

CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 179

AUGUST 2011



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9/11 FLIGHT CREW MEMORIAL

RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION

RNPA CONTRAILS



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Each Member!

The RNPA newsletter *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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AUGUST

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18 Seattle Summer Picnic

SEPTEMBER

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25, 26, 27 Omaha Reunion

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1 Contrails 180

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8 SEA Xmas Party 11 MSP Xmas party

JANUARY

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1 Contrails 181

MARCH

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FUTURE REUNIONS

ATLANTA:

SEPT. 26-28, 2012

TUCSON:

OCT. 31, NOV. 1, 2, 2013

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Special Edition

9/11 TENTH ANNIVERSARY RETROSPECTIVE

20 That Unforgettable Day Ten Years Ago

Personal stories from the membership

36 Possibly The Largest Most Expense Monument
to 9/11 You Have Never Heard Of

40 The 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial

From Steve Mahannah

8 A Stabilized Approach

12 A Commute of Christmas Past

14 Branson Mini Reunion

18 Winging It

43 Looking Back

45 Summer Cruise

4 Officers' Reports

6 Letters

39 Scholarship Winners

53 Flown West

59 Membership Form





President's Report: Gary PISEL



BOY IS IT HOT IN PHOENIX, glad we are not there. And you probably saw the *haboob* or dust storm that hit greater PHX July 6. Luckily our place had only a light dusting.

The RNPA Reunion in OMA is just around the corner. We have set the venues for future Reunions. Plan ahead and plan to attend. We will be in Atlanta for 2012, Rowdy Yates in charge; Tucson for 2013, Dick Duxbury in charge; and Lexington for 2014, K. C. Kohlbrand in charge. Watch for and plan to attend, we have some great things planned.

Our message about your final papers and wishes has reached the members. We are having fewer problems and many people calling to say thanks. Once in awhile Delta still does not have records, so we're working on that problem.

We have two new members to our Board of Advisors: K. C. Kohlbrand and Walt Mills. Welcome aboard.

The Board members welcome comments and ideas from all of you. We would like to see more of you volunteer to help or work on various venues. Please contact me or any Board Member.



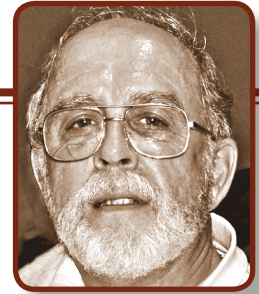
Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

Now that the dues payment deadline has come and gone I can once again attend to the normal Treasurer's responsibilities.

My most important responsibility is the keeping of the RNPA data base. Each quarter when we mail out the newsletter I receive several copies returned with the notation "Moved forwarding time expired." I then have to track down the individuals new address and resend the newsletter. This is time consuming and costly to RNPA.

Please try to remember to inform us of any changes. For example, we have recently had an inquiry as to when an individual's obituary was to be published. We were never informed of his passing. We are not psychic. If you don't tell us we can't make the necessary changes. Please let us know of any deaths, new spouses, address and telephone number changes, etc. so we can make the necessary corrections. We strive to keep our records current, but need your cooperation to do so.

I will be traveling most of the month of September, and will be out of touch. Sorry for any inconvenience this may cause. Hope to see many of you in Omaha at the reunion.



A SPECIAL ISSUE

When I began planning for this issue shortly after the last issue was out, I was aware that we were fast approaching the tenth anniversary of 9/11 and had been considering how to acknowledge that anniversary. But I couldn't figure out what might be said about it that hadn't already been said.

Within a few days I got an email from Steve Mahannah wondering if I'd be interested in publishing an article about the 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial. That settled it—Contrails 179 would be centered around the 10th anniversary, which, as you know, is coming up next month.

It really is quite impressive what the 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial Foundation has accomplished with primarily grass-roots support and tireless effort on the part of the Foundation's members. I think you will enjoy Steve's article.

I then sent an email to the membership soliciting their remembrances, explaining that I was hoping for personal remembrances relating to them, their families, their friends and specifically the NWA family. The result of that request is the sixteen pages of those stories you will find within.

My thanks to each of you who took the time to respond to my request.

I must extend my apologies to those of you who do not participate in this new electronic world. Had I been thinking far enough ahead, which I rarely do, I could have, and should have, mentioned my intentions in the last issue.

However, if you weren't aware of my intentions you are welcome to submit your own 9/11 remembrance and I will publish it in the November issue.

LETTERS

You will notice that the "Letters" section is sparsely represented—and exclusively by Arizonians. Are you Midwesterners and West-enders going to let 'em get away with that? I can shake the mailbag as hard as I can and nothing falls out. We may not have a "Letters" section next issue if I don't hear from some of you.

NOTAM....NOTAM....NOTAM....NOTAM....NOTAM

** PLEASE RETAIN YOUR 2010 DIRECTORY **

There was a production error causing the secondary addresses of those of you with second homes to not be printed.

"Production error" defined: I screwed up.

The new Directory accurately lists all active members, but you will have to refer to the prior one if you really want to find those secondary addresses.

I have offered my resignation to the Board, but the bastards just laughed at me.

SICK BAY

As this issue goes to press I just learned that my friend and yours, and columnist *extraordinaire*, Bob Root has been hospitalized with pneumonia. His *Root Cellar* has been a well-received fixture in Contrails for many a moon, and I, for one, hope to have him back in front of his word processor very soon.

Get well soon Bob.

BESIDES THE 9/11 STORIES

Root Cellar has been replaced with a story from the more than capable writing of John Doherty, which happens to be about commuting.

Coincidentally, that is also the subject of James Baldwin's *A Stabilized Approach* this time. You will surely enjoy both of them.

The photo layouts of the Branson Mini Reunion and the Minneapolis Summer Cruise, a story from Cheryl Ullyot and a *Looking Back* from RNPA Historian Jim Lindley completes the one hundred and seventy ninth issue of Contrails.

"What'd he say?"

He said, "Whatchabeenupto?"



**GARY
PISEL**



Gary,

Thought I would write a letter, other than my inside cover words to update our lives with all. If you remember the Contrails of May 2005, I had an article about our trip to the Copper Canyon titled "Time to Ride the Rails."

Well, the trips via motor homes are no longer offered through the canyon. However you can ride the passenger train. But with all the cartel activities in Mexico it is not a recommended place to visit. We still have that coach and will turn 100,000 miles on it this summer on our way to Oregon. It is running great and I have found nothing as good.

Secondly you may remember the article that Barbara wrote about our hummingbird that built a nest in our front courtyard. It was near the dining room window so easy viewing was at hand. It seems the mother and her daughters liked the nest and have returned frequently. The mother is now on her third nest this season. This makes a total of nine batches of two eggs. To our knowledge she has not lost any to predators. The nest is still next to our dining window with easy viewing.

Last but not least was my article about converting to solar electrical energy. This has been great! As of June 1, 2010 to date I have not paid an electrical bill. I make more little electrons than we use. The system is well on its way to paying for itself.

As for our plans this summer, it is more traveling in the coach—have to get out of the Phoenix heat.

Travelling first thru the Pacific Northwest. From there we will head to Colorado for some off roading.

Next comes my 50th college reunion in Cedar Rapids, Iowa and then to the RNPA Reunion in Omaha. On the way home we plan to visit once again the Balloon Fiesta in Albuquerque.

Gary Pisel

**MILT
EITREIM**



Just read the *'trails* and know I should try and contribute a little. Mary and I "weathered" Minnesota 'til Christmas and then left for the South. Spent January and February on Mustang Island near Corpus Christi... learned how to surf fish in the gulf... rode the ferry many times to Aransas Pass... went aboard the Lexington which is a museum now... took pictures by a T-6 and T-28 which I flew in cadets.

Spent March in Arizona and wondered why we left... dog sat our daughter's pooch while they went to China to see their daughter and then motored back to MN.

Had a cool winter in Texas but it was cold all over the states so didn't feel too bad... did a dumb thing in AZ... jumped out of a perfectly good aircraft... but so did Gary Thompson... we had chutes on so it turned out OK.

Enjoyed the MSP Christmas party and plan to do the river cruise in June.

Thanks to all you guys who keep RNPA going and stay warm or cool... whatever suits you...

Milt Eitreim

**BOB L.
JOHNSON**



Dear Gary:

President Nyrop's death has been mourned by all of us Northwest types who knew him or knew of him. As a member of Northwest's beleaguered Public Relations Department for nine years during the 1950s I had contact with him. His business mind was exemplary and he was a thoughtful human being.

The headline in the Wall Street Journal's Nov. 20-21 weekend edition obituary on Mr. Nyrop read "Aviation Giant Took Northwest Aloft." It went on "...Donald Nyrop transformed Northwest Airlines from a failing regional mail carrier plagued by crashes into a consistently profitable international airline. Under his leadership the airline secured key routes such as the 'Great Circle Route' over the North Pole to Tokyo."

Some of this prose has been echoed in subsequent reports. However, some of it, as we know, is factually inaccurate. Northwest became the nation's fourth transcontinental airline June 1, 1945, nine years before Mr. Nyrop arrived on the scene. It became a major international airline July 15, 1947 when it began service to the Orient across Pan American's private lake.

Believe me, in stating these facts I mean in no way to minimize Mr. Nyrop's spectacular contributions to Northwest Airlines. Route expansion continued under his leadership and it can truly be said he saved Northwest Airlines from an ignominious fate. And during the mid-1950s he fought off Pan American World Airways' brazen attempts to

eliminate Northwest from its West Coast-Hawaii and trans-Pacific routes.

I guess what I'd like to do here is to give some credit to another Northwest leader who seems to be almost forgotten. President and Board Chairman Croil Hunter who joined Northwest Airways as Traffic Manager in 1932 and took over executive duties shortly thereafter. It was under Mr. Hunter's dynamic "full speed ahead" leadership that Northwest expanded from a regional carrier into a major trans-continental and international airline. Unfortunately, some questionable flight equipment choices just after World War II, during his regime,

handicapped Northwest badly for a decade.

(Here, let us speak of Gen. Harold R. Harris, a former Pan American World Airways Vice President, whom Northwest's Board of Directors brought in to head the airline in 1953. His year was a contentious one. One of his goals was to move Northwest's headquarters from St. Paul to New York City. That didn't play very well.)

Enter Mr. Nyrop. His charge was to solve Northwest's three critical problems: flight equipment, finances and safety together which almost grounded the airline, perhaps permanently. (Seven crashes in about five years.) In my opinion, Mr.

Nyrop's leadership record is without parallel. (And let us remember that Croil Hunter was in the forefront in urging Mr. Nyrop towards Northwest's presidency.)

And speaking of leadership, we also must mention that determined Connecticut orphan, Col. Lewis H. Brittin, who founded Northwest Airways and lead it through its tough and turbulent early years.

Northwest was (past tense, sob!) extremely fortunate to have three of commercial aviations's greatest leaders to guide it through most of its colorful prime time reign of almost 85 years.

Bob L. Johnson
NWA History Centre



Thursday, August 18th, 11am - 3pm
Genesis Farm and Gardens
41925 236th Ave SE, Enumclaw, WA 98022
Catered Food • Soft Drinks • Beer & Wine
Members 90 years or older are guests

\$20
per
person

Please make checks payable to the "Sunshine Club" and mail to:
Doug Peterson, P. O. Box 1240, Orting, WA 98360
360.889.0079 or db-peterson@comcast.net

(Please print) Name _____

Name _____

Amount enclosed: _____

Reservation DEADLINE: August 14, 2011

A STABILIZED approach



Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**

RIDING IN BACK

Commuting. It's not like the old days. It seems like, absent a few holdouts, everyone commutes. It seems like there's always someone standing around the podiums of the world with "that look," unsure if they'll make it to work or not. Or maybe it's just me.

It's a desperate lifestyle of sorts, a study in dichotomy. I think pilots who live in or close to their base miss out on part of the real airline experience. OK, maybe not. Even with a livelihood that depends on actually getting to the place where the work assignment begins, the experienced commuter would never consider it satisfactory to arrive early. Heaven forbid arriving the night before, checking into a hotel and trying to get a sound night's sleep. For most, that's not the way the game is played, unless of course the company is paying for the hotel, then somehow the rules are different. And for international pilots what's the point of having those bunks right behind the cockpit if you don't let the other guy work first and enjoy the cacophony of sounds—which for sure must mimic a ringing cash register—lull you to sleep?

To be done well, commuting has to occur at the last possible moment. Of course each has his own level of perceived risk but you'd better not simply assume the jumpseat will be available on a given redeye from the west coast. How do I know that? And don't even ask me how the domestic guys do it with three or four trips every month. And what if I was a retiree and the jumpseat was no longer available? Oh yeah, I forgot, I wouldn't have to go to work anymore.

The agent smiles as she hands me a slip of paper that says "19C." Oh good, it's an aisle seat, and an exit row. My feet will be quite a distance away from me and my knees won't be raw after rubbing that little bar they hide in the seat pocket in front of me when we arrive in Detroit. I wonder what they put in those seat pockets anyway? It feels like steel and from the look of my kneecaps when I pull up

my pant leg up to inspect, that impression is pretty much confirmed. *What are you looking at buddy?* Of course I'll have to get up a couple of times when the occupants of the two seats to my left visit the bathroom after the drinks are served, but hey, it's a great seat and it's not in the cockpit! I hardly need to be reminded of my good fortune tonight. With average load factors in the eighties it is no wonder the cockpit jumpseat is my frequent habitat and many times the only reason half of us make it to our trips.

The woman already seated in 19B smiles warmly with a greeting as I shove my bags up into the overhead and take my seat. I return her smile and nod to the gentleman I presume to be her husband juxtapositioned at the window. A lovely couple. I note she's reading *The Harvard Business Review* and is dressed like someone who means business. I'll keep an eye on her and maybe later I'll learn something. If I feel like it.

Apparently my mind hasn't decided yet which commuter mode my psyche will demand. It might be the silent-stare-straight-ahead-denial mode. Or it might be the more flexible, open to all inputs, smiling and trying to be the best employee vying for the "employee of the month" award. Right now I'm not feeling like I really need the two free pass-



es—holidays excluded—and subject to local and applicable taxes anyway.

This commuting thing doesn't work without the proper attitude about a solid plan B, or C. The one time you don't plan a "B" or "C" you'll need it. If I don't make it to Detroit through Salt Lake at 6:40 I can always run up to American and see if there are seats to Dallas. Or maybe I'll hop on Alaska and go to San Fran at 7 am. Decisions, decisions based on experience and probability. I'm sticking with the strategy that has held sway for years: get on the first airplane headed in the basic direction you want to go. Worry about the connection later.

Meanwhile, the steady stream of, interesting, no, make that very interesting, passengers continue to fill the aisle, each one seeking a location for the baggage they carried onboard to avoid the charges levied by the airlines. I always assumed it was an attempt by the carriers to disguise their inability to figure out how to charge a transport fee related to the actual cost of the product delivered. After doing a little reading though, of course while commuting, I now know it is actually a pretty clever way for the airlines to avoid the excise tax on the reported three point four billion dollar—yes that's a "b" preceding the "illion"—annual difference to the top line of their balance sheets since the industry adopted this practice.

Experienced travelers on some airlines have figured if they can squeeze their oversize bag past the agent accepting the boarding slips they can save the fee. Sometimes it works and sometimes those are the bags that almost block the jetway as we all try to board. Try that on Spirit and you'll find they've got you covered there too. They charge for the carryon.

Two guys up ahead at row 12 are standing, holding up the whole process, looking at each other rather intently; it appears there's been a mistake and both were assigned the same seat. I keep my head low—I don't want anyone asking me to solve their problem, a problem outside my domain and a problem I can't solve. One of them will have to make his way back to the boarding door, against traffic, to plead his case to the flight attendant stationed there. Maybe the skinny guy should do it; I don't think there's any way the big guy can squeeze back past that lady dressed in the velour athletic suit who has the girth of a pregnant woman. Wait a minute, maybe she looks like that because she *is* pregnant, balancing the previous child on her right hip with the kid's bag on her shoulder and the toys in her left hand. Wonder where the husband is? Oh,



there he is—he's already seated, reading the paper, so everything looks pretty normal after all.

Meanwhile, another young family is delayed in the first class section. The father has the third grade little league baseball player headed in the right direction but the mom is almost tripping over the young daughter who has accurately determined she can't really balance the cheese pizza on the paper plate with the task of shuffling down the aisle. With a plea to the mother for help, she turns to hand it over and of course it ends up on the floor upside down. Too bad actually, it looked pretty good. The first class denizens look bewildered, probably wondering if it was really worth the miles they gave up just to be subjected to this. The flight attendants hurry to scrape the gooey mess from the Delta Blue carpet and boarding is of course further delayed.

Looking at my watch, I don't wonder why it's taking a lot of time to get people seated, and watching an elderly 95 pound matron trying to push her 45 pound bag into the overhead without jumping up and helping challenges the concept of chivalry and respect for your elders. I jump up to help. Of course commuting in my uniform, done for reasons having to do with expeditiously traversing the security roadblock put up by the TSA, doesn't make it easy to travel incognito once seated in back. Of course I have to help.

More than once I've ducked into the biffy and pulled on a sweater or changed into my golf shirt, probably having decided it was required for the silent-stare-straight-ahead-denial commuter mode I was seeking that day. Other times I guess I'm willing to endure the occasional, "Shouldn't you be up front," or, "Did you know what they did to my baggage in...". And let me make one thing clear: I

do not know what the fare is from Des Moines to New York next Saturday. Or Sunday. Or if it will be on time. "I'm sorry madam, I just fly 'em."

Commuting can be a waste of time if the opportunity is missed to just sit there and get into the "13 day airline trip mode." When I finally get to my base or wherever the trip starts I feel like I'm already in the mood and ready to go. Some of the things that were important yesterday are forgotten. The "honey do" list, well, my own list, is back there at home and I can easily feel guilt-free to take time to do the stuff I wouldn't when there are chores and repairs that demand my attention. This is the time I have to just sit here and read some of the publications I've been saving up. If the stack next to my bed gets too high the wife starts complaining. Oh, I forgot, I don't have one of those anymore. Still though, I've got a lot I can learn and my copy of Barron's and Forbes and of course Road and Track and Vanity Fair will help.

These days it isn't as easy to be cool as before. You have to keep up and current on various fronts. I have to be able to talk horsepower and sports with the guys and impress the women with knowledge of the latest high fashion lowdown. And by the time I'm with my crew, the girls in back for sure will want to talk about Tony and Arnold. I have to be ready.

Meanwhile even though it has taken quite awhile, it looks like the last of the passengers are finally in the aisles finding seats, and it won't be too long until the boarding door is closed. Usually this is a pretty good indication I'll get to keep my seat.

If you're not a real commuter I guess the closest thing to it is riding in back while deadheading. But sitting in the back at the company's request, knowing you've got a seat for sure just isn't the same. You're still in back but you didn't earn it with your experience and cunning commuting skills. Heck, for the longer distance legs we even get a business class seat and are treated just like the real passengers who might have paid for it. For the shorter legs, you might be in back and, unfortunately, are treated just like the real passengers who might have paid for it.

Anyway, I noticed the young gentleman moving into the seat across the aisle because he was wearing a "UCSB" adorned sweatshirt. Of course anyone from California associates this with The University of California at Santa Barbara. Pretty common to see in California because it's a pretty good, well known school. I guess it's arguably reasonable since

we are headed out of LA but I found it unique nonetheless. I asked him if he was attending the school and in very understandable English he replied that he was doing post graduate work on his electrical engineering PhD. Wow. Further inquiry revealed his home country was South Korea and yes, he at least intended to return there to work in research and production of alternate energy technology which... Oh no, my mind instantly flashed to the article in Barron's.

If I wasn't a commuter I might not have read that Abbey Joseph Cohen, the Goldman Sachs strategist, informs in the article that seventy percent of the PhD candidates in US schools today are non-national visitors from other countries! No wonder I didn't get into grad school. Well, there might have been other reasons but let's not go into that right now. Still, that is astounding to me and here is this example sitting right here! Talk about a small world, but at 600 miles per hour the world is getting kinda flat, just like Thomas Friedman purports in his book "The World Is Flat." I think I read that book while I was commuting. I probably should knock off writing for now. I've got a lot of reading and learning to do and I haven't even started talking to the lady next to me. And how about that younger than me blond in row 20?

I guess this commute won't be so bad after all. ✈





Christmas Parties
CHRISTMAS
Christmas Parties
PARTIES
Christmas Parties

Happy Holidays
Make plans now!
The Chart House
Arrive 5pm-Dining 6:30
(Registration forms in
the next issue.)

MSP
Dec.
11th

SEA
Dec.
8th

Merry Christmas
Save the date!
Dec. 8th, 10am-2pm
Emerald Downs
(Registration forms in
the November issue.)

A Commute of Christmas Past

An Almost-True Story

By Capt. John Doherty

Captain Wally (not his real name) arrived at SEATAC on Saturday afternoon several days before Christmas. He was commuting to a 4-day trip scheduled out of Detroit the next morning at 9:25. He knew the Christmas crunch was coming, but he expected an O.K. commute. He even had a later nonstop for a backup.

He chatted with his fellow commuters. Two had the jumpseats—another had a “must fly” because she was going back for training. Yet another had the one open flight attendant jumpseat. Capt. Wally was somewhat bemused by their “overpreparation” and commuter phobia. Soon his companions were on the airplane, and the gate agent was announcing to the handful of standbys left that the flight was full.

“Oh well,” Capt. Wally thought. “On the next flight.” When he approached the podium to inquire about space, the agent shook his head and said, “doesn’t operate on Saturdays.”

Well, this did complicate things. Another stranded commuter introduced himself to Capt. Wally. Introduction was necessary because Capt. Wally’s old airline had recently merged with another carrier, and he was “blue,” while Hal, the stranger, was “grey.” (To be sure, each group had a different, more descriptive name for the other.)

Capt. Wally and Hal delicately avoided noticing that they came from different backgrounds as they discussed their conundrum. Capt. Wally suggested a search of other carriers for space, jumpseats, even (heaven forbid) full fare.

After a couple hours of coordinated phone calls and visits to ticket counters, Capt. Wally and Hal were empty handed. There just weren’t any seats eastbound. The Christmas crunch had come a couple of days earlier than Wally had figured.

Hal broke the gloomy silence. “How about those freight operators up on the north end of the field? Know anything about them? Where they go, what their jumpseat policies are?”

Capt. Wally had no idea, but thought it—anything—was worth a try.



They found an agent in the freight hangar under a pile of air bills. “Yeah, no problem. We’ve got a ’47 goin’ to Columbus in about 2 hours. They’re loading now, and we’ll be pushing as soon as they’re loaded. Let’s check—no company pilots listed for the jumpseat, so you should be fine. Of course, our pilots have priority on the jumpseat, but there are four seats and no one listed.”

Capt. Wally relaxed enough to nap. The freighter into Columbus would allow him to make his company’s first flight up to Detroit in the morning for his scheduled pattern—plus give him a few hours of rest.

Capt. Wally awoke with the sense that things weren’t quite right, and they weren’t. The freight agent was telling them all of the jumpseats had been taken by their own pilots. “Sorry guys. You might try Rapid Air in the next hangar.”

Rapid Air? Capt. Wally was vaguely aware that such an outfit existed but little more.

The Rapid Air staff was in a festive Christmas mood. A vivacious agent offered cookies and eggnog with one hand while checking her computer with the other.

“This is your lucky night! We’ve got an ’8 coming up from Portland headed for Indy with two jumpseats. He’s 2 hours late from maintenance in Portland, so if he was on time he would be gone by now.”

Capt. Wally relaxed a bit. Once again it was starting to look as though this commute might work.

The agent started keying them into the computer, then grimaced and groaned. “Sorry guys, there’s only one seat left. One of our guys has the other.” Capt. Wally descended back into gloom. One seat and two guys.

Hal broke the silence. “Look, you have to be in De-

troit at 8:25 for your trip. I don't go on reserve at O'Hare until noon; and if I have to fly, it probably won't be until later in the afternoon anyway. You need to get back there right now, so you take the seat."

Hal's gesture immediately humbled Capt. Wally. Maybe there was a chance this merger thing would work itself out. There was logic in what Hal said, but he hadn't had to bring it up. They could have haggled over the one seat—and it was Hal's idea that had gotten them up on the freight row in the first place.

Capt. Wally accepted the offer as graciously as he could. Another Rapid Air agent came over. "You know, I think Consolidated has a DC-8 going back to Dayton about now. Let me give them a call." After a hurried call the agent said, "O.K.! They're just closing the cargo door, and they'll be starting in 5 minutes. I can drive you across the ramp—they'll hold the stairs 'til we get there. Who wants to go?"

Hal quickly suggested that, since Indianapolis was closer to O'Hare and Dayton was closer to Detroit, he should take the Rapid Air and Capt. Wally should take the Consolidated. Once again Hal's logic was undeniable. With a quick and warm handshake and a good luck wish, Capt. Wally trotted to the Rapid Air pickup for the dash across the ramp.

The Consolidated pilots already had Nos. 3 and 4 running when they arrived. The agent closed the door on Capt. Wally's heels, and moments later they were taxiing.

A 3-hour nap for Capt. Wally and they were in Dayton. With thanks all around, Capt. Wally found a room in a motel across the street, left a wake-up call for his 6:30 a.m. flight to Detroit, and flopped into bed.

Something woke Capt. Wally up. He rolled over to turn on the lamp to check the time. The lamp didn't come on. He rolled the other way and that lamp didn't come on either. Fighting panic, he jumped out of bed and found the light switch—nothing! He ran to the window and pulled back the drape. There was just enough light from a street light to see his watch—6:15! Now he did panic. He jerked on his clothes and shoes and grabbed his bag. Bleary and groggy, he tore through the candlelit lobby hollering for them to mail the bill.

He reached the gate 5 minutes to pushback. He flopped his pass on the counter and stood panting, hair pointing every which way, shirt hanging below his jacket, face unshaven, shoes untied, tie askew. The agent looked at Capt. Wally's pass then at him, a trace of alarm in her eyes. "Just what is it that you want, sir?"

What did he want? Wasn't it obvious? As calmly as he could, Capt. Wally said, "I'd like to take the flight to Detroit."

The agent bit her lip and began modifying Capt. Wally's pass and keying the information into her computer. Then Capt. Wally understood her consternation—he had presented her with a crumpled pass for a flight from Seattle to Detroit routed through O'Hare and here he was in Dayton—and not listed for the flight he was standing by for—a flight that was scheduled to push in four minutes.

Once again, an aircraft door closed behind Capt. Wally, and they were taxiing. "Let's see," he mused, "Six-thirty push, Detroit by 7:00. Two-hour check-in call by 7:25, should work."

It started to seem they'd been taxiing for a long time. Capt. Wally hadn't been to Dayton before, and he couldn't see much in the fog. What were the guys up front doing?

The captain came on the PA. "Folks, this fog has got us below our takeoff weather minimums, so we'll just have to wait for things to improve a bit. We aren't expecting a long delay. Thanks for your patience."

So close yet so far. Now Capt. Wally didn't even have a phone to tell them he wasn't going to make it. Not only was he going to miss his pattern, he'd be a no-show. They sat and waited. And waited. And waited. Capt. Wally could see his career passing before his eyes.

Suddenly the copilot was telling the flight attendants to prepare for takeoff, and they were above the fog for the hop to Detroit. "Please let us slip into Detroit just once," Capt. Wally intoned.

They touched down at 7:15. First off the aircraft at 7:20 and resisting the urge to run, Capt. Wally strolled to a pay phone and dialed the check-in number. "Check-in," answered a cheery voice.

Capt. Wally wanted to shout into the phone, "I made it!" but he resisted the urge and said in his best casual pilot voice, "Hi, Capt. Wally checking in for 692."

"O.K., gotcha—on time at 9:25—have a good one."

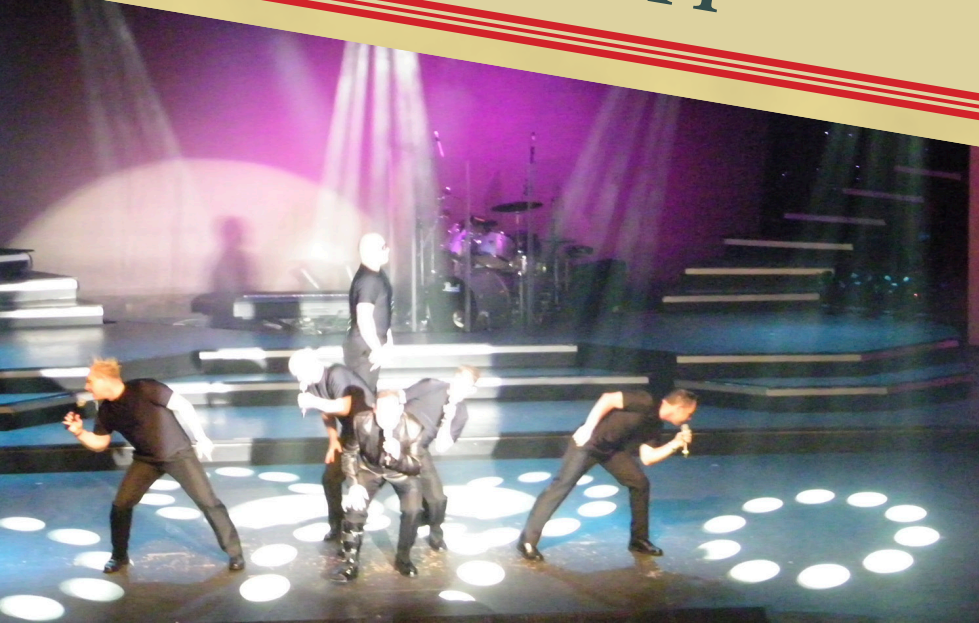
Wally stood there looking at nothing in particular, savoring his success. He thought about the people who'd helped him get to work. He thought about how gracious and gentlemanly Hal had been. He headed down the concourse to clean up and put on his uniform.

Epilogue: After a few difficult years, the merger thing did work out. Capt. Wally's and Hal's paths never crossed again. And whenever Rapid Air or Consolidated pilots came looking for one of Capt. Wally's jumpseats, they received a particularly warm greeting.

This article first appeared in the Nov./Dec., 1997 Air Line Pilot and is reprinted here with permission. At the time John was a 747-400 captain. He has been retired since 2003.



BRANSON MINI REUNION
Featuring The
RNPA ALL-STARS
May 11-14







Front Row: Roger & Rosie Grotbo, Bob & Judy Royer, Don & Jane Chadwick, James & Andrea Wellman, Vic Kleinsteuber & Judy Summers, Dino & Karen Oliva
 Back Row: Jim & Jackie O'Reilly, Terry & Lynne Confer, Eon & Edith Schrope, Ned & Ellen Stephens, Tom & Sue Ebner, K. C. & Martha Kohlbrand, Lynb & Joan Hall, Bob & Kathy Lowenthal, Howard & Marilyn Leland, Kristi (behind)



RNPA Board Member Tom Ebner organized this “Mini Reunion” as a way to gauge how much interest there might be for such a thing. Even though it was indeed a “mini” relative to our normal reunions, it turns out that it was apparently a rousing success according to reports from all those who attended. Will there be more of them? Stay tuned.



Winging It



By Cheryl Ullyot

It was December 1968 and, at age 19, I had been waiting nervously in the reception area of Northwest Orient Airlines to be interviewed for a stewardess's job. Later, after the interview when I had been hired by Mr. Randy Breezie, he asked with a smile, "Why aren't you screaming? Most girls scream." You see, in those days in Minneapolis, Minnesota, being hired as an airline hostess was tantamount to being crowned Aquatennial Queen of the Lakes.

Earlier that morning I had carefully done my make-up and pulled my long brown hair back into a neat bun. I borrowed my best friend Paulette's two-piece teal blue wool suit for the interview. The one she had sewn in home ec class our senior year in high school.

Due to the raging blizzard that day, there was only one other applicant in the waiting area, a girl about my age with teased bleached blonde hair. She wore frosted pink lipstick and was snapping her gum. We eyed each other suspiciously, peeking over the magazines we were both pretending to read.

As I waited to be called, I silently rehearsed answers to questions I thought I'd be asked: Why do you want to be a stewardess?"

"Because I love travel." (I had never been farther than Brainerd Minnesota).

"Because I love working with people." (My only other job experience had been babysitting, and working in a drugstore.)

They were, of course, the standard answers, now reduced to humorous clichés, but I thought I was being quite original.

I don't remember exactly what I said in that interview over forty years ago, but I'd like to think I

dazzled Mr. Breezie with my sparkling personality and cosmopolitan demeanor. In all honesty, besides having only two people for him to choose from, I was probably hired because I was an attractive Midwestern girl, with a high school diploma and a nice smile.

Back then the airlines tended to choose stewardesses who represented the region in which the company headquarters were located. Western Airlines liked California girls, Delta Airlines chose Southern belles. United preferred gals from Chicago, and Pan Am opted for sophisticated East Coast types. Northwest hired fifty percent of their stewardesses from the Midwest, mostly the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Breezie enrolled me in the February class of 1969. (I had to wait until I turned 20 years old.) He measured my height, and weighed me on the scale in his office. I weighed all of 104 pounds in my heavy wool suit and black pumps. After careful calculations, he told me that I could not gain any more than 12 pounds. I nodded in agreement, thinking it meant for my entire life.

This did not faze me, because I had never planned on working for the airlines for more than three years anyway. After all, the whole purpose was to find a husband.

Proud of myself for keeping my composure and not screaming, I shook Mr. Breezie's hand, thanked him politely, walked out to my car, and drove off in the wrong direction. A few miles down the highway, alone in my 1963 Plymouth Valiant, snow flying off the roof, I let out a scream and almost slid off the road.

There were 28 young women from around the United States in my February training class. I lived at home with my parents. The out-of-towners stayed in furnished apartments near the Minneapolis/ St. Paul airport for the six week training period.

As in dorm living there was a house mother who would check to see that everyone was accounted for each night and obeying the rules, like not having men in the apartment. This rule was almost impossible to stick to, let alone enforce, since the apartment renters included young men who lay in wait, many making a career out of trying to date the girls.

After graduation we were all put on reserve, meaning we were on call and had to sit near the phone and wait to be called for a flight. No pagers or cell phones in those days.

I missed Christmas that first year, because I was called to work a trip to Miami. My passengers dined on steak, frog legs and “frozen” baked Alaska. (I forgot to remove the dry ice.) Later, I ate my Christmas dinner at Denny’s and cried alone in my motel room.

My first uniform was a tailored navy-blue suit with red pillbox hat. Sometimes I tied a sheer scarf over the hat to keep it from blowing off on the tarmac.

We carried a small clutch purse that was completely useless for extensive travel. We wore false eyelashes, stretch wigs and girdles. A chip in my nail polish or run in my nylons meant a dock in pay. In



those days we entered the aircraft from the outside, climbing steep metal stairs in tight skirts and high heels while lugging our tote bags (no wheels on luggage back then). No slacks were allowed. Our company president said they weren’t ladylike.

Still, it was a glamorous job. I loved going to work because I never knew whom I might meet. Some of my more memorable passengers include Claire Boothe Luce, Colonel Sanders, Warren Beatty, Janis Joplin, Burt Lancaster and the rock group Blood Sweat and Tears (who took my co-worker Beth and me to a buffet dinner at the Holiday Inn in Fargo).

I soon made enough money to move into an apartment with another stewardess. Linda was from New Jersey and about a year senior to me. We could hardly wait to use our free airline passes and do some traveling. We found a cheap trip to Barcelona in an Interline magazine for airline personnel. I was on my way to Spain with \$70 in my pocket. We landed in Barcelona with no room reservations or any idea of where we were going. We ended up at a bed and breakfast, having to climb one hundred steps to our room. We spent the bulk of our money on rabbit coats whose sleeves fell off by the time we got home. We got sick from the food. Still, we were in heaven. We were now world travelers.

As time went on it became clear that my plan of only flying for three years wasn’t going to pan out. As I gained seniority, I was able to get off reserve and hold a schedule. Eventually I was flying all over the world to places like Japan, Hawaii, England, Germany, Sweden and Denmark. I had a large circle of pilot and flight attendant (which we were now called) friends. Flying became a lifestyle as well as a job.

Of course it wasn’t all smooth skies, but despite some turbulence (deregulation, mergers, accidents, 9/11, rising fuel costs and even bankruptcy), I still have wonderful memories.

Most of all I treasure the camaraderie I shared with my fellow flight attendants. We’ve seen each other through it all—dating, births, divorces and deaths. Many a problem was solved by plain old jump-seat therapy—no fees involved.

Time goes on, the years roll by, and it’s hard to believe my own life played a part of history. Little did I know that snowy December day in 1968 that I’d be pushing a beverage cart through fifteen years of dating, twenty years of marriage, the birth of two daughters and eventually, menopause, retirement in 2008 and a pension (which came with no gold watch or gold wings, just great memories). ✨

THAT UNFORGETTABLE DAY TEN YEARS AGO



PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES FROM SOME OF OUR MEMBERS

My remembrance of that terrible day was probably very typical of many of yours. I walked into our family room with my coffee sometime after Mona had been watching the morning news for a while. She announced something like, “Look at this. Someone flew an airliner into the World Trade Center tower.”

Without hesitation I said, “Had to be Osama Bin Laden.”

In terms of human tragedy, as terrible as it was, that awful event ranks way down the list in modern history of numbers of lives lost, for sure. There are dozens, if not hundreds or even thousands, of events concocted by humans that were much more catastrophic. Pick any war for example: the Holocaust, WWII itself, WWI and certainly our own Civil War. I think it probably safe to say that a good many of the 194 or so countries in the world, and most of the other countries which no longer exist, have had human instigated slaughters far in excess of the loss of life we Americans suffered on that beautiful September morning.

It is easy to forget that more than 600,000 of our American ancestors, and could-have-been ancestors, lost their lives in our Civil War. The percentage of lives lost on 9/11 compared to that war is an infinitesimal 0.005%.

So why is an event that happened ten Septembers ago still so scorched into our consciousness? One obvious reason, of course, is because it was as if we were there—

we can remember actually “seeing” it: terror in real time conducted by cowardly, demented fanatics. We didn’t know who they were, but we knew what they were. And even though this was the second time we had been attacked on our own soil, this struck at our “nerve centers” by an, at the time, unseen and unknown enemy. The only other time I can remember such a feeling was the “punched in the gut” reaction to the assassination of JFK.

But what really makes 9/11 so strikingly memorable for me are the videos of those poor people who chose, or, if you prefer, were forced to jump from those immense buildings. I have since learned that there were more than 200 of them. I won’t be missing a thing if I never have to see those videos again.

Trying to make sense of all of this in a broad context does not bode well for humanity in my humble opinion. Even with our large brains and a knowledge base expanding at exponential rates we still continue to behave tribally. None of us will be around to observe the outcome, but I’ll give you ten to one that we will not survive ourselves.

I have no idea what the hell the insects are going to do with all this concrete, brick and steel though. Maybe they will have figured out how to digest plastic.

On that sour note, here are the personal September 11th, 2001 memories from some of our members.

– Your Editor

9/11

STORIES

Bob Peasley

I was on vacation at NWA that week and headed to Perkins in Faribault about 0800 for coffee with the "Planning Commission." As a narrow body pilot I couldn't afford exotic vacations and big boats! Still can't.

The wife called to ask if I had been listening to the radio, which I had not. Upon arrival at Perkins she called to tell of the second plane. Daughter number two, Lisa, was flying F/O on the 737 at UAL at the time. We knew she had a trip that morning and thought it was to the east coast. Talk about worried parents! We called her cell phone several times with no answer. She finally called us at about 1100 to say they had pushed back at ORD but never took off. I spent a couple hours at the hangar at Faribault with a couple guys glued to the tube. I think there might have been a few tears shed. We finally broke up about noon and went home to await further news.

When flying resumed, my first trip was a NFL charter empty to pick up a team and drop them off for a game. It was just me, the copilot and flight attendants and I still flew three quarters of the first leg looking over my right shoulder.

Lisa ended up furloughed in January '02 and flew Citation X's for about 3 years out of MSP. She got recalled to UAL for a couple years and furloughed again in '09. She got hired at DAL in August 2010 and is based in MSP reserve on the A320. She now hears rumors of furlough this fall so this tragedy is still affecting our family.

Meantime all is well with Linda and me. I keep my CFII current and do some tail wheel and instrument training. And I'm still flying the Decathlon and Lisa's 140A. She's on probation and can't afford it. Dad to the rescue!

Keep up the great job with Contrails. I'm looking forward to this 9/11 issue.

Bob Peasley

9/11

STORIES

Jeff Bock

As were a number of our illustrious airmen, I was at the Red Lion Inn in Seattle for one of our instructor meetings when the events of the infamous 9/11 catastrophe unfolded. That sickening event will undoubtedly be heralded by many of the folks there that morning. My wife Carol was the benefits manager for a moderate sized software firm at the time and dealt with an underwriter name of Marsh. The entire group of people that Carol worked with were in their offices and lost their lives that day.

In 2004 I attended a 9/11 commemoration rally in our neighboring town of Sandpoint. The call went out for Fire, Police, EMS, and military to attend in uniform as support for the lost lives that day. Being a volunteer firefighter I felt compelled to attend, but decided to dust off the old NWA uniform and represent the airline personnel that were slaughtered that awful day. I spoke in support and respect for the 343 firefighters, numerous police, and all other souls lost that day. However the point I made clear was that there has been very little mention of the flight crews lost that day and the fact that they were the first ones "on scene."

In 2007 I was asked again to speak at the event and found myself getting much more pointed about the persons that orchestrated that hideous event. If asked to speak this year I will have to be careful not to get too pointed in what I say as my feelings are not easing up much. Not sure if it has had anything to do with it but I have committed a lot of effort toward becoming the Training Captain for our Fire Department as well as becoming an EMT. Possibly the 9/11 event has motivated me to give a bit of myself in attempting to save life and property.

Now knowing the great elation of saving a life, or the remorse of losing a life is giving me a greater appreciation for the heroic men and women that risked all that day.

Not one place in America is immune to terrorist acts but I am not sure why any terrorist would want to attack Clark Fork Idaho.

Respectfully,

Jeff Bock

Clark Fork Fire/Rescue/Medical
And proud retired pilot

9/11

STORIES

Dick Glover

My wife, Gay, was working a flight that morning from MSP to DFW and was about halfway when the word came to the cockpit. They were able to continue to DFW and landed without any problems. However, she was then stuck there for three days.

While laying over in Ft. Worth, the hotel they were staying in was evacuated three times due to threatening phone calls to the front desk. She said she had visions of someone across the street in a phone booth making the calls and watching while everyone went out on the street. Gay finally got out of there on a "crew member" flight back to MSP.

Dick Glover

I'm not sure how appropriate it might be, as I wasn't a RNPA member at that time. I'm still working but know quite a few of the members who have retired ahead of me.

I was at home, but got heavily involved with my ANG [Air National Guard] unit on 9/11. We were one of the few Air Guard units in the midwest that actually flew that day under NORAD's mission. I can recall that day pretty vividly as I was home watching TV and saw a lot of it happen as it occurred. It would be a different perspective, but I don't know if you may want that one.

Thanks for all the work you have been doing for the group!

Dave Crowden

Taking off out of Seattle's SeaTac Airport I never guessed what the day would hold. The sky was clear and our freighter roared into it, waking up the city below. We turned north and the controller gave us a clearance direct to Anchorage, Alaska. It was early morning and we were alone in the sky.

We leveled at 32,000 feet. I monitored the radios; the captain unplugged and leaned his head back, tired from moving to a new house. The flight engineer was back making coffee and using the lavatory. It was a glorious day to be flying and I took everything in: Victoria, Canada passed below us—we had vacationed there a few years back. I could see the ferries moving between Victoria and Vancouver. My kids loved that ferry, especially the massage chairs.

"Our reports are that a light twin has just hit one of the twin towers in New York City." What? The controller was talking to another pilot on frequency. "No, no other information yet. It was either a twin or an airliner." The chatter continued. Surprised, I looked over at the captain. He was still unplugged. I told him what they were talking about and he just shrugged, uninterested.

Now the controller said it was definitely an airliner. Another report said two. Both towers had been hit. The flight engineer came back up front and I relayed the conversation to him. "What have you been smoking while I was gone?" he asked, laughing.

"Seriously, at first they thought it was a light twin, then the report came in that it was an airliner, now they're saying two airliners." Finally the captain sat up straight in his chair. Now we were all listening to the radio. It was surreal. Air Traffic Control closed the continental United States airspace behind us as we flew north.

More reports came in as we flew on to Anchorage. Delta was arriving from Tokyo, landing in Portland, Oregon. They obviously had not heard what was happening. Seattle Center informed them that the continental United States was closed and asked them where they wanted to land.

"Portland, Oregon, sir." came the reply.

"Ah, Delta, I repeat, Portland is closed, where would you like to go?"

The Delta pilot did not sound flustered, just tired. He had, after all, been up all night. He repeated that Portland, Oregon was his destination.

"Delta, the whole continental United States is closed. Pick another place to land."

A long silence followed. Finally Delta answered "Vancouver." Then, apparently worried that he would be misunderstood, he quickly added "Canada. Vancouver, Canada." The controller replied affirmatively, then had us switch frequencies. We were laughing, not at the Delta pilot, but probably to release tension concerning the whole situation. Nothing like this had happened before.

The sky was like a ghost town. We were the only plane on frequency talking to the controller. He informed us that the towers had collapsed. We were incredulous. Maybe they were damaged, but collapsed? The flight to Anchorage took forever. Walking into ops with our bags, the rampers asked if we had heard. We nodded. Upstairs in operations, watching the television coverage, comprehension dawned. Horrified we watched as over and over again the buildings fell.

Everyone was in shock, but we, I think as pilots, were almost experiencing Post Traumatic Stress. It had never occurred to us that airplanes could be used as bombs. I called home to inform my husband that I was fine, then I called my children's schools. My eyes filled with tears as the kids in my daughter's class cheered when the secretary made the announcement that I was safe.

Shaken, we were driven to our hotel. The captain, exhausted, begged off any activity. He slept the better part of three days. The flight engineer and I rented a car and drove south to Portage Glacier for the day. Unbeknownst to us, downtown Anchorage was being evacuated. An Al Nippon was arriving from Asia without radio communication and authorities feared the worst. My kids were watching, horrified, as the news reported this breaking development.

Flags flew at half mast that night as we gathered at Humpty's later that night in downtown Anchorage. Fifty or more airline employees filled the outside patio with raucous drinking and conversation. We were all

stranded indefinitely and decided to make the most of it. Mark was in his room, resting. His back went out on him earlier that day while we were sightseeing. Mine did the same the next morning. Stress does funny things to a body.

Three days later we were deadheaded to Minneapolis, Minnesota; then on to Los Angeles to continue our trip. We were subdued and wary for the next week, but nothing else happened. Our trip was uneventful despite our preoccupation, but we acted like sleepwalkers, numbly getting through each day. Cell phone covers were for sale in Singapore and Hong Kong proclaiming “Bin Laden Hero” and we realized we weren’t in Kansas anymore.

Kathy McCullough

9/11 STORIES

Bob Gould

I was in Ventura, CA, at my parents’ house, and Gretchen was supposed to fly to LAX from HNL that day so we could proceed on to her 40th high school reunion in Denver. Needless to say, we did not attend.

I was awakened at 0800 by my son calling from the San Francisco area telling me to turn on CNN. I had been involved in the reactions to the earlier attempt by Ramzi Yousef to down 12 airplanes over the Pacific on the same night (7 UA and 5 NW), and as soon as I saw the CNN report I said “Osama Bin Laden”. Thankfully we finally got the bastard!

A friend of Gretchen’s was on UA93 that went down in PA, and a few years later their organization planted a tree in her name at our local firehouse at Aikahi Park.

Bob Gould

9/11 STORIES

Sheila Wood

Doug and I have no first-person stories, safely tucked away here in Idaho on the Spokane River, but I will never forget Doug’s reaction following the World Trade Center catastrophe. He was (and still is) playing softball on a master’s team that had made plans to drive to St. George, Utah to play in the World Senior Games.

Of course, he had no intention of driving anywhere when he could get there by air. The day following the attack, while the rest of us were still in horrified shock, Doug picked up the phone and made arrangements to fly to the closest city to St. George. After he got off the phone, I said, incredulously, “Are you going to get on an airplane?” His answer: “Hell, yes!”

This isn’t anything that compares to a REAL story, but it sure reveals the kind of man my husband is.

Sheila Wood

9/11

STORIES

K. C. Kohlbrand

Our 9-11 story with pictures of the World Trade Center towers as they stood the day before we were attacked, was that K. C. and Martha Kohlbrand were returning from a trans-Atlantic cruise from North Hampton, England with stops along the North Atlantic and entering New York harbor on 9-10-01.

Martha took these somewhat somber photos of the twin towers as we cruised past the Statue of Liberty on into the harbor before docking and before our return flight to Orlando, Florida via DTW.



The next morning at home in Melbourne, Florida we were watching the morning national news on TV and a news bulletin showed one of the Trade Center towers on fire with the comment it was struck by an airplane, type unknown at the moment. I immediately called my best airline friend Bill Dolny at his summer lake place in Bigfork, Montana and asked if he had the TV on—which he did not—to turn it on and see what was happening to New York City and his hometown.

Unbelievable, but the event turned even worse when the second tower was struck. Bill and I couldn’t believe what was happening but there it was, sad but true. Hopefully never again.

K. C. Kohlbrand

My wife, Elaine Kim, and I were living in New York for a few years up until 9/11. Our first child was born in New York in July 2000. We had purchased and remodeled a penthouse in what was then a run down part of downtown on the edge of TriBeCa. The building was on Broadway and Warren, just three blocks from the World Trade Center. On September 9th, the three of us had flown to Los Angeles to attend my mother-in-law's second wedding. As we still owned a home in the Hollywood Hills which was being looked after by a friend, we decided to stick around a few days. On Monday, I flew alone up to Seattle to attend a client's conference—very spur of the moment. So while my wife and boy were in LA and I was staying at my brother's house in Kirkland, we both woke up to the crisis unfolding in our New York neighborhood.

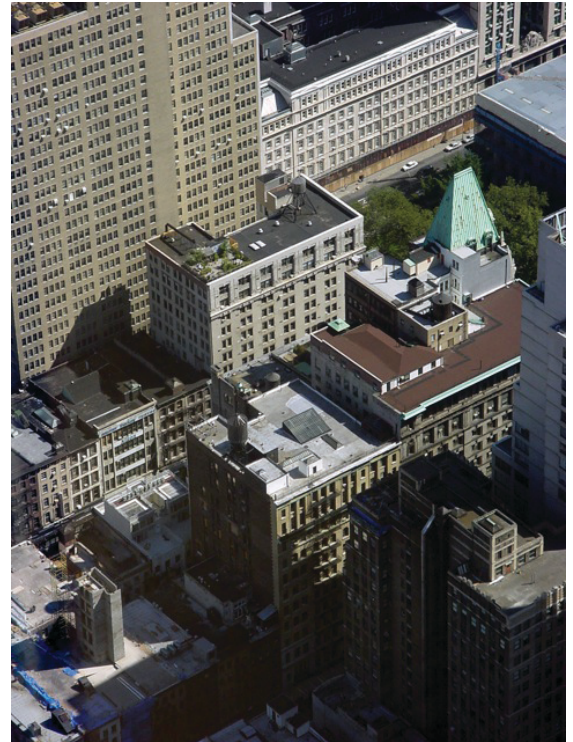
Although our building was not destroyed, our apartment was heavily damaged by dust and debris that had come through the windows we had inconveniently left open. Pieces of the southbound jet flew over our building and landed in the street in front of our door. Our building supervisor rushed to the roof—our roof—to watch the unfolding drama—including the sight of people falling or jumping from the towers that were clearly visible from our apartment.

As the son of a pilot and someone who flew when younger, I often looked out at the planes passing over the Hudson River and wondered how long it would take until one went a little off course and struck one of those towers—especially on foggy nights. On hearing of the crash of the first plane, that thought leaped to mind.

It took three months until I was allowed back in the

building, and another four months until we could rent it out. We had decided to remain in LA for both work and education reasons. When I did return, I was amazed to see the apartment looking virtually spotless. During that time, MetLife had sent in a crew that cleaned everything—even the dirty rags under the kitchen sink. When I think about all this now, I pause in silence over our good fortune—and I grieve for the families that lost quite a lot that day.

Rick Seireeni



A couple months earlier in July, we had visited the observation floor and looked down on our apartment below.



The kitchen in our roof-top apartment three blocks from the World Trade Center.



The view out out of our living room window.

I was flying an Angel Flight in a Piper Warrior the morning of 9/11. Angel Flights are charity flights for people who can't afford to get to special medical facilities far from their homes. It had been a beautiful morning and was one of those very rare times when I filed the final leg VFR vs IFR. However, I was unable to get into my home airport due to unexpected and unforecast low clouds and visibility. I got a pop-up IFR clearance and requested an alternate airport 18 miles away that had a VOR approach.

After switching to Atlanta Approach Control and getting the clearance, I began hearing transmissions that made no sense to me, questions and comments between aircraft and ATC controllers about something in New York. Then, several local aircraft were diverted by ATC into Macon, Georgia, about 50 miles away. It made no sense to me why something in New York should require a diversion of local aircraft into Macon but I was busy setting up for my own approach and just continued to listen.

I was vectored to a point outside the FAF, shot the approach, and cancelled IFR when I got on the ground. I noticed no one was on the ramp so I walked inside the FBO. I knew most of the people there and everyone was huddled around a TV set and talking very animatedly about a hijacking. As I quietly watched, the second plane struck the other tower. Someone asked why or how a pilot could be made to fly into a building, and although I'd only been privy to several minutes of all this, trying to piece things together, I said, "No pilot would do that and my guess is that the flight crew was dead before that occurred."

Barbara drove out to pick me up and I began getting the news about all that had happened. I needed to get the plane back to my home airport but all aircraft in the US were grounded. A couple of days later I was told that Lifeguard and Mercy flights would be allowed to fly so I called ATC and asked if that was also true for an Angel Flight with one leg remaining; they said yes and I was given a special beacon code to squawk, along with a clearance and departure time.

I went to the FBO where everyone tried to dissuade me from taking off. They said a pilot who patrolled pipelines had launched two hours earlier thinking he could hug the ground and make it back to Alabama but two F-16s had caught him within fifteen minutes and he was in deep trouble after having been forced down. I laughed and said I had a legal transponder code and had been pre-cleared to fly the eighteen miles back to my airport. Frankly, the thought had occurred that I could probably

hug the treetops for that brief distance and get back with no problems. My immediate second thought, however, was that I did not need my name in the papers or on TV again and I quickly dismissed the first thought!

I barely cleared the runway on departure when ATC called "radar contact"! I was amazed at how fast I was picked up, and I instantly guessed there was an AWACS airplane somewhere that was covering me from the moment I moved.

I flew the short segment back to 62GA and drove home. During the following days, I watched as everyone did, as we learned more about the events of that tragic day.

Blue skies,
Lyle Prouse

PS - as an aside, Clancy Prevost was the senior guy in our NWA class, one number senior to me... and we'd been really good friends over the years. He was a good man.

We have been going to Australia for the last 19 years Jan—April where we have met and made many friends and acquaintances, amongst them Qantas Flight Attendants.

One F/A flew to NYC exclusively prior to 9/11. The crew would arrive in THE CITY in time to shower, dress, go to the World Trade Center for cocktails and dinner each trip. They were recognized and warmly greeted by the staff and some of the frequent patrons who were most often in a festive mood and generally had a great time.

In July 2011 at the World Trade center, as the Flight Attendants boarded the elevator, so did four swarthy Mid-Eastern men who had worried expressions on their faces, causing all others in the elevator to be silent. (Qantas crews had the same sensitivity training our crews have had in regard to possible terrorists.) September 13, 2011—at home in Sydney—the television flashed pictures of the terrorists. My friend was shocked that she recognized two of the faces as the men who got onto the elevator in July.

She immediately called the F/A who had accompanied her on that trip and she corroborated the likeness, 'IT WAS THEM.' Obviously, they seem to have been casing the World Trade Center in July.

Mary Pat Laffey Inman

9/11

STORIES

Donna Corbett

Just saw your e-mail sent to RNPA members. I'll try to contact a couple of former NWA dispatchers who were right in the thick of it that day. They have some interesting stories, like the USAF threatening to shoot down a NWA aircraft because it turned toward the US border from Canada while trying to get a look at the unfamiliar field for landing.

It's also interesting to note that NWA dispatch ordered all company aircraft to land well before the FAA order.

Donna Corbett

9/11

STORIES

Skip Foster

I was a 747-Classic Captain Instructor and in Seattle for an Instructor's meeting on September 11, 2001. We were at the Red Lion, I believe, and I came down for coffee at about 6:15. There were a lot of people in the bar watching TV and when I stopped to see what they were watching, the second airplane flew into the second tower. At first, I thought it was some kind of a movie, but it was soon apparent that was not the case. We all went to the morning meeting except for Sterling Benson and a few other management types that were trying to get all of our airborne flights on the ground, mostly diverting them to Canada, at least on the West Coast. Nobody had much to say at the meeting, just a lot of speculation from the group, and relief that it wasn't one of our airplanes, passengers and crews.

We got stuck in Seattle for a couple of days, nothing was flying. Finally on the third day, one of the Second Officer instructors, who lived in San Diego, and I rented a car at about midnight and drove down the coast as far as Barstow where his wife met us and picked him up. I continued on to Las Vegas and turned in the rental car with a little over 1000 miles on it for a one day rental!

I had worked in the Pentagon in 1977 thru 1979 when I took Military Leave from NWA. My last office there was on "D" ring, "E" being the outermost, the one with windows, and I normally entered the building through the Western entrance—the one that AA Flight 77 hit, killing all 64 aboard and 125 people in the Pentagon.

Kathy and I went back to the Pentagon in October of 2001 to see my USAF pilot training classmate, Dick Myers, being sworn in as the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I couldn't see much of the West entrance, since it was still being evaluated for damage. Security was very high for the ceremony. We had to go through several metal detectors before we could get on a bus to

Ft. Meyer, VA and again at Ft. Meyer. There were snipers in the overhead at the indoor ceremony. President Bush was there along with Secretary Rumsfeld and the Washington Press Corps. We got to see Dick and Mary Jo at the end of a long reception line and briefly at their quarters at Ft. Meyer. They looked like they needed a good night's rest, but I'm sure they didn't get one for a long time.

Skip Foster

9/11

STORIES

Anonymous

I flew from DTW to LGA on the first day after 9/11 that flights were allowed into the New York airports. When I met the FA's on the pre-departure brief at DTW, one of the FA's was a young man about 21 or so and appeared to be Middle Eastern. He also seemed a bit nervous. I noticed he had an accent so I asked where he was from. He replied, "Chicago, I am Greek." I asked how long he had been with NWA and he said 3 months.

Shortly after I entered the flight deck to start my preflight checks, one of the other FA's came up and said that she knew the guy and that he was Iraqi and had never lived in Chicago, as far as she knew. I called the lead FA and the Iraqi guy up to the Flight Deck to sort everything out. It turned out that he was afraid to admit that he was from the Middle East, and apologized for the deception.

I check him out thoroughly before allowing him to stay on board to N.Y. But that is not the point of my story. Another young FA, I'll call her Cindy because that name fits, went to her supervisor and reported that I was a racist—that I had singled out the young man based solely on his appearance. Welcome to the NEW AMERICA. Please do not use my name, I am returning to the line next month after an extended disability and don't need that attention.

9/11

STORIES

Charlie Welsh

Fortunately, I was on vacation on Sept 11. We were called by my mother-in-law about 7:30 and told to watch TV. I thought it was another Orson Wells war of the world episode. It was hard to believe.

NanSea and I went back to my 40th College reunion on Oct 3, 2001, 3 weeks after the attack. There were 17 people on a 757. We were to land at LaGuardia. Downwind took us directly over the Trade Center cite at about 5,000 ft. The devastation was vivid. NY merchants were desperate for customers. Street vendors were giving stuff away. There hadn't been any tourists in 3 weeks.

Charlie Welsh

My story is probably not unique. It's about a friendship with a man named Tom McGuinness. Tom and I became friends when we were members of the same church in California. Partly because Tom had an interest in what was happening in the Men's Ministry at church and I happened to be the Director of Men's Ministry, but more because of our shared background as aviators.

Tom was a dedicated family man. He and his wife had two kids, Jennifer and Tommy and they were the ideal family. Very close. Tom had an easy manner about him that almost seemed to run counter to his pursuit of excellence in everything he did. This was certainly true in his career as an aviator. After graduating from Boston University in 1981, he became a Naval Aviator and flew Tomcats, and finally joined American Airlines in 1989.

Then in 1999 Tom and his family moved to Portsmouth, NH to allow him to take advantage of opportunities for a faster track to Captain at the Boston base. I'm sad to say that after they moved east we kind of lost track of each other except for an occasional email.

Then, on that day in 2001, Tom left Portsmouth to take a trip to LAX as First Officer on American Airlines Flt 11.

I remember that day waking up after having just returned from Tokyo the night before and wearily walking into the family room and hearing on the news that two airplanes had just hit the World Trade Center. The first airplane hit Tower 1. It was American Flight 11. Of course at the time I had no idea Tom was on Flt 11. But it wasn't long before we heard the news. Tom and his wife Cheryl still had close ties to our church, and Cheryl had called our pastor in search of the comfort that sometimes only a trusted pastor can provide. There are so many questions, so many emotions. How to handle the grief at a time like that can be a tall order.

Tom's legacy to his family is summed up with this brief anecdote: One night his son Tommy tried to comfort his mother as she cried. Instead, this 14 year old amazed her with his breadth of knowledge.

His wife Cheryl said, "Tommy put his arm around me, gave me a hug and said, 'Mom, everything will be all right. Our life on Earth is so short. Our life in heaven with Dad is for eternity.' He went on to say, 'Dad described eternity this way to me: If you emptied out all the oceans in the world one drop at a time, this would only be the beginning of eternity.'"

For my part, like many of you, aside from my sadness at the loss of a good friend was just good old fashioned anger. Some of that was ameliorated on hear-

ing that OBL recently took a bullet through the eye. But Tom can never be replaced. I know too that there are nearly 3,000 similar stories from that day and none of us that lived through it will ever forget it.

I won't forget Tom McGuinness either.

Art Debernarde

Georgeia and I were married on 8/19, 2001 and scheduled our September honeymoon to spend 5 days in Rome, cruise to Barcelona and then enjoy 5 days in Barcelona, before returning home.

We left BOS Logan the evening of 9/10 on Air France w/scheduled brief stop in Paris, then on to Rome. Unfortunately the AF ground crew at Logan took so long to load the plane, we missed our track time and departure was delayed a couple hours, causing us to miss our connection in Paris. When we finally arrived in Rome, our luggage, along with that of about 20 other passengers was not there and we spent about an hour and a half waiting for news from AF re: it's disposition. During that time someone came along and asked if anyone had heard about another attempted bombing of the WTC towers, but of course no one had as we had been on the plane all night and we basically shrugged off the question

When it became obvious we weren't going to receive our luggage, we boarded a bus which was to distribute us to our various hotels in the city. At one point we passed the U.S. Embassy and couldn't help but notice the fact that there was a large number of Marines, in fatigues and combat gear, surrounding the grounds. At this point we had no clue as to why of course.

When we checked in to our hotel, the desk clerk gave me a note that my daughter had called with an urgent request to call her immediately and we assumed that something bad had happened to one of our 3 grandchildren in Minnesota. Once we got to our room I attempted to place the call and was surprised to be told that there were no lines available to the U. S. While I was attempting to find out why, Georgeia had turned on the TV, which was already tuned to CNN and the first thing I saw was a rerun of the second plane crashing into the WTC. Unable to hear the audio I assumed the picture was some sort of a computer graphic of something else and wondered why CNN would be showing such a scene. Georgeia realized what we were watching and we were stunned.

We spent most of the rest of the day watching the news unfold and were unable to make the call to my daughter. That evening we decided to go out and find a

place to eat so began walking the local streets. When we returned we found our daughter had been able to get a call through to us but we were still unable to call her back. Later that evening we did receive a call from her and were assured our families were safe.

The next day, as we walked around we noticed that, prominently displayed in every commercial establishment, there was a copy of a letter from the Mayor of Rome, addressed to all Americans, expressing his shock and sorrow for the attack. In addition, when many locals heard our accents, they expressed sympathy for the plight of America.

Then we went to St. Peter's Square at the Vatican, found that the Pope was going to speak from the stairs in front of the church and incredibly we were able to walk right to the foot of the stairs to listen to him. There was no enhanced security yet. The Pope's speech and prayers were focused on the terrorist attack and the potential ramifications for the world as a result.

Over the next three days, aside from the gravity of the attack, a couple of happenings stand out in our memory. Each morning when we went for breakfast in our hotel we saw the same people, as no one was able to get a flight and the confusion associated with that problem was truly incredible, with rumors of all kinds. In addition there were several people who had been on the AF flights with us, had no change of clothes and with a measure of dark humor, the gals commented every morning on how lovely they all looked.

We did receive our luggage on the day we boarded the ship, had a lovely cruise and by the time we were ready to return home from Barcelona the air traffic system had been sorted out and we had no further problems.

Bob & Georgeia Johnson

9/11

STORIES

Bob Burns

At NRT, boarding a flight to HNL I noted the "lead" wore a "statement" button that said, "Help save the Whales!"

I said, "That's nice." She said, "Well, what do you think about the Whales?"

I said, "Delicious, I had some for dinner last night." The copilot slapped me on the arm with the Flight papers and said, "You nut! We have an all night trip to HNL and we won't even get a cup of coffee out of her."

I assured her it was a joke and all went well. But she didn't think it very funny.

Bob Burns

Not sure whether Bob means this happened on 9/11 or some other time. – Ed.

9/11

STORIES

Cheryl Ulyot

In 2005 I took a beginner's writing class at The Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Each week our instructor would choose a topic that we could all relate to, and we would write for ten minutes. Afterwards we would go around the room and read aloud what we had written. One week the topic was, "Where were you on 9/11?"

There were about twenty of us, a normally jovial group who had already bonded after a few weeks of class. Today as we began reading, the room grew still, and with each story the atmosphere became more somber and subdued. Many people had tears in their eyes. The young woman next to me, a nurse, broke down halfway through her story, and was unable to finish.

By now my classmates were aware that I worked as a flight attendant for Northwest Airlines, and I knew they would be eager to hear what I had to say. They probably assumed I was flying that day. In fact my story was not much different than theirs.

By chance I was on a leave of absence that month. I was still in bed when my friend and fellow flight attendant Fay called me. "Are you watching TV?" she asked. "It's the strangest thing. A small airplane just flew into the World Trade Center." After we hung up, I sat up quickly, grabbed the remote and turned on the TV. It was clear something big was going on. I flipped through the channels, trying to piece together what was happening and saw that the small airplane my friend was talking about, was instead an American Airlines jet. I remember gasping when I read the letters that spelled out American Airlines on the side of the plane. By now every channel was covering the story, and I watched in horror as another airplane hit the second tower. I'm sure, like many others I was in total shock. I started making phone calls to friends and family, but at the same time didn't want to miss what was going on. I got dressed and went downstairs and turned on the television in the den.

By then the Pentagon was hit and everyone was in a panic. Reality was setting in, and I found myself pacing from room to room unable to sit still. If this was happening to American and United Airline planes, would Northwest be next? Who of my pilot and flight attendant friends were flying today?

My husband walked in the door, returning from a morning business meeting and had no idea of what had happened. We stood in the middle of the room watching the crashes being played over and over. We turned and looked at each other, not knowing what to think or say. Our daughters came home from school early that day after the entire school had been brought into an as-

sembly and told what was taking place. Apparently one of their classmate's father had been at the World Trade Center that day on business, but luckily he had escaped harm. The rest of the day was a blur, and all we did was continue to watch the television for more updates and wonder why this had happened. I went to bed that night feeling relieved, yet somehow a little guilty that I was safe at home on a leave of absence, while something so horrific had happened to the airline crews that had been targeted that day.

Four months later, in December, our family was trying to decide if we should go on a winter vacation during the kids' Christmas break. Still on my leave of absence, I hadn't flown anywhere since 9/11, and I have to admit, after endless weeks of watching show after show on the subject, I was still a little reluctant to get on an airplane. As usual we waited too long, and by the time we made the decision to go somewhere and checked the flight loads, everything to Hawaii, Mexico, Florida or anyplace warm was full. My husband suggested we go to New York for New Year's Eve. My reply was, "Are you nuts?" I was convinced that if the terrorists were going to strike again, what better time and place than New York City on New Year's Eve. "I don't think so", he said. "And look, the flights are wide open. I checked, and we can get a good deal on a room at The Roosevelt Hotel." So on December 31st we drove to the MSP airport, which was pretty quiet, and got on the 2 pm flight to New York. Security was heightened of course, and they had a security table set up right outside the boarding door in the gate area. They randomly chose our 10 year old daughter, went through her backpack, and made her take off her tennis shoes. I was beginning to wonder if this was such a good idea. The good news was that the flight was almost empty, but somehow I didn't feel the normal pass rider elation when all four of us got into first class.

The passengers seemed nervous and couldn't help themselves from looking around to check for suspicious looking characters, me included. Everyone was silent on takeoff and it seemed as though the whole plane breathed a sigh of relief once we were up in the air and on our way. We had a smooth uneventful flight and landed safely at La Guardia airport, which was empty and quiet. We grabbed our luggage and went out to the taxi stand where we were the first and only people in line. No waiting, for once. I was beginning to relax and enjoy this.

We checked into the Roosevelt Hotel which was decorated festively for the holidays, and had a bite to eat in the lobby bar. Then we did all the things you should do while in New York. We took a ride though Central

Park in a horse drawn buggy, then made our way over to Times Square. The night air was crisp and cold. New York seemed different than I remembered from my layovers there. Everyone was in a good mood, and so friendly. The police were everywhere, smiling and helpful and people were hugging them, telling them what a good job they were doing. The crowd grew larger and it felt warmer as we all huddled together in the street and yelled "Happy New Year" at midnight.

The young man next to us got down on his knees and proposed to his girlfriend, and she said, "Yes" and called her folks on her cell phone. Everyone around them cheered and congratulated them. We walked back to our hotel and slept well. We spent another couple of days walking around the city, including a visit to ground zero, where a line of firemen in full garb were going into the church nearby for a memorial service. There were still hundreds of bouquets and photographs lining the streets as we walked slowly back towards our hotel. I was more relaxed on the flight home, and truly glad we had made the trip and felt ready to return to work.

I think back to my writing class that day four years later, and how sharing our memories of 9/11 was such a raw and powerful experience that it actually changed the air in the room, rendering it thick and heavy. After the last reader finished everyone looked exhausted, and we spent the last few minutes of class in silence.

Cheryl Ullyot

9/11

STORIES

Steve Luckey

9/11 was quite an indelible day for me as I was headed out the door in Montana headed for D.C. The phone rang and it was an FBI friend telling me to turn on CNN and that a light airplane had flown into the World Trade Center. I turned it on and saw the tower smoking with the large gaping hole and knew instantly that it wasn't a light aircraft. The blue sky in the background indicated that it probably wasn't an accident either.

Shortly thereafter, the second tower was hit and a sickening feeling overwhelmed me as I knew a lot more about what may have just happened and who could be responsible. I had been working recently in the NWA GO basement with John Klinkenberg, VP of Corporate Security, on several issues. One of these involved an individual that the FBI had in custody and was a serious person of interest to the Feds. His name was Zacari-ous Massoui and he had purchased about 8 hours on a 747-400 simulator from Pan Am Training in NATCO. His behavior and Clancy Prevost's sharp observations and his not wanting to takeoff or land, but enter coor-

dinates in the FMC, go there, click it off and fly around proved very suspicious. There was actually two suspects involved but only Massoui could be held, as he had an expired Moroccan Passport Visa and was being held out of sight in the Cheshire County jail as he was a definitely high level.

Shortly thereafter, Blake Morrison, a senior reporter for USA Today called me from his car on his way to work in Crystal City (before they moved to Tyson's Corner). He said that a large aircraft had just flown over the hood of his car and crashed into the Pentagon. I told him about the towers and he was appalled along with the rest of us. I have worked with Blake on many securities related stories over the years and he's a good friend.

FBI, CIA, NWA Security, and I had lengthy discussions on these circumstances and actually discussed the possibility of this guy wanting to hijack an aircraft and fly it into something. We should have put two and two together and figured out that the Trade Center was a prime target as Ramsey Yousef and his uncle, KSM, orchestrated the first attack in 1991. Yousef did the PAL 434 bombing out of Manila that was part of a plan to blow up 12 aircraft, including some NWA 747s in an operation called "Bojinka."

Joe Aubaugh, former head of FEMA, was out in Bozeman trout fishing and his Chief of Staff, Reynold Hoover, another close friend, was involved in post attack discussions as well.

I made it back to MSP for a short time and then to DC ASAP as all hell had broken loose and I ended up working nonstop with FBI and other agencies out of the ALPA Herndon office 24/7 for the next few months.

During this time I went down to the FBI National Academy in Quantico to try to kick start the armed pilot program, currently the FFDO (Federal Flight Deck Officer) program which was a much larger undertaking than I had ever imagined. But now we have well over 10 thousand pilots flying armed and it's the single most effective deterrent against a repeat of another 9/11 type attack on America.

Steve Luckey

9/11

STORIES

Marina Jones

I was in NRT when it happened. I woke up in the middle of the night and turned on TV. Like I would always do when I could not sleep. When I saw the news reports on CNN, I thought it was a movie. I remember I went out to run the next morning, and some pilot told me you better be careful, the world is being attacked.

They had many briefings at the NRT hotel, and for me it was all hard to fathom when you are on the other

side of the world. I remember we had many briefings and NWA did a great job trying to inform us as much as possible. We ended up staying there for four extra days, getting bits and pieces of when we would be able to leave. Since we were all mostly on three day trips you did see crew members in the same clothes each day during these briefings. Finally when we got to go home, our captain stood at the boarding door watching people board. Kinda freaked us out.

I was working upper deck 747-200 and the pilots put all their luggage at the cockpit door. If I called up to bring them their meal, all I would hear was luggage moving around. He told me to not let anyone come up the stairs except crew. When it all really hit me, I flew to NYC to run the New York Marathon on Nov. 4th 2001. I went down to ground zero and that is when I lost it. The smells, the look on peoples faces said it all. Some looked like they were still in a daze of comprehending what the heck happened less than two months before. The city decided to go ahead with the Marathon, and the support and American feeling that was felt during that race and while I was there, made me proud to be an American, if not a little scared American.

Marina Jones

Flight Attendent 1973-2007

Wife of Dick Jones

9/11

STORIES

Stan Heaston

I was just finishing up a vacation in Myrtle Beach, SC. We were scheduled to fly home on Sept 11th. I was watching the market opening on CNBC while my wife was getting ready to go to the airport. Mark Haines, who just passed away last week, was the CNBC anchor and he reported that the "NY Port Authority was reporting that an airplane had flown into the side of the World Trade Center."

He recalled that back in 1945 an Army Air Corps B-25 had flown into the side of the Empire State building. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia had warned the Army previously about flying over the city and it had happened.

I went in and told my wife about the crash and said that, "It would really mess up the N.Y. center air traffic." As I waited for my wife to get finished getting ready, I continued to watch and saw the second plane make a very tight turn in and hit the second tower. I had that feeling in the pit of my stomach that something was terribly wrong. I just couldn't believe that an airliner could fly into a building unless the pilots were already dead. The weather was perfect, it just couldn't have happened.

Months later, I still refused to believe that people

like Mohammed Atta and his band of murderers were smart enough to have pulled this off, but they did. They found and exploited a weakness in our system of security for Air Travel. After about two hours of watching TV and seeing the national airspace get shut down, I decided it was a waste of time to even go to the Myrtle Beach Airport. We had a rental car, we were packed, I called National Car rental and told them, "It looked like I was going to keep the car a few more days and drop it off in Minneapolis—if that was OK?" The National Car rental agent's comment: "You know, a lot of people seem to be doing that." We stopped at a Shell station and filled up and I went in and bought a road atlas. I handed it to my wife and said, "If you were going to head for Minneapolis today, which way would you go?" Off we went, listening to the radio across America and looking at the atlas. After a very long day, we made it into Covington, Kentucky and decided to stop at a Hampton Inn. We had been listening to the radio off and on all day about the terrible events, tragedies and crashes—it was all a blur.

When we went into the room and turned on the TV, that was the first time we actually saw that the the Twin Towers had collapsed! My wife noticed the people jumping to their death. It came clear to me that they had to make a choice—burn to death or jump. It was a frightening day in America. The last time I had felt so scared about my country was in 1963, when as a sophomore in high school in Modesto, CA, we had walked home five miles after President Kennedy had been killed. On 9/11, the whole national media was in flames as nobody knew why it had happened.

The next day as we continued on for home, we passed by Indianapolis, a place where I flew into frequently on the Airbus A320. It was like a ghost town, absolutely no activity. I thought about how no matter who you were, how rich you were or how many private jets you had at your disposal, you ain't flying today! Or tomorrow either. When we got back to Minneapolis, we went to the airport to drop off the rental car and I had my wife drop me off upstairs so I could go check my crew box. There was nobody there up by the concourses, lots of concrete barriers and police cars everywhere.

As the air travel system started up again, I ended up flying some of the very first flights into Washington National (now Reagan). At MSP, there were armed National Guard troops in the concourse area. It was incredibly tense, we had cards to read instructions to the passengers to remain seated for the last 30 minutes—no exceptions. We had former Seal team members as Federal Air Marshalls on board. We had special code words to give to Dulles approach on the way into DCA, told to

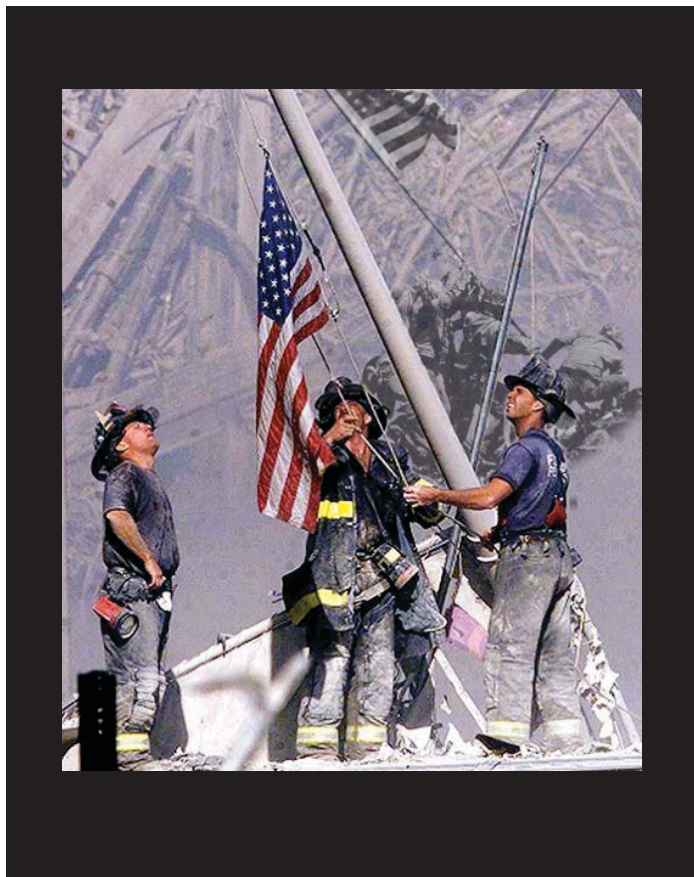
not deviate 1/4 inch off the route, watch for fighters over Washington, etc.

My flights were all fine and I remember as I was saying goodbye to the passengers, the number of people that grasped my hands with both of theirs and thanked us for getting them there safely. They were scared to death by all the new rules, procedures, and fear in the population.

I knew a couple of dispatchers and chief pilots that told me about the Sept. 11th stories of trying to get all the flights down out of the airspace. There were some of our pilots that wanted to land on the freeway in Montana. They heard the, "land immediately" order and almost did it. I knew that Vancouver BC had about 20 widebody airplanes just drop into town when they could not continue eastbound after coming onshore to the west coast area. They took every hotel room for miles around.

I remember the first trip that I had into New York LaGuardia after 9/11. The World Trade Center towers were indeed gone—a great landmark and symbol of our country was just not there. There was just kind of a smoky haze over the site. The Flight Attendants told me everyone on board wanted to look at the site as we flew by.

Stan Heaston
Retired Oct., 2007



I knew no one directly a victim of 9/11. There is a potential story about a NWA pilot sitting from the N[orth] D[akota] ANG sitting on alert at Langley AFB, VA. Two or three F-16s were scrambled to intercept the airliner that crashed in Pennsylvania. This would make a terrific story.

My personal account is rather mundane in comparison.

I was retired by the time 9/11 occurred. We lived in a very small island in Puget Sound northwest of Bellingham, WA. My post retirement ritual was to visit the local island general store at 10 AM for a coffee klatch. My wife's niece and her son were visiting from Wisconsin. When I arrived at the store I didn't have a clue as to what was happening back on the east coast.

Everyone in the store was glued to a television which was reporting the vague early details. The video coverage was ghastly ugly. I immediately returned home. My initial reports to my wife and her niece must have sounded rather preposterous for neither of them believed a word until I got to our television. We didn't have cable on the island and were limited to public airways broadcasts. I immediately tuned to CBC in Vancouver for excellent coverage. We were all absolutely dumbfounded.

We all know now how fast the Feds shut down the U. S. airspace. By evening of 9/11 the only airplanes we heard flying were military. Our isolated island was a wonderful place for security. We slept with only a bedroom to deck screen door. It was great for listening to the sea sounds at night. At about 6 AM I sat up in bed and announced in a loud voice: "Afterburners." Apparently there was an ATC SNAFU involving a Lear Jet doing an emergency medical-evacuation flight from Anchorage to Seattle. Someone didn't forward the pertinent flight plan pre-clearance security information. The great minds had the Lear intercepted and escorted to the border by Canadian Forces CF-18s. The Canadians passed the Lear over to USN F-18s from NAS Whidbey. Then fun begins. Another great mind suddenly remembers that the aircraft carrier Abraham Lincoln was in port at Everett (north of Seattle). What a terrorist target! Panic must have set in, because the Lear was ordered diverted to the Bellingham Airport which is 10 miles from the border.

Given the short notice of a destination change, the poor Lear pilots were caught high, hot, and fast. At the time Bellingham barely had 6,000' of runway. Once on final approach, with two F-18 on their wings, the Lear pilots wisely opted to go around and get the airplane

better configured. The F-18s respond by going into burner to join up on the Lear, therefore the noises that awaken me. There was no doubt as to the sound. The F-18s notified the Lear Jet that they would put their airplane in the bay if they missed the second approach. We highly suspect the F-18s were unarmed. The second approach was uneventful.

That was probably the first time my island neighbors ever heard an afterburner light off.

Bill Day

It was a bright and beautiful morning in DTW when I awoke for my scheduled flight 89 of 09/10, DTW to PVG (Shanghai China) scheduled for around 15:00 enroute.

I went out for my morning run and then got ready for the trip to the airport. A light breakfast and off on the crew bus. I met the other half of the crew in ops where Bill was gathering the flight information.

The copilot with me was Pat Springer and the second Captain was EJ Buckhart. Don't remember who his C/P was.

EJ opted to fly out and I would land in PVG. It was my first ever trip into PVG so I was up for it.

The flight was uneventful with the flight on the northern route over Kamchatka and along the south coast of Siberia. The wx was clear, so good viewing of the Siberian coast and the mountains of Japan was with us. Then down across the China sea and on into PVG. Flt time 14:28.

We all found our way to the crew bus and on downtown to the hotel.

I had been awake for about 23 hrs and after a shower decided to find some food. I ended up in the hotel restaurant because I was too tired to go out.

A beer, some food, and off to bed.

I was dead asleep (and I mean dead) when the phone rang. I think. It rang again and again and again before I finally answered to hear a panicked Flight Attendant say, crying, "CAPTAIN, THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END. THEY ARE FLYING AIRPLANES INTO TALL BUILDINGS AND CRASHING THEM IN NEW YORK AND I'M SCARED. WE NEED TO ALERT THE REST OF THE CREW." I asked how she knew this and she said, "Just turn on your TV and you will see. Can I come to your room and watch it and alert the crew?"

I said, "Ah well, I guess so, but let me get dressed first."

In 5 minutes no less than three F/As were at my door, all in a semi-panicked mode. We sat down and watched

this attack live from NY. I couldn't believe my eyes.

Now the big question was: Who is doing this to the US? We didn't think of the Muslims, so my first thoughts went to the Red Chinese and here we were, captive with a 160 million dollar airplane signed out to me, the senior captain, parked on their turf.

I called EJ and found him awake, (he had slept on his break on the way in). He came over and we hatched a plan to find out just what trouble we may be in.

We tried calling MSP dispatch, to no avail. We tried DTW crew scheds. No luck.

The pilots were [originally] to fly out at 9AM the next day but the F/As were not to leave for 3 days or so.

After a reasonable time, 3 or 4 hours, I was able to reach the PVG station manager. He advised me in no uncertain terms, not to worry. He had stationed around the aircraft no less than 6 of the Elite Chinese military and they were carrying loaded AK 47s. No one would dare approach the aircraft, not even him.

I thanked him and asked him to call with any news about the next morning's flight back to DTW (Flt 90). He assured me that he would so I sent everyone back to their rooms and assured them that if anything was going to happen with the departure in a few hours, the station manager, crew scheds, or I would notify them.

The next morning most gathered for breakfast in the hotel restaurant and we found that we would be Shanghai residents for the next few days.

The hotel management was quite sympathetic and provided some complimentary meals and even catered a party with food and drinks one evening for all US crew members. I met Bob Shaw's son who was there on a FEDEX scheduled layover. Chip off the old block he is!

So we just hung out waiting for word of our fate. We did know that the overnite layover would be at least for three days.

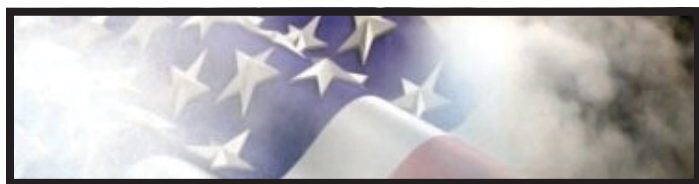
We scheduled a tour or two to the rug factory, the silk factory, a city museum and park, and other events.

On the third morning after the FAA opened US airspace we were scheduled to leave and resumed FLT 90 of the 15th.

Flying out was a rather somber event as most of the passengers were delayed and knew not what to expect when arriving home in the US.

9/11 will be a day that shall live in my mind forever.

Larry K. Daudt



Although retired from Northwest, I was still active with the ALPA Safety Committee in September 2001. We had scheduled a joint ALPA/Northwest Safety conference at the MSP Holiday Inn Airport to start on the afternoon of September 10th at 1 p.m. Richard Anderson, the CEO of Northwest Airlines was our lead-off speaker. At this time Northwest management and labor were working pretty well together. (Sigh).

The conference had an advanced agenda of safety subjects including: dispatch, fuel loading decisions, maintenance concerns, fatigue issues, glass cockpit training, weather avoidance, cabin safety, ramp safety, and yes, I think, security items were on the schedule.

Attendees included Chief Pilots, Dispatchers, Maintenance management along with IAM mechanics, Flight Attendants, Training management pilots, ALPA committee members—and other invited airline safety representatives. The Flight Safety Department of Northwest was co-hosting the conference along with ALPA. The FAA was invited, but, as I recall, did not show.

The first afternoon was well attended. Some of the base Chief Pilots had flown in for the conference. And, we had a few beers that night, and were generally pleased that many agenda items seemed to be making good progress. Frankly I don't remember if Steve Luckey was there or scheduled to fly in the next morning.

Then came the morning of September 11th! Most of us watched in utter disbelief on TV in our rooms as the planes flew into the World Trade Center followed shortly after by a plane that flew into the Pentagon and then one that went down in a field in Pennsylvania. We absolutely could not believe what was happening.

Richard Anderson remained briefly at the hotel before realizing his attention was needed back at NWA Headquarters. It did not take long to make the decision that the conference had to be canceled. We all had work to do. We were amazed at how fast our NWA Communications Department determined no Northwest aircraft were involved, about noon, Minneapolis time. But then the word went out that all commercial aircraft were to land immediately regardless of where they were to set down. Of course, we had airplanes, crews, and passengers all over the globe and had no idea what the big picture was. I returned to the ALPA office where I spent the rest of the afternoon and on into the night fielding telephone calls from pilots and their families with inquiries of what was taking place.

My wife, Sue and our daughter-in-law Deb spent the afternoon and evening fielding telephone calls at the American Red Cross from people anxious to contribute

blood, money or just support to the situation.

The Duxbury family had a different communication problem. We knew our American Airlines B-757 Captain, Bill Duxbury, was flying that day from his DCA base. He was scheduled to fly to California. We had heard nothing of him. As I looked at pictures of the Pentagon burning—and learned the aircraft was an American Airlines B-757 which hit the building, I immediately thought of my son.

Most everyone at the Holiday Inn on 9/11/2001 was aware of my concern. My wife Sue and Bill's wife Laurie in Virginia had no information about where Bill was. It was a long stressful morning with little information coming in. We finally learned that afternoon that Bill was on the ground with his B-757 crew in Miami. Like many airplanes, flight crews and passengers, they were grounded for some days. But, for us, the good news was that he was safe!

With all the commercial aircraft grounded it was eerie that night when the only airplane sounds you heard were those of the Minnesota USAF Air Guard from Duluth, flying F-16 aircraft. The only contrails the next day were likewise from F-16s.

But, the story for our son did not end there. Besides his job as a captain for American Airlines, he was also a US Navy Reserve Captain based in the Crisis Room of the Pentagon. As the base in DCA is a small one for American Airlines, Bill knew the crew of the plane that hit the Pentagon. He was particularly good friends with the captain who was a fellow USNR captain and a USNA graduate who also was assigned to the Crisis Room at the Pentagon.

Now the story gets worse. The section of the Pentagon that the American Airlines B-757 hit at very high speed was indeed the area of Bill's USNR assignment. Thus he lost good friends on the AA B-757 flight crew, as well as some equally good friends at his Pentagon area of duty, about 15 to 20 friends in all.

One other tragedy of the Pentagon havoc was the tale of a friend of Bill's from his church in Charlottesville, Virginia. She had many years of experience as a flight attendant with American Airlines and was scheduled to be on the flight that hit the Pentagon. Because of a bad cold, she had called in sick that day and did not make her flight. She has lived with guilt from that incident and has never returned to flying.

After renting a van Bill and his flight crew made it back from Miami.

The next couple of weeks were spent attending funerals of the many friends Bill had who lost their lives that day. Bill and his wife Laurie played the music for many of these funerals.

One other side note; we have a neighbor in our condo area in Tucson who moved from New York to Tucson shortly after 9/11/01. Her husband had been a Fire Captain who had rushed into the World Trade Center after impact. He never returned.

That was a day that surely changed our son Bill's life and for that matter commercial aviation. These changes include pilot pay, retirements, cockpit doors, airport security requirements, and for lack of a better term, job satisfaction and vocational enjoyment. I hope I am off base with this somewhat negative summary.

The good news, for Dux, is that commercial aviation safety seems to just continue to improve.

Still, 9/11 remains a major event in the lifetimes of all Americans—and many others in the world.

Thanks Gary for devoting one of our RNPA issues to these memories. We are all indeed very lucky to have you as our editor and publisher.

Dick and Sue Duxbury

9/11

STORIES

Hugh Sims

Like everyone else, the memories of that day will stay with me forever. Additionally, I have a bit of different story to relate.

I had been retired since February of 2000, and until late August of 2001 had been working as the DC-10 Program Manager for Pan Am Flight Academy. In early August of 2001 the entire school had heard of a student who was going to attend just to get some 747-400 ground school and a few simulator rides. We were all extremely curious since it made no sense for what the student was willing to pay for since he wasn't going to get a type rating. Also he paid most of the bill with \$10,000 in travelers checks which we had never seen before.

This, of course, was Zacarias Moussaoui. As we all know he was arrested shortly after his arrival, was eventually convicted, and is serving a life sentence in a federal prison in Colorado.

On 9/11 itself I was sitting in a NATCO classroom getting requalified in the 747-200 having accepted a job with Classic Aviation, which was an outgrowth of the old test and ferry group. As we watched the airplanes hitting the Twin Towers I got on my cell phone and called the office of Paul Wellstone, since I had met the Senator in a social context, and was connected to Tom Lopic his Minnesota chief of staff. Note: he was later killed in the airplane with Wellstone.

I reminded Tom that Moussaoui was being held in the Anoka County jail. Probably didn't need to do this since the FBI shortly thereafter moved him to Alexandria, Virginia. Another side note: the copilot in Well-

stone's airplane was Michael Guess, a long time employee of Pan Am Flight Academy who was there at the time. A very nice young man.

Hugh Sims

9/11

STORIES

Jerry Kreuger

Most Monday mornings for the last eight years Gerald Kreuger, the same guy we know as Jerry, has written a column for the Aberdeen American News in Aberdeen, South Dakota. This is the column he wrote on October 12th, 2001. – Ed.

I am wondering if any other Americans find themselves personally grieving for the victims of Sept. 11 and their loved ones?

I certainly have. This event has left me with lingering thoughts about them, even though I know none of them personally. It is such a new emotion in my life.

I find myself close to them, for no other reason than the fact that it could have been any of us who were affected by this atrocity. I find myself with a new warmth toward law enforcement, toward firefighters (especially the World Trade Center heroes) who gave their lives to help save others.

Prior to Sept. 11, most of us in America believed the experts who were telling us: War is obsolete. There is no need for war. Nations will be forced to negotiate their disputes. Yet today we are at war and men and women in the armed services are held in special esteem.

What happened? Did we forget or did we ignore the admonitions by folks of wisdom that there actually is evil in the world. One thing is for sure, all humanity, the world family must unite in the war against such evil. If ever in the history of the world, it was time to become united it is now. Such a portrayal of insanity and unbelievable hate toward the civilized citizens of the world brings home the message to everyone that we are engaged in World War III.

Most of us thought WWII would be a nuclear war between nations of unprecedented strength, and armies of numbers never before massed against each other. My, how our views and beliefs do change with one day's events.

My thoughts about the future remain unchanged. Good always prevails over evil. I am heartened that at this point in the history of our country and of the world that we have leaders of incredible talent and wisdom. Now is not the time to be disagreeable, doubting, critical, pessimistic. Now is not the time to be placing blame. Now is the time for unity-period! The threat right now is too big. Blame can be placed later.

There is no doubt that every life will be changed.

There is no doubt that we can all absorb change in our lives and make sacrifices. I look at it this way: If those brave men and women who lost their lives by stepping up to the call to save others, then it sure can't be very much for us to step up and do what we must to support our leaders, and our country.

What is it that we can do as citizens to help win this war on evil? Well, to begin with we can all be patient, tolerant, confident and supportive of our government.

We can all accept graciously the change that will take place in society.

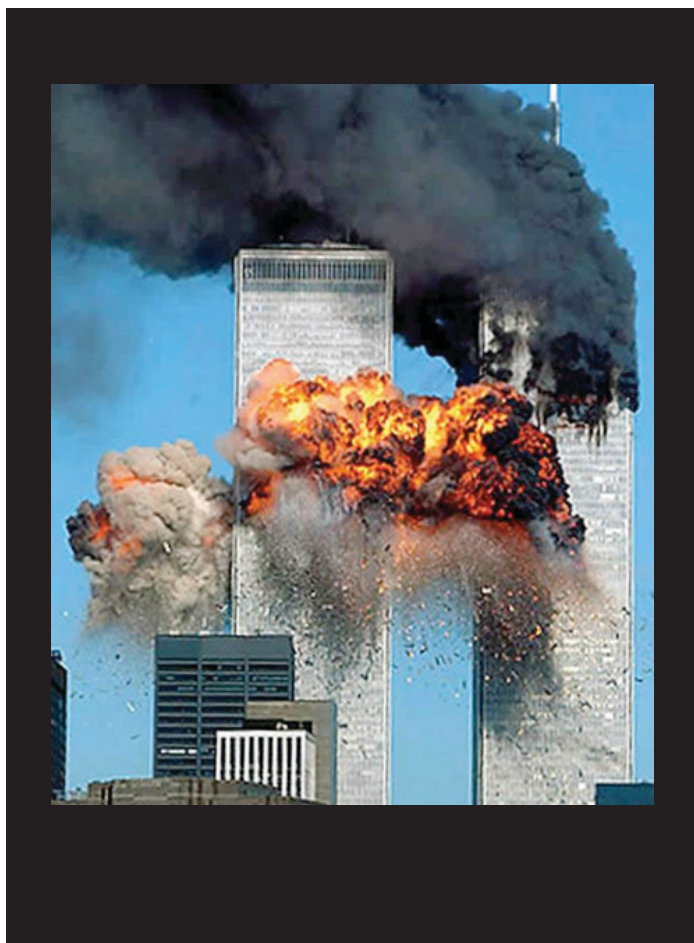
We can have faith that things will return to normal (whatever that is), if we remain confident and patriotic.

Suddenly we have become folks of faith, friendly toward our neighbors, and holding the men and women in uniform in highest esteem.

Mankind will win this war against insanity and terrorism, but not without sacrifices, and not without enduring events so very unsavory and so distasteful to us that our very fiber of existence will be challenged.

Let us all show confidence, and pray that every one of us is ready to meet this challenge and do our part.

Gerald Kreuger





POSSIBLY THE LARGEST MOST EXPENSIVE MONUMENT TO 9/11 YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF

Retitled from a blog entry on
InterestingAmerica.com
by Richard Grigonis

The wind-swept northeast corner of the Bayonne Peninsula in New Jersey—essentially a man-made pier jutting into Upper New York Bay, just across the water from the both the Statue of Liberty and the former World Trade Center—is a foreboding place, the site of a former military base, now near the entrance to a cruise terminal. On this corner of nowhere, surrounded by an almost apocalyptic, post-industrial wasteland of rubble, shipping containers, weeds and asphalt, one can see a 40-foot long, mirror-like, 4-ton nickel-plated stainless steel teardrop daintily hanging from the top of a jagged vertical fissure in a colossal 106-foot tall, 175-ton steel tower clad in softly glowing bronze. With a design evoking the vanquished World Trade Center, it's a monument—a gift of Russia, its people and the Russian sculptor Zurab Tsereteli, who created it.

Officially the name of this monument is, “To the Struggle Against World Terrorism.” It's also known as the “Russian Tear,” “Tear of Grief,” “Teardrop Memorial,” “the Russian Tear Drop Monument” and “The Memorial at Harbor View Park.” It has also been called “the biggest 9/11 memorial you've never heard of,” “a ten-story embarrassment,” “a heavy-handed, simplistic cliché,” “an insensitive, self-aggrandizing piece of pompousness by one of the world's blatant self-promoters,” and “a cross between a scar and a woman's private parts.” It somehow manages to combine bitter controversy, an almost conspiratorially-imposed obscurity, and majestic high art, all in a neat monolithic sculpture.

The odyssey of how this artistic testament came to be at its current location is a fascinating story. The man at the center of it all is artist Zurab Tsereteli, perhaps Russia's most famous artist. He knows everyone from Adnan Koshogi to Eunice Kennedy Shriver. He has sculpted busts of former Moscow Mayor Yury Luzhkov, crooner Iosif Kobzon and film director Eldar Ryazanov. He's friends with former President Bill Clinton. Indeed, the list of luminaries who have visited his workshop include French actress Catherine Deneuve, former U.S. president George H.W. Bush and Hollywood leading man Robert De Niro, who signed a photo in Tsereteli's studio thus, "To Zurab: Thank you for your gracious hospitality. Take care, my friend, Bob De Niro."

As the events of the World Center tragedy unfolded on the morning of September 11th, 2001, Tsereteli was in his home in Moscow, preparing for another day of work at the Russian Academy of Arts, where he is president. He saw on his television the World Trade Center tower collapse and was overcome with emotion.

As Tsereteli drove to work on a street taking him past the American Embassy, he could see people gathered outside the building to sympathize and to mourn the loss. Observing the throngs of people in tears, at that moment he had the idea for a great memorial based on the image of a tear. On that day, Tsereteli began to work out in his yellow sketch book various ideas and 'forms' for the monument that would convey his emotions invoked by the attack.

Tsereteli recalled that, looking at the World Trade Center at a distance, the towers appeared to him to be a single entity, so he hit upon the idea of a 106-foot tall rectangular block having a rough-edged fissure in the middle, from which would be suspended a 40-foot tear symbolizing not just the world's outpouring of grief over the loss of life, but also the hope for a terror-free future. Eventually there also came the idea of nine paths leading to an 11-sided granite base or "plinth" upon which would be inscribed the names of the more than 3,000 people killed in both the February 26, 1993 and September 11, 2001 World Trade Center terrorist attacks.

Tsereteli soon traveled to ground zero. The dusty, toxic rubble was still being sifted and carted off. He found the site too chaotic and unsuitable for the memorial. In speaking with friends and colleagues present in New York during the attacks he soon heard stories of New Jersey's role in the aftermath of the catastrophe. Aside from New Jersey residents staffing the Twin Towers, survivors of the attack had

been transported away from the scene to New Jersey by boats and ferries. Thus, Tsereteli investigated sites in New Jersey, with the idea that the proposed monument would be situated on the waterfront with the former World Trade Center and Statue of Liberty as a dramatic backdrop.

The most obvious location to offer the monument was Jersey City, directly across the Hudson River from ground zero. As it happens, the memorial had a big, ardent supporter in Jersey City in the form of Mayor Glenn D. Cunningham. In 2003, the Jersey City Council gave approval to erecting the memorial at Exchange Place in Jersey City, directly across the river from the World Trade Center's former site.

Unfortunately, Mayor Cunningham died shortly thereafter, and many residents began complaining that a local artist should have been chosen to design a memorial. Others began questioning Tsereteli's other sculptures and the aesthetics of the memorial itself, which was now sitting in Tsereteli's foundry in Russia. Finally, the city declined to designate a site for it, effectively killing the project.

Tsereteli then took command of the situation and looked at a site near the Military Ocean Terminal at Bayonne, which eventually became the monument's home, formerly known as Military Ocean Terminal (MOTBY). For more than 60 years MOTBY was an immense naval supply center, shipping goods for every major U.S. military operation from World War II to Desert Storm. The military base was decommissioned in 1999 and officially transferred to the City of Bayonne in 2002 for redevelopment as The Peninsula at Bayonne Harbor.

Tsereteli offered his anti-terrorist memorial to Bayonne, which expressed interest

While plans for the World Trade Center site in New York continued to be a mass of confusion, Zurab Tsereteli boldly shepherded his own project, spending \$12 million of his own money to make his vision a reality. (Bayonne only had \$40,000 to spend on the project, so, amazingly, Tsereteli took up the financial slack.) The monument was shipped from Russia to the United States in six sections—weighing between 28 and 63 tons each—and assembled by a group of Russian and American artisans. Tsereteli spent several months here in the U.S. overseeing every detail as he supervised teams of Russian and American workmen who assembled the work and prepared the monument's shiny surface finishes. They even installed the lighting system that now brightly lights up the monument at night, making it

highly visible from Battery Park, from the Statue of Liberty, from the Staten Island Ferry, and even from planes approaching Newark Airport.

And, as envisioned, the whole work was placed atop an 11-sided black marble plinth, into which are carved the names of all who died in the 9/11 tragedy, along with those who died in the World Trade Center bombing of 1993.

On September 16, 2005 the little northeast corner of the peninsula in Bayonne was the scene of an impressive ceremony. It was called “A Ceremonial Groundbreaking for the Monument To the Struggle Against World Terrorism,” but in fact none of the dignitaries present had to shovel anything.

Attending the ceremony were former President Bill Clinton, New Jersey Governor Jon Corzine, Senator Frank Lautenberg, Senator Robert Menendez, Mayor Joseph V. Doria, Jr., family members of World Trade Center victims and other dignitaries. The keynote speaker that day was Vladimir Putin, President of the Russian Federation, who reminded the audience that Russia also had experienced the grief of terrorism.

Putin said, “...Four years ago, the terrorists intended to plunge America and the civilized world into chaos, but they have failed. On the contrary, mankind united. We have made an efficient international anti-terrorist coalition. I fully agree with Mr. Mayor. We defeated Nazism and together we will win a victory over terrorism. This monument, in memory of victims of the September 11th attacks, will serve as a symbol of Russian-American unity against world terrorism.”

On September 11, 2006, the fifth anniversary of the tragedy, the monument To the Struggle Against World Terrorism was dedicated. Bill Clinton was the keynote speaker. The completed park was eventually dedicated by Mayor Doria on September 11, 2007.

What resulted from all this was the 9/11 memorial and Harbor View Park, a two-acre public park situated on the tip of The Peninsula at Bayonne Harbor. Now home to Cape Liberty (a year-round cruise port), The Peninsula is in the midst of redevelopment organized around the construction of residential and commercial districts to eventually create a lively waterfront community.

The Excitement Wasn't Over—Relocation?

After the many ordeals necessary to raise the memorial, the land on which it stands was sold to The Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. In early August 2010, newspapers reported that one condition of that sale was that the memorial would

have to be moved (to some undetermined location) so that the entire peninsula could be used to handle bigger cargo ships.

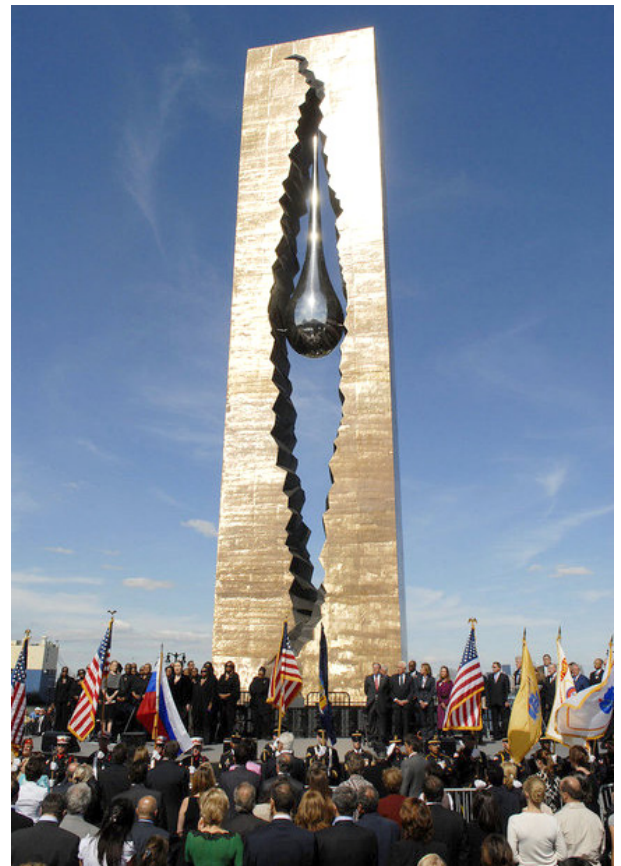
Frank Perrucci, the chairman of the “September 11th...Bayonne Remembers Committee,” was upset about this news and jumped into action, lobbying everyone who would listen to him, even Lt. Gov. Kim Guadagno, who in turn notified “others” in Gov. Chris Christie’s office.

The strategy worked. As a result of his efforts and those of his compatriots, Perrucci received a letter on January 20, 2011 from Charles B. McKenna, director of the New Jersey State Office of Homeland Security and Preparedness, giving his assurances to Perrucci that the Russian “teardrop” monument will not be moved any time in the near future.

“I have checked with representatives of the Port Authority, and they have assured me that there are no plans to move the Teardrop Monument. Thus, I hope this allays your fears,” McKenna wrote in the letter.

Perrucci said he could have jumped for joy.

As philosopher, essayist, poet and novelist George Santayana famously said in his 1906 book, *The Life of Reason*, “Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.”



2011 Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarships Announced

Submitted by Tom Schellinger

The recipients of the 2011 PSMSF Awards were announced at the annual board meeting held in the Board Room of Wings Financial Credit Union on June 8, 2011. Tom Schellinger, Secretary/Treasurer of the Fund, commented that the selection committee, staffed by Wings employees, selected two very well qualified individuals to receive the awards. He also reminded everyone they should check the Wings Financial web site for the latest eligibility and deadline requirements for applying for the scholarships offered by the Fund and Wings.

This year's winners of the PSMSF scholarships were Isabelle Edhlund and Alexander Riel. Each recipient wrote a short bio for this article that you might enjoy.



Isabelle Edhlund wrote: "My name is Isabelle and I'm an Aerospace Engineering major. I graduated this year from a dual-enrollment program at Broward College that allowed me to earn my Associate of Arts in Aerospace Engineering along with my high school diploma. I'm excited to continue at the University of Florida this fall and pursue my bachelor's as well as a minor in Biomechanics!

I owe my interest in aviation and aerospace to a line of pilots and engineers in my family, including my grandpa Ken who is a happily retired NWA pilot in Alaska with my grandma. My dad is a recreational pilot also and our yearly trips to AirVenture since I was seven years old have had a tremendous influence on my career path."

I can't thank you enough, Mr. Schellinger, Wings Financial, and the NWA Retired Pilots Association, for providing this opportunity for students like myself that have big dreams. I will work hard and remember your support as I begin a new and challenging chapter in my life! Thank you!"

Isabelle is the granddaughter of NWA retired pilot Kenneth Yehlik. She finished in the top 10% of her high school class and also earned Highest Honors for her AA degree.



Alexander Riel wrote: "Thank you very much for awarding this scholarship to me. I am very honored! My name is Alex Riel, I am a resident of Spokane Valley, Washington, and I will be attending the University of Washington in the fall. I plan to major in biology and chemistry in the hopes of attending medical school. I am honored to have received this scholarship award not just for the financial assistance but mostly for how this award made my grandfather, Ronald Riel, proud of me. My grandfather retired from the Detroit base as a 747-400 captain, having served as a pilot with Northwest Airlines for 35 years. My grandpa knew Mr. Soderlind and had nothing but great things to say about all of the innovations he brought to aviation. My grandpa loved flying and I cherish the memories that I have with my Dad and grandpa attending air shows and watching the Blue Angels soar overhead.

Although my grandfather is now retired, he is as busy as ever. He is very active in the Kiwanis organization here in Spokane Valley, having served both as a Club President and as a Lt. Governor. He and my Grandmother, Kathie, have attended and supported me in my sporting and scholastic activities during the past 15 years including my basketball and soccer games and my sister's sporting events. In addition, with family scattered throughout the country, they continue to travel extensively visiting their 5 children and 16 grandchildren. In his spare time, he enjoys fishing, gardening and spending time in the 'cockpit' of his newest tractor.

Once again, thanks to everyone that supports this Scholarship!"

A special thanks to all of those who contributed to the PSMSF and helped make these scholarships available. Each scholarship was in the amount of \$2,500 and was awarded in May, 2011.

“WALK QUIETLY,
SPEAK SOFTLY,
PRAY IF YOU WILL,
CRY IF YOU MUST;
BUT ALWAYS LOOK
TO THE SKIES.”



THE 9/11 FLIGHT CREW MEMORIAL

By Steve Mahannah

This all started as a question. Why were the 9/11 flight crew members being ignored by the press and media? We should do something about this!

Valerie Thompson was a flight attendant with American Airlines with twenty years seniority. She was married to Dean Thompson who had a way of getting things done. Soon they had started a foundation and recruited a group of volunteers. My experience with the Thompsons started with a phone call from Paul McCallum. He was the head of the Convention and Visitors Bureau of Grapevine, Texas. The city had decided that honoring the flight crews of 9/11 was something they wanted to support as the city had many flight crew members as residents. Paul called me because he happened to be my son-in-law's brother and thought I would be interested in the project.

At first I wanted nothing to do with something that could take years to complete, but after considering the project I agreed to serve on the Board of Directors. I then happily departed on my annual summer's stay on my island in Canada. Little did I know what I had done to my future. On returning to the States and attending my first Board meeting I found myself elected Treasurer of the Foundation. Not only that, a website was needed in the worst way and I was the volunteer for that job too. I knew nothing of either job and begged off the Treasurers job for the website. This started a job I am still doing and my association with the most dedicated group of people I have ever known.

This is really Dean and Valerie's story; they lived and breathed the Foundation for almost seven years. I often told Dean, "You are the engines of the Foundation, we are just along for the ride." And what a ride it was.

We started little by selling caps, pins and t-shirts to passengers and crew members and finished big by putting up the first and only memorial dedicated to the crew members of 9/11. We did this in the middle of the deepest economic recession in our country's recent history and without any governmental grants except for Grapevine's.

At first we actually didn't know what we wanted to do. The first ideas were bronze life sized statues, perhaps a pilot and a flight attendant standing among the other figures in downtown Grapevine. Grapevine is a small Texas city that just happens to have 2/3 of DFW in its city limits. The motif of the downtown area is early frontier and there are many bronze figures. That was a major problem as there were diverging ideas on the Board. We struggled explaining to potential supporters just what we wanted to do.

In 2004 we formed a committee to solicit designs from artists across the world. From this competition we selected a design from Bryce Cameron Liston of Salt Lake City. His vision was a *grande* style bronze of figures. The committee and Board members worked with Bryce until the final design was selected. There would be five figures 14 feet high along with a globe and two giant eagles. Bryce delivered a clay maquette in 2005 and we



finally had a solid vision of the Memorial. We had our design, but had little cash on hand to pay Bryce to complete the bronzes. We purchased the design copyright and Dean took over the daunting task of transforming Bryce's design to bronze.

One of the Board members had a hanger at a local airport that was utilized by Dean and his group of volunteers who worked there for 3 years making the forms for the bronze molds. With a solid vision of what the Memorial was to be, fund raising was much more effective and we started receiving much better results.

The City of Grapevine then stepped in big time. The City facilitated the gift of the site from the Westwood Development Group and provided landscaping, parking and benches. The City also constructed the base for the Memorial. The 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial Foundation donated the Memorial as a gift to the City who then incorporated the Memorial into their Parks system.

This all came together in 2008. On July 4th 2008 on a clear Texas morning the 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial was dedicated in Grapevine, Texas just north of Dallas Fort Worth International Airport with almost a thousand in attendance. The site is located on the SW corner of Northwest Highway and Texan Trail in the new Grapevine Station Development and provides outstanding access to the public.

Our vice -president, Shirley Hall, made a presentation at the dedication that explained the symbolism of the Memorial. I would like to close with it as she did it beautifully.

Shirley Hall
Vice President
9/11 Flight Crew Memorial Foundation

"As volunteers on this project we have each spent time describing this statue in our attempts to raise funds to turn Valerie's dream into a reality. From Bryce Cameron Liston's original interpretation to the final magnificent piece of art you see here today, each of us has shared our ideas on the symbolism of the statue.

The entire bronze sculpture and Texas limestone base sit centered on the North, South, East and West directional indicator known as the 'Compass Rose.' A granite facing displays the flights and names of the crews. A stone column rises to support a large globe, as we all know the aviation industry spans the world.

The impressive eagles, a national symbol of freedom, represent both airlines, American and United that lost flights that morning.

The Captain stands at the highest point, his copilot to his right, as it is on the airplane.

The Captain is charged with the responsibility of protecting passengers, fellow crew members and the aircraft. The First Officer is alert, his safety manual in hand, pointing to the western horizon, the intended destination of all four flights. Back to back placement of the Flight Attendants to the Cockpit Crew shows the teamwork of all flight crews, especially now—post 9/11.

The young girl with her teddy bear represents the traveling public. She is the family on their big vacation, the newlyweds on their



honeymoon, the grandmother on her very first flight, the weary businessman and unfortunately now... she is the soldier off to war.

The role best known by the general flying public is portrayed by the male Flight Attendant. He drapes a blanket around the small child. His duties show a commitment to passenger care and service. Indicative of her role as a safety professional, the female Flight Attendant stands in the protected position: her hand held in the International sign for "stop," shielding her passengers from harm.

The 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial is dedicated to the 33 flight crew members that were lost and all the crew members that courageously continue to be the ever vigilant professionals of the airline industry. As you return to visit in a quieter moment, please remember that this site is sacred ground. Walk quietly, speak softly, pray if you will, cry if you must; but always look to the skies."

TO OUR HEROES:
FIRST TAKEN
LAST REMEMBERED
NOW HONORED

This Memorial is something I am very proud of being associated with. It belongs to all crew members. Please visit the Memorial and our website:
911flightcrewmemorial.org

Grapevine has set up a shuttle service from DFW to Grapevine. To get to the 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial, the Grapevine Visitors Shuttle is accessible through the Grand Hyatt in Terminal D. Passengers who are arriving at other terminals, may access the Grapevine Visitors Shuttle via SkyLink to Terminal D and exit the building by the Grand Hyatt DFW.

Service to the 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial is on request only. Please ask the driver to stop at the 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial when boarding the shuttle. Return service to DFW Airport is reflected on the schedule. Passengers should be at the designated shuttle stop approximately 3-5 minutes prior to the departure time.

Monday-Thursday, 11 AM - 2 PM: Yellow Route.

Monday-Thursday, 3-10 PM: Red Route. When arriving at the Gaylord Texan, the bus converts to the Blue Route. Passengers stay on the shuttle for service to the 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial.

Friday & Saturday, 11 AM-10 PM: Red Route. When arriving at the Gaylord Texan, the bus converts to the Blue Route. Passengers stay on the shuttle for continuing service to the 9/11 Flight Crew Memorial.

Sunday, 11 AM - 6 PM - Yellow Route

Engraved pavers are available from Grapevine through the Conventions and Visitors Bureau. Link grapevinetexasusa.com/thingstodo

9/11 Flight Crew Memorial Foundation
1000 Texan Trail, Suite 255
Grapevine, TX 76051

Grapevine Convention & Visitors Bureau
Vintage Texas
One Liberty Park Plaza
Grapevine, TX 76051
800-457-6338, 817-410-3185

A brief description of the Memorial: It is a bronze sculpture based on the design of Bryce Cameron Liston of Salt Lake City, Utah and sculpted by Dean Thompson. It is executed in the *grande* style which is one and one half life size. The Memorial has five figures; two pilots, two flight attendants and a child representing the traveling public. The figures are 14 feet high and with the base stand 20 feet. It is sited facing west on a compass rose. Engraved pavers encircle the site. The figures stand on a block of white Texas limestone. The names of the crew members of the 9/11 flights are engraved on slabs of granite surrounding the base. It is truly beautiful and awe inspiring.

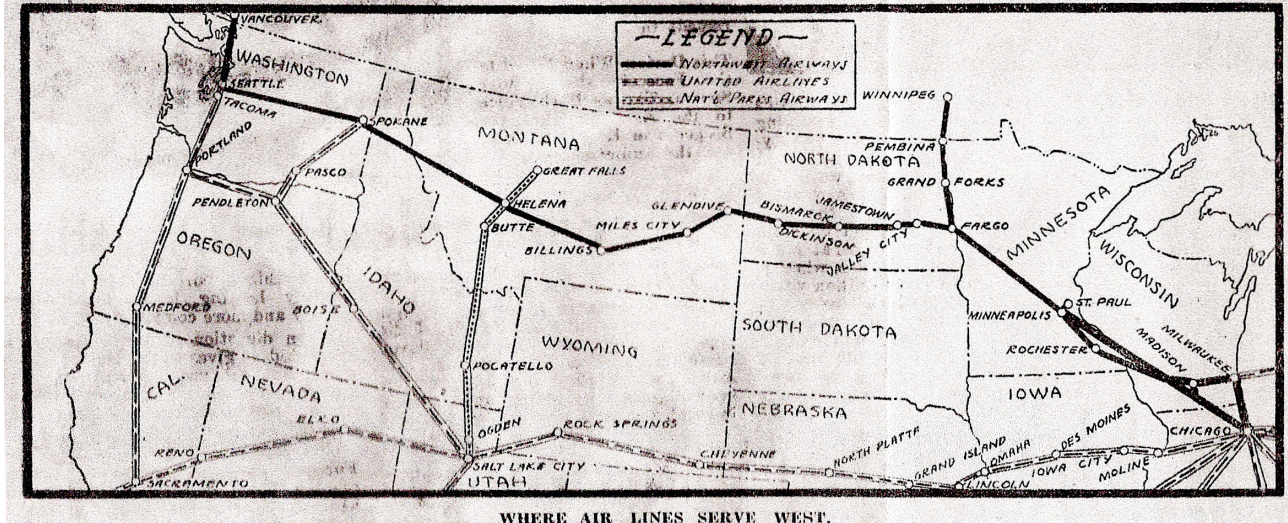


LOOKING BACK



RNPA HISTORIAN **JAMES LINDLEY**

Northern Air Route Is Reality



Spokesman Review 1933
Spokane, Washington

Northern Air Route a Reality

The airways map of the United States is constantly changing. For the first time, there now appears the northern transcontinental airway through Spokane from Seattle to Chicago and on to New York. For the first time, Spokane is on a through airline and has a direct connection on regular scheduled flights with a second east-and-west through line from New York to San Francisco.

The map, accompanying this article, shows the new northern route from Chicago to Seattle, which will be flown by planes of the Northwest Airways, as well as the Chicago-San Francisco line, flown by planes of United Airlines, which also flies the Spokane-Pasco-Salt Lake connection and the Seattle-Pendleton-Salt Lake connection.

In recent weeks, the Federal Government appropriated \$655,000 to build the northern route, indicated by the heavy black line across the upper portion of the picture from Chicago to Seattle, though the Twin Cities, Fargo, Jamestown, Bismarck, Dickinson, Glendive, Miles City, Billings, Helena, Wallache, Spokane, Wenatchee, Cle Elum, Tacoma and Seattle.

How this Line is Built

The government has also set aside \$50,000 for the Northwest Airways Canadian connection to Winnipeg through Grand Forks and Pembina. The map also indicates another Canadian connection from Seattle to Victoria and Vancouver, although this line as yet is on paper, but it is scheduled for early operation.

Building an airway with federal money means the lighting of the entire line with beacons every 15 miles to make night flying possible. It also involves improvements of intermediate landing fields at least every 50 miles. Actually, these are being spotted at intervals of 35 to 40 miles.

It means too servicing of the entire system with radio and weather bureau information. The company installs its own radio stations at strategic points. For instance, it has installed a 400 watt equipment on the second floor of the administration building at Felts field at it Spokane station. Stations with somewhat less power will be installed across the northern tier of states.

Speed up Construction

Croil Hunter, vice president and general manager of Northwest Airways, was a recent Spokane visitor. He said that construction of such an airway would ordinarily require 10 to 12 months. However, the government is making this construction an employment project in the emergency and it should be ready for full service by midsummer. Meanwhile, planes are covering it regularly.

When the line is lighted for night flying, the company will fly two round trips daily between Seattle and Chicago. One round trip is the present schedule. It is taking delivery of a fleet of fast new Lockheed Orion single motor, five place planes which can cruise at a speed of 206 miles per hour, the fastest passenger plane now in service anywhere. It also has ordered Lockheed Electras, two motor planes of the latest design, to carry 12 people and make 190 miles per hour. These models will be standard equipment on all Northwest Airways lines.

Northern Route Shortest

Mr. Hunter states that the fast planes will pick up a Spokane passenger in Chicago at midnight and deliver him in Spokane the following morning at 9:45 AM. Or, east-bound, they will pick up a letter in Spokane at 8 in the evening and deliver it to New York in time before noon the following day. The company's planes do not fly east of Chicago, but they will connect with other lines through special traffic arrangement.

The northern route, it is declared, has several distinct advantages over all others. It is two or three hours faster, has 350 fewer miles of mountain flying and 2000 feet less in altitude at the maximum to negotiate. It encounters less wind and fog and enjoys flying conditions normally better than other routes.

However, the possibility of a forced landing has not been overlooked. Passengers will be entertained at the finest hotels available at no extra expense until another plane arrives, or, if they prefer to continue by rail, they will be transferred to the finest trains available and furnished Pullman accommodations to their destination. Obviously, the company does not expect to be called upon often for the emergency service.

It is significant that the airway from St. Paul to Spokane virtually is over the main line of the Northern Pacific the entire distance, except from Missoula to Spokane. West of Spokane it follows the Great Northern. This is not only important, in the event of emergency landings but from the standpoint of construction as materials can be unloaded almost where needed. This is unusual as air lines in the west usually strike off across a wilderness where transportation of materials is a serious problem.

Pilots have Spokane Base

Four or five company pilots will make Spokane their base with headquarters at Felts field. The Northwest Airways at present does not have a mail contract over the northern route. It is negotiating to the end, however, and is confident such a contract will be forthcoming before long. Air mail normally represents nearly 80 percent of revenues and passengers 20 percent. It is flying the route, however, in good faith without a contract. It is bringing a seven year dream of Spokane with this transcontinental airway through the northern tier.

2021 SUMMER CRUISE

THE FACES OF RNPA

For what we think was something like the seventh year, Vic Kleinsteuber and Judy Summers organized another great Summer Cruise on the St. Croix River with a near record turnout. But I neglected to round them up for a photo. As you will see on the following pages, the sun was out as we boarded the good ship Avalon which allowed me to get a photo of most, but not all, of the attendees. Many, many of these faces have attended this and many other RNPA functions on a regular basis. So instead of labeling each of the shots I will include the entire alphabetical list of attendees and give you a chance to match names with faces. Current and former Flight Attendants are shown above. – Ed.





Clarence Ahlberg • Joanne Aitken • Arlen & Claudia Anderson • John & Diane Andres • Don Aulick • John & Candy Badger • Paul Baersch • Chuck & Jody Bartlett • Jon & Julie Bautista • Alice Bernhart Jim & Nancy Bestul Dick & Cookie Bihler • Bob Blad • John & B. J. Boyer • Myron Bredahl • Vic & Greta Britt • Pete & Ann Brown • Don & Vickie Bulger • Rod & Donna Burris • Beth Burt • Chuck Carlson • Don & Jane Chadwick • Terry & Lynne Confer • Jack & Betty Cornforth • Cindy Corry • Suzanne Coyne • Jim & Cindy Dan-



drea • Larry Daudt • Gail Dierks • Mary Jane Dittberner • Larry & Marcy Dorau • Jim & Norma Driver • Dick & Sue Duxbury • Tom & Sue Ebner • Susan Eckley • Milt & Mary Eitreim • Tom Erickson • Dan & Joyce Far- kas • Bill & Sam Fellingner • Gary Ferguson • Nancy Fincham • Keith & Verna Finneseth • Ken & Jayne Finney • Jim & Bobbie Flatz • Sharon Gayle • Rich Glover • Patricia Glowacki • Marty Ginzle • Shirley Groff • Roger & Rosie Grotbo • Cheryl Gyldenvand • Dick & Lois Haglund • Rod Hald • Phil & Eileen Hallin • Jim & Vickie



Hancock • Natalie Hanson • K. P. & Nancy Haram • Audrey Hastings •Lynne Hensrud •Judy Huff • Don & Evy Hunt • Paul Jackman • Karen Jensen • Arlo & Carol Johnson • Dennis Johnson • Ed Johnson • Jeff Johnson • Pete & Susan Johnson • Dick & Marina Jones • Fred & Gail Joseph • Tom & Tootz Kelley • Ron Kenmir • Anne Kerr • Vic Kleinstuber & Judy Summers • K. C. & Martha Kohlbrand • Ken & Sharon Kreutzman • Lori & Tara Krezowski • Jack & Barbara Kritzer • John & Claire Lackey • Kay Larson • Joel Long • Bob & Corrine



Lunde • Dave & Angie Lundin • Tim & Kathi Mannion • Terry & Susan Marsh • Keith Maxwell & Kathy Zelie • Marcia Mayer • Jim & Dianne McLaughlin • Les & Julie McNamee • Norm & Jean Midthun • Elaine Mielke • D. K. Miller • Walt & Jan Mills • Dean & Marion Mittelstaedt • Roger & Julie Moberg • Nick Modders • Jim & Jo Morell • Kirk Mogren • Dave & Holley Nelson • Kathy Nelson • Dino & Karen Oliva • Jim & Jackie O'Reilly • Kathy Palmen • Carol Petkoff • Gary Pisel • Wally & Deni Piszczek • Tony & Deneen Polgar • Neil & Lor-



raine Potts • Sue Psyk • Bill & Judy Rataczak • Dick & Mary Ann Robbins • Gary & Sandy Roelofs • Bob Root
• Bob & Judy Royer • Kay Ruff • Bev Ryan • Dave & Jane Sanderson • Tom & Judy Schellinger • Pete & Mindy
Schenck • John Scholl • Jean Schreir • John & Jolene Schricker • Don & Edith Schrope • Patricia Schuety •
Wayne Segulia • Hugh & Nancy Sims • Sandy Ryan • Virgil & Christine Sagness • Gary & Jaclyn Smitson •
Al & Ina Sovereign • Lowell & Audrey Stafford • Ned & Ellen Stephens • Char Stewart • Gene & Joan Sum-



merfeld • Joe Sutilla • John & Dianne Syverson • Ullie Taylor • Al & Jean Teasley • Connie Thompson • Gary & Joan Thompson • Steve Towle • Hans Waldenstrom • Bob & Sheila Wangerin • Wayne & Rita Ward • Bill & Nancy Waterbury • Claudia Waters • Stephen & Nancy Weber • Wallace Weber • Dutch & Andrea Wellman • Doug & Sherry Wenborg • Tom & Mary White • Don & Jeanne Wiedner • Stan & Arline Willbanks • ReNae Wolle • Jerry & Linda Wortman • Dianne Wulff • Debbie Wulff-Nelson • Dayle Yates



Wayne and Rita Ward brought their daughter Lori Krezowski and granddaughter Tara Krezowski. Walt and Jan Mills on the right.

Sue Horning was one of several door prize winners.

Photos by the Editor





“Stretch” Trapp
1925 ~ 2010

Creighton F. Trapp, age 84, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” for a final check ride on June 2, 2010. He was born in Buffalo NY on August 30, 1925 and his father was in the flour milling business, so the family moved to Minneapolis where Creighton graduated from Washburn High School in 1943. His passion was for all things mechanical, especially anything regarding aircraft and flying. He had his first flight in a Piper J-3 Cub in 1941, and was very active in a model airplane club where his planes won many contests. During WWII Creighton volunteered for the military after high school, but was turned away as he was deemed too tall for military service. His towering height, six feet seven inches, easily earned him the nickname “Stretch.” He attended Parks Air College, now part of St. Louis University, and graduated from a technical program, receiving his mechanic’s rating in 1945. He also took flying lessons and received his pilot’s license in 1945 in a Boeing PT-17 Stearman.

From 1945 to 1948, Stretch worked for Midconti-

nent Airlines in New Orleans as a mechanic and crew chief. He purchased and flew a PT 13 during this time to gain flying experience, and got a job with Boeing as a mechanic in the experimental flight test department. After a year with Boeing he was hired by Northwest Airlines as a mechanic in September 1947, and in 1948 married his wife Lenor Green. He progressed to crew chief and ground instructor, and in March 1955 checked out as flight engineer on the Boeing 377 Stratocruiser, but then he was laid off as a flight engineer for 2 years and never got to fly it. The two years he was laid off as flight engineer Creighton bid back to the mechanic ranks, and when he was recalled as a flight engineer he checked out in the DC6 and DC7. For several years he worked in flight training as a flight engineer instructor and ground school instructor. In

July 1964 Stretch joined the pilot

ranks and his first pilot checkout was as first officer on the Douglas DC-6, and he later qualified as first officer on the Boeing 707. He checked out as Captain on the Boeing 727 in 1970, and retired as a Boeing 747 captain in 1985.

He belonged to Cessna flying clubs in Minneapolis and Seattle. Lenor and Creighton also enjoyed boating and owned a 27 foot trawler. He was a docent at the Museum of Flight in Renton, Washington for twenty years, from 1988 to 2008. Many Northwest pilots will remember their friend Stretch as a gentle man, tall in stature, with an easy going personality and usually wearing a big smile under his mustache. He had a deep voice that projected deep chuckles and laughs that would always brighten one’s day.

Creighton was preceded in death by his son Paul, but he is survived by his wife of 60 years, Lenor and a daughter, Carol, plus three grandchildren, Peter (Jessica), Katherine and Laura, one great grandson, Mason.



Walt Howard 1922 ~ 2011

Walter Howard, age 88, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, “Flew West” peacefully for his final check with his family by his side, in Hudson Wisconsin, on Saturday, March 5, 2011. Walt was born on May 31, 1922 in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, and grew up on his family farm. He was a kid with a dream of flying after witnessing a pilot land at the farm in need of fuel for his plane. He worked for a nickel a day on the farm saving his money to buy an airplane ride; hiding his savings in a wood pile to keep it away from his seven siblings. During high school Walt bought flying lessons, and was a member of the Civil Air Patrol. He graduated from Oconomowoc High School in 1940, and moved to Long Beach, California to work for Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Company building bombers. Walt earned his pilot’s license at Long Beach

in 1941, and when war broke out enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corp for training as a glider pilot. The glider program was disbanded before he got his orders so he enlisted in the U.S. Navy, and served in the Philippine Islands until he was discharged in February 1946. In December 1946 Walt married his hometown sweetheart, Dorothy Bowe of Dousman, Wisconsin. In 1947 they drove the Al-Can Highway to Fairbanks, Alaska, before it was opened, and both got jobs with a construction company building Eielson Air Force Base. After they returned to Wisconsin Dorothy taught school and Walt went to A&P school.

Walt worked for Northwest for 32 years, and was hired in 1950 as a mechanic, but one with a burning desire to become a pilot. In 1952 he saw an empty chair in a new hire pilot class, stuck his head in and asked if he could take the spot. He was told he could not wear glasses; he took them off and didn’t need to put them back on until he turned 50, twenty years later. He started his career as a co-pilot on the DC-3 and ended up as captain on the 747, and served as an instructor and check airman on the 707 in the early 1970s. He flew the DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, Boeing 377 Stratocruiser, Lockheed Electra, Boeing 707, 727, and 747, and the DC-10.



Walt converted his garage in Bloomington, Minnesota into a hangar and rebuilt a J-3 Cub and a Taylorcraft, putting floats on the Taylorcraft. He took pleasure teaching his sons to fly; eldest son Tim learned to fly in Walt's Cessna 170, and younger son Todd learned to fly in the rebuilt Taylorcraft. Walt took great pride in the legacy of aviation that he started. Tim was hired by North Central Airlines in 1976 and became a Northwest pilot after the merger of Republic Airlines. Todd was hired by Northwest in 1995, and Tim's son Chad is a pilot for Mesaba Airlines.

After retirement in 1984 Walt and Dorothy moved to a farm northeast of River Falls, Wisconsin and built a hangar and airstrip on the property where he kept the T-craft and several Cessna 182s, converting one into an amphibious float plane. Walt enjoyed fishing, and he enjoyed flying family and friends to remote fishing camps in Canada in his float planes. He also flew four years for Air Care International of St. Paul, carrying sick and disabled veterans for the Veterans Administration. Walt often said that he would rather

fly than eat.

Walter and Dorothy traveled to Australia, Norway, Sweden, England, Wales, Germany, and Africa, and throughout the USA and Alaska. In 1987 they retraced their trip up the Al-Can Highway to Fairbanks and continued beyond the arctic circle on the 'haul road' to Coalfoot. They attended 16 Elder hostels in various locations studying a variety of topics. Walt's quick wit and sense of humor endeared him to those around him, as did his trademark wink and smile, sometimes a little mischievous, but always kindhearted. He was known for his little witticisms, many of which he coined from his early childhood. His spirit and humor was never dampened even throughout his later stages of Parkinson's.

Walter is survived by Dorothy, his loving wife of 64 years, and children; Tim, Holly, Anne, and Todd; and Grandchildren Erik, Jamie, Merete, and Chad. He imparted wisdom and countless memories that will endure long after his passing. Walt will be dearly missed by family and friends alike.



"Slim" Haines
1924 ~ 2011

Merle D. "Slim" Haines, age 87, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain "Flew West" for a final check peacefully on Wednesday, March 2, 2011 with his loving family by his side. Merle was born on the family farm in Winterset, Iowa. After graduating from high school, he served in the Navy during WWII. While stationed at Cape Cod he met his future wife, Frances. Shortly thereafter, he proposed to Fran during a live performance by Les Brown and the Band of Renown. "Sentimental Journey" continued to be their song throughout 58 years of marriage.

Merle began his career with Northwest Airlines as a radio mechanic and retired 38 years later as a DC-10 Captain. After raising their family in Minnesota, Merle and Fran returned to the Pacific Northwest, enjoying 26 years of retirement in Anacortes. As active members of Fidalgo Yacht Club, their fondest memories included cruising the San Juans aboard the OHIO-WA, often in the company of dear friends. Merle was an active member of Anacortes Kiwanis and also enjoyed years of noon-time gatherings with the Friday Boys.

Merle was preceded in death by his wife, Frances, and his sister, Helen. He is survived by his brother, Lyle, his children, Nancy, Ron and Karen, 7 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren.

The family will honor Merle's wishes to have his ashes scattered at sea. No services will be held.



Floyd Dean 1918 ~ 2010

Floyd M. Dean, age 90, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” for a final check on October 21, 2010. Floyd was born May 7, 1918 in New Brighton, Pennsylvania, and in his teens worked at a Gulf Oil station in Greenville, Pennsylvania. A customer always came in and said, “If I was young like you, I would learn to fly.” Floyd loved airplanes, so he took lessons and got his private and instructor’s license. During training he purchased his own Piper J-3 Cub, and his first Cub passenger was his high school sweetheart, Ada Louise Collar. In 1938 the Miami International Airport celebrated an expansion and Gulf Oil wanted representatives from each of the 48 states to fly to Miami for the inauguration ceremonies. Gulf Oil paid for the gas and oil, and his Gulf Oil station boss put his name in as Pennsylvania’s representative. Floyd was chosen and asked permission from Gulf Oil to deviate on his flight back to visit a relative in Louisiana. Gulf Oil asked what type of aircraft he was flying, and when they found out it was a J-3 Cub said Floyd could deviate all he wanted. Flying back from Miami Floyd’s Cub got carburetor icing and he made a forced landing in a cotton field. A farmer came out with a mule and pulled the aircraft to a dirt road, and he continued his trip home.

Floyd graduated from Tri-State College in Angola, Indiana with an aeronautical engineering degree in 1941, and married high school sweetheart Ada Louise Collar February 21st that same year. His instrument rating check was scheduled on December 8, 1941 but events at Pearl Harbor on December 7th delayed it. Floyd was hired by Northwest Airlines February 27, 1942, and flew his entire 36 year career based in Minneapolis. He flew copilot for less than a year before checking out as captain, and the remainder of his career was flown from the left seat. During WWII, he flew the line to Alaska bringing supplies to the troops fighting along the Aleutian Islands. The flying was hard and dangerous under conditions and technology of the time, but it was challenging and rewarding. In high school he played clarinet, and his flights from Minneapolis to Alaska were with a copilot who taught him music theory. Floyd practiced on the piano for hours and taught himself to be an accomplished pianist and organist.

At Northwest Floyd flew the Lockheed 10A, DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, Boeing 377, L-188 Electra, Boeing 707 and Boeing 747. In May, 1956 a reporter for the Minneapolis magazine followed Floyd’s crew on a trip to New York City for an article, “Two Days With a Pilot.” Pictures from that trip are included here. Floyd transitioned to jets in the early ’60s flying the B-707. Northwest hired some helicopter pilots in the ’60s and during a flight a new hire second officer asked if he could get out of his seat for a minute. The second officer got behind Floyd’s seat, looked out the window and said, “I spent most of my time at 1500 feet or less, and





wanted to see what it looked like at FL350.”

Floyd was excited to be the first Northwest Airlines “line pilot” to qualify in the B-747, and training was in the aircraft because Northwest had no 747 simulators. During training a Lear Jet flew in loose formation taking photo shots of the new Northwest 747. His first Orient flight on the 747 was with an FAA inspector onboard to qualify 747s for Northwest’s Asian routes. Northwest received an unconditional route qualification for the 747 with no limitations or requalification required. He was proud of that accomplishment.

Floyd loved aviation, the people, equipment and challenges. He enjoyed working with tools and playing or listening to music. A great prankster, his family

remembers a fruitless pear tree they had. Floyd got up early one morning, placed Bing cherries all over the tree and came in shouting, “No wonder we never got any pears on that tree; it’s a cherry tree.” The entire family rushed out excitedly to see his discovery. His family and friends will miss him dearly. He was an inspiration to all who knew him.

Preceded in death by his mother, Mabel (Beighley); his father, Floyd Raymond; his sister Charlotte; his daughters, Nancy Louise (Post) and Marilyn Lorraine (Bell). Survived by his loving wife of 69 years, Ada Louise; his children, Elizabeth Jane (Foster), Floyd Robert, Frederick Milo; 6 grandchildren; 6 great-grandchildren.



Rose Vimr 1919 ~ 2011

Rose Myers Vimr, age 91, formerly of West St. Paul and Eagan, Minnesota, passed away peacefully in Dell Rapids, South Dakota at the home of her daughter, Marianna on January 24, 2011. Rose was born Nov. 21, 1919 in Lakeville, Minnesota, to Edward and Nora (Grady) Myers, and grew up in Minnesota. She attended Derham Hall Prep School, St. Paul, and graduated from the College of St Catherine, St. Paul, Minnesota with a B.A. in 1942.

Rose met her future husband, Donald Vimr, at Northwest Airlines where Don was an airline pilot. Rose was hired as a ticket agent, and became a stewardess at the Minneapolis base. She and Don enjoyed layovers with another NWA stewardess, Betsy Winn, who met and married NWA flight engineer Al Reed. On layovers they rented a car to go exploring, driving to Jefferson’s home Monticello, along the eastern coast visiting museums and art collections, or sitting in on Congressional hearings.

Stewardesses were not allowed to wear jewelry in uniform except for engagement rings, which came as mixed fortune since stewardesses were released from NWA when they married! Rose ended her nine year Northwest career as Chief Stewardess, Western Region, at the Seattle base, when she and Don were married on Oct. 13, 1951 in Nativity Church, St. Paul. She and Don loved entertaining, square dancing, international travel, and raising their two kids. Don plied Rose with cookbooks, and she became a terrific cook. He would try anything, and the two decided whether to keep a recipe. Don’s favorite teasing homage for a particular delicacy was that it was ‘eminently edible.’

Rose loved the symphony, opera and plays, and enjoyed good books. She read the Wall Street Journal cover-to-cover daily without fail, and was an avid bridge and poker player, passing on many of her interests to her children and grandchildren. Rose volunteered as a Travelers Aide at the Twin Cities Airport, at the Science Museum of Minnesota gift shop, and used her travel experience as a tour guide for the American Automobile Association (AAA).

After Don passed away November 2008, Rose moved to South Dakota with grace and a positive attitude to be near her daughter, Marianna, following the untimely death of her son, Gerry, from brain cancer. She was preceded in death by her beloved husband, Donald, devoted son, Gerald, brother, Edward, parents, aunts and uncles. She is survived by daughter Marianna (Don) Finn, daughter-in-law Theresa Vimr, and five grandchildren.



Earl S. Lunde, age 86, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” for a final check ride peacefully, at his home in Bloomington, Minnesota on July 31, 2010. Earl, a beloved husband, father and grandfather, was born to Erik and Emma Lunde on a farm near Ellsworth, Wisconsin on September 21, 1923. He graduated from Ellsworth High School in May 1941, just six months before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

In August 1941 Earl went to work for the Boeing Aircraft Company in Seattle, Washington, and in October 1941 left Boeing to work for Northwest Airlines as a groomer. In June 1942 Earl was assigned to the Edmonton, Alberta station as an aircraft mechanic, and between October 1942 and May 1943 served as an aircraft mechanic at Fort Smith, Fort Simpson, and Norman Wells, Canada. Earl served as Chief Mechanic at Fort Nelson, Canada from June 1943 until April 1944, when he enlisted in the US Navy as a Master Mechanic.

After boot camp he returned to Minnesota in July 1944 and was assigned to a primary flying field the Navy had at Staunton Airfield, near Northfield, Minnesota. He was transferred to an Aviation Technical School in Norman, Oklahoma in October 1944, and reported to NAS Jacksonville, Florida in February 1945 where he was a station keeper until April 1945 when he reported for Preflight Training as a Naval Aviation Cadet at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The war ended before Earl finished flight training, and he received an honorable discharge from the US Navy in October 1945.

After discharge from the Navy Earl returned to Northwest Airlines and became a Master Mechanic at the Minneapolis Base, and in November 1950 was assigned as Chief Mechanic at

Washington National Airport, Washington, DC. While Earl was in Minneapolis he had met another Northwest employee, Corrine Ishol of Philip, South Dakota, and they were married in June 1951. He checked out as a flight engineer in August 1953, and when the opportunity was offered he joined the pilot ranks as a first officer in October 1963. Earl checked out as a Boeing 727 Captain in July 1968, and after his FAA mandated retirement at age 60 as a pilot in September 1983, qualified and served as a Boeing 747 second officer until October 1990 when he retired after 49 plus years as a Northwest Airlines employee. After retirement he and Corrine spent summers in Bloom-



Earl Lunde
1923 ~ 2010

ington, Minnesota, and winters in Sun Lakes, Arizona.

Pilots who flew with Earl considered him a great gentleman, and enjoyed knowing and working with him. He had an easy manner and was recognized by those who worked with him as a professional who took his responsibilities seriously. His family will remember him always for his kindness, twinkling eyes, quick wit, and for his love of family.

Earl is survived by his loving wife of 59 years, Corrine; three children, Sherry, Mary Ann, and Eric; grandchildren, Shawna, Kelsey, Kara, Charlie, and Grace; and sister, Helen Hove.





Membership Application and Change of Address Form

NAME _____
SPOUSE'S NAME _____

PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS
STREET _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP+4 _____ PHONE _____
EMAIL* _____
Leave this blank if you do not wish to receive RNPA email news. (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 NWA DELTA AS:
AN EMPLOYEE _____ A PILOT _____

DATE OF RETIREMENT FROM NWA DELTA AS:
AN EMPLOYEE _____ A PILOT _____

IF CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY DELTA 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
Pilots: Retired NWA, post-merger retired Delta, or Active Delta

AFFILIATE (AF) \$25
Spouse or widow of RNPA member, pre-merger Delta retired pilots, other NWA or Delta employees, a friend, 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

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

RNPA TREASURER:
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