

# CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 188

NOVEMBER 2013



A true  
aviation  
pioneer  
takes his  
last flight

Joe Kimm  
1911–2013



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 \$40 annually for Regular Members (NWA pilots, active or retired) and \$30 for Affiliate Members.

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# STUFF THAT MAY INTEREST YOU

Pen, pencil or Crayons. Email or snail mail. However you'd like to deliver it your Editor always welcomes stories and articles for Contrails. What other group has ever had as an enjoyable career as we have? Tell us all about it.

**SEA Christmas Luncheon  
December 12th**

**MSP Christmas Party  
Sunday, December 8th  
Page 16**

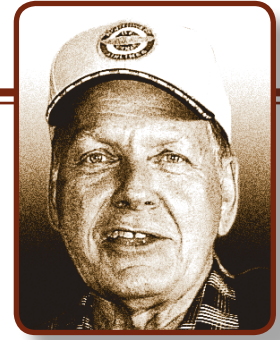
**READ  
THIS**

**SW Florida Spring Luncheon  
March 11th**

**RECRUIT NEW MEMBERS!**



## President's Report: Gary PISEL



Greetings fellow members,

Another great and successful reunion has just ended in Lexington. KC and Martha Kohlbrand planned and executed a magnificent party for all. The day at Keeneland Race Track brought excitement and some money on the winning horses. THANKS!

It was decided at the Board of Directors meeting that the dues would remain steady at \$40 for active members for the next year. In these days of rising prices this is very good news.

It was also decided the drawings for a free room and free convention would cease. When the attendance was larger we were able to be awarded free rooms from the hotel. With small groups we do not get that perk. The combination of room and convention totals nearly \$1,000. So, by eliminating this feature we can keep the cost of the conventions lower.

It's Sacramento for next year's Reunion. Walt Mills has a great venue for all to enjoy. Read about it in this Contrails and sign up. Better yet sign up another member to bring with you.

We will again ask for TEDDY BEARS or stuffed animals for the fire department at Sacramento. Start collecting now.

Elections will be held at this venue also, so if you are inclined to run for an office please contact me.

Hope this finds you all healthy and active.

### HEALTH WATCH

We all remember the physicals we had to take while flying. How many of you have maintained this habit? If not every six months, at least once a year? One of the leading causes of strokes and resulting death or disability is the blockage of the **Carotid Artery**, main supplier of blood to the brain. It behooves each of us to have it checked periodically.



## Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

### IT'S ALL ABOUT THE NUMBERS

Reunion 2013 in Lexington was a GREAT success, which brings us near the close of another year.

In late December or early January you will receive your 2014 dues statement. Each year the cost of almost everything goes up.

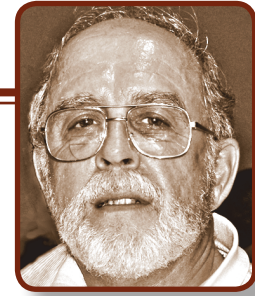
So it is with our newsletter. At the Board meeting in Lexington we discussed our dues structure. After much discussion we managed to trim some of our expenses allowing us to continue with the same dues as this year's.

As we begin to lose membership we will either have to raise dues or find some way to cut costs (maybe go to three newsletters per year). A better solution would be to recruit new members. If you know anyone that is not a member, encourage them to join. Our membership is our life's blood.





## Editor's Notes: Gary FERGUSON



### ABOUT THE COVER

Few pilots alive have been there almost from the beginning of commercial aviation. Having lived for more than 102 years, Joe not only survived those very early years, he became almost an iconic version of what it was to be a Northwest Airlines pilot.

There are a number of tributes and remembrances of him and his career beginning on page 17.

### A NEW OBITUARY EDITOR

After almost twelve years of contributing to the Flown West section, and several years as the “formal” Obituary Editor, Vic Britt has asked to be relieved. (Not that he has to ask anyone—this is an all-volunteer operation after all.)

As you have heard me say many times, his was, and remains, a difficult job, considering that the survivors have many other things on their minds. He has done it with tact and style and I for one will miss all of his help.

If you'd like to thank him, his email is:

vicbritt(at)outlook.com

Beginning with the February '14 issue Bill Day has agreed to take over for Vic. I look forward to working with Bill and I thank him for taking on what is definitely not a glamorous job.

### AND ABOUT THOSE OBITUARIES

When you finish reading this issue you will have discovered thirteen pages of obituaries. As depressing as that is, it was time that we got caught up.

It was a subject of discussion at the Board meeting in Lexington at my request.

While we feel it important to acknowledge the passing of our brother pilots, we need to face the reality of what the future holds. I don't feel, and the Board agrees, that we can continue to devote almost a quarter of the magazine to Flown West.

So... now that Bill is taking over as Obituary Editor will be a good time to establish a general policy of only one half page and one photo for each RNPA pilot who takes that final flight.

(Yes, there may be exceptions.)

### LETTERS? WHAT LETTERS?

Missing the “Letters” section. That's not an oversight. The mailbag is completely empty.

### LOVING AND HATING COMPUTERS

As I type this it is Sunday, October 20th. I have been struggling to get this to the printer by Monday morning to help insure your timely delivery of the magazine. Yesterday I fired up the computer only to be staring at a black screen.

There's no question that all this new technology is wonderful, and that I am continuously amazed at what these things can do. But there must be someone's “law” that says those little devil electrons will decide to fail at precisely the time that one needs them the most.

It doesn't help that I'm set up in temporary quarters here in Portland for over two months waiting to close on our new home in a few more days.

Normally I would have sent this off to the printer by the 15th, but since the Reunion in Lexington was later this year I didn't even get back home until the 15th. Then I had to get all the photos processed and placed and make everything else fit in 64 pages.

So most of yesterday was spent chasing around trying to find a replacement power “block” for my big 30” Apple Cinema Display. Disclaimer: RNPA bought this for me to be able to layout the magazine full size. But it is now nine years old and Apple now terms my equipment “Vintage.” And, consequently, they no longer stock parts for it. When it comes to computers and electronics, the word “current” takes on a decidedly different meaning.

The part is available, though, on eBay and elsewhere, but I don't have time to wait for it. Those little electrons knew that, I'm certain!

So I am now working on a borrowed smaller and much older display even than mine. But it's working and I'm almost finished at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Devil electrons, I'm telling you!

That's what I've been up to.

Whatchabeenupto?



## Contributing Columnist **Bob Root**

### Travels with Olde Bob; Part Two

This is not an advice column. However, even though people do not call me or write me to ask for advice, occasionally I offer some. Like this: If ever you should be invited to travel with Olde Bob—DON'T!

Readers may recall that in a previous issue I promised that I would not write in this space further comments about my health situation since we all have our own problems. Well—I lied! In order to tell this story, I must offer a refresher course regarding a device called an LVAD. I will be brief (I hope).

I have an LVAD (left ventricular assist device). It is a heart pump. It was attached to my heart during open heart surgery. A wire providing several useful signals protrudes from my belly and is attached to a “controller” which itself is attached to batteries or to a larger gizmo which requires electrical power at all times. When I am up and about, I use the batteries. When I am abed (how's that for brief) the power is supplied by a wall outlet just like a favorite reading lamp. The gizmo thing is about half the size and twice as heavy as a gym bag and can also be powered from the cigarette lighter in a motorized vehicle. Included at no extra cost are ten batteries and a charger approximately the size of a six-pack of your favorite beverage provided the cans or bottles are large. There is one more piece of equipment-- a black bag containing spare parts and emergency phone numbers which I am required to keep in my presence at all times. All of this must travel with me which explains why I rarely go to the airport.

Part One of Travels With Olde Bob told of a trip from Surprise, Arizona, to Shakopee, Minnesota, in the motor home with Lee-the-wife, Mulligan-the-dog and Birdie-and Ace-the cats. You may recall there was some difficulty. Part Two here involves the same group, the same trip, but a new RV.

It had been unusually warm in Arizona for some time. After struggling with the loading for a week, we declared ourselves ready for travel. With the outside temperature hovering around 112 degrees, all travelers aboard and equipment positioned, I started the big Ford engine, plugged myself into the lighter outlet and released the brakes. We motored 25 feet to the corner when suddenly I had a thought:

“Where is my little black bag?”

“I don't know, you had it. It wasn't where we keep it, so I thought you put it aboard.”

“Bet it's still in the car from last night. We'll have to go back and get it.”

I therefore drove all the way around the block, deciding to practice my somewhat rusty RV driving skills. By the time we had circled the block, I had become quite comfortable. My comfort fled upon arrival back home where we discovered a newly-arrived pickup truck at our house. We watched as a guy got out of the truck with a long stick, walked over to the “yard” (which is actually a surface of rocks) and stuck his stick in the ground in such a manner that I knew he was shutting off the water to our house. With our engine still running, I opened the sliding window beside me and leaned into the desert furnace.

“Hey, that's my house. What are you doing?”

“Shutting off the water for non-payment.”

It should be noted that my wife and I share the bill-paying duties—she writes the checks and I sign them and stuff envelopes. Apparently, we had missed one.

I reached for my wallet. (I would write facetiously here, but I don't know how to spell it.)

“How much is it, I'll pay you.”

# The Root Cellar



“You have to call the 800 number. I don’t collect money.”

“I don’t happen to have the 800 number on the tip of my tongue.”

“It’s on that card I put on your front door.”

“Since you are out there and I am in here, perhaps you could bring it to me?”

Reluctantly, he did so. Meanwhile, my wife left to retrieve the black bag from the car inside the garage. While she was gone, the water guy drove away and I discovered a **YELLOW LIGHT ON THE DEVICE PLUGGED INTO THE RV’S ELECTRICAL SYSTEM!** Some of the guys would have panicked. Others would have reacted to the beeps which began when the yellow light came on. Some of the guys, like this one, would not react to the beeps because they once were airline pilots and now their bad ears do not hear the beeps. Some of the guys, because they were once airline pilots, would react calmly to the yellow light and simply wonder why is the light **IN THE SHAPE OF A WRENCH?**

So as I sat there wondering, my wife returned with the black bag. I opened it and used the phone number within to call my friends at Mayo Clinic in Phoenix. Eva answered.

“Eva, my dear, I am in my RV with wife, two cats and a dog. We are heading for Minnesota and have discovered a yellow light on my equipment. It is a light in the shape of a wrench.”

“If you are not on battery power right now, you should switch to batteries. You have to come here and we will check the equipment.”

“You didn’t ask where we are.”

“I don’t care where you are, come here now.”

I handed the phone to my wife and headed the RV toward Scottsdale, not toward Minnesota. My wife made arrangements to meet Eva in approximately 45 minutes. I drove north and east on the 303, east on Happy Valley Road, south on I-17 and east again on the 101. Mayo was right where it has always been. While enroute, my terrific wife negotiated with the “800” number to pay our water bill (which had been sent to the Minnesota address) by credit card and was assured the water would be restored.

One needs to understand that the malfunctioning equipment is what I use when not on batteries. Without it, I am what is currently referred to as toast. One needs to also understand that when Dr. Mayo (or Mr. Hyde) designed the parking lot in Arizona, he planted trees which survive the desert heat and branch out to cover the asphalt. The branches, however, are not high enough for an RV to move below. Awful sounds emit from the RV’s roof, reminding the driver of big dollars without any cents.

My wife was dropped off at the clinic entrance with the offending piece of equipment. I noticed that Eva was not in sight. I then parked the RV in the nearest convenient space, which was somewhere around New Mexico, and spent the next hour and 27 minutes bonding with the pets, all the time hoping she would return before my batteries ran out. Fortunately she did—angry and out-of-breath from the hike and the long wait in the clinic despite the communication ability of iPhones, pagers, twitters, facebookes and smoke signals.

“They say it’s fried,” she reported. “Now they want to check the battery charger to see if it fried also. You have to drive me around to the entrance again where Eva will meet us.”

“What took so long?”

“I checked in and sat in the waiting room. The check-in person forgot to tell Eva.”

I cranked up the big Ford, scraped the roof air conditioner all the way to the front entrance and there stood Eva, waiting. She came on board for home-made cookies. The two women who take care of me then left with the battery charger and I returned the RV to the New Mexico border, picking up more scrapes along the way. I fed cats, petted the dog, sweated, and practiced my expletives. Finally, my cell phone somehow got my attention.

“The charger is fried also. You have to come pick me up and now they want to check you.”

“I am not “fried.” “There is nothing wrong with me.”

“They are conservative. You know they always err on the side of safety. You have to get me, we’ll re-park the RV, and someone will bring us back.”

And so we went, and I, who had left home at 10:30 a.m. on a trip to Minnesota, was now being checked over by some of the most specialized medical personnel known to man or woman even though there was nothing amiss with me, my LVAD, my wife or our pets!

Those readers who have been checked over by specialized medical personnel might remember that they operate at the pace of the tortoise who won the fabled race. I received a very professional checkup while our pets bonded with themselves in the air-conditioned comfort of the RV using the \$4.00 per gallon fuel in a small generator like the one we pilots called an APU.

With all checks completed, we were presented with a brand new battery charger and power module (the gizmo from above) but were stuck with the Olde Bob. At 5:30 p.m. we were back on the highway, headed for Minnesota. We made it all the way to a place called Camp Verde that first day of the trip. Readers familiar with Arizona have my permission to laugh. Those who are not need only know that it ain’t very fer. I say again: “Travel not with Olde Bob!”

Back home now in Arizona. It's four o'clock and I'm tired. Seems like I'm always tired lately from all the work I do carrying these batteries around all day and doing the dishes and bonding with the pets. Time for a nap. Whoops, what's that? Oh, the oxygen tube got stuck under the bathroom door when I headed for the bedroom. There, got it out. The LVAD people tell me not to sleep on battery power so I should hook up to the wall unit. Ouch, damn. Stepped on Mullie's chew toy. Hurts.

Okay, sit on edge of bed, unscrew and pull out white cord from right battery. There, it's out and I'm beeping, but I can't hear the beeps. Screw white end into white wire from wall unit. Now unscrew black wire from left battery. Where is it? Damn, I'm sitting on it. Okay, got it out from under me and screwed into unit. No more unheard beeps. Better coil up the cord and hang it on the special hook Grandma Lee rigged up for me. Whoops, how'd the oxygen tube get wound up in the power cord? Wow, it's

really snarled. There, got it loose. Okay, pull the battery shoulder harness over my head and hang it up. Crap, it pulled my glasses off on the way by. Glad they didn't break. Okay, picked them up off the floor. Now what's wrong? Oh, the oxygen tube got caught between my toes while I was bending over to pick up the glasses. There, got it loose. Not going to take time to coil all this tubing before my nap. Think I'll just drop it on the floor and lie down. It's four thirty and I'm tired. Ouch, what's that. Oh, hearing aids are still in. Hurt ear when I put head on the pillow. Okay, got 'em out. Can't understand how tops of my ears hold hearing aids, glasses and oxygen tubes all at once. Well, most of the time anyway.

No, Mullie, you can't have any oxygen. Quit chewing the tube. Good girl. Go find your mother. No, Mullie, NO BARKING AT THE DAMN BUNNIES! I'm tired. Finally going to get my nap.

"Bob, I can't find Miss Birdie." ★

# SW Florida Spring Luncheon

## March 11th, 2014

Marina Jack's, Sarasota  
**Limited to 150 guests!**  
 Cash Bar 10:30 – 12:30  
 Lunch 12:30

**\$26**  
 includes gratuity  
 and tax

MENU CHOICES  
 1. Grouper Oscar  
 2. London Broil  
 3. Island Chicken

**RESERVATION DEADLINE MARCH 4TH • LIMITED GUESTS!**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

CIRCLE MENU CHOICE

1 2 3

1 2 3

Checks payable to "Dino Oliva" (not RNPA)

Mail to him: 3701 Bayou Louise Ln  
 Sarasota FL 34242

Info? 941.349.4960 or 941.356.1963







# A STABILIZED approach



Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**



Summer began a little early this year. Well, I guess I made sure it began early since having to spend most of the winter in Rancho Mirage (two towns east from Palm Springs) where temperatures average a frigid 60-70F with pale aqua blue cloudless skies was getting to be boring. I needed a break. It was almost June and it was time for a summer vacation.

The word “vacation” generally denotes the idea of indolence and relaxation. Welcomely, not so much this year. We were going to enjoy the features of what our government has cataloged as the most remote city in the U.S. With incredible visual geography and one of the largest man made lakes in the land, perhaps the name “Page, Arizona” shouldn’t be the name the city council ardently hangs onto as one appropriate for a town whose entire economy

depends on the traffic of recreationally oriented visitors. Lake Powell City or The City of Lake Powell would seem, to an objective observer, to be a more accurate description of what this place is all about. Let’s get real, it’s about bringing a much needed revenue stream to a city with no industry or manufacturing related activity. Tourism is it and the lake is the main attraction.

The reported 3 million visitors who currently arrive in Page annually far exceed the estimates that had been made in the past and it’s not too hard to see why. The postcard sandstone topography juts out in breathtaking dimension and the Glen Canyon Dam, completed in 1966, creates the second largest man made lake in the U.S., straddling the southern Utah/northern Arizona border. Below its outlet, Lee’s Ferry marks the beginning of the lower Colo-

rado River that wends its way through the Grand Canyon to Lake Mead, finally exiting in the Gulf of California. The sightseeing, hiking, recreation and connection to the wonders and visual miracles of Mother Nature are nearly limitless.

This year's adventure began with a phone call from one of my NWA friends outlining a plan to traverse over 200 miles of BLM (Bureau of Land Management) roads (and I use that word loosely) from Big Water, just west of Page, to Escalante, Utah and then back on a different route, all enclosed by the boundaries of The Grand Staircase—Escalante National Monument. Covering some 1.9 million acres, it was established by Presidential Proclama-

tion in 1996 as the BLM's first national monument and it would be our playground.

The name itself pretty much describes the geological formation extending from the bottom of the Grand Canyon in rising and distinct geological steps extending northward all the way to Bryce Canyon. The trail would take us over the rugged, high altitude Kaiparowitz Plateau with views and features that stretch for miles and beyond.

After a day of riding and viewing the many geological features of this region, the goal was to arrive in Escalante and, after bandaging our wounds and debriefing over promised beverages, enjoy a dinner together. The rooms for an overnight stay



at the Prospectors Inn had already been arranged. Sounded like a lot of fun to me and I signed up immediately.

The vehicles for our crew of eighteen were quite diverse. The Razor, a two seat all terrain quad type vehicle, was popular for a couple or useful if you wanted to teach your daughter the intricacies of driving on all sorts of terrain. Parallel parking not required. The most versatile vehicle was probably the ubiquitous all terrain “quad,” of which there were several. How the two Jeeps made it through some of the more challenging steeply rising and descending terrain is beyond my understanding. I guess both being driven by a couple of experienced airline adventurer types helps but at times it was slow going. An assured arrival later began to make sense with the beer and food promised beforehand. Pilots are pretty much all the same that way.

The musical chairs game of who drove what was a “run what you brung” determinant. When the music stopped the Van’s RV8 I had flown to the great airport at Page clearly wasn’t going to work. I couldn’t cheat and fly there—there’s no airport in Escalante. Luckily, my generous friend had arranged the availability of a ‘70s era Honda 90 trail bike, affectionately referred to as “the moped.” I would later find out Honda’s definition of the word “trail” did not match the BLM’s understanding of the word. Something must have been lost in translation but the “moped” was a great source of entertainment for the observers who had four wheeled viewpoints. Although unacknowledged, I’m pretty sure bets were being made on my not being present at dinner that evening.

As all pilots know, maps can be handy at times but having someone along with previous experience and local knowledge is even better. We had that guy. Ken, a retired NYC cop, complete with the expected accent, vernacular and “fugetaboutit” attitude was our organizer and guide. As long time residents of Page, he and his wife, Maureen had explored the area for over 20 years and knew how to navigate the maze of trails to our destination.

According to the plan, we, at the previous night’s dinner, agreed to meet at the Big Water staging area early the next morning. As the crew assembled and unloaded the equipment, an unspoken order of procession was already being tacitly arranged. Ken was going to lead of course and for the others, the challenge was to either keep him in sight or figure out which way he turned at the many forks we would encounter. Mother Hen Maureen assured us she’d make sure no one went the wrong way, and the

Jeeps were going to bring up the rear to make sure the dumb and dumber guy on the moped didn’t get tossed or lost. I was silently relieved.

Let me say right up front that some of these BLM roads through the mountainous terrain are nowhere near as smooth as they look from the view out the cockpit window at flight level 350. I was going to finally, after years of looking down and wondering, find out where they went.

The diabolical mix of deep sand, dramatic and abrupt changes in elevation and basketball sized rocks was best traversed by paying attention. All the time. No matter, as we pulled out of the parking lot and onto a gravel road, vehicle choice and experience showed who was prepared. It didn’t take too many miles to discover the Razors and quads kicked up quite a bit of dust and grit as the road surface changed continuously and without warning. In some spots it had a funny alkaline taste. I’m sure you don’t have to ask how I know this. Goggles would have been handy too, but there’s always next year.

It quickly became obvious that a skinny tired two wheel vehicle was not the best choice for the deep sand underlayment prevalent in the flatter sections. Fat tires equals better buoyancy equals fewer face plants. Fat is good. After the laughter subsided at the first stop I was shown how to make the switch to a lower set of gears with a nearly hidden selector under the crankcase of this machine I was now developing a close relationship with. This helped a lot as I would now be able to, maybe, ride the bike up some of the more daunting hills instead of pushing it up while running alongside. Trying to do that while being chased by a bunch of fat tired vehicles and laughing at the top of your lungs obviated any need for a normal cardio workout, at least for that day. The concept of horsepower had nothing to do with the power of this machine. I don’t think there weren’t any horses present. When one of the observers pointed out we had traversed only 11 miles, I think I distinctly remember deciding dicing with death was better than slowing down or turning around. I didn’t and pressed on.

After we re-crossed highway 89, Cottonwood Road took us past one of the countless offshoot hiking trails and viewpoints along the main gravel road. The scenic views of the Toadstools and the Paria Box hike to Yellow Rocks would have to wait for another day. The Cockscomb geology of the near vertical layers of stacked Navajo Sandstone bordered the road through the Cottonwood South and North Narrows. Canyons, narrow canyons. The Grosvenor

Arch, named after a former president of the National Geographic Society is just after the right turn we made at Four Mile Bench Road. If we'd made a left turn we would have been able to have a great hike to the Round Valley Draw or proceeded all the way to Kodachrome Basin State Park. Another day and another trip for sure.

The trail narrowed as we continued to climb The Grand Staircase. The patina of age-old multicolored and oxidized streaks on the face of variedly hewn cliffs made it difficult to concentrate on the road ahead. The sights were continuous and dramatic and the almost uncountable offshoot trails from the main road varied in views, types of vegetation and geology. We couldn't be distracted to more than a few of these temptations or we wouldn't get anywhere near our overnight goal. It was different everywhere we looked and we had miles to go.

The Dixie National Forest bordered us to the northwest; one moment the surroundings were forest and the next a desert of sage and scrub. Horse Mountain Road led to increasingly more challenging terrain. Marked with signs indicating its impassibility, this portion of our route was notably unimproved and not maintained by the BLM. Worse was yet to come as we approached Death Ridge Road.

Ken lead the way out of our lunch spot along the ridge with an undulating road (there's that word again) that showed the signs of what water does when it seeks out a level of its own in elevations far below. Angled transverse cracks and exposed boulders scattered and strewn across the only way back down the climbing twisting trail we had climbed must have been the genesis for the moniker "ATV." All types of terrain for sure, and always changing over time as nature constantly adds the effects of rain, wind and flooding.

As the trail surface hardened in spots the moped was easier to ride and it did well downhill over boulders and the uneven juts caused by erosion. OK, that's a lie. It did well, meaning it went fast because it really couldn't be slowed down as much as desired on some of the steep downhill grades. Ken had a curious frown with a wrinkle creasing his brow when I put on my best "I'm intending to do this" look as I whizzed by, more than slightly out of control. It might not have been the wisest thing to do to pass the leader without water, food, or any sense of where Escalante really was.

Not sure of which way to go at times, I relied on Yogi's advice: "If there's a fork in the road, take it." I turned at Death Ridge Road, figuring the trick was to keep the afternoon sun off my left shoulder

and hope Escalante might show up to the north. Have you ever been out in the middle of absolutely nowhere, no water, no food, no phone, way ahead of the guy who knew where we were going and wondered if you would ever see civilization again? I'm pretty sure I was in that place and I did wonder. After fast becoming used to the sureness of GPS and moving maps, I was startled more than once after looking up and seeing no "magenta line."

It was hard to imagine how the early explorers ever managed to traverse regions like the one we were with our modern versions of conveyance. They might not have covered one hundred miles in one day, but for sure they didn't end up at the Prospector Inn in Escalante with a hot shower, food to order and clean sheets with a pillow either. I think you have to, at least once in life, feel the despair and loss of direction out in the true wilderness to gain any idea of what it might have been like to the early explorers of this region. In one way, it was a fantastically enjoyable sense and feeling of vulnerability in our age of expected guarantees.

Finally, after emerging from the overgrowth, dinner began to look more likely as I paused to view the valley ahead from my mountainous overlook at the end of Death Ridge Road. There were buildings down there! The distant trees blocked the view further but if the moped had gotten decent mileage I began to think I might make it. Racing down the now flattened gravel road, highway markers and eventually even a mailbox or two were another welcome sign of civilization. And there were fields with something growing in an organized fashion! The idea of spending the night alone in the forest of scrub and sage was replaced by a vision of water, gas and food. I like it when that happens.

Escalante, Utah, population 818, was named after the Franciscan missionary Silvestre Velez de Escalante. Along with his superior, in 1776 they tried to find and forge a trail to Monterey, California from Santa Fe, New Mexico. It was mid summer in 1776 when they set out on a journey they would later abandon and return when the weather, supplies and the at times desolate and barren lands convinced them their ministerial efforts had been adequately fulfilled. Our visit was brief—we had another 100 miles to get back to our starting point with several features we wanted to visit.

The next morning Cedar Wash Road leading out of town was flat and fast gravel all the way to Devil's Garden, a 600 acre collection of sandstone hoodoos and natural arches. These natural wonders of varied density sandstone are just one of the many distinct

geological formations present in this region. We saw many natural wonders that begged explanation but that made sense later once explained by a visit to Google.

A right turn at Left Hand Collet Road led to the narrow cut through the Kaiparowitz with washes that must absolutely be avoided when wet. These washes were cut by the many flash floods emanating from rainy weather miles and miles away with no warning. Dinosaur tracks and specimens excavated in the 1880's were available for viewing if we had had the time but pushing on to Croton Road back down the trail towards Big Water beckoned.

Halfway down the road towards the boundary of the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area was the chosen detour to the burning coal-seam fires that have been going underground for at least 800 years. An estimated 62 billion tons of compliance coal (low sulfur), the largest deposit in the continental US, lies under the plateau. A thirteen year battle between environmental groups and the governmental organizations in favor of open pit coal mining raged in the 1960s. The creation of jobs for the region in need versus disturbing the pristine and natural beauty of the parks and wildlands was the issue, with it finally being decided against in 1976. At the cracks and fissures encountered on our detour, the heat of lightning ignited and burning coal could be felt and smelled.

As the afternoon sun sunk towards the horizon, we knew it was time for our group to hurry towards what was probably our last but maybe one of the best views yet. A detour to Alstrom Point was only a 7 mile detour but well worth the view of the distant attraction to this beautiful region. Lake Powell, its volume and shoreline forever and constantly changing due to climactic variations of inflow and water management outflow decisions was there for us, almost beckoning. It was like coming home after hours of riding on the hot and dusty Kaiparowitz Plateau where the only water was what we managed to carry with us.

The fifteen miles left in the journey was quick, like horses returning to the barn. We laughed and cajoled as we unpacked and reloaded the vehicles at the Big Water staging area with an unscripted conversation centered on the trip next year. We had only seen a small part of what this region offers and the plans to see more were already beginning. The next time I see those traces in the sand out my airliner window, it will bring a smile to my face. Now I know where at least some of them go. ✈





WAY



it

WAS



CONTRIBUTING COLUMNIST JOHN DOHERTY

## CRUSADER

Hemingway (as he would) nailed it:

*"It is appearances, characteristics and performance that make a man love an airplane, and they are what put emotion into one. You love a lot of things if you live around them, but there isn't any woman and there isn't any horse, nor any before nor any after, that is as lovely as a great airplane, and men who love them are faithful to them even though they leave them for others. A man has only one virginity to lose in fighters, and if it is a lovely plane he loses it to, there his heart will ever be."*

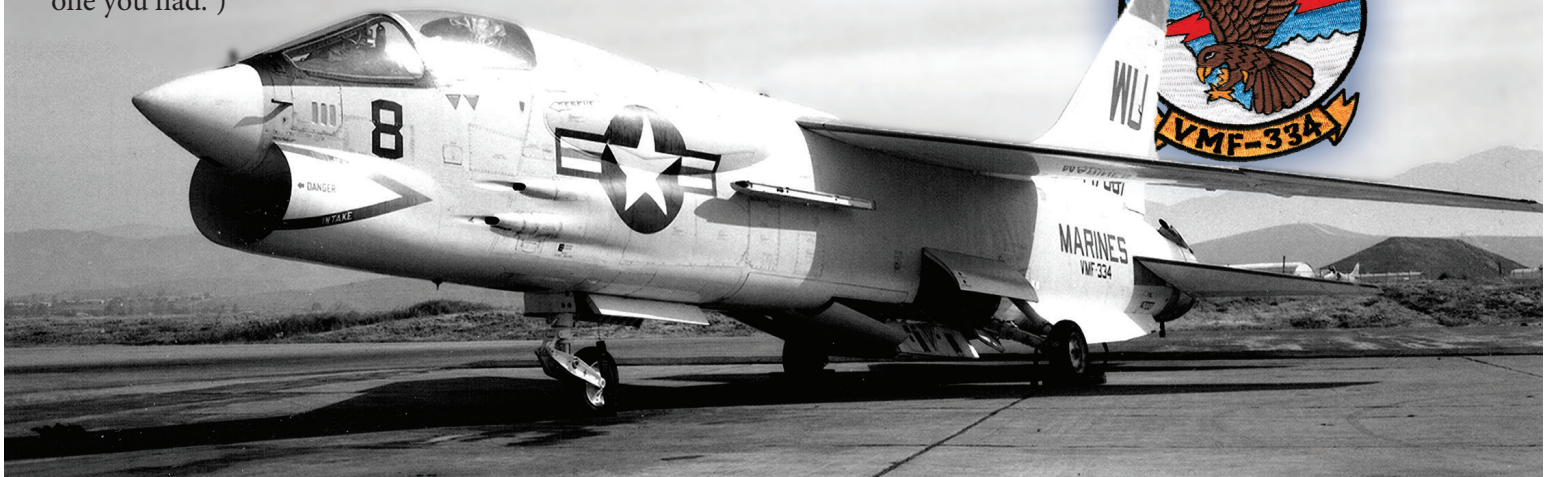
The plane I lost my virginity to was the F-8 Crusader. A few hundred hours of unbridled joy in the sky, 148 strikes in Viet Nam, scrapes with death, a low altitude ejection off the end of the runway at DaNang. That airplane is an integral part of "How It Was" for me—as each of us has his or her plane that is part of their story of "How It Was."

I joined VMF 334 at the Marine Corps Air Station El Toro the summer of 1965—a recently minted 21 year old Naval Aviator long on enthusiasm and short on judgment—qualities as it turned out that fitted me perfectly to the junior officer esprit de corps of that squadron.

The F-8 could do M1.9—had an afterburner that gave an instant 50 knot kick to the airspeed when lighted in flight (and if left lighted at low altitude would drain the tanks in 30 minutes)—a vertiginous roll rate of 570° per second—one engine and one pilot. (An *Aviation Week* ad for the plane at the time intoned "At Pratt and Whitney we build every engine as though it was the only one you had.")

In ten months I flew my first flight—as always the case on that airplane, also my first solo. (Climbing out and accelerating through 450 knots on Fam 1 from my veteran chase pilot, "You can come out of burner any time now")—learned to strafe and fire Zuni rockets, to do air-to-air gunnery and to fly "tactics." I refined my tactics training by slipping out into the warning area and jumping Navy F-8s and F-4s when I could. I learned to fly low and fast—we used targets at the Chocolate Mountain Range in Southern California and part of our profile was to fly along a railroad track so low that the telephone poles were flashing by between me and the guy I was flying wing on—all at around 600KIAS.

I also learned to fly all over the United States on weekends as part of building my flying hours for deployment to Viet Nam. The OpsO would give airplanes to the 20 something junior pilots for the weekend with no other admonishment other than to be back by Sunday



evening so the planes could be readied for the Monday morning launch. We took this as an inviolable command that took precedence over all other considerations including condition of the airplanes. Pilots would come limping home Sunday evening the last couple segments having been done gear down or with the RAT deployed—or only one aircraft in a formation with a radio—one duo famously came home with only one radio and one TACAN—unfortunately each in a different airplane. Lead talked to ATC and the wingy with the TACAN pointed left or right using hand signals. They got home on time.

In May of 1966 I deployed to DaNang where I joined VMF 235—a sober group compared to my compatriots on the West Coast. I went about the business of war enduring the stodginess the best I could and taking advantage of the times post-strike when I would have the aircraft to myself—exploring the ridges and dusting off coast-wise shipping.

The runway temperatures were extreme with 150°F not unusual. We had received a batch of substandard tires, and the combination of the high runway temps and heavy loads of ordinance resulted in a plague of blown tires. In August 1966 I was taking off on the wing of the squadron commander when he blew a tire. My engine ingested a chunk of the tire, and although I did stagger into the air, my plane was mortally wounded and I ejected just as I was descending into the trees.

My plane was fully loaded, 400 rounds of 20MM, eight 5” rockets, two 1,000 lb. bombs and 10,000 lbs. of JP5. I was so low when I went out that I landed ahead of the wreckage and fireball. Villagers who were further from the crash than I was were killed, and I was unscathed from the explosions, fire or the ejection itself and flew again three days later. Twenty some villagers were killed in the accident. The accident board determined that I had had a window of less than one second to successfully eject and by fate I chose that window. If I had chosen otherwise you wouldn't be reading this.

DaNang—as much of Viet Nam—was a constant parade of bizarre events, most of them violent and many of them involving F-8s.

One of our F-8s had been griped for not firing a Zuni off Station 5; to test the electrical continuity, the ground safety squat switch had been overridden. A tech stood at the Zuni station and one sat in the cockpit setting the ordinance station switch to 5. “Hit it” from the tech on the ground. Seeing nothing on his volt meter, the tech called “hit it again.” The cockpit tech unaware



that the ordinance system automatically stepped to the next station after each firing did hit it again launching a live Zuni. Because of the aircraft nose-up attitude on the ramp the Zuni arced across the runway and hit the Viet Nam Air Force Officers club a mile away on the other side of the runway killing the bartender, two VNAF pilots and destroying \$20,000 of booze.

One day Willie Alvord (may he rest in peace) came into the break with a couple unexpended 19 shot rocket pods. His roll into the break was so sharp that one of the pods came loose from the aircraft and landed on the Army flight line knocking out five aircraft. Blessedly no one on the Army line was hurt. From that day Willie was acknowledged to be an Ace of sorts.

In August of 1966 one of our pilots was taxiing out late at night. He had a tight squeeze to get by a Pan Am 707 holding short, so he folded his wings. There was no cockpit indication the wings were folded other than the position of the control which was in the back part of the cockpit. He took off with the wings folded—the airplane will fly with wings folded as many can attest. This particular pilot didn't know his wings were folded; thought the plane was about to quit flying, and in his eagerness to get it back on the ground landed gear up.

One of our pilots came back also late at night with a 2000 lb. bomb that was hanging by the rear lug. An F-4 joined up on him to inspect and that's how the pilot knew the bomb was hanging by the rear lug—it had been flailing back and forth in the slip stream, banging holes in the wing. Best the F-4 pilot could tell in the dark, the flailing had pulled out the arming wire and the bomb was armed. The pilot had the choice between going out over the South China Sea and punching out into the unknown or taking the airplane back to DaNang and seeing if the bomb exploded or not. He chose the latter. On landing, the front of the bomb dragged along the pavement sending up a shower of sparks for 2000 feet. On post-flight inspection, the nose of the bomb was ground down to within 3 inches of the fuse – which took a 40 lb jolt to explode the bomb.

The F-8 was a great platform from which to strafe and rocket—not only was it accurate, while strafing we could see the specifics of our target which we couldn't do when dropping heavy ordinance. The lieutenants had developed a practice of pushing the strafing runs in further than the book called for in pursuit of putting more rounds on the target. One of the unfortunate consequences of this practice was that pilots started bringing back chunks of debris that had been thrown up

by the strafing. The Group Commander, sick of having to repair such airplanes put out the edict: "Next pilot who comes back with foreign objects imbedded in his airplane is getting his wings pulled."

Not to be foiled, the lieutenants continued to push the strafing runs by using a tactic that involved a sudden and sharp pull-out at the end of a run—as opposed to the smooth 4G pull-up called for by the book. I was using this tactic one day, and just as I snapped up and out of my run I heard a sharp bang and felt an impact in the airframe. I headed back to DaNang, my flying career passing in front of me, certain I was going to face the wrath of the Group Commander and have my wings jerked.

On arrival one of the line-men informed me that I had taxied in with my step down. Apparently the G load of my sudden pull-up had overstressed the latch on the step and that is what I'd heard banging down.

After my Viet Nam tour I was fortunate to be assigned to the last active duty Marine squadron flying F-8s in the United States—VMF 333 in Beaufort, South Carolina. I spent a happy year checking out the nuggets who were headed to Viet Nam, and once again taking off most weekends to points of my choosing all over the

United States. I did several deployments to Key West where we flew cover for the reconnaissance flights over Cuba and fell in love with the local women whenever we could.

It was a bittersweet time; I knew my days in the Crusader were coming to an end, and I approached that day with a mixture of gratitude for the time I had had with the bird, for the things I'd done in the air that most can never even dream of and sadness that it was ending. I took to standing next to the Crusaders in the Key West tropical nights pondering how I had come to love an inanimate object.

I had always known that the love affair would end some day, but still I was reluctant to let go. In the Spring of '68 I flew an F-8 up to MSP to interview with Northwest; a couple of weeks later I flew the squadron's last F-8 from Beaufort to Norfolk and it was over. ✈

*(LTV built 1261 F-8s. When the last F-8 was taken out of service there were 152 left. -JD)*



# MSP Christmas Party

## Sunday, Dec. 8th

**5:00 Social Hour**  
**6:30 Dinner**

**\$39 per person**

### ENTREE CHOICES

1. Champagne Chicken
2. Walleye
3. Prime Rib

**Chart House**

**Restaurant**  
**11287 Klamath Trail**  
**Lakeville MN 55044**  
**952.435.7156**

ENTREE No. ↓

NAME(S)


**RSVP by Saturday, Nov. 30th**

**\$39 per person**

**Make checks payable to: Doug Wenborg**

**and mail to him at: 4300 Hickory Hills Trail**  
**Prior Lake MN 55372**





# JOE KIMM FLIES WEST

by Clint Viebrock

**Captain Joseph E. Kimm** flew his final flight West on September 19, 2013, just over one month after his 102nd birthday. And an era unlikely to be equaled in aviation ends.

Joe's early passion for model airplanes led to a friendship with pioneer Northwest Airways pilot Walter Bullock, who agreed to be an advisor to Joe's modeling club. Walter was making kits for models of the Ford Tri-motor, and demand was high. He needed help and Joe needed a job. That friendship and business relationship was instrumental in Joe's applying for and getting a job as a flight steward with Northwest. The job opening was the result of a crash in which the pilot died and the steward was left hospitalized. Joe's official hire date was July 1, 1929, a couple months before his 18th birthday. The airline was not quite three years old.

Seeing the fledgling airline industry up close convinced the young steward that his career path ought to be in the left seat. Northwest had a couple Waco's taking

up space in the hangar. Joe talked them into letting him fly one of them for the cost of the fuel, then he got another line pilot, Chad Smith, to teach him to fly. About this time the Department of Commerce mandated a second licensed pilot for "heavy" airplanes weighing over 12,500 pounds, so Joe was now officially a copilot.

In January, 1933, Northwest flew a proving run between the Twin Cities and the West Coast to demonstrate that the airline could operate the route in the winter. Captain Hugh Rueschenberg commanded and Joe Kimm was his copilot. They had one passenger as far as Spokane: Amelia Earhart. Joe flew his first trip as captain in the summer of 1933. Northwest was still a small regional carrier, but by 1942 the company pioneered a route from the Midwest to Alaska to support the war effort. Joe participated in this effort until he was called-up by the Army Air Corps in May 1942. He flew transports in what was referred to as the "Brass Hat Squadron," until his release from active duty in September 1945.

From October 1949 until October 1951, Joe served as System and Eastern Region Chief Pilot, a period he described as the worst time of his life. During his tenure, the company was flying the ill-fated Martin 202, losing five of the Martins, plus one Ford Tri-motor. In addition, NWA was gearing up to provide troop transport for the Korean War. Life returned to normal for him when he went back to line flying. Joe transferred to the Seattle base to fly the international flights in September 1953. He flew the Boeing Stratocruiser to Tokyo via Shemya, Alaska, followed by the DC-6, DC-7, and the Lockheed Constellation.

In 1959, Joe checked out in his first jet, the DC-8. I remember his referring to arcane terms pertinent to the jets: EPR, EGT, etc. These were always pronounced: eepers, eegits. After the DC-8, Joe flew the 707 until his retirement in 1971. He had been promised a check-out on the 747 but at the end, that offer was withdrawn. After flying his first choice of schedules for years, he wrapped up this remarkable career flying MAC trips and freighter schedules on



Retirement cake presented by Tokyo dispatch.

MONTH OF <u>March - April</u>						TO FROM			
DATE	Type Plane	License No.	Type Engine	FROM	TO	REMARKS	HRS.	MIN.	
3/12/32	Ford	NC 9676	3 Wasps	Chgo	St. Paul	J.M.	3	00	
3/13/32	"	"	"	St. Paul-Chgo & Return		F.W.W.	2	10	
3/15/32	"	NC 8419	"	St. Paul	Chgo	L.S.D.	2	20	
3/16/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	2	30	
3/17/32	"	"	"	St. Paul-Chgo & Return		F.W.W.	4	25	
3/19/32	"	"	"	St. Paul	Chgo	M.F.	2	30	
3/20/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	2	10	
3/21/32	"	"	"	St. Paul-Mad & Return		F.W.	2	45	
3/23/32	"	"	"	St. Paul	Chgo	J.M.	2	05	
3/24/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	2	15	
3/25/32	"	"	"	St. Paul-Chgo & Return		F.W.W.	3	45	
3/27/32	"	NC 9676	"	St. Paul	Chgo	L.S.D.	2	10	
3/28/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	2	20	
3/29/32	"	"	"	St. Paul-Chgo & Return		F.W.W.	3	50	
3/31/32	"	NC 8419	"	St. Paul-Chgo		M.F.	1	55	
4/1/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	2	10	
4/2/32	"	"	"	St. Paul	Chgo	L.S.D.	2	25	
4/3/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	2	45	
4/6/32	"	NC 9676	"	St. Paul	Madison	Stuck in mud at Mpls 4 1/2 hrs	H.E.C.	2	30
4/6/32	"	"	"	Madison	Chgo	Stuck in mud at Mad. 1 1/2 hrs day	"	1	30
4/7/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	2	20	
4/8/32	"	"	"	St. Paul	Chgo	"	L.S.D.	1	20
4/9/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	2	10	
4/10/32	"	"	"	St. Paul-Chgo & Return		F.W.W.	3	20	
4/12/32	"	NC 8419	"	St. Paul	Wabasha	Left outboard propeller broke throwing motor out of support. Landed safely with eight passengers. Trip completed with another Ford. Just one hour late.	M.F.	2	05
4/12/32	"	NC 9676	"	Wabasha	Chgo	"	2	40	
4/13/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	3	50	
4/14/32	"	NC 8410	"	St. Paul-Chgo & Return		F.W.W.	2	25	
4/15/32	"	NC 9676	"	St. Paul	Chgo	"	2	50	
4/16/32	"	"	"	Chgo	St. Paul	"	4	10	
4/18/32	"	NC 8410	"	St. Paul-Chgo & Return		F.W.W.	79	00	

CERTIFIED CORRECT  
PAGE TOTAL 79 00  
BROUGHT FORWARD 496 25  
TOTAL HOURS TO DATE 575 25  
M.E. Anderson

Joe wrote in the "Remarks" column of his log on 4/12/32: "Left outboard propeller broke throwing motor out of support. Landed safely with eight passengers. Trip completed with another Ford. Just one hour late."

the aging 707. I never heard him complain too much about it, but he did take up skiing the last year before his retirement, apparently reasoning that it now didn't matter if he broke a leg and had to use sick leave and missed some trips. In any case he didn't have any broken bones from skiing, and in fact continued the sport until he was 95!

My relationship with Joe began when I started dating his eldest daughter, Barbara. We met in the spring of 1958 at the University of Washington and were married before I went into the Marine Corps in early 1961. The Kimms' friends were mostly Northwest pilots so I socialized with the old Seattle group: Richmond, Ashman, Allen. My first views of the airline industry came from listening to the stories from these pioneers. From flight school in Pensacola to flying fighters, I shared every flying triumph and failure with Joe Kimm, and he always made me understand I had his support. When I got out of the service, he made a few phone calls and I had an interview with Northwest. When Barbara's and my marriage ended, Joe reached out to continue our relationship, and we maintained that friendship until the end of his life.

What a life, what a career. Ford Tri-motors with a new airline to the Boeing 707, the airplane that really opened up the world to air travel. Born a few years after the Wright brothers made their historic flight, and still flying as the Space Age began. He flew 42 years for the airline and then had an active life for most of the 42 years after retirement. Captain Joe, we miss you, but congratulate you for a life well lived.

"Fly West" in peace, my friend.  
Clint

Winnipeg Route—NORTHWEST AIRLINES, INC.

"My New Pontiac  
is an Engineering Marvel"

As you can see, Pilot Joe Kimm doesn't mince words when he talks about his big 1937 Pontiac. He gives it the highest praise he can bestow. And that, you'll find, is the habit of everyone who sees and drives this car. What's more, when you know the facts about this big Silver-Streaked beauty, you'll join the Pontiac cheering section, too! For here is a car that tops them all for

beauty . . . a 6-passenger car with a safe and solid Unisteel Body by Fisher, and triple-sealed hydraulic brakes . . . a car that is both 5 inches longer than ever and 10% more economical . . . a car that meets the highest standards with plenty to spare. Yet it is priced so near the lowest that you'll never feel the difference! See and drive America's finest low-priced car. You simply cannot find a better buy.

AMERICA'S FINEST  
LOW-PRICED CAR

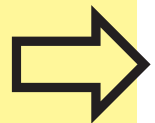
W. R. STEPHENS COMPANY

10th Street at Harmon and La Salle      Minneapolis, Minn.

*Editor's comment: In conversation with Joe's granddaughter, Kimm Viebrock, she reminded me of how idolized pilots were in the early days of aviation. They were the "rock stars" of their day, as evidenced by this advertisement and the "Rhodes" ad on a following page.*

*Apparently copywriters were no different then than they are now. The first two sentences read, "As you can see, Pilot Joe Kimm doesn't mince words when he talks about his big 1937 Pontiac. He gives it the highest praise he can bestow."*

*The following is a transcript, only slightly edited, of a VCR tape made at the Air Line Pilots Association outing at Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, September 5, 1985. Retired Northwest pilot Brooks Johnston conducted the interview.*



## A Conversation with Joe Kimm

JEK: “I joined Northwest in June, 1929, when I was 17 years old, about two months before my 18th birthday, as a steward. We had Ford TriMotors then, for passengers, and Hamiltons and Wacos for mail work. The TriMotor had 450-horsepower Pratt & Whitney engines, three of them, and the Hamiltons each had one 650-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Hornet. I don’t know about the Wacos.

“Back then Northwest was in the flying school business as well as being an airline. It had just closed down its flying school before I was hired. Northwest still had some of the Wacos around from its flying school. I learned to fly in a Waco.

“I was hired as a steward to replace Bobby Johnston, who was injured in the Ford TriMotor crash on the St. Paul bluffs just across the river from the St. Paul airport in June 1929. I was interested in airplanes since I was nine or ten years old and had built a lot of models. In 1928 I won an award in a model airplane contest and we enthusiasts formed a club. One of our members knew a Northwest pilot named Walter Bullock. So Walter became our advisor. That’s how I met him. Walter had built a Ford TriMotor model airplane. He had written a story and it was published in “Popular Mechanics”. He was also building model airplane kits and he needed some help and support in his kit building and he hired me on. It was the best situation in the world for a 17-year-old kid who was nuts about planes. Walter was very good to me. He sort of took me under his wing. He was sort of like a father to me. Of course, I didn’t really know anything about airline pilots, airline pilots were sort of nebulous characters, most of the pilots you heard about were barnstorming pilots, you heard very little about airlines.

“I had told Walter about my interest in getting a job; I kept bugging him, “Are there any jobs out there flying?” One night he told me that if I could get my parents permission I could go with him to Chicago tomorrow on the TriMotor. I went home and said, “Mom, can I fly to Chicago tomorrow with Walter Bullock?” She said, “Ask your Father.” So I went to dad. Dad said to go ask [my] ma. So I knew I had them. So I went to the hospital that evening and got Bobby Johnston’s uniform. I cleaned it up a little and wore it on my very first flight. I became a steward overnight. It was that simple. But I wasn’t much help to Walter that first day.

“The job was rather interesting and from the standpoint of my observation the steward did all the work. If a passenger showed up without a ticket, we sold them one. We signed for the registered mail and loaded it. We refueled the plane. We loaded the baggage in the baggage bins located in the wing section. We’d carry the luggage through the door, up the cabin aisle and hoist it overhead. After all this was done we were ready to leave. The Captain, who was generally sitting around, would say something like, “Well let’s go, come on people, we are on our way!”

“I did this for a few months and then I thought I just might have the wrong job. It seemed to me the pilots were getting all the money and were having all the fun. He was sitting around or in the cockpit while I was doing all these things. I didn’t really object but that’s the guy I’d really want to be. In spite of all this I hadn’t really decided if I wanted to make a career out of flying. My main objective was to earn enough money to go to college and learn to be an aeronautical engineer. I was making \$78 a month. I flew about 15 days a month. A Chicago round trip in the TriMotor usually took between 7 hours and 45 minutes to 8 hours. I averaged about 125 hours flying time a month. Contrast this to the 80 to 85 hours today.

“This flying was done with no radio communications and without the benefit of instrumentation outside of a turn-and-bank indicator and a very inefficient artificial horizon that tumbled if you went over 45 degrees. Nobody knew anything about instrument flying. Everything was done contact.

“As a reward for all your work you were permitted to sit up front in what became the co-pilot’s seat, after you had the passengers settled down. There were dual controls and the pilots were very nice about it. They’d



Age 18



All These clippings are related to the 30th anniversary ('56) of the proving run across the Rockies in the winter.

sort of let us get our hands on it a little bit when we were in the air. This would whet your appetite quite a bit. Being 17 and flying for the first time was exciting but I had a little difficulty in relating to where I was. For a couple or three months I was in a state of euphoria but I managed to come down to earth and get on with it. It was pretty heady stuff considering how little experience and knowledge I had about it.

“But there were still the cabin duties. Flying as low as we did, and we always flew quite low because of winds and the fact that we couldn’t fly above the weather, it was pretty rough. The average trip was usually about 500 feet above the ground. Passengers generally got sick. We had nothing at this time to handle that situation, the other Stewards, Bobby Hohag, Bobby Johnston, who came back to work after he recovered from his injuries, and me. Three of us. We talked about the problem and it really was a problem with the passengers urping all over the sidewalls and onto the floor. Something had to be done about it so we devised a method to handle this. We made trips to the local grocery stores to get supplies of brown bags. This was really the beginning of the burp bag era. But brown paper bags were only efficient for a very few seconds. We learned this because we had the job of cleaning up if we missed. We learned very quickly that if we stood there with a bunch of brown bags looking over our passengers, and if we saw someone in trouble, we’d whip one out, you know, like the used to do in grocery stores, snap it open and put it in the passenger’s face. As soon as they used it we’d whip another one out and madly run with the first one to the back door, and we’d kick it open and throw the bag out. If we were fast enough the bottom wouldn’t come open before we got there. This sounds like a bunch of malarkey but it’s true.

“Then we devised other methods. We got the Company to put linoleum on the sidewalls and on the floor. Then we got these little rubber squeegees about six or eight inches long, and dustpans. We got so we could squeegee everything down off the walls onto the floor and into the dustpan. There were quite a few innovations by the three of us because of the problems. There was no such thing as a waterproof burp bag as they have today. I really don’t want to dwell on the subject but I think it’s interesting, primitive as it was.

“The main point in my mind is that anything we didn’t want on that airplane—we threw it out the door, I think this is rather interesting because we gave the passengers Cokes to drink and when the bottles were empty we opened the door and threw them out. Everybody had the idea that traveling at these tremendous speeds everything was blown to bits long before it got to earth. This was a misconception of that day. I like to think we never beanballed anybody, but I really don’t know. Nothing ever came out about it.

“So it was the following spring, 1930, that I decided I better learn how to fly. I already had airtime on the Ford TriMotor because the pilots were nice enough to let me fly it when we were in the air. Chad Smith, he was the other brother of Lee and Les Smith, the twin brothers who flew for Northwest for so many years, volunteered to give me flying lessons if I could get the Company to lend me an airplane. So Northwest lent me a Waco 10 with a Hisso engine, all I had to do was pay for the gas and oil. Making \$78 a month I was able to handle that. Flying lessons in those days cost \$25 per hour. People might say that’s about what they cost today, \$25 or \$30 an hour. But \$25 in 1929 must be the equivalent of \$250 today, in that context you can realize what a tough thing it would be to learn how to fly. If you didn’t get the breaks I got you could never have done it.

“Anyway, I did learn to fly. I soloed after four-and-a-half hours and that was due to the fact I’d received time in the TriMotor from pilots on scheduled flights. I got my license on November 30, 1930 and that turned out to be very fortuitous because within a month the old Department of Commerce decided they had to have two pilots on aircraft that weighed 12,500 pounds or more. The law went into effect just about 30 days after I got my license so I was qualified and became a co-pilot overnight. Of course, my duties remained the same and the same pay, \$78 a month. But it didn’t make too much difference because I was in love with the job. I had a limited commercial license; I was permitted under the regulations to log 15 minutes for every hour I actually handled the controls. Later on they amended the law so co-pilots could log 30 minutes for each hour at the controls. Today, the co-pilot logs equal time with the Captain, as you know. So because of the law in those days, my flight time filled up rather slowly.

“Back to the type of flying, we flew VFR, which meant we had to be in contact with the ground and yet, weather didn’t stop us until it got down to about 200 feet and a quarter of a mile. If you can imagine flying from Minneapolis to Chicago, for almost four hours and at 200 feet, having to know where the high-tension wires were so we could get up and over them, and knowing enough about your ground points so you could navigate without radio, without any help except what you could see for almost four hours, this gives you a pretty good idea of how strenuous these flights could be. It continued that way until they developed better

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boys, girls!  
**Million-Mile Pilot autograph party**  
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At Vacation Fair extra! Capt. Joseph Kimm of Northwest Airlines will be in the Boys' Shop to autograph color pictures of the Stratocruiser for you! He's a veteran of over 3 million miles flying time... a real "million-mile pilot"... come meet him!

BOYS' SHOP, Rhodes' Fourth Floor



instrumentation and the techniques of instrument flying.

"One thing I should mention, during this time when we were flying at night we had light beacons every ten miles along most of the major routes in the U.S. Those rotating beacon lights, similar to the beacons at airports, rotated and flashed in your eyes. Each beacon had a red light on the front and back of its tower oriented to the airways. They flashed a code in Morse so if you caught a beacon and could get the code you could look on your chart and find that beacon and it would give you an idea of where you were.

"Obviously, there were many flights that never got to Chicago, when we were forced down, when the weather got so bad we couldn't even fly in it. We'd pick out a good pasture or hayfield and we would land. The first thing we would do is shut the aircraft down and get it tied down. The farmers would all come gathering around the aircraft, naturally, so we would get some of them to bring their cars over. The passengers, we'd take them to town and put them on a train and it was my job to take the airmail down and put it on the train, too. Then we'd find a hotel someplace. Of course, the first thing we'd do when we got to the railroad station was to send a Western Union to the home office to let them know where we were. We would be out of contact for maybe two or three hours, they didn't have any idea where we were, whether we were flying or anything, until we either arrived in Chicago or they got a Western Union telling them we had arrived Tomah, Wisconsin, or some such place. Many is the night I spent in a small town like that when

we were forced down because of weather, or once-in-awhile when we had a mechanical, lose an engine or blew a cylinder.

"So in 1931, I think it was about that time, we got our first radio installed in an aircraft. This was really a breakthrough because not only could you pick up a microphone and could call Minneapolis out of the airplane but hear from them as well – Can you imagine anything, anything as marvelous as that? What will they think of next? The interesting thing was the captains were so set on doing things the way they'd always done them, they weren't really too interested in this new-fangled device. They didn't think it was here to stay. But the co-pilot had nothing to do most of the time so he loved to have something to play with. We could take up the microphone and talk to somebody outside the airplane. So gradually radio microphones were accepted and they became a big part of the business.

"Some Minneapolis-Chicago flights were non-stop. A lot stopped at Rochester, Eau Claire, Madison and Milwaukee. Might be non-stop all the way down and make the stops coming back, or vice versa. I think we had two flights a day. We also had a Hamilton operating from Green Bay, Wisconsin down to Milwaukee that connected with the main line. We were in competition, of course, with the Empire Builder which was a 12-hour train ride from Minneapolis to Chicago. As time went on we got more and more hardy souls who were willing to take a chance on this new-fangled method of transportation. As I recall, we were getting \$75 round trip for passengers between Minneapolis and Chicago and again, those were hard dollars if you related that to what they charge today.

"Everything was going along very smoothly—everything was fine—until President Roosevelt was elected in 1932 and took office in 1933. There was a lot of unrest in the airline business; there was a lot of competition. As I remember, E.L. Cord, who built the Cord automobile, took over a company called Century Airlines, which was, I think, the predecessor of American Airlines. I think I mentioned that I was making \$78 a month but the pilots were being paid about \$1,000 a month. Again, these were hard dollars so that was a pretty good wage, particularly in the 30's during the depression. The interesting part of this is that E.L. Cord came along and decided that he could revolutionize the whole industry, so he offered to the Post Office to carry the mail

for nothing. As I recall, they were paying the airlines about \$7 a pound for airmail. You got that whether you had a pound or not. You know, the Company would airmail letters to officers, maybe send them to Milwaukee or LaCrosse, someplace. A letter to anybody and it would go into a mail pouch and the mail pouch, by the time they got a lock on it, and everything else, would weight four or five pounds. I'm not sure the figures I'm using are accurate but this, basically, was the way it was done.

"So when E.L. Cord offered to haul the airmail for nothing he was really making a tremendous offer to the government. But soon the government smelled a rat here, and didn't accept his offer, because if they had, they realized he would get a monopoly and he could charge them anything he wanted to. So Cord had to give up on this airmail deal, but he decided that airline pilots were nothing more than glorified truck drivers and he locked his pilots out one night and said anybody who wants to work tomorrow for \$250 a month, we'd be glad to see you. That, I think, was the thing that really decided the airline pilots that they had to get organized. They began meeting and trying to decide what they could do. The ultimate result was the forming of the Air Line Pilots Association. Dave Behncke was its first President. He quit Northwest before I went to work for them. He only worked for Northwest as I recall for about a year and a half. He was one of the first pilots Northwest hired in 1926. He went with United, I think, but it wasn't United in those days.

"Well, after Roosevelt got into office he decided the United States Air Corps could fly the airmail. There was quite a flap about the airline companies giving the government a bad deal, so he arbitrarily canceled all the airmail contracts along about January, 1934, and he sent the Army Air Corps up to fly. They flew the airmail for three months, January, February and March. Keep in mind that instrument flying had just been born a couple of years before and the Corps had never been taught to fly instruments, nor did they fly at night. The Army Air Corp flew from 9 to 5. After 5 the whole thing shut down and everybody went to the officers club. That was the way things were when all the airmail contracts were canceled. The net result was that in the three months the Army Air Corps pilots were trying to fly transcontinental runs across the country without any training in instrument flying or night flying. They were crashing airplanes all over the countryside. It got so bad that the government finally had to cry uncle and call off the Army Air Corps—put them back on their bases and get the airlines back in operation. They'd already said how bad everybody was, they'd said so many things they couldn't take back, the only thing they could do was force the airlines to reorganize.

"So Northwest Airways became Northwest Airlines, and there's a little history in there that I'm not going to get into because it's written up in books; about Northwest Airways organizer Col. Brittin and his hassle with the U.S. Senate during that period. But the interesting thing was that all the airlines that were airlines became airways and all the airways became airlines. They made a superficial change of top management. All the other personnel came back and they were essentially the same organizations. This was the way they were able to save face and put the whole thing back together again.

"Interesting enough, it was probably a blessing in disguise for the country, because finding out that the Air Corps wasn't properly trained to do even this, they instituted training procedures. They stopped being a 9 to 5 Air Corps and learned instrument and night flying and as you know this was just about six-and-a-half years or seven years before we entered World War II. Just think, if we hadn't had that head start through the fiasco of the airmail cancellations we would have been in very serious trouble going into World War II. So that is probably the turning point of the early era and the beginning the airlines' progress into being what they are today." ✈

*Much journalistic ink has been used and several television interviews have been aired telling the story of Joe Kimm—much more than there is room for here. But Sue Duxbury wrote one of the best accounts for AirLine Pilot magazine sometime in 2002. I later published Sue's story here in Contrails maybe three or four years ago.*

*I never had the opportunity to fly with Joe, even though I was based in Seattle for the last two years of his career. But I can distinctly remember hearing his name mentioned frequently, both in Seattle and later in Minneapolis, with something akin to reverence. Talking with his granddaughter, Kimm, while preparing this she mentioned that, "...he wasn't always the easiest to work with." Being a little surprised, I asked her to elaborate. She said that he always insisted "that things be done right." You can't argue with that. — Editor*





# Arrows in the Desert

*...but not these wimpy little things—*  
**GIANT CONCRETE ARROWS THAT  
POINT THE WAY ACROSS AMERICA**

Every so often, usually in the vast deserts of the American Southwest, a hiker or a backpacker will run across something puzzling: a large concrete arrow, as much as seventy feet in length, sitting in the middle of scrub-covered nowhere.

What are these giant arrows? Some kind of surveying mark? Landing beacons for flying saucers? Earth's turn signals?

No, it's... The Transcontinental Air Mail Route.

On August 20, 1920, the United States opened its first coast-to-coast airmail delivery route, just 60 years after the Pony Express closed up shop.

There were no good aviation charts in those days, so pilots had to eyeball their way across the country using landmarks. This meant that flying in bad weather was difficult, and night flying was just about impossible.

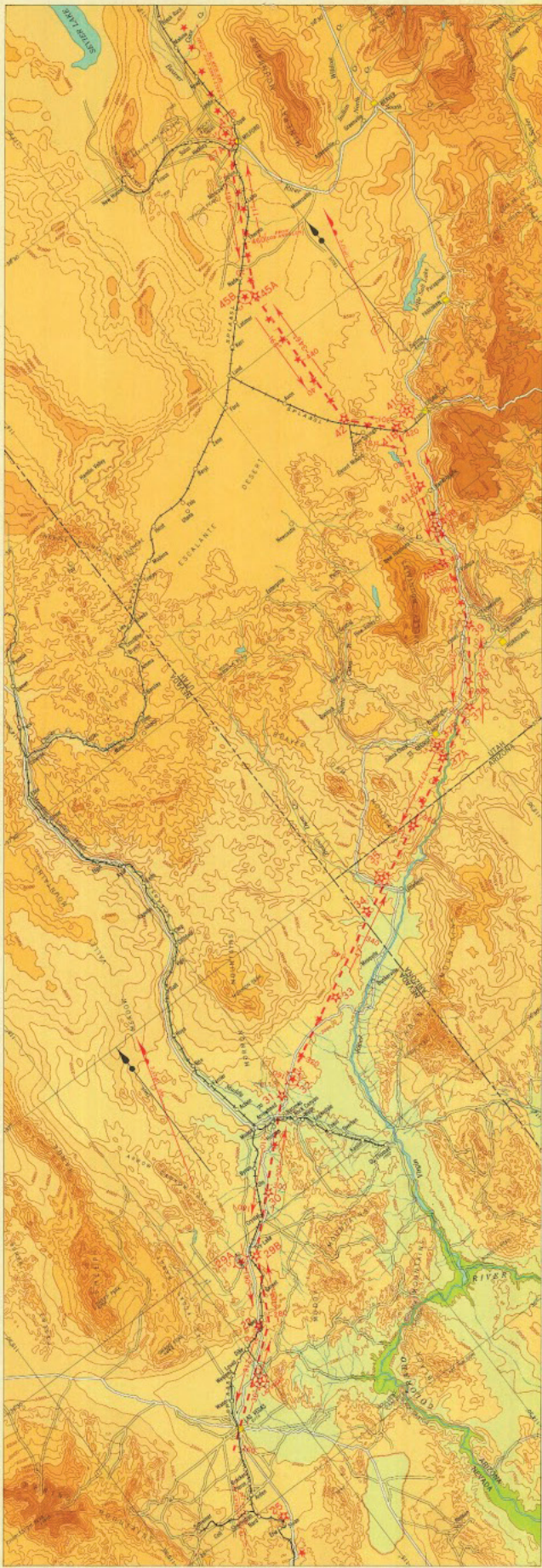
The Postal Service solved the problem with the world's first ground-based civilian navigation system: a series of lit beacons that would extend from New York to San Francisco. Every ten miles, pilots would pass a bright yellow concrete arrow. Each arrow would be surmounted by a 51-foot steel tower & lit by a million-candle-power rotating beacon. A generator shed at the tail of each arrow powered the beacon.



Now mail could get from the Atlantic to the Pacific not in a matter of weeks, but in just 30 hours or so.

Even the dumbest of air mail pilots, it seems, could follow a series of bright yellow arrows straight out of a Tex Avery cartoon. By 1924, just a year after Congress funded it, the line of giant concrete markers stretched from Rock Springs, Wyoming to Cleveland, Ohio. The next summer, it reached all the way to New York, and by 1929 it spanned the continent uninterrupted, the envy of postal systems worldwide.

Radio and radar are, of course, infinitely less cool than a concrete Yellow Brick Road from sea to shining sea, but I think we all know how this story ends. New advances in communication and navigation technology made the big arrows obsolete, and the Commerce Department decommissioned the beacons in the 1940s. The steel towers were torn down and went to the war effort. But the hundreds of arrows remain. Their yellow paint is gone, their concrete cracks a little more with every winter frost, and no one crosses their path much, except for coyotes and tumbleweeds. But they're still out there.



AIRWAY MAP NO. 133 *Advance Sheet*  
 PRICE 35 CENTS *Subject to correction*

COMPILED AND PRINTED FOR THE AERONAUTICS BRANCH  
 OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE BY THE  
 COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 NOV. 1930

LAS VEGAS NEVADA TO MILFORD UTAH

———— National one track  
 ———— Two or more tracks  
 ———— National electric  
 ———— Planned transmission line  
 ———— City or large town  
 ———— Town or village  
 ———— Magnetic variations shown by red arrows  
 The right courses are magnetic

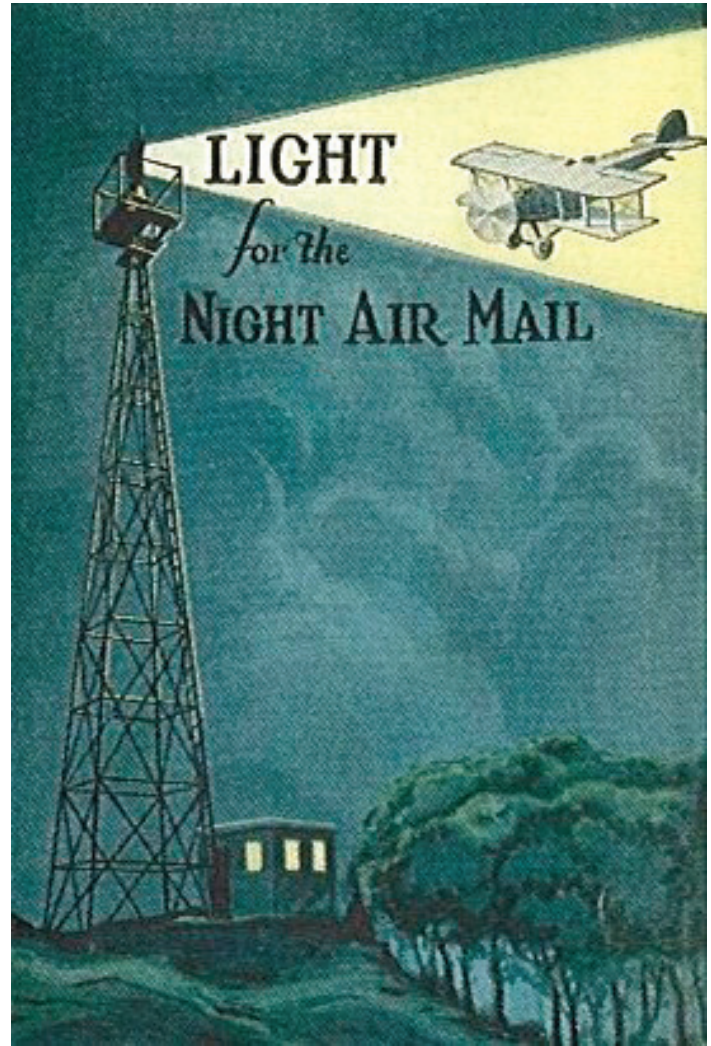
———— High highway  
 ———— Secondary highway  
 ———— City or large town  
 ———— Town or village

○ ARMY, NAVY OR MARINE CORPS FIELD  
 ○ COMMERCIAL OR MUNICIPAL FIELD  
 ○ DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE  
 REGISTERED FIELD  
 + MARKED AUXILIARY FIELD  
 \* FLASHING BEACON  
 \* REVOLVING BEACON

0 1000 2000 3000 4000 5000 6000 7000 8000 9000  
 GRADE OF ELEVATIONS  
 IN FEET  
 0 10 20 30 40 50  
 STATUTE MILES

See Department of Commerce Aeronautics Bulletin for detailed descriptions and  
 symbols of airports and communication facilities. An asterisk indicates an unimproved  
 base. Bulletins are prepared and mailed to those requesting them.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE  
 DEC 1 6 1930



*These first few pages all have a common link, either in subject matter, people, or both.*

*You have probably noticed that Joe Kimm mentioned flying the airways like this. I find it interesting that this story was sent coincidentally to Chuck Hagen by his daughter, Erika Armstrong. Chuck then sent it to me along with a letter to Erika. It further developed that Erika is a columnist. I think you will enjoy her column that follows Chuck's letter.*

*- Editor*

Erika,

Thank you so much for sharing this story with me. It has brought back so many memories. I don't know about the "decommission" aspect, but the beacons were operating across the northern tier states in the early 1950s. At that time, I was a brand new 20-year-old copilot and I had never been out of Siren, WI. I was also second from the bottom on the seniority list which meant that the company had volunteered to send me to the PDX base where I flew DC-3 trips, called 101 & 102, to BIL and back. That route would be seven to nine stops out, and about the same back after a nice layover. Ahhh, those

BIL layovers! That's another story...

The route (airways) we meandered over and around was called Green 2. It was defined by beacons for a visual aid day or night. If you wanted to stay on the "airway," you would follow the beacons. As far as I remember now, those beacons, as well as Green 2, still ran all the way to New York at that time. Most of the captains had memorized the altitudes of the more important ones and used them for descent and approach planning purposes. In the mountains, at night, these beacons became valuable safety tools. To this day, I am still inspired by the airmanship of these early captains that I served with on Green 2. It was amazing what they could do with that airplane. I was so blessed to have my early apprenticeship with them.

The trip back home to PDX involved a stop in Wenatchee, WA. It was always at night and blacker than black over that desolate area west of Spokane. "See that beacon about one o'clock? Head for it and I'll tell you when to start down" the captain would explain. The next thing you would hear was, "Okay, start down at 300' per

minute and cross the beacon at (an exact altitude). Now, do you see all those bright lights at eleven thirty? That's Rock Island dam so head for it. Once you get there, right turn and follow the river for a right hand down wind. The airport will be at about two o'clock." A few minutes later the captain would bark, "Gear down and green, landing check complete and stay off the damn brakes!"

The composition of that inside group of NWA pilots would vary, but as a group in general, they were referred to as the Green 2 Cowboys. I was so proud to be a product of that bunch and so appreciative of the lessons and skills they so patiently tried to pass on to me. Most, if not all the Green 2 Cowboys are gone now and along with them went the stories. Oh what Green 2 holds! Only important to some of us I suppose, but I do feel a sense of loss.

As my career years flew by at warp speed, I never got a chance to again thank and say goodbye to so many of them. They are the early beacons of my career and I say to them, wherever they are, remember that you are not forgotten...

Love, Dad

---

## A CHICK IN THE COCKPIT

SITUATIONAL AWARENESS—PULL YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR DONKEY

BY: ERIKA ARMSTRONG

Two words took on significance when three highly-trained pilots crashed a perfectly good airplane. In 1972, an L-1011 operated by Eastern Airlines was preparing to land at Miami International Airport, but when they selected gear down, the indicator showed that the nose gear was not properly locked in the 'down' position. It was just a burned out bulb, but all three pilots were so focused on fixing a light bulb that they didn't notice the autopilot had disconnected and was slowly descending 163 passengers and 13 crew members into the Florida Everglades. The captain's final words on the cockpit voice recorder were, "Hey, what's happening here...?" The painfully simple answer was a lack of situational awareness.

**"They saw the mistakes, but their minds didn't process it to the point of being able to react to it."**

With the recent Asiana 214 crash at San Francisco International Airport, the question has come up again as to how highly experienced pilots could crash a perfect

airplane, on a perfect day, at a perfect airport. One of the culprits is too much reliance on automation (the glideslope was inoperative, so they were landing visually). Landing visual is a routine task, but when someone gets too reliant on having the computer guide them, they lose the ability to do something as simple as landing with visual cues. Even reliance on automation falls back into the category of lacking situational awareness. In the case of Asiana, it was out of the realm of possibility that they would crash during the most routine task for any pilot—landing on a beautiful day with a fully functioning aircraft. How did this crew defy the odds? They couldn't believe what they were seeing because no one with that much experience makes that kind of mistake, so they all ignored the obvious and assumed what they were seeing was wrong. They didn't respond to the obviously low airspeed, the unusual pitch attitude, rate of descent and low altitude because it just couldn't be happening. I'm sure they'll find that corporate culture and workplace hierarchy were factors, but the final answer will be lack of situational awareness. They saw the mistakes, but their minds didn't process it to the point of being able to react to it.

We all lose our situational awareness. It's what happens when you are talking on your cell phone while driving. When you hang up, you can't recall the details of the drive while you were on the phone. I am flabbergasted at the ability of my kids to lose their situational awareness when the television is on. If they are focused on their favorite show, the walls can come crashing down around them, but because they are so engrossed in one particular input, they disregard all other incoming information. I once had a bird sneak into my house and as it was flying around the family room, over my kids' heads, they were so engrossed in Scooby Doo that they didn't even realize there was a bird in the room.

### "He took one step out onto the platform and got sucked into the engine."

My favorite example of situational awareness occurred on a Boeing 727-200 at the company I worked for. The incident occurred while an aircraft was parked at the gate in Minneapolis. The crew had flown the aircraft in and was preparing it for the next leg. They were about halfway through boarding passengers when their auxiliary power unit (APU) failed. Not a big deal, but the APU provides electricity and air conditioning on the ground, so when it failed, the aircraft went dark and since passengers were loading, they wanted to get power back on as quickly as possible. There is usually power available at the gate, but since Murphy's Law prevails, this was not working either, so the captain logically decided to start an engine and use the power provided from the engine.

The crew followed proper procedure and notified the ground crew they were starting the #1 engine. What they didn't realize is that the catering company was running late and had just pulled up to the aircraft and was lifting their platform up to the left side galley door, located in front of the #1 engine. The catering employee arrived before the engine started its rotation, so he had time to walk across the platform to bring in two loads of sodas into the galley. After the second load, he stopped in the galley to chat with the flight attendants and heard the slow wind up of a jet engine, but not for one moment did he consider that it was coming from the airplane he was standing on. He had to yell to the flight attendants louder and louder as the engine wound up and settled into its idle rpm—which is still extremely loud on a Boeing 727. The caterer got so tired of yelling above the roar, he decided to head back into his catering truck for some peace and quiet.

He took one step out onto the platform and got sucked into the engine. Wait! It's okay. He was quick

enough to hang onto the engine nacelle for dear life and thankfully, the flight attendant saw a flash out of the corner of her eye and realized he'd stepped out onto the platform. She screamed and instinctually grabbed the PA microphone and kept yelling, "Shut down the engine, shut down the engine!" until the crew shut it down. The caterer was unharmed, except for the frost-bite he received from the air moving across his skin at an accelerated rate (and he probably had to change his underwear).

When the caterer was interviewed by the National Transportation Safety Board about the near fatal mistake, he specifically remembered that the rotating beacon came on as they pulled up to the aircraft. Ground crew employees are taught that a rotating beacon means an engine is running or about to start. He said he assumed that the pilots just forgot to turn it off. When asked if he heard the engine start, he said that he had heard an engine start, but he assumed that it was the aircraft next to them. When asked if he felt the engine running, he said he did, but it just didn't 'sink in' that it was coming from the plane he was standing on. When asked why he was talking to the flight attendants in the galley, he said he was enamored with one of them... Aha, a reason for his lack of situational awareness! When working in an environment where one wrong move means death, awareness of your surroundings has to become a mindset. And it's not just for aviation employees or law enforcement; this applies to anyone driving a car, walking in a crosswalk or even hiking a 14er. It's required in any situation that requires an elevated level of attention, and it's not just about making a mistake; it's about paying attention to all the information coming in, interpreting it properly and reacting appropriately. When I was flying a Falcon 20 for a charter company, someone added, in permanent marker, one additional item to the before takeoff checklist. It said, "1. Pull head out of (donkey)." Check. That one simple command, not officially listed, is the most important item on any pilot's checklist. It means to open up your field of input and acknowledge what you're seeing. When you're sitting at home on the couch, go ahead and dump your situational awareness, but when you're driving a car or in any situation that could alter the life of another, pull your head out of your donkey.

*Erika Armstrong is a pilot and author of "A Chick in the Cockpit." She was a corporate and commercial airline captain for 15 years, but is now letting her spirit soar by being rooted to the ground so she can raise her two girls. She lives in Conifer, [Colorado], where she can almost touch the airplanes she used to fly. If you have any questions or comments, she can be reached at [armstrongerika1@gmail.com](mailto:armstrongerika1@gmail.com).*



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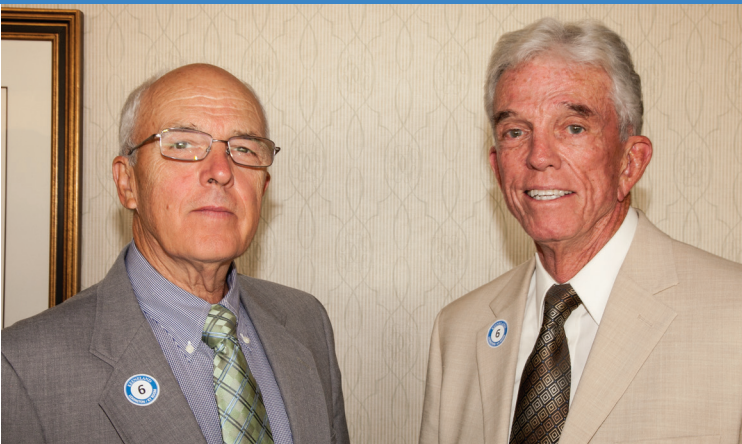
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Sheri Ball, Gayla Bredahl, Pat Reiman, Joanne Aitken, Prim Hamilton, NanSea Welsh



Kathee Nelick, Tootz Kelley, Sue Ebner, Lenice Daudt, Lynne Confer



Dave & Katie Pethia, Glenn Houghton, Colie & Karen Smith, George Bucks, Dennis Johnson, Lyle & Barbara Prouse



*Lexington Fire Department accepting the teddy bears and stuffed toys*



*Sterling Bentsen to K. C. Kohlbrand*

*Presenting  
door prizes  
at the  
Saturday  
evening  
Banquet*



*Terry Confer to Karen Oliva*



*Terry to Karen Smith*

*Hat Contest  
winners on the  
back cover*



*Terry to Katie Pethia*



*Sheri's was the winning bid for Judy Schellinger's beautiful quilt*



*Barbara Pisel presenting chocolates to Doug Parrott, the oldest member present*



*Laurie McCauley*



*Sheri Ball*



*Tootz Kelley*



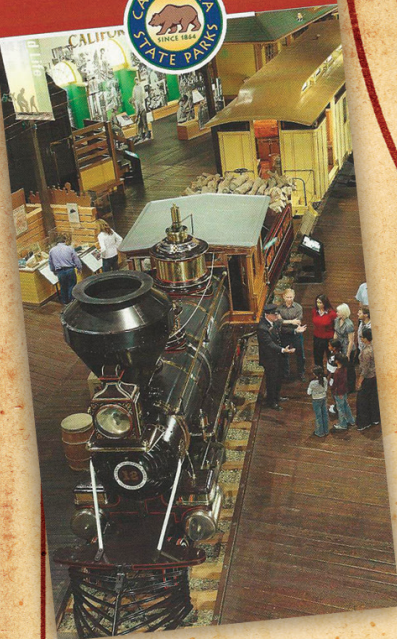
*NanSea Welsh*



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**SACRAMENTO**

# “Hunting the Jackal,” Billy Waugh: One old Soldier who refuses to fade away



by Nick Stubbs  
6th Air Mobility Wing Public Affairs

8/19/2011 - MACDILL AIR FORCE BASE, Fla.  
For most old Soldiers, especially those past their 80th year, the glory days of service and sacrifice are long past. Then again, Billy Waugh, 81, is no ordinary “old Soldier.”

Waugh was a U.S. Army Special Forces legend whose career spanned several years of work with the Studies and Observation Group in the early days of U.S. involvement in Vietnam (before the war officially began). He earned the Silver Star Medal, four Bronze Stars, eight Purple Hearts (at one point left for dead by the enemy), four Army Commendation Ribbons, 14 Army Air Medals and a Presidential Unit Citation. He was nearly 50 when he worked for the CIA during the Cold War, and later worked tracking and conducting surveillance on famed terrorists Carlos the Jackal and Osama Bin Laden, long before most knew the latter’s name.

Waugh was 71 when he participated in Operation Enduring Freedom in 2001, going into Afghanistan as a member of a CIA team there to topple the Taliban and Al Qaeda at Tora Bora.

That’s right, 71, and now 10 years later the Tampa area resident hasn’t slowed down a bit. Is he still working for the CIA? It might be hard to imagine, but then with Waugh, it’s also hard to say. Like that bunny on TV that hawks batteries, he just keeps on going. His last parachute jump was just a couple of years ago at 79.

“If the mind is good and the body is able, you keep on going if you enjoy it,” the energetic octogenarian said, leaning back in the swivel chair in the office of his Land O’ Lakes home, where he’s working on his latest book, an untitled piece about his days in Vietnam.

And he does enjoy it. On the road almost as much as not, he is an active guest speaker all over the country, some of his most enjoyable engagements addressing military members looking to join Special Forces.

After a slide show set to the “Ballad of the Green Beret” and peppered with old photos of his SOG team, images of long-ago operations and the battle hardened faces of the Green Berets who carried them out, there isn’t anyone in the room who isn’t aching more than ever to become a part of that history, said Waugh, who admits he’s a great recruiting tool for the Army.

He keeps up the pace by working on his physical health, but perhaps most importantly keeps his mind engaged.

“Your mind is like your body,” he said. “You have to use it or you start to lose it.”

Waugh said he likes what he does helping educate and inspire, and he likes what he sees in today’s young military members.

“These kids are sharp,” he says of special ops recruits these days, adding that the evidence is in modern operations like the one conducted by Navy Seals to take out his old nemesis Osama Bin Laden.

Waugh drafted several plans to kill Bin Laden before the radical rose to terrorism infamy. He’d had him under surveillance for some time and knew his every move.

“I was within 30 meters of him,” said Waugh, who added, “I could have killed him with a rock.”

Waugh’s proposals were ignored, and the rest is history.

His surveillance work on Carlos the Jackal did pay off, proving instrumental in his capture in Sudan in 1994. Waugh chronicled that part of his CIA career in his book, “Hunting the Jackal,” co-written by Tim Keown.

Though a highlight of his career, helping capture who was then the most wanted terrorist in the world was just a chapter in Waugh’s life. It was his time in Vietnam, where he “was allowed to be a Soldier,” that his most cherished memories were born, and where the

bonds of brotherhood with fellow Soldiers were forged for a lifetime. They routinely reunite, the most recent event held earlier this year in Tampa, which featured a ceremony and parachute jump at U.S. Special Operations Command at MacDill.

“Our operations were small units, well behind enemy lines,” said Waugh of his Vietnam service. He and his team were their own support on the ground, and the danger was as thick as the jungles they slogged through.

He recalls it as a time when the Air Force perfected “tactical air strikes.”

Following targeting information provided from the SOG teams like Waugh’s, aircraft carried out precision attacks on strategic targets.

“It took them a while to get the hang of it, but those guys [Air Force pilots] were good and they got very good at what they did.”

An old jungle “snake eater” who these days opts most often for the Reuben sandwich at the Bay Palms Golf Club on his regular visits to MacDill, Waugh says his goal is to keep contributing as a speaker and advisor as long as he has something to offer. It’s about service to country, but he admits it is much about the difficulty of winding down from a larger-than-life career as anything.

“Once you get used to that [a life of adventure], you’re not about to quit,” he said smiling. “How could you want to do anything else?” ✈

(Submitted by Vic Britt)



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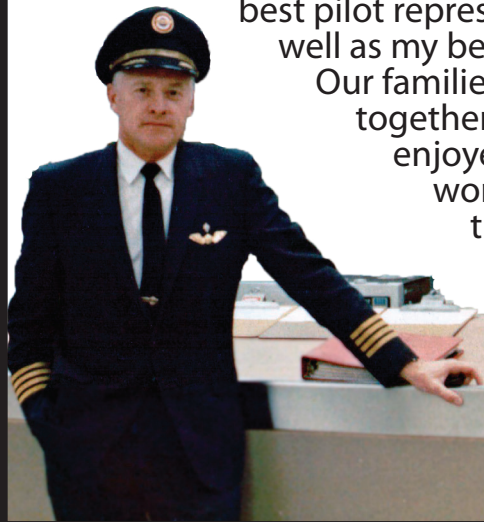
# Do You Remember "Mac"?

By Dick Smith

The pilots and flight operations personnel at Northwest Airlines held Elwood W. "Mac" McCary in high esteem. He "Flew West" almost twenty years ago, but his memory is still strong in those who flew with him, were instructed by him, or worked with him during his long and rewarding career at Northwest.

Mac became my great friend almost from the day we first met in June 1948, when we were hired as copilots for NWA. Our friendship continued for forty-eight years until the day he died in February 1996.

I always looked up to him as the best pilot, the best instructor, the best check pilot, and the best pilot representative as well as my best friend. Our families grew up together and we enjoyed many wonderful times throughout the years.



Mac is remembered for his dedication to his family, his country, to Northwest Airlines and its check and training department, and to his fellow pilots as Chairman of Council 1, Air Line Pilots Association. All who flew and worked with Mac were aware how efficient he was in sizing up the job, and then getting it done and done right.

His quick wit and sense of humor were legend and enabled him to get the very best out of the hundreds of pilots he instructed.

Retirement was not part of Mac's master plan. When the FAA's age discrimination policy grounded him at age 60, he joined them as an Air Carrier Inspector where age was no hindrance. For almost eleven years, he was as productive for them as he had been for NWA.

On his final day on this planet he had put in his usual eight to ten hours on the job. He would have wanted it no other way. Someone once said: "It is not the length of a life, but the lasting positive effects it has on those left behind that give it value."

Those positive effects that Mac left have been with us a long time.

(More →)



## Mark McCary, Dick Smith and Vic Britt collaborate to remember “Mac”

### **Camaraderie**

“Mac” was born May 11, 1925. He was raised in Harrisonburg, Virginia, a small town in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley by his Father and Mother, Edward W. McCary and Jessie Green Garber. “Mac” learned to fly in a Piper Cruiser off the local grass strip, Hartman Airfield. Soon after graduation from high school in June 1943 he volunteered for and was accepted into the U.S. Army Air Forces Aviation Cadet Training Program (Av-Cad). He soloed the PT-19 in May 1944 and he received his Air Force Wings and commission from Class 44-K, Coleman, Texas, in July 1944. He checked out in the P-40 Warhawk and P-51 Mustang in advanced training, but the war ended before he could get there. He was released from active duty in October 1945.

Northwest Airlines hired “Mac” as a co-pilot in June 1948, and his initial training was in DC-3s and Martin 202s. His first tour at Northwest was short; he was furloughed in the fall of 1948. Drawing on his expertise, the Air Force recalled him to active duty in December 1948 for “Operation Vittles”, and he flew the C-54 “Skymaster” on 195 missions during the Berlin Airlift.

In August 1949 “Mac” transitioned back to single engine aircraft. He was ordered to Williams Air Force

Base, Arizona, where he was a jet fighter pilot instructor for cadets and flight instructors until November 1951. In the spring of 1951 he became a member of the Williams AFB “Acrojet” demonstration team flying F-80 “Shooting Stars.” In those days, the USAF did not have a flight demonstration team similar to the “Blue Angels.” The “Acrojets” were instead the forerunner of today’s “Thunderbirds.”

The “Acrojet” team flew with their wings overlapped, and a two foot-wing tip to fuselage clearance. They were the first demonstration team to climax their show with a signature low-level pass and pull to vertical “Bomb Burst.” The “Bomb Burst” was followed by a low level, high speed, four-plane crossover from the four compass points, with the four aircraft crossing simultaneously at runway center. It is now the show-closing maneuver for the “Thunderbirds” and the “Blue Angels.” Mac flew Right Wing with the “Acrojets” at various events including the 1951 “National Air Races” in Detroit, Michigan.

In November 1951, orders took “Mac” to the 36th FBG and 53rd Fighter Bomber Squadron at Bitburg, Germany, where he met his lovely bride to be, 1stLt Gladys M. Lys, USAF. At Bitburg, Mac served as flight

commander, group instrument check pilot, and as a member of the 36th FBG Standardization Board for F-84E/G and F-86F aircraft. He was sent to Taegu Air Base, Korea on Temporary Duty from May 1952 through June 1952 where he flew 25 combat missions in the F-84 E/G with the 49th FBG, 9th Fighter Bomber Squadron.

While assigned to his station in Germany, during the initial stages of the Cold War, Mac remained on the cutting edge of history. In March and April 1953, amidst deteriorating Soviet-Yugoslav relations, he ferried the first jet fighter aircraft (T-33s) into Belgrade, Yugoslavia,

under U.S. military assistance programs. He continued to serve in Europe until he was released from active duty as a Captain in the Air Force in August 1954. He then rejoined Northwest in the fall of 1954. Settling in Minnesota, Mac and Ms. Gladys raised three children of their own while serving the Northwest family—William, Deborah, and Mark.

“Mac” was a co-pilot when he returned to Northwest. He was promoted to Captain in March 1959. He became an instructor and FAA designated check captain from 1961 to 1979 on the Douglas DC-6/7C, DC-10, Lock-



heed L-188, Boeing 727, 720, 320, and 747. He served as Chairman of Council 1, Air Line Pilots Association, and as a member of the Master Executive Council.

“Mac” reached FAA’s mandatory retirement age 60 in 1985 and retired from Northwest. He was hired by

the FAA as an air carrier inspector and assigned to work with Northwest. He continued to contribute his time and talents to the aviation community until his sudden, unexpected and untimely death in February 1996. ✈

### Reflection

An unfinished prayer, left behind in the desk of E.W. McCary

“Somewhere over Western Skies.”

*Always. How long is always? For me, always has been...that part of my life associated mentally or physically with flying. Has it really been fifty and more years since a young skinny lad of eight...arranged the leather living room chair in a position resembling a cockpit, donned a rubber rain helmet and goggles designed after a real aviator’s [ensemble], and using a toilet plunger suctioned to the floor as a joy stick proceeded to fly the North Atlantic in Lindbergh’s wake to Paris, or...became a World War I fighter ace, flying a Spad or a Newport in mortal combat with the hated [enemy].*

*Has it really been fifty or more years since the young lad’s nightly prayers to God were dedicated to [the] aim of being a Pilot! But not just any Pilot, a Fighter Pilot, an Airline Pilot, a Combat Pilot, an Acrobatic Pilot. In fact, one who could and would do every conceivable type of flying in a lifetime.*

*Fifty years of aviation dreams, worked for, realized, and new dreams dreamed to replace them. [In the words of George Patton], “God help me, but I do love it so.” The statement certainly expresses my feelings precisely.*

*[And for this I am thankful.]*

E.W.



First solo  
Piper Cruiser  
circa 1943







**"Sy" Syverson**  
**1938 ~ 2013**

**John O. "Sy" Syverson**, age 75, of Mission, Texas and Park Rapids, Minnesota and formerly of Fargo, North Dakota, and a retired Northwest Airlines captain, passed away peacefully on August 20, 2013, after a short, courageous battle with cancer. John was born on the family farm in Ulen, Minnesota on July 16, 1938, to Oscar S. and Clara (Jenzer) Syverson, the youngest of seven sons. He grew up in Ulen, was baptized and confirmed at Atlanta Lutheran Church, attended grade school at District 48 County School and graduated from Ulen High School in 1955. John graduated from North Dakota State University, and his educational path continued to the National Air War College, Montgomery, Alabama.

John's passion was flying, and he began his flying career with the North Dakota Air National Guard's 178th Fighter Squadron, the "Happy Hooligans," of which he was justifiably proud. The "Hooligans" record includes many unit awards including the Hughes Trophy and the USAF Daedalian Maintenance Trophy, an Air Force wide competition presented to the single most deserving unit. In 1970 the "Hooligans" became the first ANG unit to win the entire "William Tell Meet," a worldwide fighter competition, and were named the best fighter unit in the world. They won the title twice more, in 1972 and 1994. "Happy Hooligans" was painted on the unit's F-89J aircraft for the first time in 1964, and each North Dakota Air National Guard aircraft since then carried that motto on the tail. While with the "Hooligans" John flew the F-89, F-102, F-101, and F4D. He retired as Lieutenant Colonel in the Air National Guard after 30 years service.

John was hired by Northwest Airlines on July 18,

1966, and ended his thirty-two year career at age 60 in 1998 as a 747-400 Captain, flying to Asia and Europe. Retirement was short lived as John became active in his other passion, politics. In 2003 he was elected to the North Dakota State Senate from District 45. He also served as Vice Chairman of the Fargo Planning Commission, Metro Council of Government, and on the Reed Township Board. John was State President of the Air Force Association, member of the El Zagal Shrine, American Legion, Amvets, Daedalions, Airline Pilots Association, Retired Northwest Airlines Pilots' Association, National Guard Association, First Lutheran Church, and was a member of the MIA Hunters in Papua, New Guinea.

Friends and co-workers left memories in his online Guest Book: Gene Kragness: You were a good man, and a loyal friend. Graham Millar-South Godstone, England: Knew John from London's Gatwick, gentleman, genuine professional, many laughs and a few Bombay Sapphires. Field McConnell, "Hooligan": Marine pilot fortunate to join "Hooligans" and fly under leadership of AP MacDonald, Wally Hegg and John Syverson. John is memorialized with a brick at Van Zandt County Veterans Memorial in Canton Texas where F4D "Phantom" Serial #64-0965 (John flew it many times) is center of attention. Richard Frantz: John was Class Commander, Other Half of Reese AFB Class 66A. His care and concern for the whole class is inspirational... throughout his personal and professional career. Throw a nickel on the grass. I salute You. Fred Raiche: John was an excellent pilot and a great and good friend. Joyce Hystad: I will always remember his kindness to me after Jim [Hystad] died. Jack Herbst: Good man and true friend. Well thought of and remembered. Stan Willbanks: John loved flying, he will love his new wings! E. John Carlson: John O. What a guy! A great confidant, friend, hunter and airman, with great compassion and a sense of humor. Larry Daudt: I admired John at NWA... an air about him attracted people to him, always a true gentleman and a professional. Art Jacobson: Back seater (WSO) in the F101B with "Happy Hooligans"... excellent fighter pilot-always on top of the airplane, enthusiastic, ready to go.

On June 2, 1984, John married Diane E. Benson in Fargo, ND, and during their twenty-nine years of marriage they traveled the world together. His wife Diane and daughter Beth Leonard; brothers, Shelvin, Lowell and Wallace; other relatives, and 27 nephews and nieces will lovingly miss John.

(- Vic Britt)



## Marcia Pittman 1953 ~ 2013

**Marcia Lou Pittman**, age 60, and a retired Northwest Airlines and Delta Airlines flight attendant “Flew West” peacefully, and unexpectedly, in her sleep on August 22, 2013 in Vancouver, British Columbia. She was among friends doing what she loved to do, which was working with draft horse teams. Marcia was born in Medford, Oregon on August 18, 1953 to C.C. “Smokey” and Lou Ellen Pittman. She graduated with the class of 1971 from Canby Union High School in Canby, Oregon, and attended Oregon State University in Corvallis.

Marcia decided she would apply to be a (then) stewardess and saw an ad that Northwest Airlines was looking for candidates, so she applied. Her interviewer was a surly man with no sense of humor. After she answered the verbal questions satisfactorily, he asked to see her walk. She got up, walked to the door, opened it, and walked out closing it behind her. She waited several seconds before opening the door and peeking in, and she detected a slight grin on his face. She was hired.

Marcia joined Northwest Airlines on July 22, 1974 and worked for nearly 38 years as a flight attendant for NWA and Delta before retiring in 2012 to pursue her hobbies. The first five years she was based in MSP, and in the mid-'070s she accompanied a friend to Chicago who was to interview for one of three positions as “Team Stewardess” for the “Bears” charter flights to away games. Marcia went to support her friend, and applied as a lark. Marcia was hired, and ironically her friend was not. Marcia transferred to the Seattle base in 1980 and was reunited with her immediate family, all of whom had moved to Seattle for their professions.

She loved her job, the freedom it afforded her and the opportunity to see the world. She was in Tokyo, preparing to board passengers on to her flight, when the earthquake struck in 2011. She received many letters of thanks and recognition from the airline and passengers during her career. Marcia was a popular, fun-loving, competent and confident coworker.

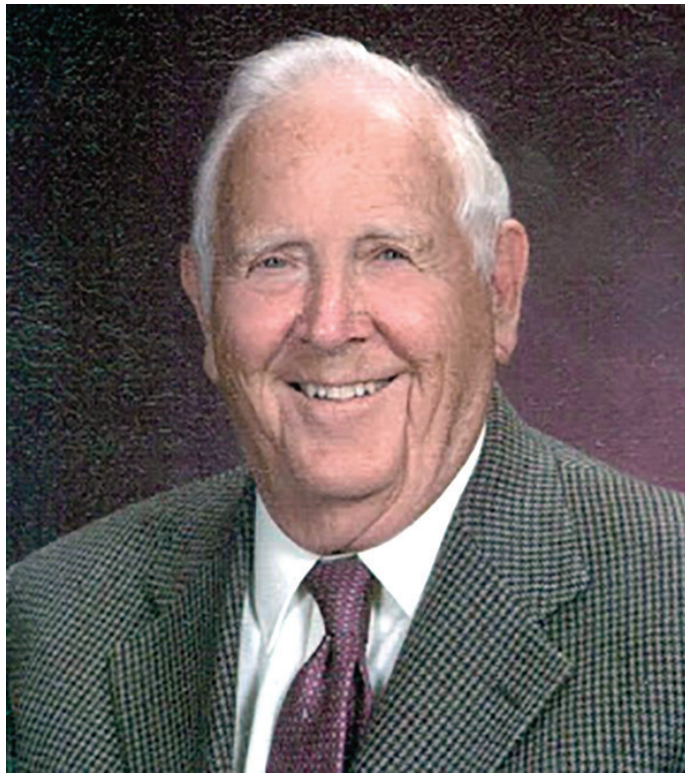
Marcia’s passion in life were her animals and especially horses, encouraged by her mother’s love of all things equine, and she always had a dog or two. She had her own horse from the fifth grade on, and quarter horses begat her acquiring four large Percheron draft horses to pull carts, wagons, and hearses in various parades and events through her company, Rainier Percherons. In 1991 Marcia and her mother Lou Ellen Pittman



began driving Marcia’s wagon with the Pendleton, Oregon Round Up Wagon Train each June. Accompanied usually with about 15 wagons and over 100 riders, covering twelve miles a day and traveling through the Blue Mountains, along parts of the Oregon Trail. After 1995 a fellow flight attendant at Northwest Airlines, Marcette ‘Marci’ Gauer of Renton, Washington, accompanied Marcia on the wagon train each year. Marcia said of the experience: “We get a little taste of what it was like on the Oregon Trail. My wagon’s built on an authentic undercarriage, weighs about 2,500 pounds, and has three sets of springs. It’s still rough and so noisy you can’t make conversation. You can understand why those pioneer women wanted to walk.”

Marcia was well known and popular in the horse community on the plateau. Her life was not ordinary, it was a life well lived and well loved, and a life that will be deeply missed. Marcia was a supporter of the “Parelli Education Institute”, an independent, non-profit for natural horsemanship for the past 15 years, and achieved online Level II qualifications. Her quarter horse was better behaved and could do more tricks than her dogs, a real testament to the program. Marcia was an affiliate member of RNPA.

(– Vic Britt)



**"Clancy" Ahlberg**  
1924 ~ 2013

**Clarence Russell 'Clancy' Ahlberg**, age 88, of Burnsville, Minnesota and Chandler, Arizona, and a retired Northwest Airlines Captain "flew west" on March 20, 2013, to be with his Lord and Savior. Clancy, the youngest of four children, was born on August 7, 1924 in Santa Barbara, California, to Carl Fred and Anna Caroline (Sandahl) Ahlberg. His dad worked for the railroad and they lived in several places, but often traveled to Minnesota to his grandparents' farms.

Most of his youth was spent in Tucson, Arizona, but he spent a couple years in Upsala, Minnesota while his mother cared for her ailing parents. Upon graduation from Tucson High School, he was drafted into the Army Air Corp for World War II. The Air Force trained him as an airplane mechanic, and during the Korean conflict he was recalled to service by the Air Force, continuing as an airplane mechanic.

When his military service ended in 1953, he and

his mother moved to Minneapolis to be near his sister Margaret and brother Melvin, and their families. He began his career with Northwest Airlines as an airplane mechanic in 1954, and soon met Jane, a young widow with two children—Sandy and Jack (John). He fell in love with them all, and on May 31, 1956 they were married at Emmaus Lutheran Church.

Clancy and Jane soon added two more children to the family, Nancy in May 1957 and Sue in May 1959. At Northwest Airlines, Clancy had an opportunity to move into a Flight Engineer position, and he later took flight training and became a pilot for Northwest, which was a dream come true for him. He enjoyed his 20 plus year's flying around the world until his retirement in 1984.

Clancy always enjoyed traveling—even on the ground, and he took his family camping and on road trips, visiting relatives and exploring many parts of the United States. He and Jane traveled outside the USA after retirement, and bought a winter home in Chandler, Arizona where they spent many winters, and many happy times with his brother, Maynerd, and his family. They also enjoyed the fellowship of friends and fellow snowbirds at Sun Lakes Baptist Church and Sun-bird Resort.

God's hand was evident throughout his life, and he was raised in the Swedish Covenant Church. God preserved him through his time of military service by never serving overseas, and surviving some harrowing test flights to be the perfect husband to Jane, and father to Sandy and Jack, and ultimately Nancy and Sue.

Betty Jane died in July 2001, and Clancy was a devoted husband. He spent Jane's last year by her side caring for her, which was an excellent example of Christ's love.

Clancy loved his family and was very proud to be father, grandfather, great grandfather, and great-great grandfather. He loved spending time with them all. We all remember the twinkle in his eye and the smile on his face as he joked around and told humorous stories.

He loved his Ole and Lena jokes and one of his favorite lines was, "You can always tell a Swede... but you can't tell him much."

Survived by children; Sandy Beery, John T. Peterson, Nancy Anderson, and Susan Nash; 14 grandchildren, 17 great-grandchildren and 4 greatgreat-grandchildren).

(- Vic Britt)



## "Chat" Chatterton 1917 ~ 2013

**Dalton K. "Chat" Chatterton**, age 96, of Boca Raton, Florida, and a retired Northwest Airlines Captain "Flew West" on July 23, 2013. He was born August 31, 1917 in Bladensville, Illinois and studied Aeronautical Engineering at the University of Minnesota in 1938-39. He formed the Twin Cities Flying Club in 1939 while at the "U," soloed on May 6, 1940, and loved flying planes for the rest of his life. The Twin City Flying Club charged pilots to fly, and he used that money to pay for the plane he had bought with friends.

When the war started, the Government purchased the plane to use for the war. It was a small plane but he loved flying it! Chat's reserve unit was called to active duty November 6, 1940, and he pinned on his Gold Naval Aviator Wings at NAS Pensacola in September 1942. His first assignment was to Test and Ferry Squadron VR-1 at NAS Floyd Bennet Field, New York. Floyd Bennet was New York city's first municipal airport and was converted to a Naval Air Station in 1941, and is now a park. While assigned to VR-1 Chat flew the first FM-2, serial number 15954 from the factory at Trenton, New Jersey to the Naval Test Center at Patuxent River, Maryland. The FM-2 was a new "Wildcat" originally called the XF4F-8 by Grumman, but was produced by Eastern Aircraft as the FM-2. It was lighter and had a Wright R-1820 radial engine that made it quicker, faster climbing, longer ranged and more maneuverable than its predecessors, with a distinctive, taller ver-

tical tail to help control the increased power.

Orders next took him to Roanoke, Virginia to Penn Central multi-engine school to check out in the R5D (DC-4) "Skymaster", and an assignment as pilot for Admiral A.S. Carpenter, Commandant of the Ninth Naval District in July 1944. He served in that command until he was discharged from active duty in December 1945. From 1946 to 1977 he flew for Northwest airlines until he retired at age 60. He flew for Northwest for thirty-two years and was flying 747s to the Orient when he retired. His wife Delores was with him on his last flight from Hawaii to Minneapolis. During his airline career Commander Chatterton continued his service in the Minneapolis Naval Reserves and was Commanding Officer of VR-813, which received a Commendation from Admiral Brown, Commandant of the 6th Fleet, Naples, Italy. During his Naval service he qualified in twenty different Naval Aircraft and had over 3,500 hours as a Naval Aviator. He also had over 25,000 hours in civilian aircraft.

The Chatterton's lived in Edina, Minnesota during most of his Northwest career, spending summers on Bay Lake and boating with the family. On days off from Northwest he built custom homes in Edina and on Lake Minnetonka. His wife Delores designed and decorated the homes, and it was a "family affair" that they enjoyed together. His daughter Darlene said, "We moved most every year into a new beautiful home, and my brother Dennis and I learned to make friends fast, as we always had new neighbors. Vern Gagne the wrestler taught Dennis and I to water ski





when he was our neighbor on the lake, and George Mikan taught us how to throw a basketball when he was our neighbor in Edina.”

Chat was a long time member of Edina Baptist Church, now called Grace Church of Eden Prairie, where he served as a trustee. In 1970 the Chatterton’s moved to Boca Raton, Florida where he was on the board of “Missionary Flight’s International” in Palm

Beach, Florida for many years. Dalton and Delores celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary on Jan. 4, 2013.

He is survived by: His wife Delores of Boca Raton, his son Dennis Chatterton and wife Carol of Naples, his daughter Darlene and husband Dr. Larry Beckett of Boca Raton, five grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

(– Vic Britt)



**"Larry" Buckner**  
1936 ~ 2013

**Lawrence Mack "Larry" Buckner**, age 76, a resident of Coweta, Oklahoma, and a retired Northwest Airlines Captain "Flew West" peacefully Saturday, August 3, 2013 at St. Francis Hospital in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Lawrence was born on September 26, 1936 in Stilwell, Oklahoma. He was the son of Henry and Clemmie (Tucker) Buckner, and a 1956 graduate of Stilwell High School. After high school, he went on to receive his Bachelors of Science at Northeastern State University graduating in 1962. Lawrence and Barbara Buckner were united in marriage on June 8, 1958 in Stilwell. Lawrence was a proud veteran of the United States Navy where he received the National Defense Service Medal, the Vietnam Campaign Medal, the Vietnam Service Medal with Three Bronze Stars and the Desert Storm Medal. He was a Naval Aviator and served on

active duty in the Navy from September 1962 to July 1967. Lawrence served in the Naval Reserves from July 1967 to September 1989, and retired as a Commander.

Lawrence was hired as a pilot by Northwest Airlines on January 8, 1968 and flew for 27 years until his retirement in March 1995. Northwest flight crewmembers left the following sentiments in the online GuestBook:

Lyle Prouse: "I was hired about 8 months after Larry... and always enjoyed talking with him. He was well thought of at NWA, and I'm extremely sad to read of his passing."

Steve White: "Larry started in the class behind me at NWA. He made a good impression from the start, a wholesome down to earth guy. Larry was one of my favorite people."

Lucinda 'Cindy' Kuiper: "Larry and I flew NWA flights 69/40 through the mountains often on the 727 and I adored him; what a kind gentleman. Captain Bert Kuiper, my late husband, also enjoyed sharing the cockpit with Larry."

Vic Britt: "I worked in flight training at NWA with Larry. Always a gentleman, Larry was as solid a citizen as I met in thirty years at Northwest Airlines. Lawrence was a faithful member of the Church of Christ at Whispering Hills in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. In his spare time, he enjoyed writing computer programs and working on computers and electronics. He will be missed as a loving husband, father, son, brother, grandfather, great grandfather, uncle and friend."

Lawrence is survived by his wife of 55 years, Barbara Buckner of the home in Coweta, Oklahoma; his mother, Clemmie Buckner of Stilwell, Oklahoma; his son, Larry Buckner of Coweta; his daughter, Dana Groves and husband, Jimmy, of Broken Arrow; two grandchildren, Cody Buckner and Kristy Orozco & husband, Alex; two great grandchildren, Luis and Isabella; brother, Dowell Buckner; sisters, Gayle Teel, Carol Bradley, Sharon Worsham, and Shirley Ann Krug, and other relatives and friends.

(– Vic Britt)



### Norma Anderson 1945 ~ 2013

**Norma I. Anderson**, age 67, the devoted and beloved wife of retired Northwest Airlines MSP Crew Controller, Marlan Anderson, unexpectedly passed away too young in the early afternoon hours of Wednesday, July 31, 2013. Her legacy now lives on in her husband, daughters, grandchildren and sisters. Norma Irene Anderson graced this world on September 21, 1945, when she was born to parents Richard and Iva (Mertens) Grossman in Hibbing, Minnesota. The youngest of five daughters, life was simple growing up as a family, yet filled with adventures. They enjoyed riding the train through town, climbing the water tower and building fires by the reservoir. Each day was full of laughter, smiles and cherishing each other's company.

After graduation from Hibbing High School in 1963, Norma moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota to explore job opportunities. Instead she found the love of her life at a small pub on Lake Street, where she met Marlan Anderson. After dating for only three months, Norma and Marlan exchanged wedding vows during an ice storm on November 28, 1964 at St. Leo's Catholic Church in Hibbing, Minnesota. They were blessed with three beautiful daughters, Jackie, Denise and Angela. The family would pack up the camper and head out for adventurous destinations including the Black Hills,

California, and traveling up north every other month to see her parents. Norma was a loving wife and devoted mom her entire life. When the girls were older, she worked various jobs, but truly enjoyed her time as a receptionist for the Minnesota Masonic Home and Hair Unlimited.

An avid quilter, Norma made countless quilts of all shapes and sizes for family and friends. This past Christmas, she gave each member of the family a quilt, which they now treasure. Norma loved to read romance novels, play the slots at casinos, and listen to country western music. A perfectionist, she kept a clean and organized home, including the yard. Norma loved to work in her flower and vegetable gardens, and she was known for making the best dumpling soups, stews, lasagna and cinnamon rolls. In 1999 after Marlan retired, they spent seven years traveling the United States in their fifth wheel.

Norma was family orientated and made the best of each day, and her family was always the most important. She always had a big smile on her face and showed interest in whatever you were doing. The life of the party, Norma had a great sense of humor, knew where all the sales were located, had an endless movie purse and most important, always surrounded you with unconditional love.

Deeply missed and remembered always by those who loved Norma: her husband of almost 49 years, Marlan; daughters, Jackie, Denise, Angela; grandchildren, Cody Aasen, Steve and Elsa Aanonson, Alexa, Nathan, Sarah and Gabrielle Calliguri; sisters, Elaine Mathews, Arlene "Babe" Blais, Pat Olson, Helen Vold; other loving relatives and devoted friends.

Marlan's Northwest Airlines friends sent numerous expressions of sympathy in cards and letters and in Norma's online GuestBook, and they were truly appreciated. Some excerpts: "My heartfelt sympathy goes out to you and your family as you pass through this difficult time... She must have been a marvelous lady... You were the best to work with my friend... You were high on Dale's list of respected NWA comrades... Still clearly hear that Anderson baritone resonating on the Scheduling phone... As our crew controller, Marlan, you were a real class act. I have great respect for the way you did your job, always courteously and with fairness... Take comfort in knowing that now you have a special guardian angel to watch over you."

(- Vic Britt)



## "Bill" Hendrick 1932 ~ 2013

**James William "Bill" Hendrick**, age 80, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain of Olalla, Washington "flew west" on Thursday evening, August 1, 2013 from heart problems and complications of pulmonary fibrosis. Between October 2012 and January 2013 Bill spent over 50 days in the hospital. He was born October 19, 1932 to Clare and Ruby Hendrick in Longview, Washington, and graduated from Castle Rock High School in Longview in 1951. After graduation, Bill worked for a while logging and fighting fires in the woods for the Weyerhaeuser Corporation. A friend of Bill's joining the Navy asked him for a ride to the recruiting office. When they arrived at the Navy recruiting office it was closed for lunch. But the Marine recruiting office was open, and a Marine recruiter offered to let them wait in the Marine recruiting office for the Navy office to reopen. Bill became a U.S. Marine that afternoon, and the rest is history. That was day one of his love affair with the U.S. Marine Corps, and it never ended.

Bill completed "boot camp" at Marine Recruit Training Depot, San Diego, California in 1952 and expected assignment to an engineering school. But tests and physical exams he took in boot camp showed him qualified for the Naval Aviation Cadet program, and Bill volunteered for flight training. He reported to NAS Pensacola, Florida for pre-flight training after boot

camp, and eighteen months later he qualified as a carrier pilot. He was awarded his gold Naval Aviator Wings, and commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Marines in 1954. It was one of the highlights of his flying career.

Bill was released from active duty in the Marines in 1957, and first flew for TWA before joining Northwest Airlines for his thirty plus years airline career. Bill and Martha

Stone met and were married and had two children, Pam and Michael. The early years of his airline career Bill and the family traveled between different flight crew bases, before settling in the Seattle area where all still live. After he and Martha divorced, Bill moved to Olalla, on Colvos Passage in Puget Sound.

He met Janice in the late 80's and they were married. Janice says, "Bill and I spent 25 wonderful years together, and I can't imagine life without him. I am not looking forward to it at all because Bill was an amazing man, a totally loyal friend, loving husband, great father, and a wonderful grandfather who was completely devoted to our seven grandchildren. He loved our home in Olalla, and we enjoyed working on our home and in the yard. We bought a home in Arizona ten years ago to get away from the rain, and Bill enjoyed playing golf with the guys and swapping lies. He loved a story, knew many, and could tell them again and again. He served as a docent at Seattle's Museum of Flight where he used his storytelling ability to his heart's content. Bill also loved to shop, and Janice says she often joked that Bill had his own parking space at Costco. He was a voracious reader, and it was really hard on him near the end of his life for he could no longer see well enough to read. Audio books were just not the same to Bill."

Bill and Janice had a wonderful life together enjoying family and friends, and they loved taking different side trips on their way to and from each of their homes. They traveled the Orient, Europe, and Alaska at Harding's Old Sourdough Lodge, but most of their travels centered on Olalla and Gold Canyon, Arizona. The family was close knit, and each are feeling the empty space left by Bill's passing. His wife Janice, daughter Pamela Sanford (David), son Michael (Jill), stepdaughters Sara and Laura Elliott, and seven grandchildren survive Bill.

(- Vic Britt)



### Keith Finneseth 1932 ~ 2013

**Keith Eugene Finneseth**, age 80, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” on May 23, 2013 in Burnsville, Minnesota. Keith was born on June 22, 1932 in Minot, North Dakota and attended a small country school in North Dakota, graduating in 1950. He attended the University of North Dakota for three years, and in 1954 volunteered for the Naval Aviation Cadet (NAVCAD) program in Minot, North Dakota. He reported to NAS Pensacola, Florida in July 1954 and was assigned to Pre-Flight Class 07-54. While he was in flight training Keith flew the SNJ and F9F, and trained at Corpus Christi and Kingsville, Texas where he received his Naval Aviator wings. After completing flight training in 1955, Keith had a choice to stay Navy or join the Marines. He chose the Marines, and after commissioning as a 2nd Lieutenant received orders to MCAS Cherry Point, NC, where Bob Immel, who was ahead of Keith in PFClass 50-53, first met him. Immel got orders to K-3 at Pohang, Korea and was assigned to the VMA-251 “Thunderbolts,” flying AD-6 “Skyraiders.”

Two months later he heard Keith was on the same track, and got a Major friend in Ops to make sure Keith was assigned to 251.

The Korean Armistice required US force reduction, and some units of the First Marine Air Wing packed to leave Korea. Immel said K-3 was a miserable place, and they were happy to leave it. Another long time friend from 251 Jerry Kibbe (PanAm) first met Keith at NAS Iwakuni. VMA-251 was split after they got to Iwakuni, and Bob stayed with the half that retained the attack role at Iwakuni. Kibbe, Keith, and 12 other pilots and 8 AD-6s transferred to NAS Atsugi as a sub unit “Special Weapons Squadron,” to train to deliver “nukes.” The Navy was going to use ADs as delivery platforms to drop Mk-7s (slimmed down version of “Fat Man”). It was a one way, or maybe a quarter way trip, and one pilot who trained for the mission said, “I was a 24 year old Marine Lieutenant, and I wasn’t afraid of anything”. Kibbe said, “Low level delivery training let us fly all over northern Japan at prop clearance, climbing to 50 ft agl only to switch drop tanks.

We flew in sections of two, and once with Keith as my wingman I flew into a box canyon with no room for a 180. I yelled in the mike, “46/26” not knowing if we would make it or not.” Long seconds later I skimmed the peak and Keith’s calm voice came over, “Well that was fun. What else can you show me today.” Keith landed at Atsugi with small branches of Japanese spruce jammed in his left drop tank rack. I bought his drinks at the O Club for a month.

The Atsugi group rejoined the rest of 251 at Iwakuni later. Immel and Kibbe rotated to MCAS Opa Locka, formerly NAS Miami, in early ‘57 and lived off base with Joe Hazen. Keith rotated to the Training Command as an instructor and made many X-Country weekend “Navigation Training Flights” to visit Immel and Kibbe in Miami where all the action was.







The Marines released Keith from active duty in 1958, and he joined Northwest Airlines in December 1958. Keith loved the Marine Corps and being a Marine, and he served in the Marine Reserve Squadron in Minneapolis until 1967 when he “retired” as a Captain. While in the Marines he also flew the TV-2, F9F-8, SNB, and the R4Q-2 (C-119) a handful to fly when one of its Wright R-3350s quit (not unusual). Some Marine R4Q-2s went to a US Navy Transport Squadron, and they joked that the R4Q was the Marines revenge for planes forced on it previously by the US Navy.

Keith retired from Northwest Airlines in June 1992 at age 60, and flew the Electra, DC6, DC7, DC-10, Boeing 707-720 & 320, 727, 747-200 and 747-400. A Cessna, Bonanza, and Grumman Widgeon were some of the planes that Keith owned and enjoyed flying. He loved his Harley Davidson motorcycle and made many trips to the Sturgis, SD motorcycle rally. He was a Ma-

son and a Shriner, and he worked the Shrine Circus and pancake breakfasts.

Keith and a group of Airline Marines formed a club they called the “RAMS” (Raggedy Ass Marines) and bought a small cabin on Lake Mille Lacs, where they hunted, fished, played golf, told lies and had a drink or two. He loved to play golf, and go out on his boat.

Keith and Verna met on a blind date with a pilot friend of Keith’s, and a Northwest classmate of Verna’s. They dated for five years, and in 1963 Keith married the love of his life, Verna Bowers. Keith and Verna would have celebrated 50 years of marriage on Aug 23, 2013. They had homes in Longboat Key, Florida, Burnsville, Minnesota, and their wonderful log cabin in Cross Lake, Minnesota, where each enjoyed the quiet solitude and wildlife. Keith is survived by his wife Verna, sister Loree Ann Pilch, nieces and nephews, and his many friends in the Northwest family. *(– Vic Britt)*

**Burton Lynn Dupree**, age 80, and a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” peacefully on February 18, 2013 in Menlo Park, California. Burton was born in Pioneer, Texas, to Burton Jacob Dupree and Lydia Anderson Dupree on May 24, 1932. He graduated from Denver City High School, and he always loved motorcycles. He rode an Indian, a James, and a Harley and passed that love on, as all of the children rode for a time. Burton began a long-term love affair with flying when he was young, soloing after only three hours instruction in a Piper Cub.

He completed a B.A. in design at Texas Tech, where he majored in architecture, landscape architecture, and design and served as Colonel of Cadets in the Army ROTC his senior year. In 1956, he began ten years of active duty as an officer in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. He flew fixed-wing aircraft and helicopters to support the mapping mission of the 937th Engineers in Central America 1959-1962, as part of the Inter-American Geodetic Survey. In 1964-1965 he flew as a pilot in Viet Nam, leaving active duty in 1966. He then served for ten years in the 91st Division (Reserve) Aviation Section, retiring as a Major.

He began a career with Pacific Airlines in 1966, later merging into Air West, Hughes Airwest, Republic, and then bought by Northwest from which he retired in 1992. Burton’s love of flying was passed on for two more generations, and his son John Marc Dupree

proudly served his country in the U.S. Air Force. After release from active duty John followed in his dad’s steps and joined Republic in October 1985. John had an opportunity to fly as Burt’s copilot before Burt retired in 1992, and John was a Boeing 757 Captain with Northwest Airlines until his medical retirement in 2005. John “Flew West” on Christmas Day, 2011 at the age of 52, at Chelsea Retirement Community.

Burton was widely known for his cartoons, and he did caricatures of almost everyone he met. He contributed cartoons in social contexts and to the flight-training department, especially to Steve Cramer. He loved to fish and to simply be in nature, so the children grew up going to parks and fishing. He traveled in Vanagons for decades and he volunteered, washing dishes at St. Anthony’s Dining Room and driving a forklift at the Second Harvest Food Bank. Every day, he was at Peete’s coffee shops with friends. He attended the Humanist Community; a poetry group; a dinner group; and the Men’s Group at Woodside Village Church.

Burton is survived by his wife Sabra; his children and their spouses James and Wanda Dupree, Walter and Virginia Dupree Waik, David Jacob Dupree, and daughter in law Christine Jameson Dupree; and grandchildren Kimberly, Jeffrey, Lydia, Robert, Megan, Erin, Abigail, Olivia, Marc, Elizabeth, Scott, and Christian. *(– Vic Britt)*



**"Herb" Johnson**  
1921 ~ 2013

**Herbert John "Herb" Johnson**, age 92, of Cannon Falls, Minnesota, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain "Flew West" for a final check surrounded by his family on Saturday, March 16, 2013, at Angels Care Center in Cannon Falls. He was born on March 15, 1921, at the family farm near White Rock, Minnesota, the eldest child of Herbert V. E. and Eleda (Swanson) Johnson. Herb graduated from Cannon Falls High School in 1938, and began Civilian Pilot Training in 1940 while attending Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minnesota. After graduating in 1942 he enlisted in the Naval Air Corps and was awarded his "Naval Aviator Wings" in November of 1943. He served in the Pacific Theater until VJ Day, and after his discharge from active duty in 1946 joined the Minneapolis Naval Reserve Unit. Herb went back to school at the University of Minnesota for a while and studied engineering, but flying was in his blood and he joined Northwest Airlines on June 21, 1949.

Herb met his future wife, stewardess Merry Jo Arnds at Northwest, and was recalled to active duty for a year during the Korean Conflict. Herb and Merry Jo were married on March 30, 1951, at Fort MacArthur in California. They moved back to the family farm in White Rock in 1954 and Herb farmed and flew for Northwest. They were blessed with three children and three grandchildren.

Herb retired from Northwest in March 1981 at age 60, and while at Northwest flew the DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, DC-10, L-188, B-707, B-720, B-727, and finished his career flying B-747 to the Orient and Scandinavia. A life-long active member of St. Ansgar's Lutheran Church, he served on the Cannon Falls School Board, volunteered for Meals on Wheels, and drove people to various appointments. He would visit folks in the hospital and Angels Care Center, and then drive around town visiting those who were no longer able to get out and about. Herb enjoyed gardening, sharing a cup of coffee with family and friends, helping at the farm, picking berries, playing gin rummy, and making wine, lefse, and his famous fudge. He had a deep love of all of God's creatures and was always willing to offer a helping hand. Herb could give you a smile and make you feel like a million bucks. Aviation runs in the family. Daughter Linda was a gate agent for NWA/ Delta for 13½ years. Son Scott became a pilot for NWA/Delta and married Tesha, a ticket agent, and Grandson Erik flies for Pinnacle/Endeavor.

Colleagues at Northwest recalled working with Herb: Jim Morell: Flew copilot for Herb on DC-4 my first at flying multi-engines...could not have had a finer person to show me the ropes. Ken Kelm: True gentleman and superb pilot. Fred and Mary Raiche: Fortunate to be Herb's copilot-Mary, as a stewardess. Harry Bedrossian: Co-pilot for Herb on DC-4 when he checked out as Captain...great pilot, true gentlemen and a professional. Ted Swan: Always a gentleman. Anne Kerr: Met Herb and Merry Jo writing a book about Northwest memories. Herb was the first "commuting" pilot...had to prove to superiors he could drive Cannon Falls to MSP in an hour. Then he did it for 32 years. Bill Halverson: Fine pilot-cheerful ways will be missed. Larry Potton: Great pilot and a man's man. On 720 through mountain stations, on short final Herb closed the throttles, gave them a pat, put both hands on the yoke and glided in to a perfect landing. Dick Smith: Pleasure to know and work with Herb, a great credit to his profession and to Northwest. Bob "Bart" Bartholomay: Known Herb since 1958, a great friend and pilot. Adrian Jenkins: A true gentleman just passed by. Ray Dolny: Herb always had that smile, true gentleman, fun to fly with, one of the good guys. Bill Barrott: Fond memories a professional and ultimate gentleman. Jim Bestul: Looked forward to working with Herb in DC-6 days, always a gentleman. Jim Lindley: Herb took



me under his wing. I will never forget Herb...lucky to fly with him later in my career...sorely missed by this fellow. Jerry Pritchett: My first line trip on NWA Herb put me at ease with his gentle manner...my first flight as a Captain, Herb's son Scott was my flight engineer. Fred Breitling: Set a high standard as a true professional. One of the finest pilots I had the pleasure of working for as well as being a real gentleman. Neal Henderson: Co-pilot for Herb trips to Japan...pleasure to work with Herb.

He is survived by his wife of almost 62 years, Merry Jo; daughters Diane Johnson and Linda Johnson; son Scott and daughter-in-law Tesha Johnson of Cannon Falls; grandchildren Erik Johnson, Shea-Lynn (Luc) Ramthun, and Lindsey Johnson. *(- Vic Britt)*



**"Jackie" O'Reilly**  
1941 ~ 2013

**Jacquilyn Kay "Jackie" O'Reilly**, age 72, passed away peacefully Thursday, August 22, 2013 surrounded by her family at Quiet Oaks Hospice House in St. Augusta, Minnesota. Jackie was born April 29, 1941 in Brainerd, Minnesota to Thomas and Evelyn (Sabin) Hall, and graduated from Brainerd High School in 1959. On February 15, 1964 Jackie married her high school sweetheart Jim O'Reilly, in New Iberia, Louisiana where he was receiving multi-engine training at the NAS New Iberia. In August, 1967 Jim was released from the Navy, and he and Jackie returned to Minnesota where he had accepted a pilot position at Northwest Airlines.

Jackie was a homemaker and enjoyed raising her three children, Kristie, Craig and Dawn. She was very active in her children's activities and, late in life, enjoyed the grandchildren's events. She was very proud of all of them. Jackie loved going to garage sales, shopping in antique stores, playing bridge, taking lots of pictures, traveling and fishing. Jackie and Jim were married for forty-seven years before his death on June 30, 2011. She maintained her association with the Northwest Airlines family as an associate member of RNPA after Jim's death, and continued to winter in Surprise, Arizona, and spend summers at Mission lake near Merrifield, Minnesota. Jackie is survived by her son and daughters: Kristie (Kevin) Cencer, Craig (Jody) O'Reilly, and Dawn (Todd) Drayna; six grandchildren: Benjamin, Nicholas and Reilly Cencer; Lainey O'Reilly, and Kaelyn and Kennedy Drayna; and sister Sharyl (Tom) Neutz. *(- Vic Britt)*



## John Pieper 1923 ~ 2013

**John A. Pieper**, age 89, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” to his eternal home on Wednesday, June 5, 2013, from his home in Crosslake, Minnesota. John was born to be a pilot on November 30, 1923 in Stillwater, Minnesota. He had an unswerving attention to detail and a strong affection for anything that ran: Cars, airplanes, boats and lawn mowers. He loved airplanes, learned to fly when he was sixteen, and earned money for flying lessons helping mechanics at the Nash garage next door to his home. John graduated from Concordia Academy in St. Paul, Minnesota in 1941, and in 1941-1942 attended Northwestern College in Watertown, Wisconsin and the University of Minnesota. John became a flight instructor in 1943.

Northwest Airlines hired John as a Douglas DC-3 co-pilot in 1943. He met his future wife, flight attendant Julia Spanko, when he was a captain on the Boeing 377 Stratocruiser. Julie took the lead on family ground support while John flew Northwest flights to the Orient. John and his airline friends loved to swap stories about flights. “Red” Kennedy, often co-pilot on John’s trips, remembered a flight from Minneapolis-Madison-Chicago-Miami when Julie was along taking a pleasure trip to Miami. “Red” said, “We landed in Madison with freezing rain and snow. When we got ready to leave, the brakes were frozen. The manual told how to deal with frozen brakes, and what power to use. During run-up, ground control said we blew the air conditioning unit off the ter-

minal building, and it landed next to a United 727.” Julie did not get to Miami on that trip!

John told of difficult landings and threatening weather with a smile and a laugh. Julie was along on a flight that tossed John and the crew all the way from Fargo to Minneapolis. The weather was rough and rivets popped out of the airplane. Julie saw John step out of the cockpit soaked with sweat, and threatening never to fly again. But he flew again, and after his thirty-nine year career with Northwest Airlines ended on November 29, 1983, he was type rated on ten NWA aircraft, and had been number one on the pilot’s seniority list the last six months of his career. Daughters Priscilla and Julie were passengers on his last flight from Chicago’s O’Hare Field to Seoul, South Korea’s Kimpo Field. John piloted his last flight with dedication and excellence as he had all prior flights. After his last landing in Seoul a Northwest pilot riding as extra crew said, “Now that’s the way it’s supposed to be done.” John gave his old friend a final pat on the yoke saying, “You’ve been good to me all these years, Honey.” He turned away and walked out of the cockpit for the last time. His flight bag remains packed to this day, ready and waiting exactly as it was when he stepped off the plane.

John Pieper made a lasting impression on Dino Oliva when Dino joined Northwest Airlines. Dino said: “In our lifetime, we meet many people who influence our lives. I have met many, but never got around to thanking them for their kindness and guidance. My first full month of flying with NWA, I had the great fortune of picking John Pieper’s schedule. He was the perfect captain to fly with your first month. He shared the flying, taught me the ins and outs of the airline, showed me the ropes of being a pilot, and the best place in Forest Hills to have a beer. He was the finest individual I ever had the privilege of working with. When I finally got my four stripes, I tried to be like John, but I’m sure I fell short of his standards. While visiting the Haglund’s in northern Minnesota last year, John’s name came up. He only lived a couple miles away, so we went over to visit. He was the same old John I knew from many years earlier. I FINALLY got to thank him for the experience and kindness of that first month of flying, and the influence he had on my life. He will be missed.”

John filed flight plans for his everyday life, and often turned to his faith. He was active and involved in his church, Mission of the Cross Lutheran Church in Crosslake. A reflection of his beliefs was always being ready to help those in need, and offering words of encouragement



to anyone he sensed could use a boost. He was devout, spent time reading scripture and in prayer, stayed up late to watch television evangelists, and often wrote them out a check.

John is survived by his beloved wife of 59 years, Julia; children, Priscilla Grossman, Julie Cervin, Linda Wilson, John Pieper, Paula Zagel; thirteen grandchildren; one great-grandchild; and sister, Zita Broetzman. (*- Vic Britt*)



### "Fred" Williams 1938 ~ 2013

**Frederick Alton "Fred" Williams II**, age 74, of Moab, Utah, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, took his final flight West on April 27, 2013. Fred was born December 15, 1938 in Johnstown, Pennsylvania to Frederick A. Williams, Sr and Marie Williams. Fred passed away peacefully at home just one year after being diagnosed with renal cancer.

After graduating from high school, Fred enrolled at the University of Akron where he received his BS degree in Industrial Engineering and his commission as a 2nd Lieutenant in the US Air Force. Fred was the Cadet Commander of his ROTC detachment. While enrolled at Akron he met and married his lifelong love, Jean Lewis. With his diploma and gold bars, he and Jean travelled to Reese AFB in Lubbock, Texas for pilot training. Fred graduated number one from his pilot training class (63-F), and to prove that no good deed goes unpunished; he was returned to Reese as a T-37 primary flight instructor until his separation in 1967.

On March 27, 1967, Fred, Jean and family moved to the Twin Cities and he began his career with Northwest Airlines. Fred was initially trained on the Boeing 727 and was soon assigned as a S/O instructor on the 727, a position he held for almost two years. In order to supplement that initial generous salary, Fred joined the Duluth ANG and enjoyed flying their F-102s.

Eventually Fred was awarded a bid on the 707/720 and he and the family moved to the Seattle base. They

initially lived in Kent, Washington but soon built a house in Olympia. Fred was a master craftsman in both wood and metal. He was an absolute perfectionist and was responsible for all the finish work in that and all subsequent homes. The furniture in their homes was also fashioned by Fred, with intricate angles and exotic woods. Fred and Jean were avid skiers and after they became empty nesters their focus turned to Sun Valley, Idaho. First a rental house for the winter, then a small condo of their own. After a couple of years of that it was time to build a new home and make the move to Idaho permanent. With that move, Fred joined the growing ranks of commuters. Fred retired from Northwest on his 60th birthday as a Detroit based 747-400 captain.

Fred had many interests and hobbies. In addition to skiing, he enjoyed hiking the Idaho hills as well as the Alps. He was an avid biker, loved to play golf and go bird hunting. After retirement he became interested in building and flying radio controlled aircraft. The two places he loved to be were his woodworking shop and the kitchen. To say that woodworking and gourmet cooking were hobbies would do them a disservice. They were true avocations. The Piece de resistance of one of Fred's gourmet dinners was watching him holding a ramekin of crème brulee in a welding glove while finishing it off with a shop torch.

Both of Fred and Jean's sons moved to Moab, Utah. They became more and more involved there. Fred found an outlet for his woodworking talents supervising and building a cabin for son, Ken and family in the La Sal Mountains. Eventually they decided to make one more move, leaving Sun Valley for Moab. Fred spent the last two years of his life virtually building their home. After being diagnosed with cancer, Fred was grateful to feel able to continue working on their Moab home, assuring that it would be finished to his exacting standards.

Fred is survived by his loving wife Jean, sons, Trey and Dr. Ken Williams, daughter-in-law, Dr Katherine Williams and grandsons Alec and Luke Williams. All those who touched his life miss him very much.

(*- Chuck Nelson*)



## Some Sobering Statistics

There are 58,267 names listed on that polished black wall, including those added in 2010.

- The names are arranged in the order in which they were taken from us by date and within each date the names are alphabetized. It is hard to believe it is 36 years since the last casualties.
- The first known casualty was Richard B. Fitzgibbon, of North Weymouth, Mass. Listed by the U.S. Department of Defense as having been killed on June 8, 1956. His name is listed on the Wall with that of his son, Marine Corps Lance Cpl. Richard B. Fitzgibbon III, who was killed on Sept. 7, 1965.
- There are three sets of fathers and sons on the Wall.
- 39,996 on the Wall were just 22 or younger.
- 8,283 were just 19 years old.
- The largest age group, 33,103 were 18 years old.
- 12 soldiers on the Wall were 17 years old.
- 5 soldiers on the Wall were 16 years old.
- One soldier, PFC Dan Bullock was 15 years old.
- 997 soldiers were killed on their first day in Vietnam
- 1,448 soldiers were killed on their last day in Vietnam
- 31 sets of brothers are on the Wall.
- Thirty one sets of parents lost two of their sons.
- 54 soldiers on the wall attended Thomas Edison High School in Philadelphia.
- 8 Women are on the Wall. Nursing the wounded.
- 244 soldiers were awarded the Medal of Honor during the Vietnam War; 153 of them are on the Wall.
- Beallsville, Ohio with a population of 475 lost 6 of her sons.
- West Virginia had the highest casualty rate per capita in the nation. There are 711 West Virginians on the Wall.
- The Marines of Morenci - They led some of the scrappiest high school football and basketball teams that the little Arizona copper town of Morenci (pop. 5,058) had ever known and cheered. They enjoyed roaring beer busts. In quieter moments, they rode horses along the Coronado Trail, stalked deer in the Apache National Forest. And in the patriotic camaraderie typical of Morenci's mining families, the nine graduates of Morenci High enlisted as a group in the Marine Corps. Their service began on Independence Day, 1966. Only 3 returned home.
- The Buddies of Midvale; LeRoy Tafoya, Jimmy Martinez, Tom Gonzales were all boyhood friends and lived on three consecutive streets in Midvale, Utah on Fifth, Sixth and Seventh avenues. They lived only a few yards apart. They played ball at the adjacent sandlot ball field. And they all went to Vietnam. In a span of 16 dark days in late 1967, all three would be killed. LeRoy was killed on Wednesday, Nov. 22, the fourth anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination. Jimmy died less than 24 hours later on Thanksgiving Day. Tom was shot dead assaulting the enemy on Dec. 7, Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day.
- The most casualty deaths for a single day was on January 31, 1968 ~ 245 deaths.
- The most casualty deaths for a single month was May 1968 - 2,415 casualties were incurred.

On November 11, 1984, all three units (the wall, the statue, and the flag) were combined. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, Inc. (VVMF) officially transferred control of the Memorial to the National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior and it became a national monument.



# Membership Application and Change of Address Form

**NAME**  
**SPOUSE'S NAME**

**PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS**  
**STREET**  
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**STATE** **ZIP+4** **PHONE**  
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Leave this blank if you do not wish to receive RNPA email news. (See note)

**SECOND OR SEASONAL ADDRESS (for RNPA annual directory only)**  
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**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

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**REGULAR (NR) \$40**  
Pilots: Retired NWA, post-merger retired Delta, or Active Delta

**AFFILIATE (AF) \$30**  
Spouse or widow of RNPA member, pre-merger Delta retired pilots, other NWA or Delta employees, a friend, or a pilot from another airline

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**Dino Oliva**  
**3701 Bayou Louise Lane**  
**Sarasota FL 34242-1105**

**NOTES**

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