has been good.

Blessings to all,
Paul Haglund

Ken Redetzke



My check for 09 dues is in the mail and as I've said before, it's the best 35 bucks I spend every year. The entire staff of Contrails does an outstanding job and I thank each of you for keeping us all informed of our friends activities.

Sue and I still spend our summers at our home on Woman Lake in Minnesota and winters in Miramar, Beach Florida. Family, friends, and golf occupy most of our time. Lots of former NWA'ers here in the Panhandle and we enjoy the good life with them.

Best regards to all.

Ken Redetzke

Shirley Ott



To the staff of RNPA:

Thank you for a great magazine.

I would also like to thank the many members who sent the emails, notes and the phone calls the family received during Mel's final days. We want you to know how much they meant to him and the family. We treasure those memos and acts of kindness.

Mel is greatly missed, but the memories of him are forever present.

Sincerely,
Shirley Ott

Pete Hegseth



Another cold & snowy day in good ol' Minnesota. Thanks to you who do all the work for RNPA. The last issue of *Air Line Pilot* points out the important work that those of you that gave up a lot of time to work for our benefit. I remember the strikes of '69, '72, '75 & '78, but we still worked at the best of times!

Thanks again for all your work,
Pete Hegseth

Dave Nelson



Hi Dino,

Enclosed are dues for you—and as always, we are happy to contribute to the Retiree Fund.

We took a lovely seven day cruise over New Years around the "warm" Hawaiian Islands. It was a welcome relief from the atrocious weather we've been having in the Pacific Northwest. Hopefully Spring is right around the corner!

Our building project in Baja is coming along nicely... make your reservations early!

We are sorry to have lost one of our best buddies, Bob Shaw. Life will not be quite the same without him. We will miss him dearly.

We love reading Contrails and enjoy hearing from everyone, and really appreciate all the hard work everyone puts in.

Greetings and Happy New Year to all,
Dave & Holly Nelson



Marge Sowa



Happy New Year!

Enclosed is a check of \$25 to cover my membership dues as an affiliate to RNPA.

I enjoy you magazine so much. It will probably be our only link to the "Northwest that was."

Sincerely,
Marge Sowa

Jay Jorgensen



Hi Dino,

Enclosed is my dues payment, a small price for so much value. Every year our organization appears to be getting better and better, for which I thank all involved. [Contrails] has evolved to such a great publication, I can hardly await its arrival.

It was sad to see Northwest disappear after such a historic presence in the airline industry. The recent ALPA magazine coverage of NWA-brought back many fond memories of the good old days including but not limited to picket lines, strike headquarters and dealing with Nyrop.

We are still residing on beautiful Sand Key in Clearwater, Florida. All of our kids and family reside in the Twin Cities areas so we take an occasional break from the sunshine to visit each year. Other than that, our travels are mainly to visit Gail's folks in Colorado, an annual trip to Mazatlan, Mexico for more sun and Alaska for fish or visit with "Sarah." I am still dabbling in real estate sales in the local market, pretty much specializing in waterfront property. Speaking of change, we are now becoming "experts" in short sales and foreclosures, another sign of the times (?).

Thank you again everyone, your work and efforts are very much appreciated.

Jay & Gail Jorgensen

Ron Murdock



Good News!

No change, still vertical!

Happy New Year. We still recall the nice dinner we enjoyed in Reno.

Ron & Bonnie Murdock

Dan Linehan



Dino,

I always look forward to our magazine and the pictures.

I want to thank you for all you have done for our group and what you continue to do for all of us.

Thank you again,
Dan Linehan

Chuck Nichols



Dear Dino,

We are both fine, Roz and I. We leave for Florida on January 9th and will return to Minneapolis in May. I golf at least 3 times a week and we are so happy to be out of the ice and snow.

We leave behind 19 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. We had 28 at our party room on January 4th and we did the pageants with the three kings arriving to pay homage on Epiphany. Everyone gets into the act and it is much family fun. Rose, grandchild, was the star to lead the kings. After a great feast of lasagna and chicken divan we played games.

We are so blessed with our close family. Life is good and NWA was a great part of it all.

Have a Happy New Year,
Chuck Nichols

Louise Brewer



Three times I've tried to put this in a "stack" and each time your DO IT NOW! DO NOT LAY THIS ASIDE caught my eye!

I look forward to each publication. It's a great way to stay connected. Kudos to all and Happy New Year.

Louise Brewer

Jim Swanson



Dino,

Joan and I are enjoying retirement, 6 months in Destin, Florida and summers in Florence, Wisconsin and Eagan, Minnesota. Spend lots of time on the road or in the air visiting our 5 children and 9 grandchildren. They are scattered across the country from San Francisco to Cannes, France.

Thanks for all you do for keeping us all informed of old friends. I keep in touch with latest aviation news through son and daughter-in-law, as they both are pilots at FedEx.

Thanks again,
Jim & Joan Swanson

Warren Fitzpatrick



Enclosed find my check for 2009 dues. Want to congratulate you all for putting out such a professional magazine.

There are not many names that I recognize any more. I started with NWA in August of '46 and retired in '83. There are people who started in '82 that are now retiring. Time marches on.

We are still living on Whidbey and in relatively good health, although Marian has Alzheimer's and as a consequence we don't get out very much anymore.

Best,
Warren Fitzpatrick
Flight Dispatch

Bill Rowe



Hi Dino,

Dorothy and I celebrated our 61st anniversary last month. We also have seven great-grandchildren.

We both still play tennis and golf a few days a week.

Looking forward to the Spring Luncheon in March.

Bill Rowe





Being hopelessly addicted to the hobby of collecting old guns, cowboy and indian items, etc., it gives me great pleasure to own a genuine Northwest Airlines firearm. I am wondering if anyone else has ever seen one or knows anything about it. The gun is a Colt Detective Special made in 1929.



The initials NWA are scribed on the left side of the frame.



The holster is almost more interesting than the gun. The first Northwest Airways logo is neatly embossed on the leather. The belt loop shows no sign of use. The corners and edges of the leather are turned and worn, indicating the gun was

carried in something and not worn. Gun and holster fit perfectly together.



Under the flap of the holster you find the initials MBF. Surely this was Mal Freeburg's! I assume being armed had something to do with the carrying of mail. Wonder if it was just the pilots who were armed, or were all postal workers armed at one time?

On a related subject, I also have a handgun that was a Pratt & Whitney guard gun, made in 1937. Anyone who hung on Pratt & Whitney engines as much as we did, has to have some affection for that company.

Thanks,
Joel Tastad

Quoting Joe Kimm: "When I joined Northwest in 1929 one of the first things they gave me was a .38 revolver. They gave it to me, but they didn't tell me how to use it. Anyone who carried registered mail, and as a steward I had mail responsibilities, had to carry a .38. I wore it on my hip for four years, even as a co-pilot. About 1935 they let us carry it in our flight kit."

Since the gun was made the same year that Joe was issued his, and since Mal Freeburg's middle initial is "B," I think it's safe to say that this must have been his. I'll bet his son Jim remembers this gun!

- Editor



Dear Dino,

The year 2008 was not a good year. Healthwise at age 94 I'm still OK. Vision only about 50% from left eye. Had my driver's license renewal last May and like the guy at the license bureau says, "You need only one good eye." Otherwise I'm OK. Walk out of the condo three times per day at a mile each time. Oh, oh, almost forgot that in early September I was in nearby Castle Hospital for three days due to breathing difficulty due to lung congestion.

Last August 21 my dear wife Mary lost her battle with pneumonia, just two days after her 90th birthday. Do I miss her? You bet I do. For sure she was the best thing that ever happened to me. We were very close—we talked a lot and laughed a lot. For sure things were sort of downhill after she broke her hip two years ago and pushed a walker from then on. I keep checking at the cemetery, still no marker at her grave site. I'm all alone here in this three bedroom two bath unit. Yesterday swept and swabbed the floors—today laundered the bed lins, towels and clothes. Brush the cat every day and make sure the litter box is clean, plus her food and water available. Completely black cat with amber eyes. We picked her up as a result of ad in the newspaper that caught Mary's attention. Drove near 50 miles one way past Wahi Alualu pineapple fields to get the cat 5 years ago.

Other not so good was that a sister and brother passed away in Ohio, my home state. Of eight men in the family I'm the last living one, plus two sisters of once were five of them.

Here at this condo it's nice that McDonald's is across the street and I can totter across any time and have coffee and maybe talk to someone.

Have a good year,
John Firis

Mary Render Orr



Hello Dino,

Do you intend to keep publishing the RNPA magazine? I hope so, as does my husband, formerly with Frontier Airlines and does receive their publication. However, yours is much more interesting and well done. Those are his words.

I am one of those devastated people regarding losing our great airline. I was 23 years old when I became a stewardess, then married Ralph Render and we were married for 5[?] years. During that time, there were so many family members that became employees for NWA. My younger sister, Ginny Campbell, flew for 6 years. Ralph's sister also flew [several] years, Mary Helen Render (Uram). And of course, Ralph's brother was killed in a Martin crash in 1950. His wife had been chief stewardess for NWA. My oldest daughter, Susan was a flight attendant for 16 years for NWA. Currently my son, Tom, is a pilot about to retire in less than a year (as a Delta pilot). His wife, Jane Travers, was also a flight attendant for NWA for many years. Tom and Jane's daughter, Alexis Render is a flight attendant for NWA (now Delta). Also Ralph's niece, Renee; Uran is a senior flight attendant for NWA (Delta).

Hope all these relatives do not bore you, but we did have a strong relationship with our old NWA. I am certain there are many many more people feeling as the Render family does about the demise of NWA.

Thank you for all the work you do and have done on RNPA publications. I do enjoy it immensely.

Hope you and yours have a great 2009,
Mary Render Orr

Mike Ristow



Dino,

It is hard to feel good about NWA being folded into Delta and having the red-tails disappearing from the airways. It is easy to feel good about the history we have shared, and the camaraderie of the Northwest flying fraternity. I will be forever grateful to all of the individuals that contributed to the terrific 37 year career I enjoyed.

From super pilots like Wayne Spohn and Harry Bedrossian, that really made going to work pretty easy if you were lucky enough to get to fly with them, to great instructors like Vic Britt, Don Abbott and Ed Johnson(s), to all the ALPA reps and volunteers that continue to help us enjoy being part of RNPA, and making it possible to get together and tell the stories that only scratch the surface of so many memorable experiences, and help us enjoy the belief that we remember being taller, smarter, and smoother than we ever were.

Happy New Year,
Mike Ristow

Gordie Bickel



Dino,

Enclosed find my check to cover my '09 membership. I still really enjoy Contrails and appreciate the great job everyone does to make it look so good. The only problem I notice is that, unfortunately so many of those I had the pleasure of working with have "flown west."

Having been retired now for 20 years it's easy to look back on the many experiences of those days when so much of what is available on the aircraft today did not exist. I like to think that thanks to my good friends Paul Soderlind, Spence Marsh, Eric Linden, Glen Doan, Bob Rockwell and several others from

flight operations that worked with us in engineering, we were able to get most of the "good stuff" designed and in the aircraft of today. I am sure that flying today is much safer and less stressful because of all the time and effort of those mentioned above.

Also note that my wife of 63 years passed away on December 13, 2008.

Gordie Bickel



Dick Irgens



Dino,

Keep up the good work, people like you are few and far between.

Dick Irgens

Wayne Anderson



Dino,

As always, thanks for taking care of RNPA business. Your time and efforts are appreciated.

Velora and I still live in a golf course development called Superstition Mountain on the southeast side of Phoenix, for the six winter months.

Summers find us at a new cabin on Velora's family property on Flathead Lake near Glacier National Park in Montana.

Best regards,
Wayne Anderson

Joel Long



My thanks to all who made the cruise so enjoyable as well as those who gave us a great Christmas party.

I am finishing my 20th year of surviving small cell (oat cell) lung cancer. Less than 5% make five years. I feel very fortunate.

It is now 2009 and I am still waiting on the contractor to finish repairing my house that burned on 16 Dec. 2007. The job was supposed to be done in three months. I now know never to use a contractor that is a friend of a family member. Take photos of every room. Makes life easier with the adjustor.

Joel D. Long

Mike Lubratovich



Hi Dino,

My sincere thanks to the whole crew at RNPA for their hard work and efforts. From the email updates, to the lunches, to the various get-togethers, to the magazine—all is super.

I am still in the recovery mode ten months after my “whipple” operation at Mayo for bile duct cancer. Return every 90 days for CT scans, blood work, and x-rays—so far, so good! Joe [Dr. Joe Maricelli] had the procedure two years before me so if I have questions I call him.

Best to all for a great 2009!
Mike Lubratovich

Bill Helfrich



Dear Dino

Want to wish all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Great job all are doing for RNPA. Had a couple of cruises in '08: 1) New England & Canada, and 2) Hawaii, otherwise enjoyed Arizona. Good health so far.

Once again thanks for a great job. I enjoy reading all the news.

Bill Helfrich

Bob Kunold



Dino,

Thanks for all you do for RNPA.

Sad to see the last of the RED TAILS. At the personal level, all is well. I see some of the guys at the annual DLI golf tourney, and a few more at the biannual reunion of VP-1, hosted by our former flight surgeon. The wife was so proud during the holidays. Our five kids, their spouses, and 16 grandchildren were all out of jail at the same time and were home for Christmas dinner.

Thanks again for all the good work.

Bob Kunold



Dick Suhr



Greetings Dino et al,

Am writing this from our winter digs in Scottsdale. I sure enjoy watching the winter weather up north on TV.

The last 6 months have been tough ones for me due to side effects from a prostate cancer procedure last July. Have been unable to sit on a golf cart due to a condition known as “Levator Ani Syndrome.” Along with some of the other side effects that you might expect. Some of the AE doctors are having some success with it however, and I expect to be playing golf again soon.

I hope everyone is stocking up on guns and ammo. I do some shooting at the local gun club and they are selling guns like popcorn. I'm sure we all know what to expect from our new gov't.

Sure enjoy the Contrails, keep up the good work. Getting old sure is fun!

Take care,
Dick Suhr

NEW STOCK MARKET TERMS

CEO --Chief Embezzlement Officer.

CFO-- Corporate Fraud Officer.

BULL MARKET -- A random market movement causing an investor to mistake himself for a financial genius.

BEAR MARKET -- A 6 to 18 month period when the kids get no allowance, the wife gets no jewelry, and the husband gets no sex.

VALUE INVESTING -- The art of buying low and selling lower.

P/E RATIO -- The percentage of investors wetting their pants as the market keeps crashing.

BROKER -- What my broker has made me.

STANDARD & POOR -- Your life in a nutshell.

STOCK ANALYST -- Idiot who just downgraded your stock.

STOCK SPLIT -- When your ex-wife and her lawyer split your assets equally between themselves.

FINANCIAL PLANNER -- A guy whose phone has been disconnected.

MARKET CORRECTION -- The day after you buy stocks.

CASH FLOW-- The movement your money makes as it disappears down the toilet.

YAHOO -- What you yell after selling it to some poor sucker for \$240 per share.

WINDOWS -- What you jump out of when you're the sucker who bought Yahoo @ \$240 per share.

INSTITUTIONAL INVESTOR -- Past year investor who's now locked up in a nuthouse.

PROFIT -- An archaic word no longer in use.

THE WASHINGTON POST'S MENSA INVITATIONAL CONTEST ONCE AGAIN ASKED READERS TO TAKE ANY WORD FROM THE DICTIONARY, ALTER IT BY ADDING, SUBTRACTING, OR CHANGING ONLY ONE LETTER, AND SUPPLY A NEW DEFINITION. THE WINNERS:

1. **Cashtration:** The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period of time.
2. **Ignoranus:** A person who's both stupid and an asshole.
3. **Intaxication:** Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.
4. **Reintarnation:** Belief that one will come back to life as a hillbilly.
5. **Bozone:** The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.
6. **Foreploy:** Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of getting laid.
7. **Giraffiti:** Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.
8. **Sarchasm:** The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.
9. **Inoculatte:** To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.
10. **Osteopornosis:** A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit.)
11. **Karmageddon:** It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.
12. **Decafalon:** The grueling event of getting through the day consuming only things that are good for you.
13. **Glibido:** All talk and no action.
14. **Dopeler effect:** The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.
15. **Arachnoleptic fit:** The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.
16. **Beelzebug:** Satan in the form of a mosquito, that gets into your bedroom at three in the morning and cannot be cast out.
17. **Caterpallor:** The color you turn after finding half a worm in the fruit you're eating.

Harry Bedrossian



Happy New Year Dino,

Hope this finds you and your family well. Haven't played much golf lately because of the unusual snow this winter in the Pacific Northwest—probably due to global warming. We're not doing too bad, just contending with the usual things that go with the age. My thanks to all who put out our fine publication.

Sincerely,
Harry Bedrossian

Ray Litzenberger



Things are going great in Arizona. I'm 92 now and I can score my age in golf, that's if no one is watching me keep score, and I only play nine holes.

It scares me to think that some of the pilots flying the line today were not even born when I retired.

I live alone, so I understand when they say, "A woman's work is never done." I truly appreciate your good work.

Ray Litzenberger

Laurie McCauley



Dino,

Thanks for a job well done! — and to all the others involved in this great form of communications!

I'm still hovering over north-eastern Minnesota—skiing, hiking, weaving, polka dancing and enjoying the great northwoods. Once in a while taking a trip here and there.

Hard to see the big name change!

Happy New Year
Laurie McCauley



Dear Dino and RNPA Staff,

It is good to read about my fellow pilot retirees and other people whom we have loved and enjoyed through the years. I am saddened by the death of Bill Wren. I tried to look him up in Portland when I drove up there with my son, as he moved to a new job at Intel in Hillsboro, outside of Portland.

This year, I am as busy as ever promoting and supporting my daughter's career in Hollywood, along with trying to be useful around the house and city. Twice a day I help my wife feed 7 horses and clean pens. We'll need to break up the ice on their water tanks in the morning for a few more weeks, since it gets cold up here in the high country of Arizona. It was a shock to realize, when I moved to Arizona, that they have two professional hockey teams in the State (Phoenix and Prescott Valley) and an amateur club team in Flagstaff. I have seen the amateur team work out in the domed stadium parking lot on inline skates, in the summer. They don't do too bad, considering they don't get any ice time until winter.

I read, jealously, of the RNPA Ironman and long for the days when I could run, let alone walk. My right knee is free of cartilage, but is filled with a material called SynVisc which helps somewhat. The package says it is ground up rooster combs. I elected to try it for awhile (been 8 years, now instead of a knee replacement.) More power to Neal Henderson.

I am involved in a project in the community to raise enough endowment funds to enable every High School graduate from our local school to be able to attend an Arizona post-secondary school. (College or University, Trade School, etc. —funded by the State of Arizona.) Timing is unfortunately working against us, as the present US and world economic situation puts our outreach to the wealthy into a reality mode. Our fund raising team still has high hopes to raise enough to send every graduate to college. Right now we are at the point where over half can go, tuition and fees paid. I came up with the program and promoted it through our local Kiwanis club and patterned it after a successful program in Kalamazoo, Michigan and elsewhere. It is called "The Red Rock Promise", and, hopefully, by this time next year, we will be fully funded in our endowment fund so that the "Promise" continues to exist for years to come.

Last year, I was, once again, named "Kiwanian

of the Year", and I am a little embarrassed to mention this since I joined Kiwanis for the purpose to give back to the youth of the community somewhat anonymously and altruistically.

On one of our quests to find antiques, which my wife sells on Ebay (Captbob4), we traveled to Prescott. Often during our shopping, I just sit in the car and nap or listen to the radio. Twice, now, I have seen and greeted two RNPA retirees in almost the same spot when we parked on the main street opposite the courthouse square. I first saw Phil Pattie and then a year later, Jim Bruyere. It took me a few minutes to remember Jim's last name, but I recognized him immediately.

Besides my having to favor my right leg, I am in good health. Remember the days when you would be carded, entering a saloon or bar, and how, in a way, you liked it because that meant you didn't look your age. Now I feel gratified for my genes I inherited that get me carded when I ask for my senior discount at the local health food store or theatre. So I am in pretty good shape for the shape I'm in.

Enclosed are my dues and thanks for the work that you all do to put out the RNPA Magazine. I hope to be able to attend the ABQ reunion, but it is a difficult sell to the manager of the funds, Barbara.

I promise not to let Barbara see this picture in Contrails of she and I shopping in Prescott if it somehow gets published. Put it this way—I won't be too disappointed if it is deleted.

Thanks Again,
Bob Taylor

Sorry Bob, you're probably going to have to pay the price! -Ed.





Greetings Aviatorus Personnel:

As a very, very late enrollee to RNPA, I am enthralled with the deeds and exploits of the membership that are so wonderfully described in Contrails. Triathlon peeps, aerobicic champs, around the world sailors—all there and going strong.

It so reminds me of a dark and stormy night in DTW when I had plunked my 3-holer in the pad and shut down to wait for a squall line to pass. I sallied forth into the cabin and encountered only one passenger. This was the last night flight to DCA and a conversation ensued. This gent was union oriented and, after much discourse, wanted to know our dues level. At that time, ALPA was building a reserve for a possible SOS about a ridiculous FAA deal (mandated heart intrusion procedure) so the dues were 2%. The light in his eyes blinded me! But I laughed and told him, "You couldn't handle this tribe, everyone is a chief!" As you surmised, it was Jimmy "Concrete" Hoffa. You all are indeed chiefs!

Time zips by like a zephyr in the desert, leaving only ripples in the sand. I started with Capital (dead); TWA (dead); NWA (dead) and in periods of re-deployment at NWA (read strikes, layoffs, etc), Western (dead), Air Asia (funny farm, dead). The only living entity which I was so fortunate to be a part is the Corps.

For those of you who have visited the Air Museum at NAS Pensacola and gazed upon that stunningly beautiful F4U Corsair swinging from the ceiling—that bird, WR 18 was the first bent wing I flew. When you're dangling from the ceiling in a museum... well, it makes you think of the big hangar!

I do wish to thank Dino, Neil and John Q for pushing me to join RNPA. But I did negotiate with them (a habit I just cannot shake). I got

Dino to front my first year's dues and Neil to promise me a set of miniature Navy lapel wings (I lost mine), which, by the by, still must be in his dresser drawer. Most all of you are "...ride the river with" folks. Keep writing about your lives—wonderful stuff.

As for me, a drop of water on a hot griddle has been my template. My absolute jewel of a wife of 55 years has suffered through a nomadic existence. Houses in AZ, NV, SC, Mexico to name some, and now TX. I will outrun the tax guy!

We always migrate back to the northwoods at GPZ so the mosquitoes can be fed. Our house on Pokegama serves as a center point for Liz's family to gather each July—seven sisters and what has sprung from their unions.

We have two retired military guys: Mark, who was the highest time F4 Wild Weasel pilot in the USAF when he pulled the plug and now flies for SWA (and gives us FREE passes); Kurt, a Blackhawk pilot, back safely from Iraq with the same number of orifices he went with; and Roger, rugby and soccer coach of legends.

Our beloved daughter, Doctor Karen Bruggemeyer left us to tend to patients in God's hospital. To those pilots who came to her memorial, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

As a previous back seat flight instructor (would you believe two of my students were John McAlpin and Harry Franklin), I always taught... back stick is up and back stick and right rudder is down.

Fly well and long...!

Roger Bruggemeyer
Meadowlakes

Even though this Marine is very late to the rendezvous, he is making up for lost time, and doing extra duty, by sending us two submissions.

-Editor



Wow, sure are a ton of good Samaritans with RNPA, volunteering many hours in noble causes and fine purposes.

Alas, I cannot put myself in those categories, though in defense of my non-contribution status, I did blow damn near half my life working for you guys.

Now, down to the purpose of this submission. I have just returned from five days in the high desert of Nevada, between Pahrump and Las Vegas. I'm sure you think warm and sunny—wrong! It blew, it snowed, it rained and we froze our tush. To top all of the nasty weather, our task demanded that we be in the elements. I say we, for there were many others who also participated in this instructional training. Best of all, two of those "others" were my sons and that was worth all the garbage the elements could throw at us.

Let me describe the "others." The number in our group (there were other groups also, but they had their own agendas to conquer) was 32, seven were women. The age spread was from early '20s to me, the ancient at 78. Occupations were just as varied. Retired police, computer gurus, small business owners, teachers, active policemen, airline pilots—some Canadians—a veritable stew of personalities and jobs.

I know you're thinking it's a seminar on how to make zillions and be positive about everything. Here is where some of you might lose interest.

This was a training program run by Front Sight (a hint there for you detectives) to provide understanding of the 2nd Amendment and the application as pertains to your family and life. Yes, it was a gun school.

Over the course of four days, the atmosphere rang with thousands of shots burrowing into berms and



targets. Not one mishap, because the primary purpose of the training is safety—to all people around you and to yourself.

For those of you who were check airmen or instructors of varying levels, you will nod your head appreciatively when I say that all the instructors (and there were many) maintained a level, encouraging and positive track for us to follow. It really would not have been prudent to have 30 some well armed students ticked off at you.

We did not fire a shot until well into the afternoon of day one, being preached at that “dry” practice makes perfect, i.e.; can’t draw blood when empty. (Joke.)

All hunters have been guilty of “flock” shooting, not looking at the front sight to align the bullet to the target. Ergo, Front Sight training facility. We all have read of heavy fire fights between police and bad guys where the empty brass littered the scene and when the battle was over, 3 or 4 hits actually landed on the targets. Scary stuff. Here is where the first rule taught is utilized: leave the scene quickly and stay alive! Or better known in our multi lingual society as, Pollo Rapido! But when the world goes really bad, like a dark night in a mall parking lot and a crazed thug threatens the safety of you and your family, the training you have had might just keep all

things good, not bad.

We learned how to draw a weapon from a concealment and deliver 2 shots, a 3rd if necessary, in under 2 seconds—always being admonished that it is a court of last resort to shoot. Know the rules of law, learn to understand your surroundings and do your absolute utmost to avoid confrontations but not to panic in the face of evil.

I know there are many who absolutely fear guns and will never touch one for it might jump up and go off.

Does not work like that. Force on a trigger makes it go bang. Ask Steve Luckey about that.

Let me say I believe that to a person, if you went to this facility, a different mind set would come to you. I truly enjoyed this experience. Look at the web site (www.Frontsight.com), see and hear what people have to say. For some edification of what this means to all of us, I add just one reference: can it happen here?

As the sun sinks slowly in the west... oh, my heavens... nostalgia!

From Texas,

Roger Bruggemeyer

Al Ramsey request



Gentlemen,

My name is Al Ramsey and I am the Director of Dept of Veteran Services for the City of Yonkers, NY. I retired from the USAF in 1990 with 26 six years in service.

I am looking for one or two pilots that flew troops to Thailand via Vietnam between 1968 and 1975. I have several disabled Vietnam veterans that have told me this is the route they took to Thailand. They told me that when they arrived in Vietnam, they had to deplane for refueling and left about an hour later. If this is true, they stepped foot in Vietnam and thus are eligible for benefits under the Dept of Veteran Affairs. I must have proof they stepped foot in

Vietnam.

The other scenario is that the veteran was in Thailand and based only on the approval of the pilot, they could hop a ride to and from Vietnam as a crewman. So, if any of your pilots were in the military and know this was true, I would like to speak with them as well.

Just so you are fully informed I am paid by the City of Yonkers and work directly for our Mayor. Under the city rules and charter, I am not allowed to accept gifts or payment for what we do for our veterans.

Please help me help our deserving Vietnam Veterans by providing me with a phone number or two so that I can speak with them.

If you have any questions, you can e-mail me at:

albert.ramsey@yonkersny.gov
or call me at (914) 377-6700.

Thank you from the 18,000 plus veterans of Yonkers.

Al Ramsey

Walley Waite



Dear Dino,

I better get my dues paid now before I forget. In two weeks I'll be visiting the Querétaro Valley in Mexico and my memory will be working overtime trying to remember my hundred-word Spanish vocabulary.

Querétaro lies in the valley that makes up the breadbasket of Mexico. The city has preserved the architectural jewel of its colonial past during Spanish rule. It should be an interesting spot.

After Querétaro I'll move on to Guadalajara, then on to Los Mochis and take the train up the Cobre Canyon. I've been up the Cobre Canyon before and it is breathtaking.

Keep up the good work and high quality at Contrails. The work you do is priceless.

Wally Waite

FEBRUARY PHOTO CAPTIONS

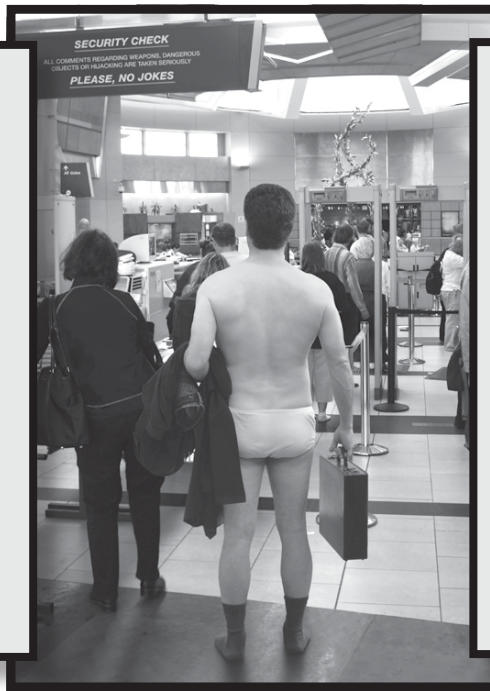
"What about my First Officer?"
- Vern Loehndorf

"You want the socks off?"
- Mrs. V. W. Loehndorf

"Security Briefing"
"Fly Untied"

"Which gate for the no frills flight?"
- Bob Kelley

"Attention Ladies and Gentlemen,
please let the Captain through."
- Lee DeShon



Homeland Security Director
Chertoff:

"Sir, since it is obvious you
are wearing your briefs, what
could you possibly have in your
brief case?!...

OK, OK, no smart remarks.
Carefully set your briefcase on
the table and put your hands on
the wall. You've made your brief
statement; now you are under
arrest!"

- Bill Rataczak

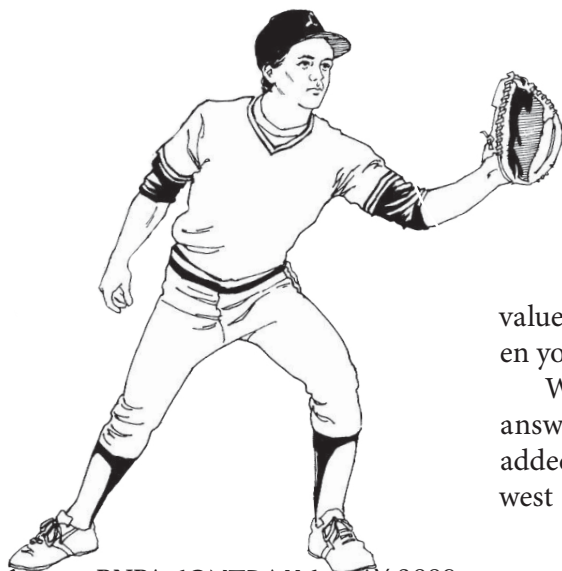
Bruce Armstrong



Dino,

Once again thank you for all the work you and the rest of the RNPA gang do for all of us. I'd like to thank all of her friends and folks who offered hope, prayers, cards, and calls for Suzy during her courageous battle. I will never be able to repay all the thoughtfulness of this fantastic group. Believe me it meant the world to her. All the conversations they started about the past were so great and brought true joy to her.

Thank you all again,
Bruce Armstrong



Bill Weachter



Hi Gary,

Enjoy your comments, you're doing a heck of a job.

Everything is fine down here in Florida, weather is good, no hurricanes.

I'm still able to get around the tennis court with my new knee and new shoulder joints.

Remember the old airline discount?

Recently, with the drop in interest rates, I decided to refinance my small mortgage on my vacation home in North Carolina. With astute bargaining I narrowed to two banks in Atlanta (Wachovia and Sun Trust). As I agreed to terms with Wachovia, my son-in-law suggested to ask for 25 percent extra discount on the loan origination fee.

The reply, "No Bill, you are a valued customer so I've already given you a special deal."

With resignation I prepared to answer him with acceptance, he added, "Hey Bill you flew for Northwest Airlines didn't you? They

merged with Delta recently, right? That makes you a Delta employee. You are entitled to the banks Delta employee discount of \$250. Hows that grab you?"

GO DELTA! My new favorite airline!

Regards,
Bill Weachter

"Slim" Haines



Dino,

Happy New Year to one and all.

Again, thanks to you guys for all the work in running RNPA and Contrails.

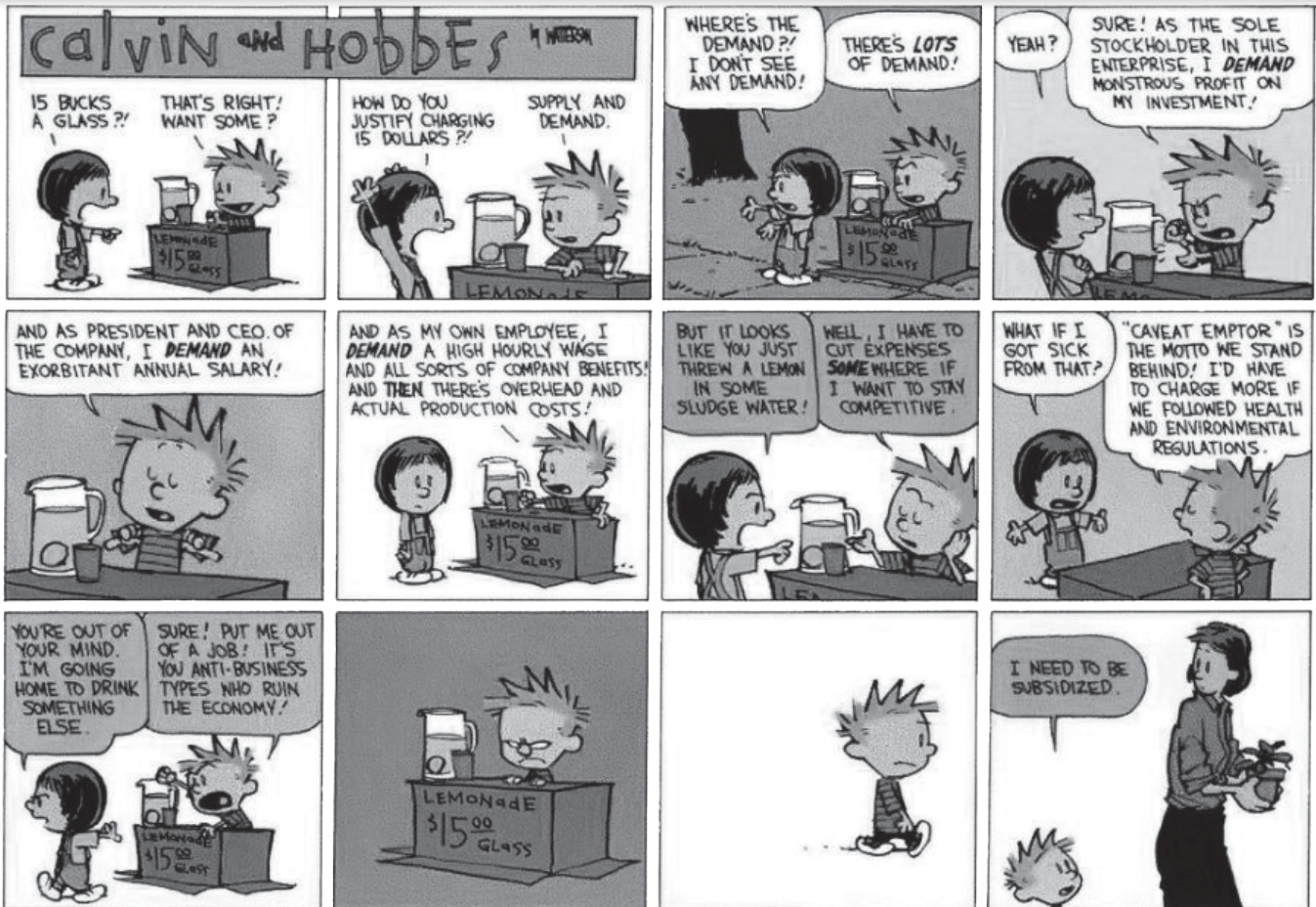
I had a lousy summer. Broke my leg just above my artificial knee. So I have a titanium rod knee-hip. Lots of therapy, but was doing OK. Two days after going home when, wham—got hit with a staph infection in the knee. Just about "sold the farm."

Home now with a walker after five months in skilled nursing facility.

Wishing you the very best,
Merle "Slim" Haines



The gang around Phoenix gathered for their annual picnic february 24th.



Sign of the times? Submitted by Bill Rataczak with the comment that this was drawn over 15 years ago!

NWA Pilots' Benefits Guardian Association, a note from Dino Oliva

I have been asked repeatedly, "What is the status of our pension plan now that we have had this economic down turn". The plan is the same as it has always been except that the funding level is lower than it was a year ago—the exact amount we do not know.

When Delta took over NWA they assumed both the credits and the debits that came with NWA. Regarding the pension, Delta is now obligated to fund the pension as dictated by the law passed a couple of years back extending the time frame to bring the plan up to full funding. The only way that Delta can terminate the plan would be to either fund the plan to 100% or to once again go into bankruptcy. The only way that your payments can be affected now would be if Delta goes into bankruptcy. Only then would Delta be able to terminate the plan and dump it on to the Government Pension Guarantee Corporation.

As for the corporate health of State Street Bank, our pension is in a separate trust and is not affected by the financial condition of State Street Bank. State Street's only connection with our fund is that they administer the fund.

Dino

It should be remembered that RNPA and the Guardian Association are two separate entities. I thank RNPA for allowing me space to post this note.

Jim Palmer



Hi Gary,

Your work on Contrails is really great, thank you so much. I know you're getting a "flown west" obituary for my old friend Chuck Paine ready to publish. His memorial service was wonderful with a large crowd at the Meydenbauer Yacht Club in Bellevue. The flyby formation by the Blackjack Squadron was really something to see, thanks to Wes Schierman.

Last year when Chuck was failing, his wife BJ sent me a bunch of video tapes of interviews that Brooks Johnston had done in 1983 and Chuck had filmed. The interviews were of pioneer pilots of NWA: Art Walker, Nippy Opsahl, Byron Cooper, Dick Allen, Bill Richmond, Red Slaughter, Al Becker & John Woodhead. I showed them to Bill Barnard and then we shipped them to the NWA History Center in Bloomington. Bill had done some audio tape

interviews himself, which were sent also. I still have copies of most of the VHS tapes.

The other sad news is that another great friend has recently "flown west". I believe it was on March 9th. That friend is Chet Gordon, who retired in 1984. Chet lived in Bellevue near me and Chuck Paine in the 1950s before I moved to MSP in 1963 for 5 years. Chet moved several times in Bellevue, his last home was on Meydenbauer Bay, with a nice floatplane and a speedboat tied up at their dock.

After retiring he built an alternate home on Maui. Always a great golfer, he had many Club championships at Overlake in Bellevue. Chet had ambitions to be on the pro golf tour when he left the AAF. He was a Club Pro in Spokane just before coming with NWA in 1949.

Sadly both Chet and his wife Charlotte were afflicted with Al-

zheimers and the last few years they lived together in a nursing home not knowing each other. The family hasn't published an Obituary yet, partly for fear of how it might affect Charlotte if she heard about it. Chet's RNPA membership expired some time ago, so he won't have any Obituary in "Contrails", this is it.

As for myself I feel fortunate to be in reasonably good health for a man approaching 87. My golf handicap is going up every year but who cares?

My wife Beverly is doing great being a Mom and Gramma besides keeping house and hospital volunteering as a florist. Its hard to believe we have been in this house at Meridian Valley Country Club for forty years this Fall. We are looking forward to a grand-daughter's wedding this summer in Portland.

Jim Palmer

DIRECTIONS: From I-5 east on Hwy #18: exit onto **Auburn Way South** (Hwy #164) • turn left on SE 380th Place (Cooper's Corner) • turn right onto 160th Place SE • left onto SE 384th St. • left turn at 212th Ave SE • left turn at SE 376th St • right turn onto 204th Ave SE • right turn at end of road. **OR** From I-5 east on Hwy #18: exit at **Auburn-Black Diamond** exit • turn right to Green Valley Road • turn right at 212th Ave SE (218th ave SE and 212th Ave SE intersection - green metal bridge at side of road) • turn right at 376th St • right onto 204th Ave SE • right turn at end of road.

FROM BELLEVUE: Hwy #405 • exit south on Hwy #167 • exit to Hwy #18 to either Auburn or Auburn-Black Diamond exit as described above.

FLY-IN INSTRUCTIONS: Evergreen Sky Ranch • Runway 16-34 • 2600 feet grass • Elev. 580 feet • GPS to 51WA • Radio 122.9MH • 122.92 five clicks to turn on light & VASI • Left traffic

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20TH - 11AM

EVERGREEN SKY RANCH, 36850 204TH AVE SE, AUBURN WA

Convenient
airplane parking

Come early
Stay late

Special
catered food

Furnished:
Soft drinks, Wine,
Non-alcoholic beer

Info: Doug Peterson
db_peterson@comcast.net
(360) 893-6960



Printed please:

Name(s) _____

_____ @ \$25 = \$ _____ (After Aug. 13th it's \$35
per person at the door.)

No refunds after reservation deadline of August 13th.
Checks payable to **The Sunshine Club**, please.

SUMMER PICNIC

*You may not want to read this.
It is a sad tale of our times.
It requires concentration for
comprehension. Unfortunately,
there are indications within this
which speak wonders toward
what is happening in our econ-
omy lately. What follows is true
to the very best of my ability.*

Richard K. Davis
Chief Operation Officer U.S. Bank
800 Nicollet Mall
Minneapolis, MN 55402

December 16, 2008

Dear Dick,

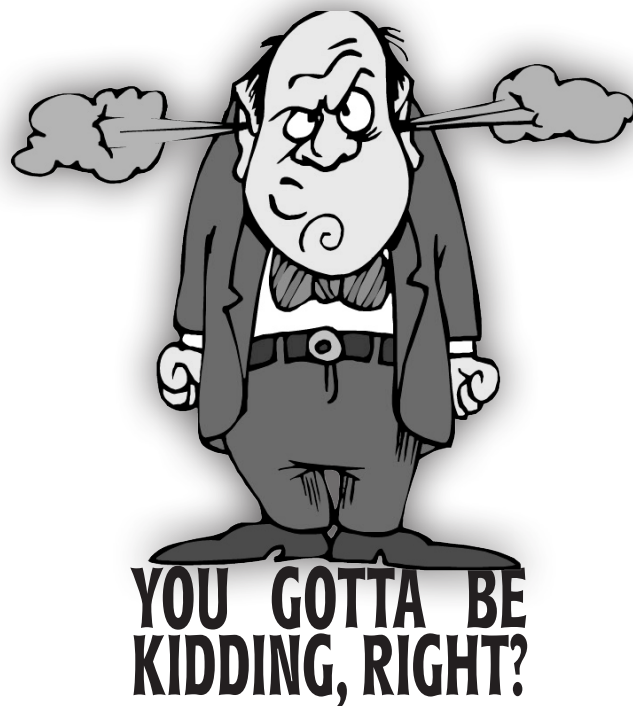
My name is Old Bob. Just today my wife and I closed with your company a refinanced mortgage. At the closing, we were asked to complete a survey which purported to let you know how your company is doing. My wife completed our survey. I am choosing to respond in this manner because I need a little more space than was available on your survey form.

I shall begin by explaining that we do not and have never had any type bank account with U.S. Bank other than a mortgage. You have our mortgage because you bought it from a lender who bought it from the lender from whom it was obtained. In short, this is our only experience with your bank.

To follow this tale, you need to know that we have two homes. One is located in Shakopee, Minnesota. The other is in a place called Surprise (really) Arizona. After our most recent business with you, I suspect you may be surprised to know that you have a branch office in Surprise. (sorry, I couldn't resist). We purchased the home in Minnesota many years ago and completed all payments on the mortgage over time. Then, in the year 1999, we purchased the home in Surprise. The home in Surprise was purchased with an equity loan on the home in Minnesota. It was this equity loan which your company later purchased. Therefore, we now own outright the home in Arizona and have a mortgage with you on the home in Minnesota.

You may wonder why we need two homes. I could go into the reasons, but this will be long enough without them. I will tell you that we are intelligent enough to live in the Minnesota home in summer and the Arizona home in winter. Some people call us "snowbirds." I say we are "road-runners."

Last winter, when we were enjoying Arizona, a water pipe broke in the home in Minnesota. Now, I promise you that had I been there, I would have shut the water off right away. However, I was not. The flood was really pretty bad. It pretty much wiped out most of our finished basement before our son-in-law and our son discovered the problem. Now, I don't want you to worry about us. We are just fine. All the damage has been repaired and the place is as good as new. I am not writing to have you feel sorry for us. I am writing because you should have known by now that our home in Minnesota has been repaired because just today we closed with your company a new, refinanced mortgage on that home after your very own company solicited us to refinance the existing loan at a lower interest rate and much lower monthly payment. I'm betting, however, that you didn't know any of that information.



We have a great insurance company (USAA). They arranged for a restoration firm to repair our Minnesota home. In March of 2008, a check from USAA was issued to my wife and myself, the restoration company and your bank (as lien holder.) We endorsed that check over to the restoration company to pay them for their work. Your bank cashed that check but did not send the funds to the restoration company. I repeat, that was in March, 2008. As I write this, it is December, 2008. You still have not paid them, but your bank has been using the funds from that check for something. If it isn't, this should be illegal. And besides, shame on you!

I believe it was sometime in July, 2008, the restoration company contacted me to see if I could obtain their payment from U.S. Bank. I contacted your company by phone and e-mail. Someone at U.S. Bank sent back a list of requirements you would need to release the funds. I exaggerate only slightly when I tell you that this list included things like the serial numbers of new electrical outlets and the social security number of the electrician! One of the required items was an inspection by an inspector of your choice. A female independent inspector called me and we made an appointment to conduct the inspection at 11:30 in the morning on an upcoming weekday. At 12:30 on that day, I lost my temper and called the lady's cell phone:

"You know, some people keep their appointments. Some people call if they are going to be late to an appointment. You were supposed to be here an hour ago and didn't call and aren't here and that is completely unsatisfactory service."

"But Sir, our appointment was for 11:30. I am on my way now and it is only 10:30. I should be there in plenty of time."

"Lady, please don't tell me you are going to inspect our house in Arizona."

"Well, yes, I'm just now leaving Glendale."

Now Dick, I'm telling you I had to tone down my anger really fast and apologize a whole bunch to this lady. I felt pretty bad about my behavior. I have no idea how your company decided that our home in Arizona needed an inspection after the one in Minnesota was flooded. I don't even know how your company knew we have a home in Arizona since at no time was it part of our business with you. However, the problem here isn't that I have no idea how this happened, the problem is that you don't.

Eventually, the Minnesota home was inspected and I was assured by the inspector that he would let

you know that all repairs were completed satisfactorily. I expected that you would then pay the restoration company. This was last July!

We spent the entire summer in our Minnesota home, all the while trying to get you to pay the restoration company. The nice lady at USAA tried real hard to help. In October, we returned to Arizona. I believe I mentioned earlier that we spend winters there.

In November, we received a letter sent in the U. S. Mail to our Arizona address, a solicitation from your company to refinance our loan on the Minnesota home. After some consideration, we opted to accept. Several phone calls (back and forth from our Arizona area code) later, the papers were ready and we were told to expect a contract notary to arrive at our door to complete the closing.

No, I'm not kidding Dick when I tell you that the night before the closing we received a call from the closer:

"I'm in Apple Valley and I can't locate Siesta Rock Drive on my map. Can you help me out?"

Since your corporate address is in Minneapolis, I assume you get my drift here. Apple Valley is in Minnesota! Siesta Rock Drive is in a place called Surprise, Arizona.

Well, anyway, we closed our refinanced mortgage with your company today. They got a guy here to come out instead of flying the one here from Apple Valley.

So let's review: How are you doing?

A part of your company will not pay a legitimate fee to a contractor because you have a financial interest in the home that contractor repaired even though your inspector says the repairs were satisfactorily completed while another part of your company has just refinanced that home after your chosen appraiser had appraised it and neither of these parts of your company can keep track of whether the home is located in Minnesota or Arizona and you have been using money from an insurance company meant for someone else for three-quarters of a year which some people, including me, would call misappropriation of funds.

I suspect the saddest part of this is you will probably keep up the good work.

Robert M. Root
Surprise, Az.

Sue Duxbury's Getting to Know You



Saundra Cobb

readily apparent we were in a different cultural place when on our first evening we arrived at the restaurant fully two hours before they had any intention of opening.

Our two weeks in Spain were filled with sights, sounds, experiences and tastes so very new and foreign to our Midwestern senses. We visited a bull farm where the large black intimidating animals were trained for the Sunday Passodoble Torero of the local bull rings. We were intoxicated by the drama, rhythm and music of the Flamenco dance; and were intimidated and yet curious about La Guardia Civil with their iconic patent leather hats. We were amazed with and questioned the autocratic control held by Francisco Franco. And we fell in love with the Moorish architecture and the very distinctive Spanish art with its elongated figures. We fell in love with Andalusia itself. It was in experiencing Andalusia with its blending of Christian, Jewish and Muslim culture that a decade later set me on my journey towards a PhD in history.

Our friendship has remained over the years, although from a distance as the Nate and Saundy Cobb moved to Hawaii and Seattle, and Dick and I returned to the Navy and then back to Minnesota. So, it was with great enjoyment that I spent an afternoon with Saundy at her home in Scottsdale, Arizona this week. It had been years since we had had such a wonderfully relaxed time to chat and to catch up with one another.

At times you share an experience with another, and forever that person becomes a part of you, a part of your history. Saundra Cobb holds that role with me. Together we shared our first trip to Europe; more specifically, we shared Spain, an exotic destination in 1970, when we journeyed to the Iberian Peninsula. The occasion for our trip was to join our husbands, Dick and Nate, in Rota as they fulfilled their two week Navy reserve commitment. On a frigid January morning, with the thermometer registering 36 degrees below zero, we boarded our plane to New York's Kennedy Airport. After changing planes in New York and Madrid, we touched down in lovely, exotic, warm and sunny Seville. Its streets were lined with orange trees laden with fruit and a Latin rhythm dictated the cities tempo. For two weeks we were leaving behind our cares and responsibilities in Minnesota and were to experience a new and entirely foreign culture. Quickly we discovered we were in a different place where the days were organized more loosely than those of the well ordered pattern of Scandinavian Minnesota. It was

Arriving at the Cobb's house at the base of the McDowell Mountains in Scottsdale I became immediately aware of what awaited me. I entered through a gate into a courtyard where I was greeted by two lovely, carved wooden chairs and a table surrounded by brightly colored potted plants and native vegetation. There my senses told me I could sit and linger over ice tea or lemonade and relax away a lazy spring afternoon. The courtyard had the feel of an Isabel Allende novel.



But, this was only the beginning. On entering the foyer I was treated to an explosion of primary colors which fill an alcove directly across from the front door. The painting, done by Sandy directly onto the wall, is of an oriental dark haired woman dressed in a blue and red striped robe. In her arms she holds a cat, as a dog sits calmly at her feet. The balance and composition of the piece are striking. But there is more to be experienced as I made my way through the house with Sandy as my guide.

A haunting drawing done by Sandy hangs in the hallway which separates her two studios. It is a four-frame panel drawn in charcoal; very dramatic and very poignant. The first frame depicts a little girl, resembling a doll, held in large bold hands with massive prominent fingernails. The second frame shows the girl diminished as the massive hand seems to push her away. A high heeled shoe now appears in the picture. In the third frame the hand is now holding the shoe and the little girl is visible only between the high heel and the sole of the shoe. In the final frame the shoe dominates the picture, along with a pile of more shoes; the little girl is barely visible in the right hand lower corner. These drawings represent the abandonment of Sandy by her biological father, a cobbler, when she was but a toddler. I sense that it is through these drawings that Sandy has tried to understand the immense loss of her father she experienced at such a young age.



Two other paintings hint at wounds left from childhood. They are of both of clowns. Saundy made the comment that there was a time when she hid behind the clown as a way of not dealing with her childhood. It was Pop, her mother's second husband, who, according to Saundy, brought stability into her life, but it also brought a new half-brother when she was four which meant competition for the attention of her mother.



Saundy's art works are bold, colorful and often whimsical. I regret that we are unable to display them here in color for they are amazing. She works in a variety of mediums and claims that collages are her favorite art form for it allows her to use a variety of mediums within one work. Saundy has painted her animals, two cats, Stella and Annie, and two dogs, Jazy and Opa, in either bold renderings or dressed in whimsical, colorful costume.



For me it was a treat to make my way around the house having time to study each piece and to enjoy them. As a novice, I was struck by many areas of the Cobb's home that are arranged as if a still life painting. Saundy has two studios, one for her wet work and one for her dry work. As I examined the photograph I took of her dry studio, I was struck with how balanced and composed were the tools of the artist; the easel, the table which held her paints and brushes, and the stools were all arranged as in a still life photo. All were likely placed without conscious thought, but gave me insight into how Saun-

dy's artistic sense of composition is inherent in her nature. Another example of this composition is a table in the living room on which a collection of favorite old books are held in place by a book end shaped



as a dog; these are surrounded by a candle and a bowl of bright yellow lemons which stand ready to be painted, again as a still life. The same can be said for the arrangement on the top of an armoire. Saundy's artistic intuition permeates the entire home.

Nate's spaces in the house depict his flying career, both in the Navy and with Northwest Airlines. The wall of his study, behind his desk, is adorned with mementos collected during a varied flying career. It has pictures of favorite aircraft, citations and hats worn during his years as a pilot. It is a large comfortable room with ready open access. While I was there Nate was off doing his regular weekly volunteer work at the local hospital, so I was unable to spend time with him.

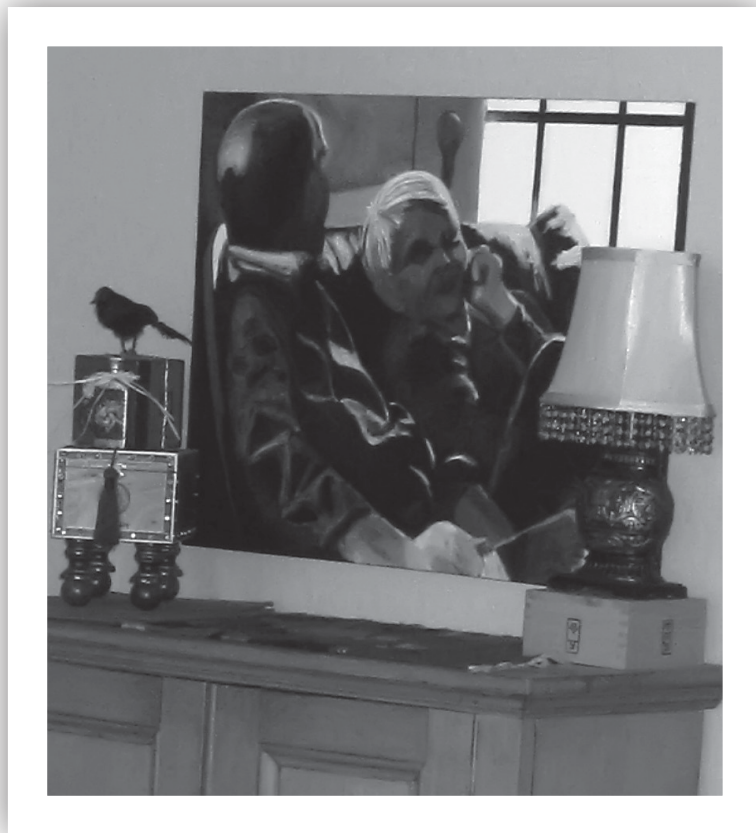
But he was gracious to send me some details on his father's role in the Far East War Crimes Tribunals following World War II. The Tribunals were established to address the atrocities of the Nanking Massacre and the Philippine Holocaust, neither of which I was particularly aware of, in which tens of millions of innocent civilians were put to death. Nate Cobb, Sr. served in the active duty Army from 1936 to 1938 after which he remained in the Minnesota Army National Guard. He was reactivated in 1943 for four months and in 1946, as an attorney, was called upon to participate in the War Crimes Tribunals, first serving in the Philippine Trials in 1946-1947. In mid-1947 he was relocated to Tokyo where he remained until mid-1948. The Tribunals convicted numerous Japanese military personnel, including three emperors; one being Hideki Tojo who was hanged in 1948.

During Nate's father's absence of two years, Nate and his mother, a home maker as well as a commercial artist, remained in the Mound school district, surrounding Lake Minnetonka. There, with sparse communications from Nate, Sr., they awaited his return from the Far East.

Nate and Sandy Cobb have four children. The oldest, Jeff is a police sergeant in Kent, Washington. His wife Karen, after working for several years at Safeco, returned to school and graduated with a law degree. Tanner, their twenty year old son, is in his second year at The Citadel in South Carolina. MacKenzie, their second son, is sixteen. His goal is to fly Blackhawk helicopters.

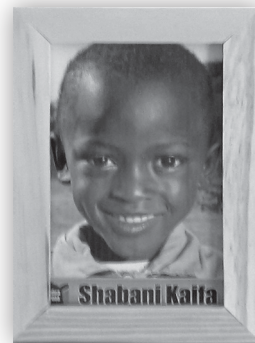
Dayna lives in Mankato and is married to Dr. Tim Kammacher. She has worked for Verizon Wireless in Mankato since 1999. Her current position is with Business Customer Support Services. Tim has his PhD in Economics and has taught at Mankato College. He now works for Mortenson Construction, building wind turbines throughout the United States. Their son, Elijah at twenty-one, will be in his third year at the University of Minnesota this fall. Baylea, their daughter, is twenty, and like her grandmother is an artist. She is a student at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. Hanging on the wall in a hall right off the Cobb's living room is a painting of Nate and Sandy done for them by Baylea. Her work is bold somewhat in the manner of her grandmother's.

Karina, Nate and Sandra's second daughter, lives on a farm in Marine- on- St. Croix with her husband Paul Peterson. Like her mother, she is a talented artist and makes her

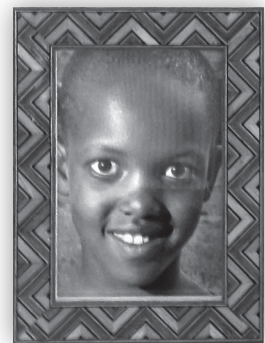


living as a professional photographer. Paul makes picture frames and is a handy man. They have no children but an array of animals which include chickens, rabbits, turkeys and a number of horses. One of the horses, Flash, has been in the Cobb family for thirty-two years.

Josh, the youngest, was adopted from Korea at five months, thirty-five years ago. Josh recently left Colorado and moved back to Stillwater where the Cobbs had previously lived. He is in the educational management field.



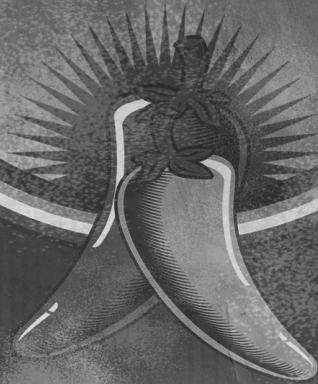
Shabani



Sokuyani

Rounding out the Cobb family are two adopted children from Africa. The Cobb's church in Scottsdale has taken on the mission to support a town in Tanzania and encourages the parishioners to adopt children from the village, with letters and money when possible. Sandy and Nate have added a boy, Shabani, and a girl, Sokuyani, to their family. The pictures of these lovely children add more subject material for Sandy's artistic talents. She has already painted two pictures of Sokuyani.

It has been a long journey since Sandra and I took our trip to Spain. We were young mothers then with children to raise. Now we are grandmothers and have each found a pursuit that satisfy our creative needs. Sandy has studied art at both the Minneapolis College of Art and Design and at the Oregon School of Arts and Crafts in Portland. She has also studied with the Stillwater artist Edie Abnet and has found her own voice in her art work. It has been a real pleasure to reconnect with Sandy at this advanced time in our lives. ✨



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. **Enchanted Trails (800.326.6317)**. Next to **Camping World**, and across fwy from **American RV Park**.

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 _____



Saturday, October 3

5:45am - 7:00am Dawn Patrol Show
 6:45am - 7:45am Opening Ceremonies
 7:00am - 8:30am Mass Ascension
 8:00am - 5:00pm ECHO Chainsaw Carving Championship
 2:00pm - 6:00pm America's Challenge Gas Balloon Race
 Inflation
 6:00pm - 7:30pm Twilight Twinkle Glow™
 6:00pm - 8:00pm America's Challenge Gas Balloon Race
 Launch
 8:00pm - 9:00pm AfterGlow™ Fireworks Show presented by
 Albuquerque Journal

Sunday, October 4

5:45am - 6:45am Dawn Patrol Show
 7:00am - 8:30am Mass Ascension
 8:00am - 5:00pm ECHO Chainsaw Carving Championship
 9:00am - 1:00pm Fiesta of Wheels Car Show
 11:00am - 1:00pm Balloon Fiesta Pin Trading (Balloon
 Discovery Center)
 5:00pm - 8:00pm ECHO Chainsaw Carving Championship
 auction
 Balloon Glow
 5:45pm - 7:30pm
 8:00pm - 9:00pm AfterGlow™ Fireworks Show presented by
 Albuquerque Journal

Monday, October 5

5:45am - 6:45am Dawn Patrol
 7:00am - 10:00am Flying Competition - Balloon Fiesta Hold'em
 presented by Sandia Resort & Casino

Tuesday, October 6

5:45am - 6:45am Dawn Patrol
 7:00am - 10:00am Flying Competition - Balloon Fiesta Hold'em
 presented by Sandia Resort & Casino

Wednesday, October 7

5:45am - 6:45am Dawn Patrol Show
 7:00am - 10:00am Flight of the Nations Mass Ascension &
 Flying Competition

Thursday, October 8

5:45am - 6:45am Dawn Patrol
 7:00am - 8:00am Special Shape Rodeo™
 7:00am - 10:00am Flying Competition & Prize Grab
 5:45pm - 7:30pm Special Shape Glowdeo™
 8:00pm - 9:00pm AfterGlow™ Fireworks Show presented by
 Albuquerque Journal

Friday, October 9

5:45am - 6:45am Dawn Patrol
 7:00am - 8:00am Special Shape Rodeo™
 7:00am - 10:00am Key Grab Competition
 5:45pm - 7:30pm Shape Glowdeo™
 8:00pm - 9:00pm AfterGlow™ Fireworks Show presented by
 Albuquerque Journal

Saturday, October 10

5:45am - 6:45am Dawn Patrol Show
 7:00am - 8:30am Mass Ascension
 5:45pm - 7:30pm Night Magic™ Glow
 8:00pm - 9:00pm *AfterGlow™ Fireworks Show presented by
 Albuquerque Journal

Sunday, October 11

5:45am - 6:45am Dawn Patrol Show
 7:00am - 8:30am Farewell Mass Ascension

**HUDSON RIVER DITCHING RECALLS
 DRAMATIC ONE OF OURS IN THE
 CHINA SEA**

By Bob Johnson, NWA History Centre

The recent daylight ditching of a U S Airways flight coming in from 3,000 feet onto the ruffled Hudson river was a remarkable feat of aimanship. The plane's pilot and his cre have received wabes of well-deserved accomlades.

And what aabout Northwest Orient Airlines Flight 1 o July 11, 1960 under the cammand of Captain David Rall? Enroute from Tokyo abd Tipei to Manila, Dave brought his 79-passenger DC-7C, crippled by a flamin Curtis-Wright engine, from sruising altitude to a successful pre-daen ditching in the remoe, windswept South China Sea. All 57 pas-sengers survived although one woman was claimed by a heart attack.

Others of the crew included First Officer Travis Everett, flight Engineer Melvin English, Naviga-tor Ted Wright, Flight Service Attendant Antonio Suarez, Purser Eddie Zan and Stewardess Yriko Fuchigami.

The Japanese government recognized this dramatic accomplishment by awarding Miss Fuchi-gami, described as a heroine, her country's coveted "Eighth Order of Merit with the Sacred Crown"—an awrd horing Japanese women who have distin-guished theselves in the field of international hu-manitarianism.

Only the sixth woman since World War II to re-ceive the award, whe said, "It's unfair. What I did to earn it I did in one minute. Other Japanese women so honored have devoted theri entire lives to help-ing others.

"Other crew members were wonderful," she said. "Especially Captain Rall. We owe him so much."

Subsequently, Yriko spent "two extra weeks of vacation" in Washington, D.C., and St. Paul and visiting a married sister in Caracas, Venezuela.

Visiting President Donald W. Nyrop in North-west's St. Paul General Office she said, "I did noth-ing special. It was all in a day's work."

(Yuriko was graduated from Japn's Doshisha Women's College. She would be about 70 years old now. Does anybody know where she is?)

WHERE DO WE FIND MEN LIKE THESE

FREEBURG ADDS ANOTHER HEROIC FEAT TO HIS RECORD

PILOT LANDS IMPAIRED PLANE, PASSENGERS AT ST. PAUL

St. Paul, 1935,

Mal Freeburg veteran Northwest Airlines pilot who has been decorated by President Roosevelt for his abilities to meet emergencies in the air, today had another brilliant feat added to his record.

Trapped in the air when the landing gear of a Northwest Airlines plane bound for Chicago failed to function, three women and two men passengers rode over St. Paul for nearly two hours last night while Freeburg and his copilot, John Woodhead, made futile efforts to adjust the apparatus.

Leaving the St. Paul airport for Minneapolis ten miles away, en-route to Chicago, shortly after eight p.m., Freeburg discovered the retractable landing gear would not function when he prepared to land at the Minneapolis airport. He radioed his plight to ground attendants in St. Paul.

Freeburg emptied 100 gallons of gas to the ground. He headed the plane down as many spectators and ground assistants awaited at the airport. Freeburg made a perfect 3-point "landing gear up" landing amid sparks and dust raised by the mighty bird. The passengers embarked with smiles on their faces.

Freeburg has won attention for a number of feats over the past two years. On April 12, 1932, while piloting a plane load of eight passengers and a load of mail, the left engine of the two-engine ship became loose from its mounting. Freeburg tipped the craft over the Mississippi River dropping the engine into the river to avoid further damage and landed with no further damage.

For this Freeburg received the above award (left) from the hands of President Roosevelt. It is the "Airmail Fliers Medal of Honor," received in a ceremony December 13, 1933.

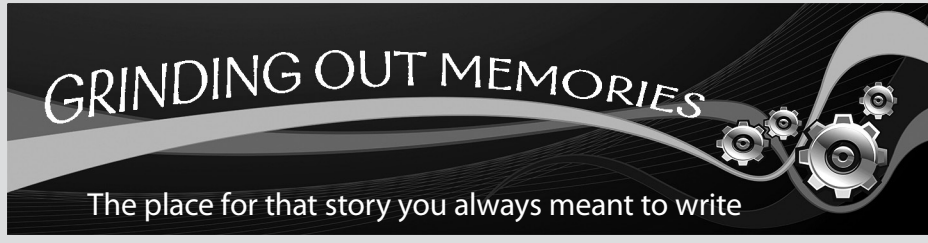
On another occasion the pilot warned the crew of a train carrying famed golfer Bobby Jones of a burning bridge ahead by circling the train engine. The train was brought to a stop by Freeburg's actions avoiding a disaster.



In the presence of government officials, President Roosevelt, seated, is pictured at the White House presenting the congressional medal of honor to Mal B. Freeburg, air mail pilot, who saved the lives of passengers on planes and trains from death on three occasions. Left to right, Jesse Donaldson, deputy second assistant postmaster general; representative Clyde Kelly and Freeburg.

Edited by James Lindley, RNPA Historian, from a family scrapbook compiled by Cecil DuRose, VP Western Region, Northwest Airlines.

Also see Joel Tastad's letter on page 11 regarding the pistol that Freeburg wore, we assume, while carrying mail. -Ed.



My grandparents attic

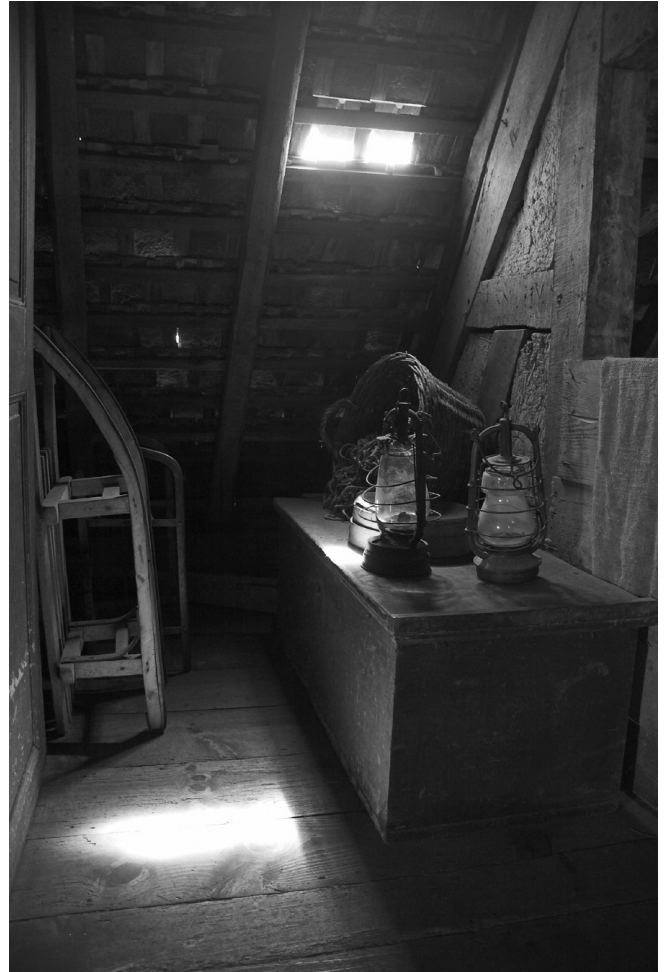
Joel Tastad

My grandma and grandpa had a wonderful place in their old farmhouse. That wonderful place was called an attic. Even getting to it was kind of secretive and mysterious. You had to go in this one certain closet and, if you moved some clothes aside, you would find a hidden door. This door led to a rather steep staircase up to the attic.

Of all the treasures stored up there, the trunk that held the most fascination for me was the one that contained all my grandpas military stuff. He had been in the first infantry division over in France during World War I. That trunk held all his uniforms, his steel helmet with the “big red one” on it, a gas mask, ribbons and medals and two cigar boxes full of tiny black and white pictures. My grandpa was a small man, and when I was young, I was tall for my age. I used to have great fun trying to dress up in his uniforms and play army.

When I went off to college, I chose to be in ROTC. This meant that I had four years of military classes. It seemed like most of them were at 7am and always in uniform. During my senior year, I was accepted into the army aviation program. This meant that one of the things I had to do after graduation was to get through the army’s helicopter flight school. This training, along with one additional transition, took about a year to complete. As our class was nearing graduation, why, one by one, we each started getting our orders to Vietnam. I was allowed ten days of leave before my departure. This time was spent at my parents farm near Aberdeen SD.

My uncle was then serving as pastor of a Lutheran church in the Willmar, Minnesota area. He made a special trip to see me. During his visit, he did something very significant for me. He opened his bible to the 91st psalm and read it to me and talked to me about it. Then he looked me in the eye and said, “Now I want you to pray and I want you to claim the



words of the 91st psalm as applying to you, and if you do that, God will protect you, watch over you and bring you safely home.” And, so I did. My itinerary was to go from Aberdeen to Denver to San Francisco to Vietnam. Everything was going pretty good until the plane took off from Aberdeen.

As I looked out the window and watched the ground disappear below me and thought about leaving my new wife behind, leaving my parents, and realizing it was going to be at least a year before I returned, I was suddenly just overcome with grief. And I started to cry. Not just a little, but I was really crying. I was sitting there in my dress uniform, with my shiny Lieutenants bars and new army wings, just sobbing out of control. The poor flight attendant was

trying to comfort me. The other passengers were getting nervous and uneasy. Unfortunately, I carried on like this most of the way to Denver.

The kind of helicopter flying I did over there could be described as lots and lots of short trips. Rarely over a half hour between takeoff and landing. Sometimes though, if the flight was long enough and high enough so some relaxing was possible, I used to try and tune in the armed forces radio on our ADF receiver.

If I was lucky, I would hear one of the songs that was a favorite. Bobby Bare had a popular tune out at that time called "Detroit City." There were words in that song that went, "I want to go home, I WANT to go home, OH HOW I WANT TO GO HOME."

Well, thirteen months later I stepped off the plane at Aberdeen and was met by the same three people who had watched me leave. God had done just what my uncle said he would. He had watched over me and protected me and brought me home safely.

These are just a few words from my story. Certainly nothing extraordinary in any way.

You know, my work gave me the privilege of being able to travel regularly to many countries of the world. Never have I not been grateful that I was born an American. Once a year we celebrate veterans day. Its good for us to reflect on this way of life that we all

love so much, and consider that it didn't just happen by accident.

First of all, it was designed by God fearing men and then it has been defended down through the generations by people we call veterans. Hundreds of thousands of these veterans have died in the process. I think it is worth noting that the ones who didn't have to sacrifice their lives were willing to.

One of my personal heros is Gen. Joe Foss, World War II Marine corps fighter pilot. Joe Foss shot down 26 enemy aircraft. Now, was he a cold hearted, calculating killing machine? I don't think so. He could probably be described as a heart pounding, adrenalin flowing young farm boy from South Dakota who was terrified by the situation he was in. There is nothing quite as terrifying as real bullets coming your way. All through the colorful life of this great man, he was never ashamed to give testimony of his faith in Jesus Christ.

When I was in Vietnam, every pilot I knew had some kind of a calendar of their very own. This was so every day spent in country could be very ceremoniously crossed off. At night I would crawl under my mosquito netting and I would pray and thank God for getting me through another day. Yet, I knew in the morning I had to do the same kind of things all over again—(salutes the flag) thank you.

Perhaps I can tell it now: Ed "Dutch" Trautwein

My first flight as a brand new S/O for NWA, back in 1966, was aboard a Boeing 320-B Combi (freight forward, pax in the back) MSP-ORD-JFK. I introduced myself to the Captain and F/O (I don't recall their names), mentioned it was my first trip, and settled in. By the time we started descent for ORD, I had more or less caught up, at least with the climb check.

By the time we reached the gate at JFK I was up to speed, in fact I was ahead of the game. I got up, collected my gear and was first out of the airplane, rather pleased with myself as I walked through the terminal with the crew. "Yesterday I couldn't spell pilot, now I are one," came to mind. The cab came, the copilot jumped in the back, and I jumped in after him. The captain moved in front next to the driver. I had a few things to learn yet.

On the way to downtown the copilot turned to me and said: "Good work, Dutch. Mind if I give you

a few pointers?"

"Of course", I answered, silently wondering why the F/O and not the Captain would do any critique. The F/O discussed a few items with me and then he said, and I quote:

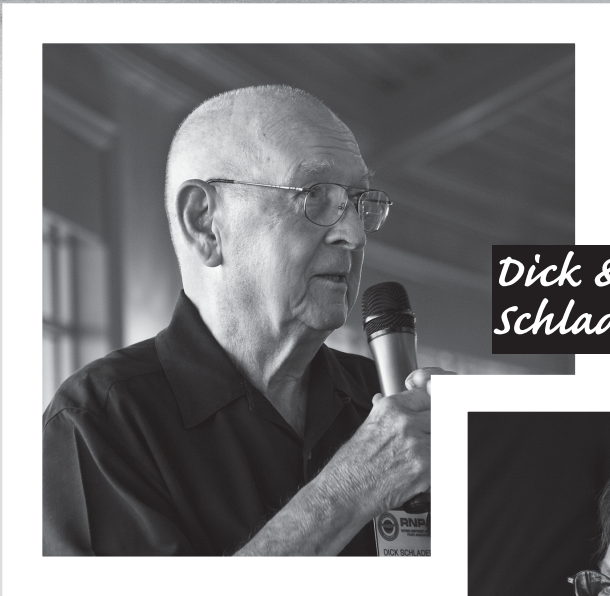
"You did well back there. About the only thing that really is a no-no, is that, when you walk through the terminal on your very first flight as a pilot with NWA, you shouldn't be wearing the Captain's coat. That kinda pisses him off."

With instant horror I looked down at four seriously worn stripes on my arms, and I immediately understood why the rather senior captain had casually turned around during the conversation and draped his arm, with three shiny new stripes, across the back of the front seat.

With a face as red as our red tails I was sorely tempted to jump out of the speeding cab and walk into oblivion someplace.



Once again, the Schladers hosted a most successful Spring Luncheon at the beautiful Colony Club at Pelican Landing in Bonita Springs for a near-capacity crowd of a hundred and forty four.



Dick & Doni Jo Schlader



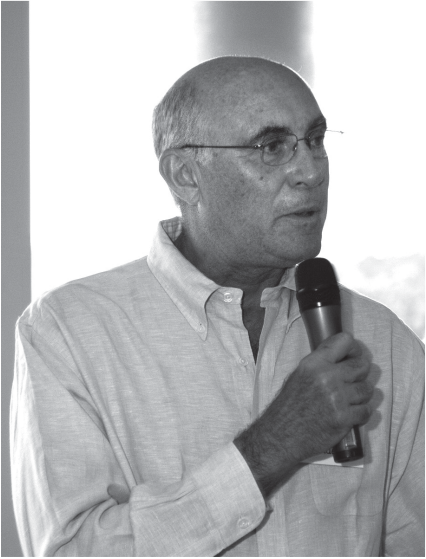
34 *Good food, good conversation and good friends made for a most enjoyable afternoon.*





Denny Olden got us up to date with the pension situation. (Sounds good!)

Romelle Lemley helped with the programs, etc., and conducted the NWA trivia quiz.



Photography:
Dick Carl & Gary Ferguson

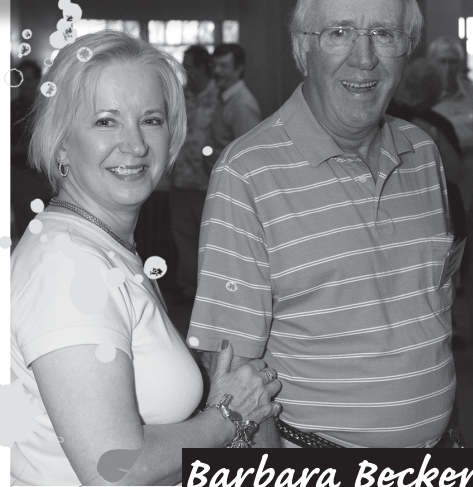




Bill & Judy Ratzak



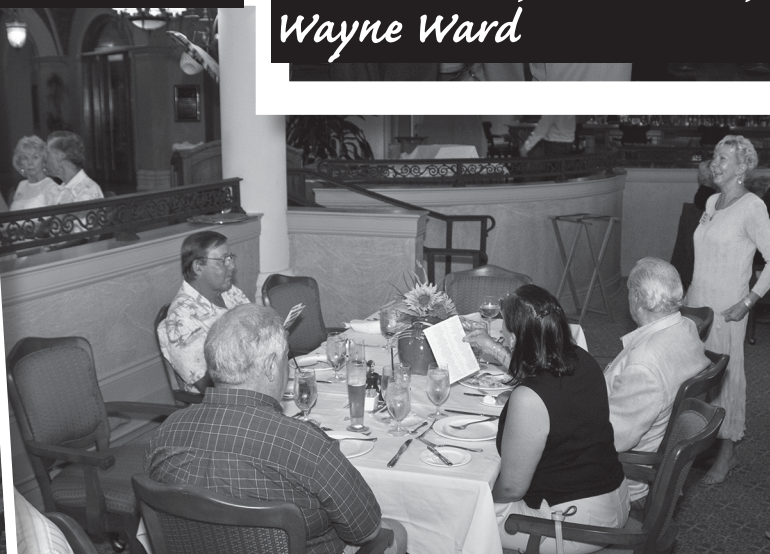
*Keith Maxwell,
Keith Finneseth*



*Barbara Beckert
& Ty Beason*



*Chuck Miller, Dino Oliva,
Wayne Ward*



RNPA
CONTRAILS

MAY
2009

36





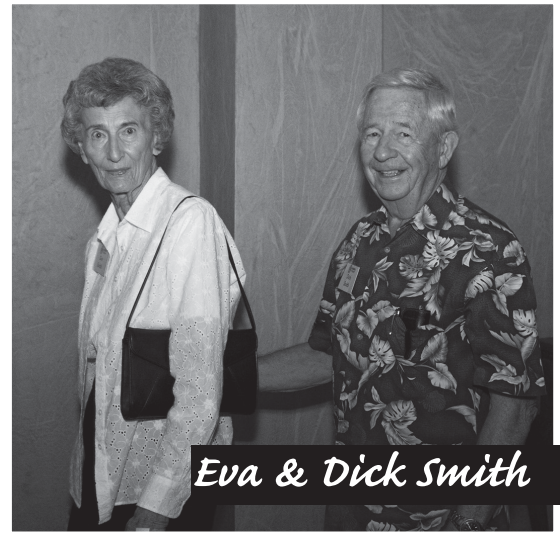
*Dick Haglund, Ed Johnson,
Dick Dodge, Bob Clapp*



*She must be telling an
interesting story!*



Marty Ginzl



Eva & Dick Smith





Don & Dee Bergman



Stan Baumwald displaying part of his wings collection.



Tom & Judy King-Ellison, Rita & Wayne Ward

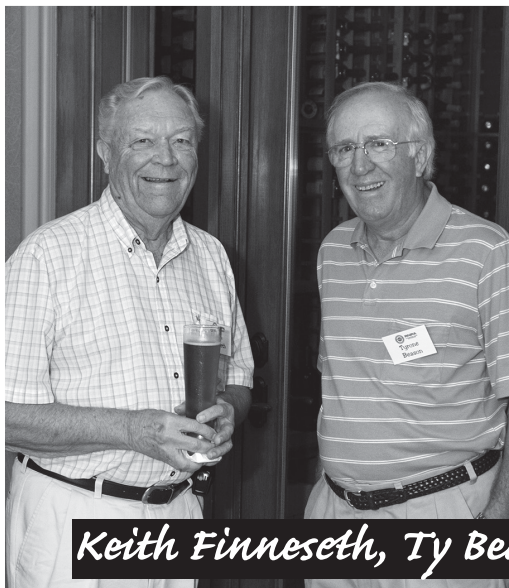




*Dino Oliva,
Bob & Sue Horning*



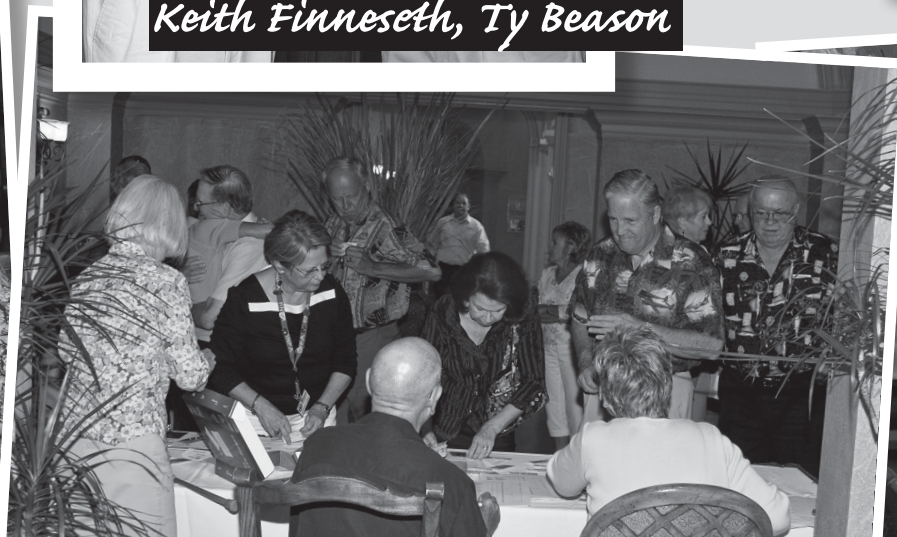
*Keith Maxwell
& Kathie Zelic*



Keith Finneseth, Ty Beason



*Judy King-Ellison, Rita & Wayne Ward,
Tony & Lorraine Licalsi*





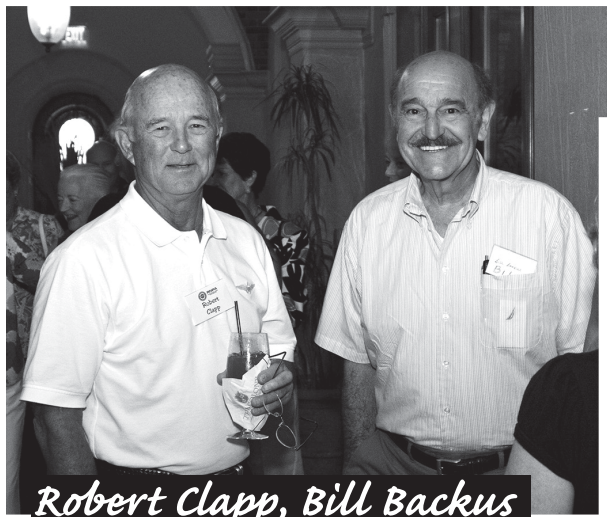
John & Candy (Kane) Badger



*Judy Rataczak,
Ken & Jayne Finney*



Gary T



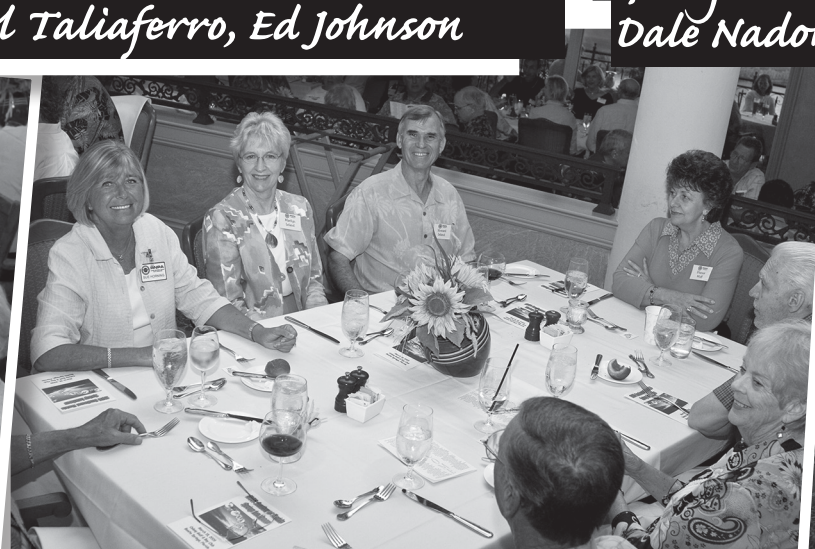
Robert Clapp, Bill Backus



Joel Taliaferro, Ed Johnson



*Geroge Ha
Dale Nador*





Downes, Gary Webb



*Robert Clapp,
Bill & Jane Backus,
Cortney Webb*



*ndel,
n*



B J & John Boyer





*Karen Oliva,
Gary Ferguson,
Barbara Beckert*



*Don Bergman,
Mike Lubratovich, Don Hunt*



Brian & Al Teasley



Dick & Eva Smith



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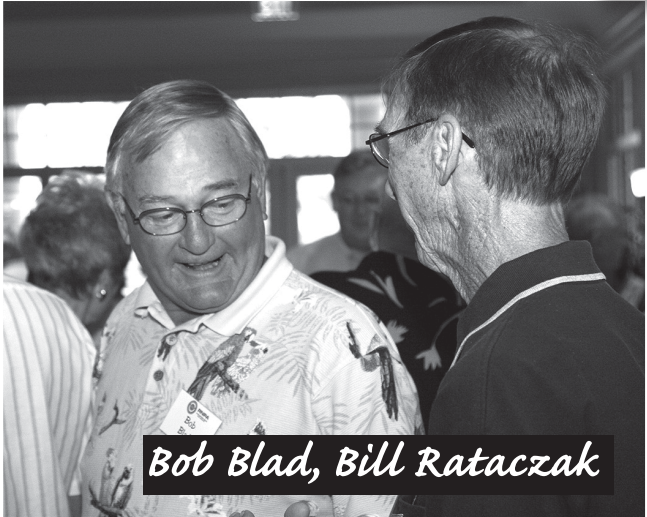
Donna Carl



*Kennedy & Martha
Kohlbrand*



Tom & Berit Rob



Bob Blad, Bill Rataczak



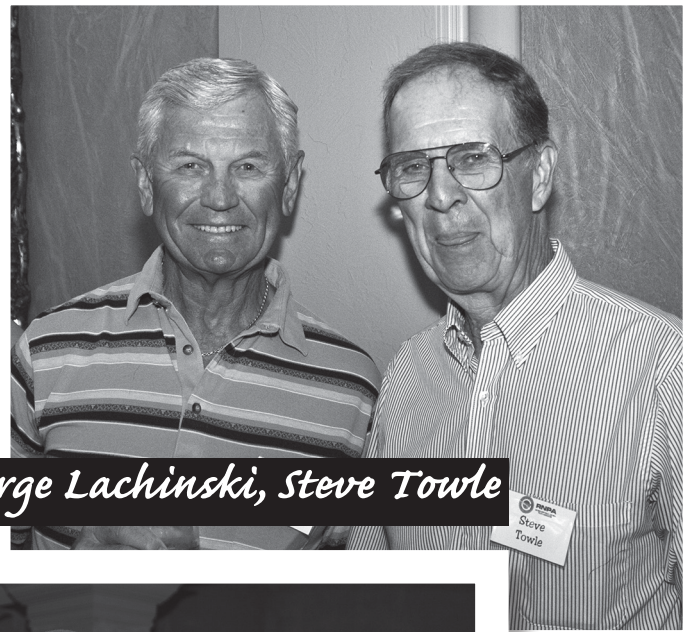
*Roger Moberg, Hans & Mary
Waldenstrom, Julie Moberg*



*Conn
Bill R*



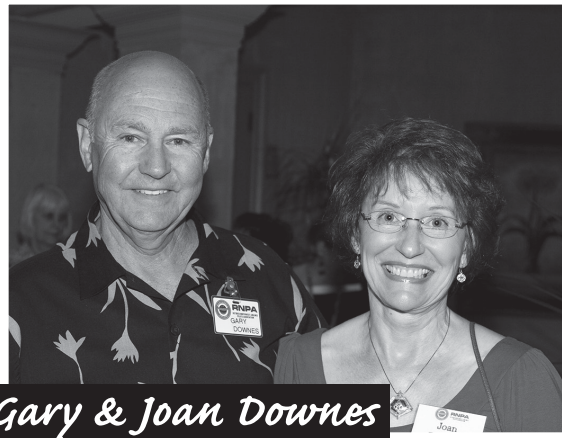
*Tony & Lorraine Licalsi,
Chuck Miller*



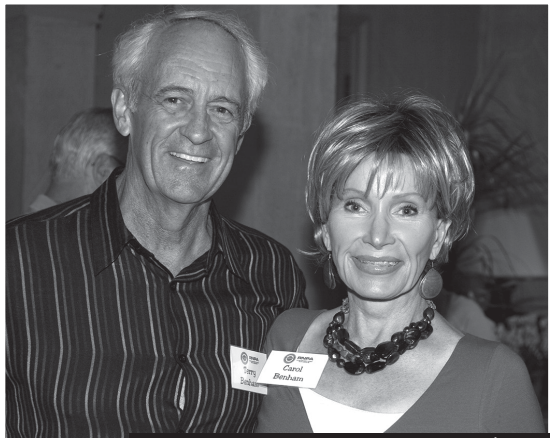
George Lachinski, Steve Towle



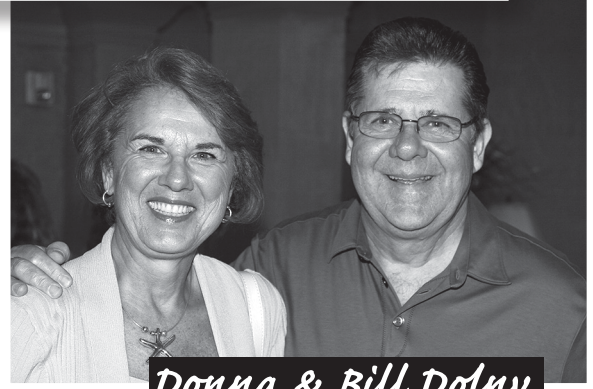
*Bob Bromschwig,
Bruce Burkhard,
John Boyer*



Gary & Joan Downes



Terry & Carol Benham



Donna & Bill Dolny



*Evelyn Thompson,
Rataczak*



Dick & Carol Hauff



*Evelyn Hunt,
Evelyn Turner*



MEET RAY DOLNY, ONE OF OUR HISTORY CENTRE VOLUNTEERS

(Of course, long-time RNPA members will recall Ray's dedicated service to our group, including a term as president. -Contrails Editor)

Meet Ray Dolny, folks, one of our valued History Centre volunteers. Ray meets and greets our guests and lends a hand on various History Centre projects that are always underway.

A Minneapolis native, Ray joined Northwest in 1947 as a Holman Field overhaul base sheet metal and engine mechanic. ("At \$1.10 an hour," he recalls). He stepped up to flight engineer in 1953 and pilot status in 1964.

"That's one of my fondest memories of Northwest Airlines," Ray says. "Northwest always gave you the opportunity to better yourself if you wanted to make the effort."

Thirty-three of Ray's 38 years with Northwest were on flight status in Boeing Stratocruisers, DC-6s, DC-7s, Electras, 727s, 707s, DC-10s and 747s. He had also trained as a B-29 flight engineer during World War II and was a P-51 crew chief for a time during the Korean War.

Ray comes from a family of seven boys and three girls. Three of his brothers also were flyers. Major General John Dolny is former wing commander of the Minnesota Air National Guard. He flew 132 P-47 and P-51 missions over Europe during World War II. He was shot down by enemy ground fire and parachuted behind American Lines. Leonard flew 100 missions in F-86s during the Korean War and retired as a Lieutenant Colonel from the Air National Guard. He is a retired North Central/Republic/Northwest pilot. Edward, an Air National Guard Lieutenant, was killed in a plane crash. Ray's son, Steve, has a commercial license and daughter Debbie has a private one.

Ironically, Ray's dad, Andrew, was a Milwaukee Road machinist. "He was a true-blue railroad man," smiles Ray. "And believe me, he never let us forget it."

One of Ray's extracurricular activities during his Holman Field years was fast-pitch softball; he was the slugging hot corner guardian (third baseman) for the Holman overhaul base's powerful fast-

pitch team of that era that won the city championship in 1955. Those who know consider that awesome aggregation one of the best ever to cavort on Saintly City fast-pitch diamonds. Now well into his 80s, Ray still circles the hassocks for a Minneapolis senior League team. "But no more fast-pitch. It's slow pitch now."

Ray and his wife, Dee, have been married more than 55 years. They met when she was a secretary (Dee Holmquist) at Northwest's system general office at 1885 University, St. Paul.

"The G.O. bunch had a picnic," Ray recalls, "and some of us Holman Field guys decided to invite ourselves to the party. 'I met Dee there and offered her a ride home. 'No way,' she said. 'Not with you.' But we both liked golf and one thing led to another." Dee also played on the NWA girls' basketball team.

Ray enjoys his association with the History Centre because it helps him stay in touch with Northwest's "old timers" who are frequent visitors and with a variety of other people.

Anne Kerr, Editor, "History Matters," the newsletter of the NWA History Centre



Here's Ray (c) with his buddies K P Haram (l) and Jack Cornforth at last summer's Summer Cruise on the St. Croix

NORTHWEST'S FAMED RED TAIL WILL SOON BE GONE WILL WE EVER KNOW EXACTLY WHERE IT CAME FROM?

By Bob Johnson, NWA History Centre

Sadly, perhaps the most recognizable trademark in commercial aviation will soon be gone. Northwest's red tail. (Gone, perhaps, but hopefully not forgotten).

Northwest's red tail made its bow more than 60 years ago, in 1948, as part of a distinctive paint design for its new Martin 202 aircraft. Then on the Boeing Strato-cruiser in 1949 and on all other Northwest planes. For the next 20 years or so Northwest's red-tailed, red-white-and-blue planes were among the most visually pleasing in the industry. And the red tail has always been retained on subsequent paint jobs.

Where did the red tail come from? Kenneth Ruble, in his Northwest Airlines history volume "Flight to the Top," opines thusly: "Origin of the red tail... which made Northwest planes recognizable instantly all around the world, has been the subject of friendly argument for many years..." Not argument, perhaps, but conjecture.

There can be little doubt that the red tail originated in the Military's World War II "Northern Region" operation throughout western Canada, Alaska and the Aleutian Islands which was led by Northwest Airlines. Northwest set up the Northern Region operation and ran it.

Retired Northwest pilot John "Red" Kennedy, then an aircraft mechanic, was stationed at Watson Lake in the Yukon in the winter of 1943 (and had just been transferred to Fort Nelson, B.C., as chief mechanic) when Northwest pilots Johnny Hart and Ken Jones wiped out their C47, possibly due to severe icing and wind shear, about four miles short of the Watson runway.

It took two weeks to find the plane. "It was fairly flat country there," Red recalls, "but the heavy forest was festooned with snow." Hart and Jones were killed but two badly injured G. I. passengers somehow survived the two weeks of bitter cold.

Northwest structural engineer Felix Perry, in the Northern Region briefly at the time: "I was coming into Watson Lake with a Western Air Lines crew. They said they'd spotted the wreck on a previous flight. We looked around again, though, and couldn't find it."

"That's where it started," says Kennedy. Red tails on the airplanes to make them more visible."

Forty-two-year Northwest veteran Don Swanson also recalls red tail talk after a Northwest DC-4 charter, flying from Shanghai to New York City, claimed 30 lives when it struck Mt. Sanford, near Anchorage, March 12, 1948, shortly before the Martins showed up with red tails. The wreck was spotted almost immediately but it was lost in glacial drift for 51 years until its remains were rediscovered by Northwest pilots Marc Millican and

Kevin McGregor. (An inaccurate rumor said the plane was carrying a large shipment of gold.)

So how did the red tail idea get transferred to Northwest's Martin 202s? It wasn't instantaneous. Northwest's first 202 showed up August 2, 1947. The red tail as part of Northwest's handsome new paint job first appeared in 1948.

Bob Chernich, now living in Enumclaw, Washington, was a Fargo transportation agent in 1947. "It seems as though every Martin 202 coming in had a different paint job in those early days," Bob says. "Some of them were pretty weird. There were some strange combinations."

"The first red tail I ever saw on a Martin was only a half a red tail, the top," Kennedy adds. (Red has donated a picture of this plane to the NWA History Centre). The Martin Company had an idea for exterior markings, too, with yellow as the predominant color, yellow belly and tail. A model of this plane is on display at the History Centre).

In his book, Ruble relates that Donald O. Benson of Northwest's maintenance and engineering department was (finally?) assigned the job of consulting with design firms on a new paint design for the Martin 202s.

"Then... I retained Charles Butler Associates of New York," Ruble quotes Benson saying. "It was Butler who came up with a drawing featuring a solid red tail plus red wingtips and nose. Everybody loved it." (Red wingtips were eliminated in the early 1950s.) Concludes Ruble: "Is it possible that one of the designers on Charles Butler's staff in New York just happened to have remembered from his military service the sight of a red-tailed C-47 operated by Northwest as part of its Alaska lifeline?"

Another version, slightly different and very brief, was published in the March 26, 1948 issue of Northwest's company newspaper. It describes the same paint job and credits its origination to Industrial Designer Raymond Loewy and Company officials.

So shall we credit a Charles Butler artist for the red tail? Or maybe a Company official familiar with the wartime Northern Region operation who worked with Raymond Loewy and who may have said "whatever you come up with, we want a red tail."

So who actually originated the red tail idea and how did it get from the Northern Region onto Northwest's postwar fleet of commercial planes?

Perhaps Cleveland pitching great Bob Feller said it best. A writer once asked him how many games he would have won if he hadn't spent four of his prime years in the Navy. Replied Feller: "I guess we'll never know."

You pays your money and takes your choice.



SURVIVING MUMBAI

By NWA Captain Thomas Cook

An email in which he described the terror of being trapped in his hotel room for thirty seven hours.

To all my friends and relatives, It has been a week since F/A Daryl Jones and I were released from the Trident/Oberoi Hotel in Mumbai, India.

normal. Nobody running around, etc. I started to think that my imagination was getting the best of me. Surely if there were terrorists shooting up the lobby that the people walking around outside the hotel would be running around seeking shelter. At this point I made an unfortunate and almost fatal tactical error. I decided to go down to the lobby to get some first hand info on our pick-up time.

First, a sincere and heartfelt “Thank you” to all for keeping us in your thoughts and prayers. Believe me when I say, “We needed them!”

Here’s my story: Timeline starts Wednesday night 26 NOV (all times local BOM).

2100: Returned alone from dinner (luckily not Leopold’s). Headed down to 10th floor aircrew lounge to use the computer. Made a couple of calls to the USA using Skype connection.

2155: Returned to room #1510 and realized I had missed my 2150 wake-up call. Noticed message light NOT flashing. Almost immediately heard what sounded like loud fireworks coming from the street level. My room faced the water. Peeking outside, I saw no unusual activity. The noises continued. I started to think that the cadence was unusual and not really like fireworks.

2205: I then decided to call reception to find out if the flight was operating on time—no answer at the front desk. I then called the hotel operator—no answer! At this point I started to think “terrorist attack.” The hotel is extremely customer oriented and they normally pick up the phone on the first ring.

2210: Looked out the window to see if there was indeed any panic in the street. Everything appeared

2212: Still wearing jeans and a golf shirt, I jump into the elevator. As I descended toward the lobby I had a thought. “If there are terrorists in the hotel-maybe I should stand closer to the side (by the buttons) of the elevator car. Don’t want to give the bastards too easy a target!” Elevator doors open and I see a pool of blood directly in front of me. I hear screaming and moaning. I immediately realize that my worst fears have come to fruition. I press the button to close the doors and simultaneously look up past the blood and see a guy, who has just noticed me, holding an AK-47. He turned toward me and fired just as the doors were closing. If the doors had not closed as quickly as they did I’m sure I would have been toast.

2215: Ran like lightning back to my room and locked myself in. At this point it took a few minutes to “get it together.” Had to really concentrate on exactly what course to take. With all my lights off, I again peeked out between the curtains.

2220: While looking outside, I heard the first of many loud explosions and saw pieces of the hotel falling into the street below. This one sounded like it came from just to my left and above. (In retrospect, I believe some of these bombs were planted days earlier by sleeper cell employees.) Glad they hadn’t chosen my room!

2230: “Breaking News” on the attacks was just start-

ing to hit the TV airways when they reported that my hotel was on fire. Not surprising, considering all of the explosions. I started to feel very helpless. I faced an unenviable quandary—if I left the room I'd probably be shot, but remaining in a burning hotel was almost as unappealing.

2245: Made contact with Northwest Airlines SOC in Minneapolis. Fortunately, they were in contact with my two First Officers who were outside the hotel (another story). They were able to conclude that the Trident (my) side of the hotel was not on fire. Amidst all this horror, a little good news goes a long way.

The terrorists occupied various section of the Oberoi/Trident Hotel complex for about the next 37 hours. I won't go into the hostage taking and other atrocities. These were all well reported by the various news outlets throughout the Thanksgiving holiday. Eventually our TV, internet and hot water were cut off. The hotel phone continued to work and I was able to keep in contact with NWA and my family. I was also in contact with Daryl who was on the 23rd floor. As time slowly dragged on, I found myself going through periods of hope and despair. I was hopeful when the sun finally came up and I could see Indian soldiers on the sidewalk below.

Though intermittent explosions could be heard, I continued to hope for some good news from NWA but the status quo prevailed. "Hotel not secure—do not move." I started feeling badly for the men and women with whom I spoke. I knew that they wanted desperately to give me some good news. The SOC, Chief Pilot (thanks OC) and NWA security did a super job keeping us informed as best they could. Information was at a premium. About mid-afternoon on Thursday I was told that our evacuation would happen within the hour. This was a real high point. Sadly, no one came. And when the sun started to set I began to think I'd never get out. Soon after, I found out the the last NWA A330 out of town had just departed for AMS—without us. A very sinking feeling.

Halfway through the night I heard a door open in the hallway. Using my peep hole, I could see people across the hall carefully sticking their heads out of the room. They were Lufthansa flight attendants. I was really glad to find that I was not completely alone. I was told that their Purser was on the 17th

floor and had informed them that Lufthansa was sending an A319 rescue aircraft. This was very uplifting news. I called Daryl to tell him that we had a "for sure" ride out of town.

The next morning at about 11:00 we were evacuated by the Indian Army. The walk through the lobby was sobering. Looked like a war zone. Details later (preferably at the Belgique). After out-processing, we, along with Lufthansa and Air France crews were bussed to a hotel near the airport. After a hot shower and some lunch, we were boarding the Lufthansa A319. (About 1800 Friday evening.)

I can't thank Lufthansa enough. They sent their head flight surgeon, psychologists and all crew members had been trained in Critical Incident Stress Management. We could learn a lot from them.

We were then met in FRA by Lars Reuter and Bob Polak from AMS. They were awesome. Met us in the middle of the night, had our hotel accommodations and follow-on travel arranged. Again, "Thank you Lufthansa" for the first class seat to BOS.

In BOS, I was surprisingly met at the aircraft door (upstream of customs!) by my family and my dear friend, BOS manager Tommy Neylon. Tommy even had the State Police watching our cars at the curb—right in front of Terminal E. (Tommy knows everybody!)

I'll save all my lessons learned captain stuff for a different audience.

Thank You to all.

Cheers,
Capt. Thomas B. Cook

Editor's note:

I was particularly interested in hearing what Tom had to say about the "lessons learned captain stuff," assuming that we may have qualified as a "different audience." Unfortunately, he has simply been too busy to rewrite this account for us, partly because he has been speaking at seminars like ALPA's Terrorism Committee and others. He returned in mid March from a six-day trip which included a BOM (Mumbai) layover, saying that he needed to, "Get back on the horse."

LOOKING BACK



1944

USAAF - NORTHERN REGION CONTRACT #W535-AC-35714

February 23, 1944

TO: All Pilots on the Aleutian Operation

FROM: Dudley S. Cox - XD

The Aleutian operation will be operated by you with very little supervision by the Company. There will be dispatchers available locally at Anchorage to coordinate local and flight information in order to keep the pilots completely briefed on all of the latest information. They will not be able to control your flight from Anchorage, due to communication difficulties, so the responsibility of the entire operation rests on you.

When the operation first started we realized there would be definite limitations in connection with any operation out on the coast. However, our operation so far has been very satisfactory. Planes out of Anchorage are operated the same as they are operated out of Edmonton or Fairbanks-daylight or darkness doesn't necessarily affect the dispatch or clearance of the airplane. Naturally, before you get into the operation completely you will have had a chance to talk to the pilots who were stationed in Anchorage previously, who will be able to give you more data than can be compiled in this letter, which will be of value.

This operation will be one which will necessitate constant vigilance on the part of both the pilot and co-pilot; each must constantly check on the ship's position by every means available. Cases have been known where high velocity winds blew a ship on one or the other side of the Chain and the pilot, not knowing which side he was on, eventually crashed. You will experience extremely high winds and abnormal turbulence. However, these conditions are relatively easily forecasted and avoided. You will find the meteorologists on this route quite efficient and very cooperative in anything you may ask them.

Weather sequences are broadcasted regularly in code which, of course, are available to you over range frequencies as well as over 4220 at Umnak, Atka, and Adak. The normal special weather broadcasts are also given trips enroute. In general, it may be stated that the weather on the Chain can be flown safely but any relaxation on the part of the pilot or co-pilot will result in trouble. One should bear in mind that instrument let-downs to minimum ceilings will be normal, rather than abnormal, difficulties and all weather will be prevalent up and down the Chain which makes each leg of a flight a radius of action problem. In other words, a pilot should attempt to maintain an "out" whenever possible. In general, ice encountered over this route is the same as ice elsewhere and should be avoided when it is known as severe icing. On the other hand, at sea level you will undoubtedly experience thawing temperatures and be able to melt the ice off.

At present, we are basing a spare crew at Adak, but if the operation increases to such an extent that it becomes necessary to base two crews there, this will be done. At Adak you would live in a Quonset where there are showers and so forth, nearby. There is an orderly who will keep the place clean at 10-15 cents per man per night. You will eat at the Officers' Mess and, I believe, your meals are 35 cents. There are movies nearby which you, of course, will be allowed to attend and you are allowed to use the facilities at the Link Trainer, the location of which will be obtained from the Operations Officer.

The spare crews will lay over at Anchorage, where a first-in first-out roster will be maintained. At present, our quarters are in the Westward Hotel, where you are asked to cooperate as best you can with the management, since quarters in Anchorage are at a premium. You should advise your family or persons who will be writing you what your address will be. All mail going out of Alaska is, of course, censored. Any mail we receive in Edmonton will be collected and forwarded to Anchorage via company mail every second or third day. Your expense vouchers will be sent company mail to Edmonton. They may be given to the Station Manager who will forward them. Your pay summaries should be sent air mail to Al Lemenager, St. Paul. These should be sent direct.

The officers and men of the 11th Air Force, with whom you come in contact out on the Chain and in Anchorage, have been extremely cooperative with us and, individually and from the company stand-point, this is greatly appreciated. It is hoped that each of you will maintain these cordial relations.

I would suggest, as you collect additional information and data on the facilities available on the route itself that you keep a current record of these, as there is no telling when you will need the information. Up to date maps are kept in Northwest Airlines' operations office, as well as a self-briefing bulletin board. You are expected to comply and be familiar with the letters and bulletins and maps pasted thereon. I might add that this is a very interesting route from a technical and professional stand-point and that the things you learn will be of value to you for a long time.

Sincerely yours,

Dudley S. Cox
Chief Pilot
Northern Region

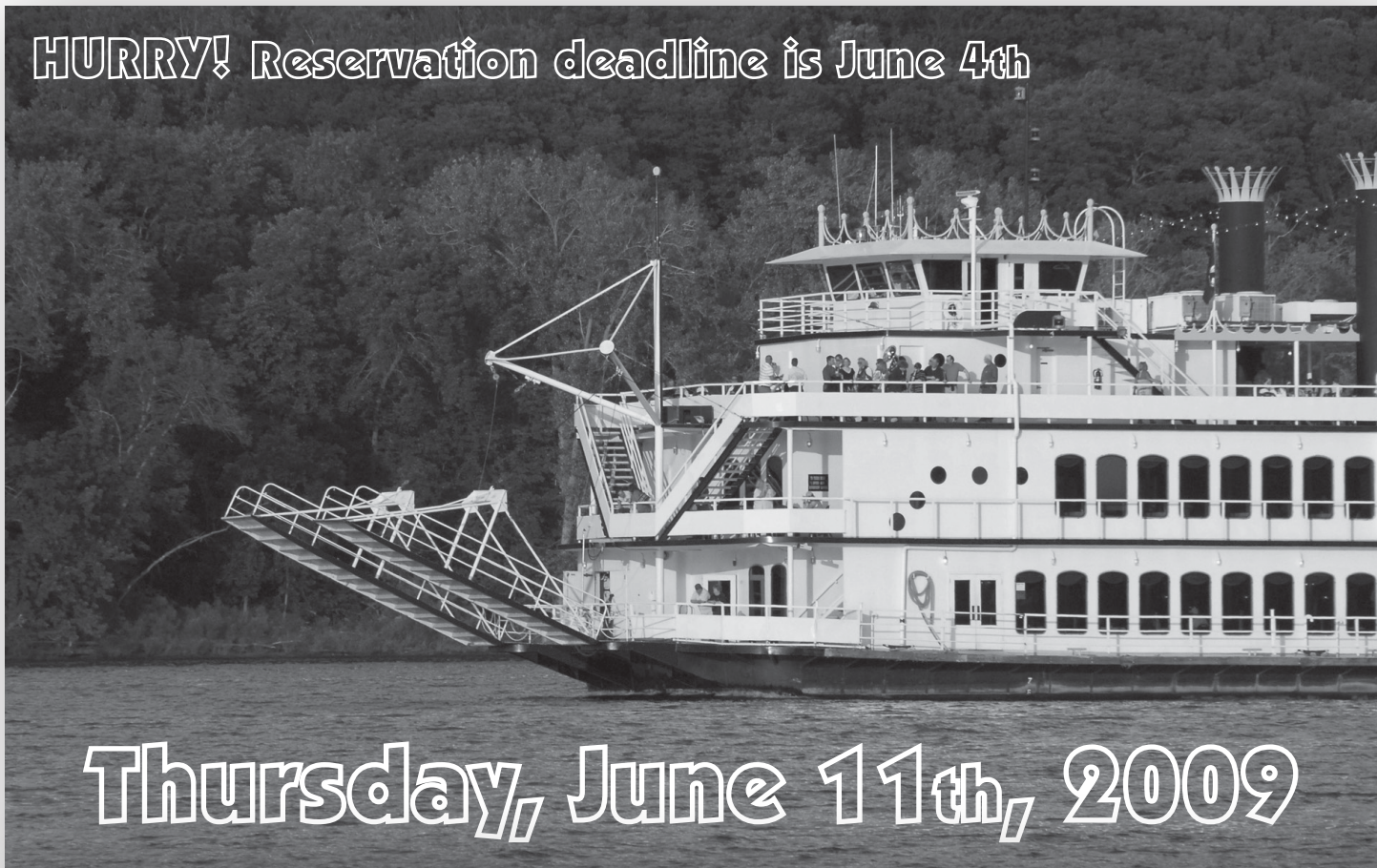
From the NWA History Centre

I am enclosing a copy of a letter written by then Chief Pilot Dudley Cox to the pilots flying the Aeutian Chain during World War II. I found it rather extraordinary and shows the challenges faced by the route's pioneers. I'm not sure where we got the copy, however I believe it may have been included with several items given to us by Dave Johnson, son-in-law of Frank Judd.

Pete Patzke



HURRY! Reservation deadline is June 4th



Thursday, June 11th, 2009

Join us for the RNPA Summer Get-together
on the **AVALON** in Stillwater, Minnesota

Price of \$29.50 includes a delicious lunch and a 2½ hour
boat ride on the beautiful St. Croix River. Cash bar on board.

11:00AM - Congregate at dockside (just south of downtown)

11:30AM - Boat sails promptly!

Yes, we're coming:

NAME(S): _____ & _____

Phone: (day) _____ (eve) _____ (cell) _____

_____ people @ \$29.50 each = _____

Please make checks payable to **"Vic Kleinsteuber"** Phone: (763) 878-2534
and mail this form to him at: **15258 Curtis Ave NW**
Monticello MN 55362-6250

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



FLOWN WEST



Bob Bioren
1940 ~ 2009

Robert S. Bioren, of Kirkland, Washington, a retired Northwest Airlines captain, departed after 68 years to join the Lord, early afternoon, March 2, 2009. Bob was born in Newark, NJ, on May 9, 1940 and raised in West Orange, NJ, where he was active in Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts of America and the Young Men's Christian Association. He loved the activities of these organizations and worked as a camp counselor, life guard, and waterfront director during his youth. After graduation locally from West Orange High School, he enrolled in Upsala College, East Orange, NJ, and in 1958, he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in psychology.

He then joined the Navy and earned a commission as an Ensign following graduation from Officers Candidate School in Newport, RI. Bob then entered training for the Navy Underwater Demolition Team, and in the pre-Navy Seal Team days, became a "Navy Frogman" and was attached to Underwater Demolition Team 11 (UDT-11) in Coronado, Ca. He served in Vietnam in the mid '60s. Ever the perfectionist seeking a higher challenge, Bob competed on the US Naval Pentathlon Team in Bergin, Norway in 1965. Bob also loved language and culture. In 1965, the US Navy sent Bob to its French language school in San Diego, CA. Following that, Bob attended the University of Leon in France, in 1965, for further language studies, and in 1967 he studied German, attend-



ing the German Language School in Goethe University in Frankfurt Germany.

Upon leaving the Navy he worked with Officer's Christian Union and Young Life in Germany, became a Young Life Club Leader in La Jolla, CA then pursued his love for flying. After working for Capital Airways in Berlin, Bob commenced a career in aviation with Northwest Airlines, beginning in 1968, and lasting through his retirement in 2000. Bob was one of those rare individuals who had an unslakable appetite for flight. Although retired as a 747 Captain for Northwest Airlines, Bob was an active flight instructor for Galvin Flying Service, Evergreen Flying Club, and assorted other northwest Washington flight schools. He also continued as a corporate pilot/instructor in the Pilatus PC-12 aircraft.

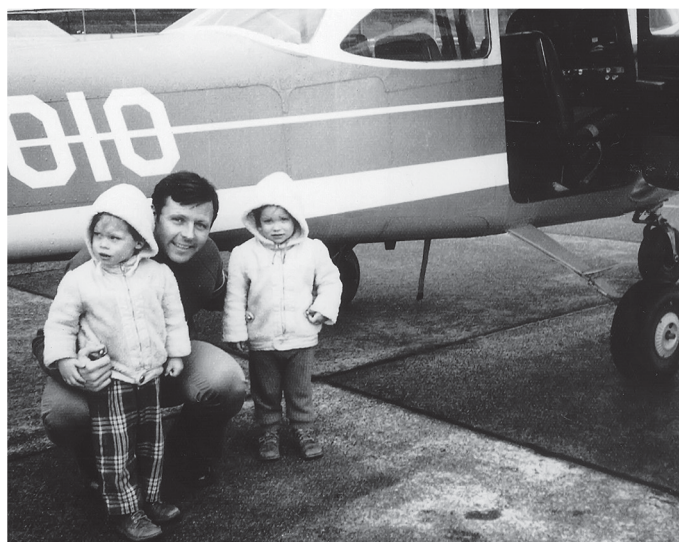
Bob was an instructor who specialized in the aviation student with learning challenges. He was legendary in his patience, and in his gifted ability to convey to students, important nuances of flight that other instructors were less able to communicate. It was his rare combination of compassion for people, and his instant willingness to help others, coupled with his love of flying, that infected countless others with his enthusiasm. His instant eagerness to fly any type of aircraft, to any destination, for any reason, saw him in

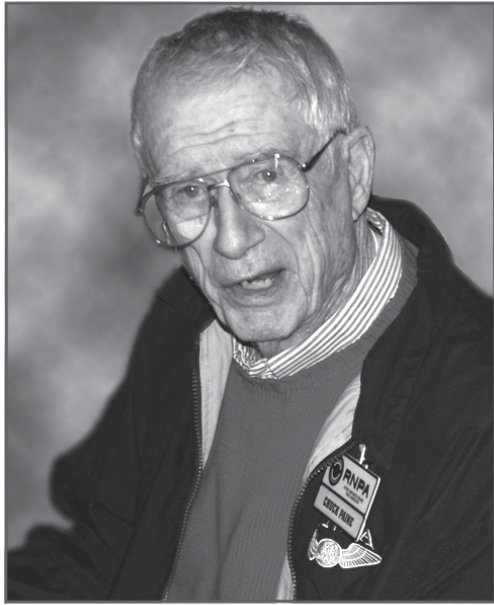
the air at every possible opportunity. Bob was truly open and effusive about his love affair with aviation. Bob lives on in many aviators today flying throughout the world, who carry his signature in their flight logbooks, and who, in their memories carry both his special love of flying, and their repertoire of flight skills, imbued by him, as their flight instructor.

Always soft spoken, and never self-spoken, few knew the depths of Bob's leisure enjoyments. To say that he was an avid cyclist, would be a gross understatement. It was not uncommon for Bob, scheduled to make a corporate flight from Burlington, to hop on his bicycle, and to commute the 70 miles from his Kirkland residence. He likewise relished a good run, a hike, walking his dog, or merely swimming an hour or so in Lake Washington. He too enjoyed reading and staying current on world affairs, and was always available for diverse conversation. He maintained his devotion to Christian Bible study and was a positive influence for a broad range of people. His compassion and empathy for others led to life-long connections and friendships. Bob positively influenced many lives with his heartfelt interests, his generosity, and his deep and abiding concerns for others. Life for him was always an adventure and he lived each day to its fullest. His love for the Lord was the foundation for his life and for the lives of those closest to him.

Bob was pre-deceased by his parents Robert L. and Grace S. Bioren, and by his eldest son, R. Scott Bioren. His survivors include wife Laura, his previous wife and the mother of his children, Rita Lustig; his son Sven Bioren and his wife, Heather Bioren, and his two grandsons, Thomas and Benjamin of Seattle; by his step-sons, Forrest and Tyler Marshall; and many other relatives and close friends who loved him dearly. We will all miss you Bob but we know you are now in Heaven and some day we will see you there.

Checklist complete—brakes off.





Chuck Paine
1922 ~ 2009

Charles “Chuck” Paine, age 86, of Mercer Island, Washington, “flew west” for a final check peacefully on January 10, 2009, surrounded by his family at the VA Medical Center. Chuck was born May 1, 1922 in Eugene, Oregon. He attended the University of Oregon and Oregon State. Chuck lived in Eugene until he enlisted in the Army Air Corps the day after Pearl Har-

bor. He flew the B 24 Liberator bomber and his 492nd squadron BG received a Unit Citation as a Croix de Guerre with palm from the French Government at the squadron reunion in England many years ago.

Chuck enjoyed and felt great pride in his career as a pilot with Northwest Airlines for 34 years, retiring as a captain on 747s. His love of aviation inspired several young men to choose flying as their lifestyle as well. He liked travel in his retirement and was an enthusiastic photographer. (“Just one more for insurance” the family heard often.) He retired on May 1st 1982 and enjoyed 24 years of a happy retirement. Chuck was a member of the QB Seattle Hanger and RNPA, the Retired Northwest Airlines Pilots’ Association.

Chuck and B.J. Paine have been long time Mercer Islanders, and their three children are all graduates of MIHS. When Chuck and B.J. downsized from their South end Island house, they decided M.I. was “home” and have lived in a condo at the North end since ’92.

Paul Best sent the photo of the flyover at a Memorial Service held for Chuck at the Meydenbauer Yacht Club in Bellevue, Washington. Chuck’s family, friends and several NWA pilots attended. The day started foggy but cleared nicely and was high overcast at the time of the service. The BlackJack Squadron from Arlington Municipal Airport flew a Missing Man Formation, and the flight of 10 aircraft was led by retired NWA pilot Wes Scheirman. Another pilot in the formation was Art Reeck, also a retired NWA pilot, and the “Pull Up pilot” was Rich Morey, a retired UAL pilot.

Chuck was preceded in death by his only sister, Phyllis, five years ago. He is survived by his wife of 57 years, B.J.; sons Tom and Randy, daughter Katie; proxy daughter Susan Kelly; and nine Grandchildren. Chuck was a “gentle man” and a true gentleman, and will be missed by his family and many friends.





Chuck Geisler
1933 ~ 2008

Charles H. "Chuck or Charlie" Geisler, age 75, of Anandale, Minnesota, formerly of Bloomington, Minnesota, and a retired Northwest Airlines captain "flew west" peacefully for a final check on Tuesday, December 30, 2008 in his home on Cedar Lake, surrounded by family & friends. Charles Henry Geisler was born July 4, 1933 to Al and Jessie (McLees) Geisler in Valley City, North Dakota. He married Marlie Lokken on June 10, 1956.

Prior to being hired as a pilot, Chuck worked for Northwest as an agent in Grand Forks, and a sales rep in Chicago. He was one of the few pilots hired by NWA who knew Mr. Nyrop personally before being hired as a pilot. Chuck signed on as a pilot for Northwest Airlines in 1966. He flew the line, worked in flight training as an instructor and FAA designated simulator and line check airman, and held several positions in flight operations for over 25 years, retiring in 1991. He flew the 707, 727, 747 and DC-10 in flight training and on the line, and as a member of the flight operations "Test and Ferry" crew on "engine out" ferries for over 10 years.

Chuck was a loving father, grandfather, and friend to all. His passions included: spoiling his beloved dogs, traveling by way of train, boat, or RV, and playing the piano. He was generous in his support of individuals and organizations in need. He is survived by his three children, Dwight, Mary and Rob; and five grandchildren. Dwight is a Boeing 757 captain and Rob an Airbus A320 captain at Northwest.

His wife, Marlie; sister, Oral Koch, and longtime friend, Harold Atkins preceded him in death. Social remembrances were held on January 24th, 2009 at Charlie's favorite watering hole, David Fong's Restaurant in Bloomington, Minnesota.

From the Guest Book

Dayle Yates: Chuck was a smiling, nice, gentleman. I remember when Chuck first joined the NWA pilot's ranks. He appeared to be a happy, ready-to-go man. My thoughts and prayers are with his family.

Virgil Sagness: Chuck always would say a few words where ever you were. He was fun to fly with. Our thoughts and prayers are with Dwight and the rest of the family.

Michael Fay: To the Geisler Family, My sincere condolences for your great loss. Chuck was one of the finest men, pilot and friend I have ever known. Nothing was too trivial for him and he would go out of his way to help anyone. The world will truly miss him. May he be blessed with smooth air and plenty of tailwinds!

Sue Deal: Chuck was a warm and gracious man. I flew with him more than 25 years ago, yet I still remember that wonderful smile! I also remember how much he loved his kids and how proud he was of his family. He embraced life, and touched many hearts with his caring spirit. He will be remembered fondly.

Glenna McDonald: I am sincerely saddened to hear of Chuck's death. He was always a gentleman and a gentle man, both on and off the airplane. He will be missed.

Jim Brown: I was very saddened to hear of Chuck's death. He was a fine aviator and a wonderful man who will be missed by many, especially his NWA family. Our thoughts and prayers are with you Dwight and your entire family.

Jay Halstead (UAL): Chuck was a long time friend. He will be missed!

Dick Glover: Chuck was the total professional aviator. I also flew with his son Dwight, who is the same kind of guy. Chuck will be missed.

Bill Barrott: The picture says it all ... the permanent and now eternal smile. What a super friend and pilot and pleasure to work with so many times over the years. A great loss for all.

Bill Miller: I first flew with Chuck in 1969. I was brand new and sort of took me under his wing. He would even take my wife and me out to dinner at Fong's as we had zero money. From that day till now I consider Chuck the finest, kindest, classiest, man I ever met at NWA. May God personally open the gates for this great guy.

Ken Redetzke: My sincere condolences go to Chuck's entire family. As a new hire and very junior second officer in 1969, I remember Chuck as a "good guy" Captain! He was always there to help the new guys and to show us the way at NWA. He always had a smile and friendly greeting whenever we crossed paths throughout my career. I'm saddened to hear of Chuck's passing and can only offer a "well done" with appreciation and admiration.

Wayne Anderson: Chuck was one of the special ones at Northwest Airlines. He was a class act. Chuck was someone whom I admired and wanted to be like as an airline Captain and instructor. It was a joy to work with Chuck in the training department, or to fly with him. Chuck was a true professional pilot, and a great guy. He will be missed.

Bob Bartholomay: Charles was always a friend from our starting with NWA at the very start. We were always friends and both from our days in North Dakota as well. Have your peaceful trip and you will always be remembered well.

Vic Britt: I enjoyed working in Flight Ops with Chuck; on line trips at the end of the month when crew skeds ran out of reserves; on engine out ferry's that always seemed to come up late Saturday afternoon when Maintenance Control just had to have the airplane back ASAP, and swore it would be ready for us when we got there, but never was. I appreciated most that Charlie never let himself be rushed and insisted that all double check the numbers and all agree before we strapped in our seats. It was a pleasure knowing you Charlie, thanks for the memories.

Dottie Bassett: My heartfelt condolences to the family of Chuck Geisler. I worked with Chuck for many years at NWA and he was the most capable, considerate, fun-loving and generous coworker one could ever have. He will be missed by all who knew him. I am so sorry for the sadness that his passing brings to your life. My deepest sympathy.

Art Poehls: I only flew with Chuck once, with another terrific guy who has flown west.

Jon S. Wood: It was one of the best trips of my career. Chuck drove me home after the trip and we always remained friends, even though we never flew together again. I admired his skills, and his friendly demeanor, very much. I will miss him, and I am truly sorry for his passing.

Victor Kleinstauber: Charlie was indeed a fine guy. I did not have the pleasure of flying much with him but remember his constant smile & kind words. Charlie was a true professional in all respects. He will be missed by all the NWA crews that knew him.

Leif Elstad: I am saddened to lose a NWA Classmate & friend. Chuck will be remembered as a gentleman and a professional. My wife and I extend our sympathies to his family. Chuck will be remembered in our thoughts and prayers.

Fred & Mary Raiche: The years may pass, but the memories remain. Charlie is one of those...always remembered. We are very saddened to hear the news. Our thoughts and prayers are with Charlie's family.

Dick Dodge: There is only one way to describe Charlie Geisler, he was a FIRST CLASS ACT! I had the great pleasure of working for Chuck in the Test & Ferry Division and have never met a finer individual anywhere. We who knew him had our lives greatly enriched by having had that relationship. He will be sorely missed by all. Blessings go out to all of Chuck's family.

Pete Schenck: Chuck was a role model for all of us. There was never an unkind word coming from his lips, nor were unkind words ever spoken of this amazing man. Chuck, you are missed.

The Guest Book also contained entries, some lengthy, from many of Chuck's non-airline friends and neighbors including:

**Chris Campion,
Mary Jean (Dibbern) Benner,
Tom McNutt,
Shirley Bruhn Lindsay,
Ted Davis,
Dave Larsen,
Pat and Colette Kearney,
Sharon Dragland,
John & Sandy Roisum,
Ginger O'Loughlin,
Jerry & Jan Altman and
Maria Dusterhoft**



Dick Simmet
1929 ~ 2009

Richard F. "Dick" Simmet, Age 79, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain "flew west" for his final check from Conroe, Texas February 17, 2009 at 10:30 AM, after a short battle with liver cancer. In his final days Dick was courageous and brave and exited with dignity and grace. He was always in command of his ship. Dick was born June 22, 1929 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He quit school in the ninth grade to work in a shoe factory and provide support for his Mother. At age 17 Dick joined the Army and spent 18 months in the service, most of it in the Philippines guarding Japanese prisoners after WW II. He was honorably discharged in late 1947 and returned home to Minnesota. He passed the GED test to receive his High School Diploma.

On January 6, 1948 Dick was hired by Northwest Orient Airlines to work in Equipment service (or as he liked to call it, a honey bucket carrier). Using the GI bill he received his A&E ticket and worked as a mechanic for Northwest for 9½ years. He then became a flight engineer. After buying his own flight time he became a pilot. He flew co-pilot for 1 ½ years and retired in 1989 with 23½ years as Captain having flown the Boeing 727, his favorite plane, over 14,000 hours. He also flew Boeing's 747, 707-720 & -320, and Lockheed Electra's.

Dick's hobby for over 20 years was showing his Doberman Pinchers in the Obedience Dog Show Ring. He obtained Obedience Trial Champion titles on two of his prize Dobermans. He also owned and operated Eden Prairie Body Shop in Eden Prairie, Minnesota from 1960 to 1990. After retiring to Corinthian Point in Willis, Texas he spent summers at his cabin on Cinosam Pines Road in Brainerd, Minnesota where he loved to fish on Gull Lake.

Dick was preceded in death by mother Adela and father Clarence Simmet, first Wife Corrine and son Mark. Captain Simmet is survived by; wife Linda Simmet; sister Jeannie Beeman; daughters Sharon, Colleen, Valerie and Eileen; stepsons Richard Smith and James Smith; ten grandchildren and two great grandsons. Military burial will be held at Fort Snelling National Cemetery, Minneapolis, Minnesota on July 10, 2009 at 11:00 AM.

From the Guest Book

Wayne Segulia: It's been a lot of years since Dick and I flew together. A very pleasant experience on all counts. I'm sorry for his passing.

Larry Potton: I am sorry to hear of your loss. Captain Nice was a great guy to fly with. I flew F/O with him one time when he picked up a Doberman pup. We flew into Newark and then Dick had to drive to Pennsylvania to get his new student. The puppy sat in a cardboard box in the cockpit on the way back to MSP. God bless you all.

Arnie Calvert: I am so very sorry to hear of Dick's passing. I enjoyed flying with him and know he will be missed by his family and his many friends.

Chris Duarte & Jean Haley: Chris had many happy times with Dick training, showing, and traveling with great Dobermans and their mischief. His experience and training methods will be remembered in our dog training. He will always stand tall in Jean's mind as Captain Doberman.

Jim, Ann, Jamie, Brendan & Shelby (aka "The Rugrats"): We are remembering the great times we had with Uncle Dick. The Disney World trip, fishing on Gull Lake, kids cuddling on the couch with him. Those memories will be with us forever. We'll always love & remember him!



Bob Shaw
1933 ~ 2008

Robert “Bob” Shaw, age 75, of Bigfork, Montana, a retired Northwest Airlines captain, “flew west” for a final check after passing away peacefully at his home on Tuesday, December 9, 2008 with Diane by his side. Bob lost his battle with pancreatic cancer, and all were in shock and awe of how Bob handled himself and his illness, never complaining and fighting quite bravely. Bob was born September 13, 1933 in Fall Rivers, Mass., to Richard and Bernice Shaw. He most recently lived in Bigfork, Montana, near Kalispell, and was treated in Seattle and Kalispell. Raised during the depression in Boston and the Cleveland, Ohio area, he worked on Steinbrenner ore ships on the great lakes as a teenager to earn money for college and attended both Ohio State and Ohio University.

Uncle Sam was in need of pilots for the Korean War so Bob became a cadet in the USAF because he thought it would be more fun than finishing college, and a good chance to serve his country and learn how to fly. By the time his training was complete the war had wound down, but he remained in the Air Force

for five years and flew the C-119 and C-123. He was a First Lieutenant when he was honorably discharged from the Air Force.

Bob began his career with Northwest Airlines in 1958, and was a 747 Captain the last 15 years of his career. In his 35 year career at Northwest he flew: the DC-4, 6, 7 and DC-10; Boeing Stratocruiser, B-707 series, the B747-200 & -400; and the Lockheed Electra. His youngest son Jeff (F-15’s and Fed-Ex captain) remembers flying with his brother Bob through Montana in the cockpit with their dad, with layovers in Billings on the way to Seattle. All four of his kids were on Bob’s retirement flight to Sydney in 1993. Jeff recalled the strike parties and picket lines, but most of all the camaraderie of the NWA family. Bob treasured friendships he made and maintained through the years, especially those who were there for him at the end.

A life-long exerciser, Bob was active in retirement; skiing, hiking, biking, and golfing. He loved to travel and meet people, always wearing his famous smile. Bob was the proverbial handsome charming airline captain to the end. Everybody loved Bob and he brightened everyone’s day. Irish eyes are surely smiling on Bob Shaw tonight! He is survived by his wife Diane; sons Jeff and Bob Shaw; daughters Kari Hauser and Kim Falco, their spouses and 10 grandchildren.

In closing, Jeff has this to say about his dad: “Wives... OK, we know. Seriously, dad was blessed with Dianne to be his partner, friend and wife for the closing chapter of his life. Roberta gave him two sons, Jeff and Bob that had an unparalleled relationship with him. Joan brought the two daughters, Kim and Kari into his life, which completed the Brady Bunch fiasco, ha, ha. They as well had an awesome relationship with dad that was enviable. Wait, you’re asking did dad ever leave the fish bowl of NWA, apparently NOT! Roberta, Joan, Diane and daughter Kari are all Stewardesses or Flight Attendants, depending on date of hire. It was a very great tribute to the wives that they all were together at Dad’s Celebration of Life party in Seattle. Bob, aka Papason, had 10 grandkids he leaves behind that he truly loved, and spent as much time as he could to be there with them. Sadly the kids only got to see their granddad’s great sense of humor and outlook on life for a short time.”

So, the world will be a lesser place without Capt Robert, Bob, Papason Shaw! Thank you from the Shaws to all the NWA family for your friendship and support thru the years. And as Dad always said, “Don’t get upset. You have to expect losses in an operation of this size.” Aloha Nui!

From the Guest Book

Montie Leffel: Flew many NWA flights with Bob as purser, a pleasure.

Edward Johnson: I wish your Trip West be at Vmo, like your zest for life.

Dawn Devlin Burr: Bob & Big Kahuna, end of an era of great airline pilots.

Dick & Doni Jo: Others are forgotten when tales of this legend are told.

Mary Jane Giblin & family: Good time with Bob Hawaii base.

Demetri Vasiliades: Running in Central Park with Bob trying to keep up.

Wayne Nelson: Pleasant and a charm few possess. Missed by all.

George Morrison: Flew with Bob on my retirement flight.

Charlie Welsh: Skiing buddy of legendary energy; whistling in shower at 6am..

Wayne Anderson: My wish for Bob: Google "Flying West" & read poem.

Larry Daudt: A loving German Shepard from Bob with Bob's personality.

Fred Raiche: With tears hear the news; with smiles remember good times.

Ted Swan: Bob and Captain Oshibori, known all over the world.

Warren Avenson: His manner brought light and happiness to all.

Phyllis Courier: Deepest sympathies to the Bob's family.

Hank Castle: Treat and pleasure to be with and a contagious smile.

Walt Mills: You will be missed; thoughts and prayers for your family.

Sandy Mazzu: May God bless you and your family in this time of sorrow.

Steve Towle: Bob had a great flight, truly a legend. Blue Side Up.

Bill Iams: Diane, our love and arms go around you and the family.

"Lawrence of MIA": Bob said he had \$200 when hired, and the same when he retired! What a ride for free! We had some fun times on the 400.

"Vic" Allen: Bob saw life as a glass half full, not half empty.

Dave Hulbert: A one-time phenom; pretenders fail.

Fred Williams: Celebrating life well lived; cherish memories forever.

Dave Schneebeck: Enjoyed flying with Bob & layovers.

Mike Young: Truly one of the "nice guys", will be missed.

Neal Henderson: A ray of sunshine in a sometimes cloudy world.

Bill Halverson: Bob was pleasant and a real professional.

Joyce L. Mitchell (F/A late 60's): Flew out of SEA with a captain with

A devilish laugh! Heard same laugh in Bigfork from Captain Bob 20 years later.

Dave Flatter: All aviators Fly West; you'll be there to greet us.

Barry Barry Long: Our spirits were raised just being around you.

John Doherty: Was there a time when Bob wasn't smiling? Don't think so.

Jay Jorgensen: Saddened by Bobs passing. Many fine memories.

Ken Linville: Too soon, once again my heart is broken.

Mary Pat Inman: Bob was loved by all of us at NWA.

Mike Nevin: Bob made all feel special and important.

Harry Bedrossian: Bob had a long hard battle; missed by all.

Donald Ellis: I am so sorry! More when I get over the shock.

Bill Horne: They used to say "Elvis has left the building." Bob Shaw has left the building and the building feels empty.

Terry Marsh: Never forget his voice and smile; never had a down day!

Penny Fena: Diane a beautiful gift to be loved by a wonderful man.

Gary and Joan Dahl: The O'Club will miss Bob, fondly remember good times.

Mary Gottier: Thoughts and prayers are with you and family, Love, Dad and Mary.

Robert Gould: Diane, you fought a tough battle alongside Bob.

Fred Pack: Lois and I are heartsick; Bob waits on the other side.

Ellen Illg: Though it was terminal; hoped for you more time together.

Ruthie Dumas: Hundreds write; twice as many think of you..

Clint Viebrock: Hope your flight west is smooth. Diane, Bob would have loved the party (and probably

did). Hope the love in the room helps at this time.

Veda & Dave Hall: Made everyone around him smile—a true gift.

Dawn Lemmel Burien: Bob was greeted by Mom and Dad, Bob and Rosie, and others with open arms, heartfelt hugs and a drink to share.

Harry Welch: Aloha Bob, saw you at DLI surrounded by old friends and thought, “I’ll talk to Bob later.” As often happens, later was too late, you had departed. My loss.

David Hopkins: It’s finally over. Didn’t end as I expected, but I learned a valuable lesson.

Jim Hess: The party for Bob at Kell’s was quite the event. You did it up right.

John McAlpin: Diane, the fight is over, we are thinking of you all and Bob.

Art Reeck: The legend is gone; his spirit remains. So loved by so many.

Buzz Rogers: Good to be with you and Bob while you were in Seattle.

Jan Greene: So sorry for your loss. Wish I could be there in January.

Larry Creekmore: We played Eagle Bend after retirement. His infectious laugh, 19th hole bar bills, figure 8 backswings, slices, accidental draws (hook). It’s all about memories, and Bob left some great ones.

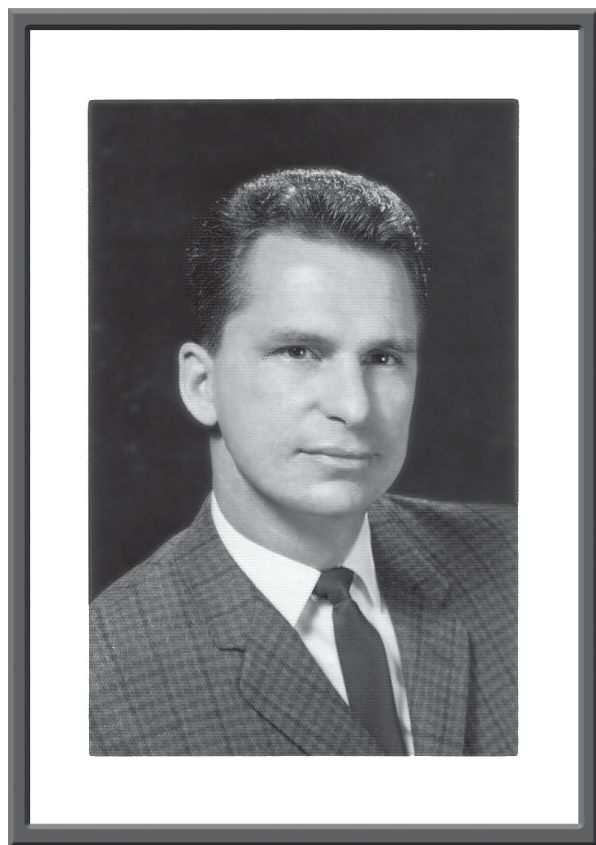
Sue Ellison: Diane, Caring Bridge journal showed dignity in Bob’s unselfish and courageous fight and in your cheerful tireless love and care.

Lyle Prouse: “One of a kind” gets overused but it’s true in Bob’s case.

John Davidson: Saddened by the loss of our friend. Think of Bob joining up with the “good guys” with that big smile and great laugh.

Rex Nelick: Diane, sad to hear about Bob, missed you both at Angelo’s.

Bill Waterbury: Time spent with Bob, flying and layovers, will be cherished.



Tommy Shelton
1930 ~ 2009

Tommy J. Shelton, age 78, of San Antonio, Texas, and a retired Northwest Airlines captain “flew west” peacefully for a final check on January 26, 2009 after battling the effects of Parkinson’s disease the past several years. Tommy was born in Shreveport, LA on December 24, 1930 and graduated from Lamar College, Beaumont, TX in 1951. He had joined the US Army Reserves in 1948, and after graduating from college went to flight training where he flew fixed and rotor-wing aircraft. He stayed in the US Army Reserves and retired as a Colonel.

Tommy joined Northwest Orient Airlines in 1959 as a First Officer on DC-6 aircraft and retired in 1990 as a B-747-400 captain. While on furlough in 1961, he went to work for Southern Air Transport as a DC-6 First Officer. He flew out of Tachikawa AFB, Japan and also checked out in the B-26, flying test/training flights out of the Air Asia Maintenance Facility, in Tainan, Taiwan. He was recalled to Northwest in 1963 and eventually became active in ALPA and served as LEC chairman at one time. Tommy is survived by his wife, Thaweporn (Lek) of San Antonio, TX and son Tommy J. (Tom) Jr, of Corpus Christi, TX.

Larry Owen recalled first meeting Tom in Tachikawa AFB Japan (near Yokota) in 1962. Tom was on furlough from NWA along with Don Schwabel, Joe Hazen, Warren Erickson, Frank Woods, Rex Nelick and a few others. Larry got Schwabel’s uniform when he got recalled. Larry was transferred to Southeast Asia (Vientiane, Laos) flying C-46s, but most of the NWA guys stayed in Tachi to fly the DC-6s for Southern Air Transport (Air America flew C-46s and DC-4s out of Tachi to Korea). Good guy.



Ron Calhoon 1938 ~ 2008

Ronald N. “Ron” Calhoon, age 69, of Phoenix, Arizona, and a retired Northwest Airlines captain, “flew west” for a final check on December 9th, 2008, twelve days shy of his 70th birthday. Ronald Neil Calhoon was born in Louisville, Kentucky on December 21, 1938, and grew up in the small town of Greensburg, Kentucky. Ron (or “Ronnie” as he was known by family and childhood friends) was fascinated by airplanes from his childhood. He joined the Kentucky National Guard at 16, and enlisted in the Air Force three days after graduation from high school at age 17. After Basic Training at Lackland AFB, Texas and Technical Training at Lowry AFB, Colorado, he was stationed at Shaw AFB, South Carolina from October 1956 to January of 1959. He served as an enlisted man and gunner on B-66 “Destroyers.”

Ron dreamed of flying from the time he was a small child, a goal from which he never wavered. He intended to be a pilot and in the beginning he flew make believe planes. He scraped up enough money to take flying lessons and earn a pilot’s license while in high school. Once Ron was in the Air Force, he knew that to accomplish his goal on a professional level he had to become an officer. He applied for officer training through the cadet program, sending applications to the pilot and navigator training programs. Accep-

tance to navigator training came first; he was rated as a USAF Navigator and commissioned as a second lieutenant upon graduation from the USAF Aviation Cadet program at Harlingen, Texas in December 1959.

After completing Advanced Navigation Training at Mather and Castle Air Force Bases in California, Ron was assigned to SAC as a B-52 navigator at Loring Air Force Base in Maine.

Ron applied for pilot training when he completed the navigator obligation. He entered USAF Pilot Training at Laredo AFB, Texas January 1964, and pinned on USAF pilot’s wings in February 1965. He spent the next four years at Williams Air Force Base, Arizona as a T-38 instructor, but now his dream was to fly with the USAF Thunderbirds. The Air Force was heavily involved in the Vietnam conflict by 1965, and applicants for the Thunderbirds had to have a tour of Vietnam under their belt. Ron’s request for Vietnam duty was denied as his instructor skills in training new pilots were more valuable to the military than his going to war. Ron’s Thunderbird dreams became increasing distant, and he had to decide whether to stay in the Air Force, or return to civilian life. He was approaching “30” a drop dead number with the airlines in 1968, and he decided to go with the airlines, joining the ranks of pilots at Northwest Orient in 1969. He flew the Boeing 707, 727, 757, Douglas DC-10, and retired as a B-747 captain in December 1998 at age 60. Ron kept his military connection to the USAF Reserves, and retired with the rank of major.

Ron and Linda Uschold of Austin, Minnesota were married for over 26 years. They enjoyed raising and showing Arabian horses and had several National Champions in the performance arena. Ron had a very special bond with animals and was a volunteer with the Arizona Humane Society, and other animal rescue groups. Other retirement interests were boating, fishing, and riding his Honda Goldwing with his brother Kenneth. Together they rode about 50,000 miles in 32 states, coast to coast and border to border. Ron also followed auto racing closely and enjoyed going to races with friend Arie Luyendyk, who won the Indy 500 in 1990 and 1997.

Twelve years ago a lesion on Ron’s head was diagnosed as advanced melanoma. He was treated, went to his doctor’s for regular follow-ups, and thought the matter was past. In June 2007, he learned he had metastasis from the original lesion. It first presented in his lungs and liver, quickly spread to his kidneys, and eventually to his brain. The original prognosis for life was ten months to one year, downgraded to six months

after the tumors began to spread. Ron put up a valiant fight, participated in an experimental drug treatment program, and underwent brain surgery. He lived for a year and half after his diagnosis. True to his fighting spirit, the day he moved to hospice he said he had not given up the battle yet. He was a warrior to the end.

Survived by wife Linda of Gilbert, AZ; two daugh-

ters from his first marriage, Cari Burnham of Kent, WA and Summer Smith of Burien, WA; two grandchildren, Jacob Burnham and Paige Burnham, both students at Washington State University; two step children, Michelle Dunckel of Lake Elmo, Minnesota and Christian Calhoon of Gilbert; and a brother, Kenneth Calhoon of Louisville, KY.



“Nurdy” Nordseth 1923 ~ 2009

Ordell T. “Nurdy” Nordseth, age 85, of Farmington, Minnesota, and a retired Republic Airlines captain “flew west” peacefully for a final check on January 10, 2009 surrounded by his family. He was born March 27, 1923 and graduated from Canton High School, Canton, South Dakota, in 1940. He joined the Army Air Force in 1943 during WWII and became a pilot for the Air Transport Command. During the Korean War “Nurdy” was reactivated and was a pilot for the USAF Air Defense Command. He joined North Central Airlines in 1954 after his release from the Air Force.

Ordell married Helen M. Barry in 1945, earned a mechanical engineering degree from the University of Minnesota in 1949, and purchased his first farm in

1953. He and Helen raised their family in Farmington, Minnesota. He retired from North Central/Republic Airlines in 1984 after 30 years, where he was fondly referred to as “Nurdy”. He had a full life flying for the airlines, raising a family, farming and raising beef cattle.

In December 1972, he and his crew were involved in a fatal airplane crash at O’Hare airport in Chicago. He was awarded the ALPA Gold Medal Award for Heroism for entering the burning aircraft and helping passengers evacuate.

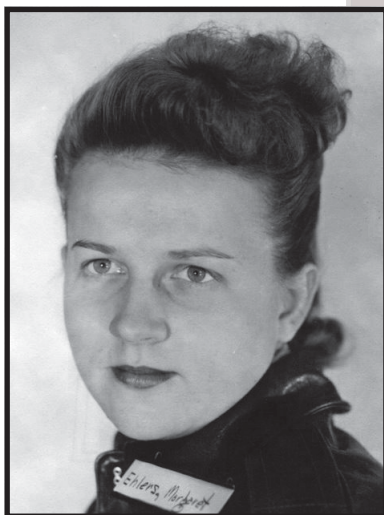
“Nurdy” was a lifetime member of the VFW and American Legion. His involvement with the Republic Airline Retired Employee Group and the “Sitting Ducks,” along with his many years of service working with the North Central Credit Union credit committee, gave him great pleasure. He was also a member of RNPA, the Retired Northwest Pilots Association. “Nurdy” retired from Republic prior to the Northwest merger, but had many Northwest pilot friends.

“Nurdy” and Helen loved to travel and enjoyed numerous cross country trips in their travel trailer, spending many winters as “snowbirds” in sunny Arizona. In later years, the computer became his hobby and he spent hours and hours at his desk. Farmington Lutheran Church was an important part of his life. He and Helen were recently honored for being 50 year members.

The love for his family, friends, and Christian faith was always present. He lived his life with grace, dignity and honor. He will be greatly missed and forever loved. “Nurdy” is survived by his wife, Helen of 64 years; daughter Randi; sons Thomas and James; 8 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.



Margaret Twito 1923 ~ 2009



Margaret E. Twito, Age 86, of Bloomington, Minnesota and a WASP (Women's Airforce Service Pilot) veteran during WWII, "flew west" for a final check on January 3, 2009. Born in Centerville, South Dakota, the daughter of Lutheran Pastor Ehlers and his wife, she lived with her grandparents in St. Ansgar, Iowa during high school. Margaret became a bookkeeper after graduation from a Minneapolis business college, and got her first airplane ride in a Piper Cub from a member of the firm. It was love at first flight. Margaret decided to take flight training and soon had a private pilot's license and was logging flight time.

By 1942 the Army desperately needed more combat pilots. The decision was made to enlist qualified female pilots to replace male pilots flying military aircraft on non-combat transport and ferrying missions. The call went out and 25,000 women volunteered to serve as WASPs and receive the same training given to male cadets. Margaret applied and was one of 1,830 women pilots accepted for training, of which only 1,074 won their wings. She reported for training as a WASP at Sweetwater, Texas, Class 44 W-2 on September 6, 1943. After graduation, Margaret was assigned to Palm Springs Army Air Base, California for further flight training. She was first pilot qualified on the PT-19, BT-13 and AT6, and co-pilot qualified on the B-17, B-24 and B-25. On one of her flights she had an engine fire on takeoff, and on another flight the engine quit on final and she made a 'dead stick' landing.

During 1943-44 WASPs flew bombers, fighters and transport aircraft. They tested new aircraft, towed live fire targets, and flew 60 million miles in 77 types of aircraft. They transported airplanes to airbases and modification centers in the states, and thirty-eight

WASPs died in aircraft accidents. Margaret always remembered her good friend Susan Clark who "spun in" over New York State, and crashed and died instantly. The military would not pay to ship a WASPs body home, and they received no military benefits during active service, or upon release from active duty. Margaret was deactivated from the WASPs at La Junta Army Air Field, Colorado on December 21, 1944. After the WASPs were deactivated, no more women flew in the military until 1977. In 1977, under mounting pressure from women's groups, Congress finally agreed to give WASPs full veteran rights.

She returned to Minneapolis after her release from the WASPs and got a job at the reservations desk of the Nicollet Hotel, where she met her future husband Wayne Twito. Wayne was a Marine pilot in the war and had never met a WASP. While making arrangements to stay at the Nicollet, he asked Margaret out to dinner, and they started dating. Wayne was hired by Northwest Airlines, and he and Margaret got married. After separation from the WASPs, Margaret did not fly again regularly until 1976. Her old Sweetwater, Texas instructor was about to retire from flying when she found him. Margaret worked with him to get her commercial pilot's rating reinstated. She was his last student. Preceded in death by her daughter, Rinda, and survived by her loving husband of 62 years, Wayne; sons, Dr. Randy Twito and Rev. Roger Twito; and nine grandchildren.



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

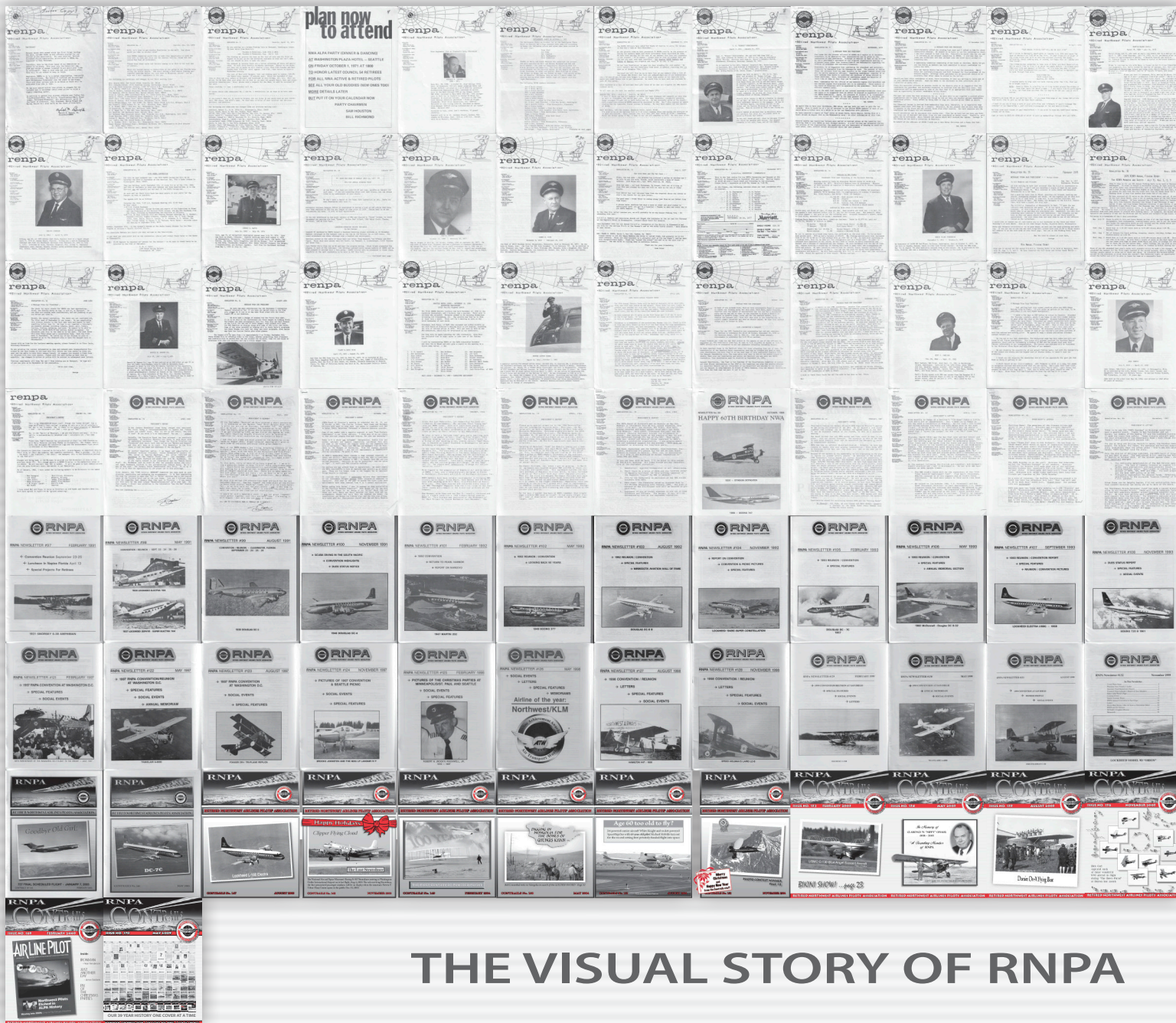
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