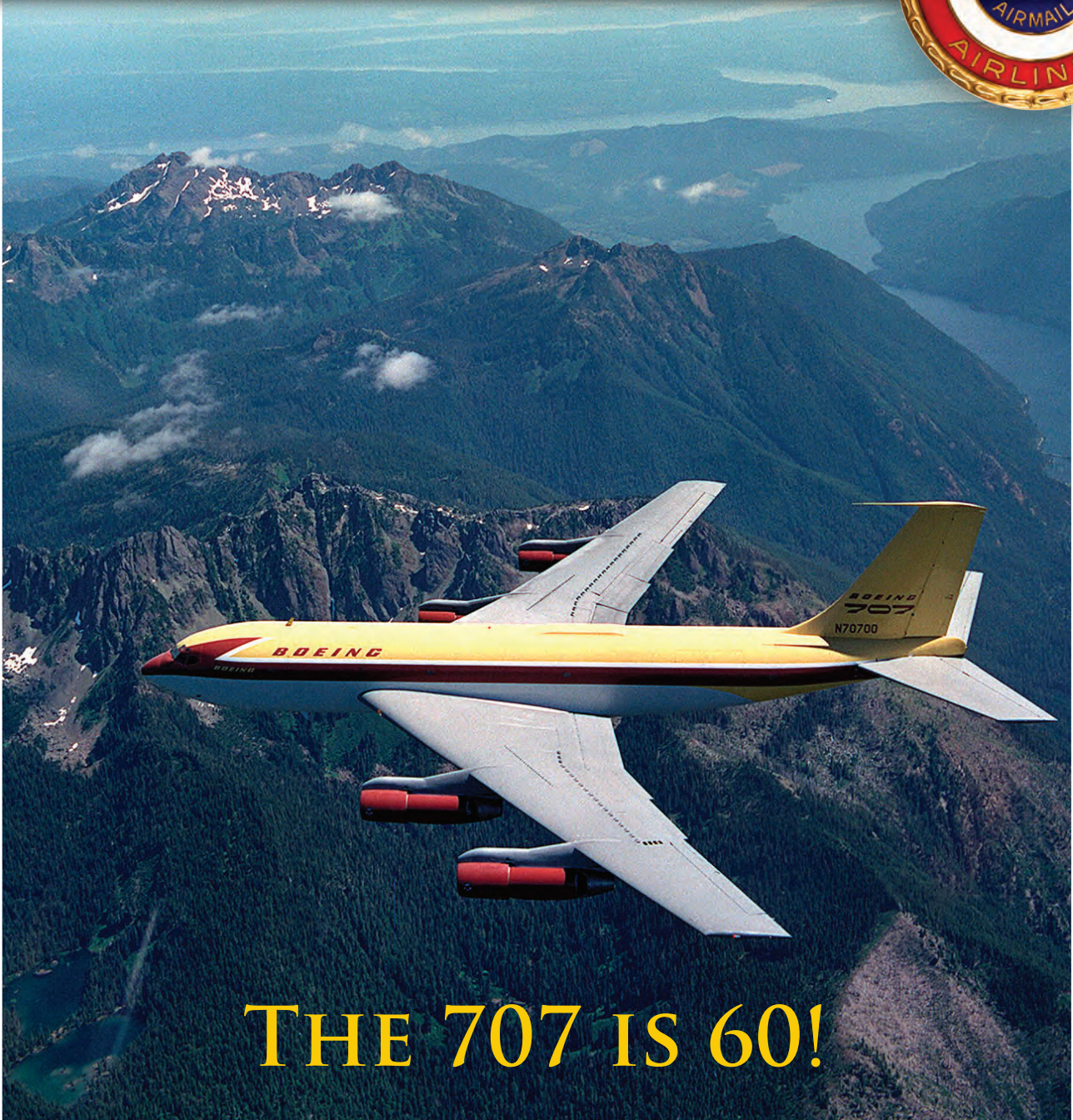




CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 192

NOVEMBER 2014



THE 707 IS 60!

Photos: Boeing

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 \$45 annually for Regular Members (NWA pilots, active or retired) and \$35 for Affiliate Members.

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Reminders

- ★ Fill out the RNPA Survivor's Information that you've been putting off and put it with your important papers.
Might be the most important thing you do all day!

Register for the Minneapolis Christmas Party on page 35.
and for the Seattle Christmas Party on page 34.

Send a letter to the Editor so he'll stop whining about it.

The SW Florida Spring Luncheons have been the place to be in March for more than two decades.
Page 36 has the registration form for the next one.

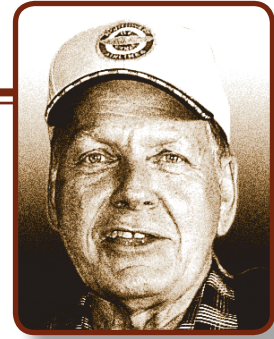
WISDOM

Bill Cosby tells of coming home from college philosophy class to his grandmother who asked how his day had been. He told her that his class discussed at length the glass half empty/half full problem. She asked what they decided and Bill answered that they didn't come up with a meaningful solution.

"Oh Honey," she said, "That's easy. Depends on whether you're drinking or pouring."

HINT: Hang onto the 2014 Membership Directory!

President's Report: Gary PISEL



Greetings,

Well, those of you that did not attend the RNPA Reunion in Sacramento missed a great function. We had 130 people in attendance, visited the Empire Gold Mine, Nevada City and presented many bears and stuffed animals to the Fire Department. We also heard from a past Scholarship winner.

The Board of Directors voted to continue the Reunions. We have Long Beach/Catalina in 2015 and Albuquerque/Santa Fe in 2016. Both are limited in size so SIGN UP EARLY.



IT'S LONG BEACH IN 2015

The Board also voted to continue the CONTRAILS at 4 issues per year and to only have the Membership Directory published every 2 years. The Survivors Checklist was a one-time publication. However, it is on line for you to download and print:

tinyurl.com/rnpasurvivors

Elections were held and the incumbents were returned to office. Thank you for your confidence in the Board. We strive to serve you the best we can.

REMEMBER TO SIGN UP EARLY FOR LONG BEACH.



Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

Just returned from the Sacramento reunion. What a great event! Now, back to business.

Dues statements will be sent out in mid to late December. Please be considerate and send your dues in promptly to save me the additional work and RNPA the cost of dues reminders. As I'm sure your all aware, the cost of everything is going up. So it is with our RNPA expenses. Also our group is ageing and our numbers are diminishing. In order to continue the newsletter and other RNPA functions, your Board has found it necessary to raise the 2015 dues by \$5. Hopefully that will get us by for the next few years. Our pool of potential members is limited.

If you have any friends that are not members please encourage them to become members. The Board's goal is to continue RNPA as long as feasibly possible. We have reunions scheduled for 2015 in Long Beach and 2016 in Albuquerque. Next year we will look at 2017 and we will revue each year thereafter as to the feasibility of reunions.

Have a great Thanksgiving and Christmas season. See you at some of the local RNPA events and at the 2015 reunion in Long Beach.



Editor's Notes: Gary FERGUSON



From all
of us!

ABOUT THE COVER

The photo in the title block is probably one of the more famous airplane photos. I assume that many of you have seen it before.

For those who haven't, that's the Dash 80 in the middle of a barrel roll over the 1955 Gold Cup unlimited hydroplane race course on Lake Washington, taken by one of the Boeing engineers. More than a quarter million people witnessed Tex Johnson do it once to get their attention and then come back and do it again in the other direction.

In one video Tex claims the maneuver was a chandelle, but it looked like a barrel roll to most everyone else.

Quoting the author of this issue's feature article, "...Eastern's President, Eddie Rickenbacker, had told the upset Boeing prez Bill Allen, *"He just sold your airplane for you."*

The original Dash 80 had straight pipe J57 engines. In it's final configuration it has JT3D fan engines as shown in the lower photo.

I was surprised to learn, and I assume that you will be too, that the 707 was probably the most customized of any commercial airliner; different sizes (width and length), different engines and even different wings.

I am certain that you will enjoy Bob Bogash's *"The 707 is 60!"* as he explains just some of the differences and why they were so important to Boeing's success. This made the rounds of the email circuits last summer, but it's worth a second read in my opinion.

Bob also has some kind words to say about Northwest in the following article.

AND ABOUT THE BACK COVER, TOO

I have a bit of a personal connection to LCDR "T. R." Swartz. I served with him on two eight month cruises aboard USS Saratoga in the Mediterranean 6th Fleet, and several shorter ones as well. "T. R." was one of two Carrier Air Group Three LSOs and one from whom

I learned many of my LSO skills.

He shot that MiG down 14 days before I began class at NWA and I heard about it not long after. I was not surprised. He was the most natural aviator that I ever witnessed in my part of the Navy.

He was no slouch as an LSO, either. One dark night an A-4 was having trouble getting aboard because the dashpot that holds the hook down was obviously broken and the hook kept bouncing over all the wires.

After a couple of bolters he sent the LSO talkers below to gather all the toilet paper they could find. He then helped them place those, two rolls high, in several places under two of the wires. The A-4 trapped the next pass. The "confetti" storm was spectacular.

I didn't expect to ever have a reason to tell that story.

YOU KNOW WE HAVE A WEBSITE, RIGHT?

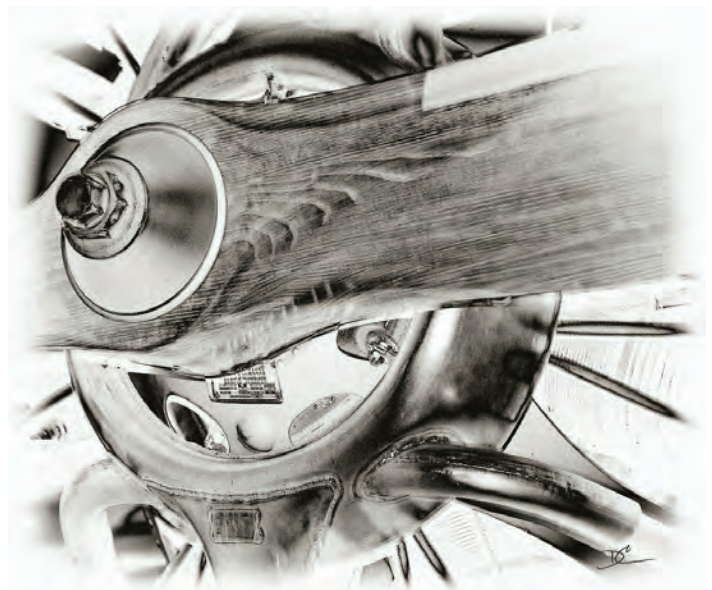
www.RNPA.ORG

Username: RNPA

Password: MSPSEANRT

(Neither are case-sensitive)

Whatchabeenupto?



Like good photography? How about artistic photography? RNPA member Dick Carl's photo website is well worth checking out.

croakingtoadphotos.com



The first four of these letters are in response to our request for suggestions in the August issue regarding the future of RNPA. – Ed.

NEAL HENDERSON



Hello Gary, Board Members, and All,

First of all, thanks to all of you for your good works to take care of those of us in RNPA. I appreciate the time and effort you put in.

There is evidence that the effects of aging show the curve starting to bend down a bit as we get past about 37 years of age, and by the time we get to 80 the curve is starting to nose dive—so much so that degraded physical changes can be observed on a yearly or shorter basis.

A doctor at the Mayo Clinic did a longevity study of NWA pilots when we were having our yearly NWA physical there.

He said he was surprised that the pilots' longevity was the same as the general population—even after careful selection in the hiring process for blood pressure, eyesight, and so on.

If that is still the case we can bet on our shrinking ranks to approximately follow the census numbers for US white men. At 78 years half are dead, at 87 about half of the remainder are dead, and each half life following reduces further. Not to be dismayed though, since the good news is that the US has 53,364 humans 100 years old—although the bad news is that 82.2% of them are female. [Wiki]

In light of the above I am in favor of the suggestions noted—re-



gional events that any RNPA member can attend, Contrails 3 times or less each year, then 2 times, once a year, and finally as needed or desired (or until Gary retires or dies).

Perhaps maintain the membership list online—there are free sites available—Google Groups and the like.

A paper solution might be to just produce a list of changes for insertion into the Membership Directory we already have.

What do you think?

Cheers,

Neal Henderson

DAVID ROVANG



Your August 2014 Contrails asked for our input on the future of RNPA. I have a different outlook than most of our members.

I joined NWA in 1989 at the age of 44 after a nearly 22 years active duty Air Force career. I retired from NWA as a DC-9 captain in 2004. I joined RNPA after retirement thinking I would get good inside information about retiree benefits, etc. I found there was little of that info but I grew to enjoy reading Contrails.

Being “Bluebook” and never flown the heavies, I have little in common with most members. Living near Stillwater I did go to one St. Croix boat cruise but knew no one and felt out of place so never went to another one. That said I mostly continue my membership because of Contrails in which I enjoy reading the articles and obituaries—some good reading there. I am willing to pay somewhat more for membership just to keep getting Contrails. If Contrails is cut back significantly or discontinued, I would probably not



be a member of RNPA.

The membership directory means little to me since I know so few if any members. Maybe have the membership directory available online only or electronic delivery.

David Rovang

Thanks for your input, David. It smarts a bit to know you felt out of place in Stillwater. That's a failure of the leadership to recognize you as a new member. Give us another try next summer—we'll make up for it. C'mon man, you're among pilots. You need not be a weathered old DC-6 captain to be one of us. – Ed.

CHUCK CARLSON



Hi Guys,

I just received “Contrails” today. Great issue as always Gary. Regarding the “dearth” of letters, I always figure, who the hell cares what I've been doing. Maybe I'll have a great tale to tell someday.

In any event, you asked about the future of reunions, so here is my two cents worth. I agree that things need to change as the age graph continues upward. I believe that reunions as we now know them should end with 2016. The problem with only regional gatherings is that I will never get to see friends from FL, AZ, MN, etc.

I propose a new more informal national gathering yearly. We should pick a place and stay with it. An example is Art and Bonnie Daniels annual gathering. I attended once and it was fabulous. This is only an example, I'm not asking them to host our reunions.

Airports and available motels should be a consideration. In the case of Absorokee, you could fly

into BIL, BOZ, COD AND JAC. There would be no buses to charter, hotels to contract with, tours to plan. Just a barbecue, maybe some music and a place to have a few drinks and swap lies. In other words, the organization would be about as complicated as organizing the cruise or the Christmas party. Each person would be responsible for their own hotel, etc.

Regarding locations, here are a few: Red Lodge, San Antonio, Telluride, Santa Fe, Reno, Lexington, etc. Regarding dates, it could annually coincide with a rodeo, art fair, horse race, etc so individuals could plan their own activities. Some of our best times at reunions are the free days and/or nights when friends can make individual plans.

I know that the pilot group at Eastern and Flying Tigers is aging just as we are but they still gather yearly. I hate to see old friendships just fade away until we read of a friend "flying west" and say, I saw him in SAC in 2014. Yes, the groups will get smaller but it won't really make that much difference if we just "keep it simple". Maybe we need a bottle of Brandy to be shared by the last two to show up.

Regarding "Contraails" I believe that going to three annual issues would be adequate unless three couldn't hold all the obits. I'm thinking of Gary here. I would gladly pay higher dues but this has to be a real burden on him.

Thanks for all the hard work,
Chuck Carlson



Chuck at the SEA picnic.

TOMMY TINKER



Laddies in Waiting
Civilian: "You can teach an old dog new tricks"

When Northwest retired the 727 the staff at RNPA asked for 727 stories, I didn't think I had anything to offer because I only flew it for a year as an F/O but have now decided that it might be interesting to write about the introduction of the aircraft to Pacific Airlines.

Pacific got three 727-100s in 1966. None of the initial captains had ever flown pure jet equipment but boy did they learn fast!

Our most challenging route was a 12 landing day that started in SFO and went to LAX with stops in MRY (Monterey) and SBA (Santa Barbara), we made two complete round trips a day.

At the time there was no speed restriction below 10,000' so we would accelerate to 340 knots as soon as we got out of the airport restricted area. The only place we ever leveled off was between MRY and SBA where we got a 5 minute cruise break, when we started down we were already at VMO of 390kts and kept that speed until we approached the airport or initial approach fix.

We had no altitude reminders (pilots made their own) and no proximity warning, the MRY runway 28 had a 1½ degree down slope and was just over 4500 long with a 200' drop at the end, but we soon learned that the 727 was much more aerodynamically precise than the F-27, circling approaches were a piece of cake (we could do that then), plus when you wanted to stop it you had great braking, even from the nose wheel. Reverse thrust was variable so you could pull in as much as you needed, (the F-27 props just went to

flat pitch and even terror wouldn't increase their effect).

We were always pretty light, even with a full passenger load because we didn't have much fuel on board so the landing speeds were sloooow. Fly the approach at 115 and touch down at 110, (the DC-9-10 with no wing leading edge devices had landing speeds up to 133kts).

When we landed on the down slope runway at MRY more times than not we would turn off at the center intersection (about 2000') with out abusing the brakes (honest). Finally the MRY tower folks told us we had to go to go to the next intersection before turning off, (we did that until one day we stuck the static wicks on the right wing tip through the rudder of a light twin that was parked near that turn off). SBA had a 5000' runway, and further north, Arcata, which was reputed to be the foggiest airport in the US, had 5900' with a 200' drop off on both ends plus with weather, there was always a 10 knot tailwind on the ILS runway.

My first landing with "braking action 'nil'" was at Yakima WA, with less than 7000' of runway. (You could do that then also.)

The only incident that I can remember in the several years of this operation was caused by the fact that Boeing's check list kept the anti-skid switch on after landing and a stray signal released the brakes one morning just as one of our planes was pulling up to the jet way in SFO (ask Jimmy Douglas and Pete Peterson). Moving at about 5 knots that little airplane destroyed the jet way, plus that part of the terminal and was back flying in about three months. (The aircraft not the jetway.)

Aloha,
Tommy Tinker

DICK DUXBURY



Well all is OK for the Minnesota/Tucson Duxbury's. Hosted a big family wedding this April in the DCA area. Our only daughter (well age 54) got married (first time) to a man that we have known for many years. Steve Metruck, now a USGC 2 star. The big wedding was outdoors and the weather was beautiful as were the Virginia flowers/trees.

Also trips for hiking in Glacier Park in July—somewhat limited by still-closed (snow) trails. Then two weeks in DCA and Virginia. Yes, I am still semi active with the Delta Air Safety Committee in the areas of my interest and experience. (Accident/Incident investigation—peer group support—terms like ASAP and FOQA, which retired pilots do not need to research).

The purpose of this message is to address the comments by our RNPA leadership. It's clear that our

membership will drop a lot in the coming years. Thus I suggest/support some of the following:

-No more conventions/reunions after the next 3 (we will be in Sacramento and likely the remaining two). They are a lot of work,(Sue and I know) and unless you can charge the “real” cost, we can lose money. Thus I also think we should charge more money (perhaps \$50 a person) to attend. I like the limitation on attendance. Yes it was a better deal maker with city visitor centers/hotels if we had bigger numbers—but that's not in our future IMO.

-Sigh, since both Sue and I enjoy the “Contrails,” we should move to just 3 per year starting in about 2016.

-Yes raise the dues to \$45—perhaps even \$50.

-The Directory should be continued for just one more final year. Tell folks that it is the last one—and also note that we will not be reprinting the excellent insert—it was in

the last Directory and can be found on email.

(rnpa.org/memorial – Ed.)

-Close out the scholarship fund in 2-4 years. I enjoyed my time on that selection committee. (Thanks Tom S.)

I'm not excited about email electronic delivery of our “Contrails.” It's one of my favorite hand-held reads.

The age chart presentation of our membership by Gary in the last Contrails was indeed a graphic view of our organization. It does show that great dip after reaching age 81.

OK, you asked for input—and as most know, Dux is likely to rant forth. Also OK to forward.

Regards, —see folks in Sacramento. We will not have a rent car at this point in our plans—thus have our thumbs out. Back to Tucson 1st few days of October, then to Mexico on the trip that Gary has scheduled in November.

Dux

HOWARD REINHART



Hi Gary,

Just a brief note commending you and everyone else who puts contrails together and keeps all RNPA members informed on events and happenings. You all do a tremendous job Thank You everyone.

That being said I have read your report on the state of the membership and future events. Personally I hope this organization can remain for many years to come, I actively recruit new members when ever I have the opportunity. I think greater use of email may be a way to reduce costs. Since most of us are online I think sending out the membership directory by email would cut costs. Those that want a hard copy of the directory could simply print it.

I enjoy receiving contrails and

hope that it can be published at it's current rate. Super publication!

I think the use of emails and possibly an RNPA website or a member site on Yahoo or Facebook may increase more members in signing up for future reunions and events. It would also allow members to leave comments. Members could see who will be attending and possibly suggest things to do outside the planned event, getting more membership participation. The use of a simple survey my also enable RNPA to plan events that would get more membership participation.

Just thought I would share some ideas. I will continue to recruit new members and hope to have more opportunities to participate in future events.

All the Best,

Howard Reinhart

THE FUTURE OF RNPA

Thanks to all of you who have expressed your ideas, both here and verbally. Your ideas are much like the leadership's—a little of this and a little of that.

The Board has banged these ideas around at some length, even though there are so many unknowns.

One thing that is known is that we must publish Contrails four times a year to avoid California sales tax on the printing.

We are forced to increase dues by \$5 and eliminate the Directory at least for 2015. The plan now is to publish it again in 2016.

Our future depends entirely on our ability to keep the roster near its current level.

– Editor



Sadly, for my wife and me, my close friend Stan Lindskog lost Bronwen, his wife of fifty three years, to Parkinson's on June 1.

Long before I retired back in the nineteen-nineties, Stan and I flew a lot of Trans-Pacs together; and since we became good friends on and off the airplane, we agreed to include our wives in our friendship. We met socially as a foursome on many occasions.

From the very first time that Stan introduced me and JoAnne to Bronwen, the four of us enjoyed each other's company. JoAnne and I met Stan's and Bronwen's parents too.



Bronwen Lindskog

The four of us often had dinners together at their house and in restaurants, and we met at our house. Stan and Bronwen were hosts extraordinaire, and they were excellent cooks. JoAnne and I were very fortunate and hon-

ored to be welcomed into their home on many occasions and be served outstanding dinners and to participate in some very delightful, thought-provoking conversations. We also met at Christmas and on birthdays.

Bronwen earned a B.S. in Physical Therapy from Stanford University where she graduated in 1962. She and Stan met while he played on the football team before graduating as a geologist.

After Stan joined the Air Force and flew KC-135s, Bronwen practiced P.T. in several states while Stan was ordered to serve duty in various stations. After Stan was hired by NWA, Bronwen practiced P.T. in other states. She earned her Masters at the University of Minnesota in 1976. She retired in 2000. We miss her very much.

Paul Ludwig



Velora LaMunyon

Velora Ellen LaMunyon, age 75, the wife of Delta/NWA captain and RNPA member Wayne Anderson, passed away on September 9th in her Flathead Lake, Montana home surrounded by her family.

Velora suffered for three years with colon cancer. Her husband has been closely at her side during the many tests, chemotherapy regimens, and surgeries. The price in suffering was considerable and yet... She once told some friends, "That many others had it much worse, and that this was just a bump in the road"

A Montana native, Velora attended high school in Great Falls, graduated from the University of Montana, and completed two post-graduate degrees, (M Ed and MBA.) "Among her most rewarding professional accomplishments was her role in paving the way for so many women to become small business owners."

Her life was celebrated with a memorial service Saturday, October 11th in Spokane, Washington at the Life Center Church on Government Way. There will also be a later celebration of Velora's life at Superstition Mountain Golf and Country Club, in Arizona, this winter. Memorials are requested to the Flathead Lake Biological Station (406-982-3301) or the Regional Healthcare Foundation.

Additional details at: www.waynevelora.com

(- Bill Day)

Something Like A Medley

PART ONE—HANGING UP

Three p.m.

Bored. Retired. Hearing loss.

Phone ringing.

“Hello.” Too loud. (see above)

Male voice (somewhat garbled, see above): “Mister Root, I am Sam at Capitol Two. How are you today?”

“I am just fine, but it’s none of your business and I don’t hear well.”

“Oh yes it is my business, Mr. Root, because I have a great offer for you. I can save you one hundred dollars a month on your mortgage.”

“What’s a mortgage?”

“What do you mean, Mr. Root? Do you not know what a mortgage is?”

“What’s a mortgage?”

“Sir, that’s the loan you get on your house.”

“I have tiles on my house, designed for the sun in the desert.”

“No, no—I’m talking about money here. The money you use to buy your house. You get a loan on your house to buy your house and you pay it back in like 15 or 30 years. It’s called a mortgage.”

“You say there’s money on my house. I’ll have to get someone up there to look, but I think all that’s up there are tiles and solar panels and pigeon droppings. I’m not supposed to climb on a roof. Hold on while I find my wife.”

“No, no—there’s no money on your roof. You get the loan at a bank or other financial institution.”

“You saying I need to make restitution?”

“No, no, Mr. Root, I said institution not restitution.”

“So there’s no money on my house.”

“No, no, Mr. Root, I did not say there is money on your house. I said you get money from a bank for a loan to buy your house and that is called a mortgage which you pay back slowly over years. Maybe I should be talking to your wife.”

“You say you want my wife. Hold on a minute.—Honey, there’s some guy on the phone says he has money on the roof of the bank for us. He wants to talk to you.”

“Hey, pal, I guess she’s not listening. Did you say you’re name is Sam? I have a granddaughter named Sam, but I don’t think she works for somebody called Capitol Two. I think she goes to college where they made that movie up there in North Dakota. She rents a place to live so she probably doesn’t need money on her roof either. Listen—I’ve been wondering about something you said. You said I get a loan on my house to buy my house. How can it be my house if Capitol One or Two bought it for me?”

“Well, Mr. Root, that’s the way things are referred to in the housing market. That’s why it’s called a mortgage. That way people can feel like they own their home even if it is owned by us.”

“You mean somebody sells houses in a store? Where is this housing market? My wife sends me to the market all the time for groceries, but I don’t think I know where the housing market is.”

“No, no, no. Houses are not sold in a store. ‘Housing market’ is just a phrase people talk about when they converse about real estate.”

“I thought Converse makes shoes for running, not houses. I have a daughter and a



The Root Cellar



granddaughter who run a lot. They wear shoes that say Converse.”

“Mr. Root—I called you up to save you money, not to talk about roofs or shoes. So let’s start over. My name is Sam from Capitol Two. If you will just listen to me I can save you \$100 per month.”

“Say—you’re not that snoopy guy on TV that wants to know what I carry in my wallet are you?”

“No, Mr. Root. That guy is Capitol One. I am Capitol Two.”

“How can there be two capitols? I always thought there could be only one capitol per place.”

“You are right, Mr. Root. There is only one capitol per country and state and province, but we are not one of those, we are a financial institution.”

“You say you make pollution?”

“Gees! I said institution, not pollution.”

“Well you don’t have to get upset. I told you I don’t hear real well. What’s a province?”

“A province is a state in Canada.”

“You say you are in Canada?”

“No, I did not say that. Let’s forget about that, OK?”

“O. K., I’ll forget about that, but I really want to know how your financial constipation earns any money by saving me money?”

“Well, we charge interest, you see. So over the time of

the mortgage you actually pay us more than we loaned you and we earn money.”

“Hey Sam, I used to know a guy who said ‘actually’ all the time. He was a great guy. Somebody taught him to say ‘actually’ when he began to stutter and it would stop the stutter but most people didn’t know that was why he said ‘actually’ all the time.”

“Mr. Root, don’t you want to save some money?”

“I don’t know. My wife pays the bills and such.”

“Now, that sounds like a great idea.”

“Well yeah, it was. You see, saying ‘actually’ allowed him to stand up in front of a class of aviators and teach them stuff about airplanes.”

“No, no. I meant the part about your wife.”

“Oh. Well, I’m sure not going to live another 30 years. So you won’t get money from me for 30 years.”

“Your estate will pay the rest of the mortgage after you are gone.”

“You gotta be kidding! We don’t have an estate. We moved to this small house to have less property to take care of.”

Click. Dial tone.

“Alright! Hey Honey, I’m not bored any more. That sucker called me and I got him to hang up on me. I won the game!

Honey: “I always said you pilots are crazy.”

PART TWO—TARGET PRACTICE

What follows is an attempt to offer some continuing education which may be of interest to my readers. It certainly was for me. The interesting part will probably come after I attempt to explain why this was so fascinating to me.

Upon completion of Navy flight training at age 22, I was disappointed to be assigned to a squadron at San Diego’s North Island Naval Air Station where I would be a target rather than seek targets. My job was to tow a sleeve for target practice for ships. Additionally, my job included flying the target aircraft for the training of radar intercept personnel operating from Point Loma. The airplane involved was a Douglas (not Martin) B-26 Invader approximately my age.

Upon arrival at the squadron, I was told that I was an experiment. Along with two other brand new pilots, I was to fly the single-piloted B-26 with about 300 flying hours less than that required at the time before one was allowed to touch the aircraft. There was a requirement that a pilot have a minimum of 600 hours before flying the B-26 because it had only one pilot and that pilot had to (good heavens!) remember to switch fuel tanks while airborne or the two engines would cease to run.

The other aircraft operated by this squadron was the F-8 Crusader which would fly for somewhere around an

hour and a half before needing fuel. Even my Wyoming math told a story that a new jet jockey would need to be around for quite some time before accumulating enough total time (at 1.5 hours per sortie) to move backwards 22 years and fly the B-26. Therefore, a shortage of pilots with enough time to fly the old girl prompted the commanding officer of the squadron to request three experi-



That’s me driving!

ments right out of flight training to see if we would run out of gas. The Navy in her wisdom chose one guy from the cadet program, one from NROTC and one from the Naval Academy. I was the one from ROTC. None of us ran out of gas.

At the time, a war was developing and I was disappointed to not be involved. I spent lots of effort trying to get there. Years later I realized that this time had been some of the most enjoyable of my flying life. First of all, San Diego isn't bad as a place to live. Next, we flew five days a week for about four and a half hours a day and had weekends off. Best of all, we had a license to what the Navy called flathatting, defined as do fun and dangerous things with an aircraft, a privilege of which we took great advantage.

My airplane carried a crew of four. There was a "co-pilot's" seat beside me. It had no controls or instrument panel. In front of the seat was a human-sized hole—access to the Plexiglas nose. In World War II, this was the seat for the bombardier/navigator. He would navigate from the seat, then crawl into the nose and drop the bombs. We carried a sailor to look out the right side. Two more sailors manned the back compartment where they operated a tow reel which held the tow wire. They would attach a sleeve to the thin cable and then let it trail out behind the aircraft for either 5000 or 7000 feet. Hopefully, the ships fired at the sleeve. The flathatting took place either after a mission or whenever the ceiling was too low to allow firing.

If the weather was below minimums for towing, (about 1500 feet ceiling) the ships would tell us to make simulated bombing runs at them and they would aim at us without firing. And so the fun would begin with dive bombing and torpedo bombing runs and all sorts of attempts to scare people on the ship. Then, after each mission, on the way home, we had a rendezvous point (14 miles southwest of North Island) where we would dogfight any other squadron airplane we found.

I recall two things which happened during this year and a half of my life. One was that flying the old autopilotless B-26 five days per week made me a much better pilot than when I arrived from flight training. The other was that I developed a very poor image of our fleet gunners. They NEVER HIT MY TARGET! Then one day, while towing for a ship, the ship's radio operator said to me: "Say, we just ran out of the non-frag. How about if we use some frag?" This "frag" stuff was not in my dictionary, so I replied: "Go right ahead, just don't hit us." On the next pass, after "commence fire," my target was gone for the very first time ever. We carried seven sleeves. This ship eliminated them all in seven consecutive passes. Suddenly I knew that these gunners were just fine, but had been using practice ammunition all this time. Although I do not recall the name or type of this ship, I do recall that it was not a battleship or a cruiser. I began to visualize a World War II Navy fleet firing anti-aircraft ammunition as a team endeavor. I did not want to be flying the target plane!

PART THREE—ULITHI ATOLL

All that above was background for your education. I received an e-mail the other day. It tells of a place called Ulithi. I spent eight years in the Navy. A friend of mine is a retired Navy captain. My best friend (yeah, I do have some) is a retired Northwest pilot whom I met in flight training. None of us had ever heard of Ulithi, which, in the spring of 1945, was the largest deep water port in the world and a U. S. Naval Base. It was kept secret. From this port sailed 15 battleships, 29 carriers, 23 cruisers, 106 destroyers and their supporting ships. There was a 3500 foot runway and outdoor recreation including a "Flag Bar." I have come to believe that the generation of Americans immediately preceding mine (and yours?) was the greatest ever. You are invited to continue your education at:

<http://tinyurl.com/ulithi-com> where you can see some of the faces of that generation.

USS North Carolina at Ulithi



BY GEORGE SPANGLER (from the website)

In March 1945, 15 battleships, 29 carriers, 23 cruisers, 106 destroyers, and a train of oilers and supply ships sailed from “a Pacific base.” What was this base? The mightiest force of naval Power ever assembled must have required a tremendous supporting establishment. Ulithi, the biggest and most active naval base in the world was indeed tremendous but it was unknown. Few civilians had heard of it at all. By the time security released the name, the remarkable base of Ulithi was a ghost. The war had moved on to the Japanese homeland, and the press was not printing ancient history about Ulithi.

Ulithi is 360 miles southwest of Guam, 850 miles east of the Philippines, 1300 miles South of Tokyo. It is a typical volcanic atoll with coral, white sand, and palm trees. The reef runs roughly twenty miles north and south by ten miles across enclosing a vast anchorage with an average depth of 80 to 100 feet - the only suitable anchorage within 800 miles. Three dozen little islands rise slightly above the sea, the largest only half a square mile in area.

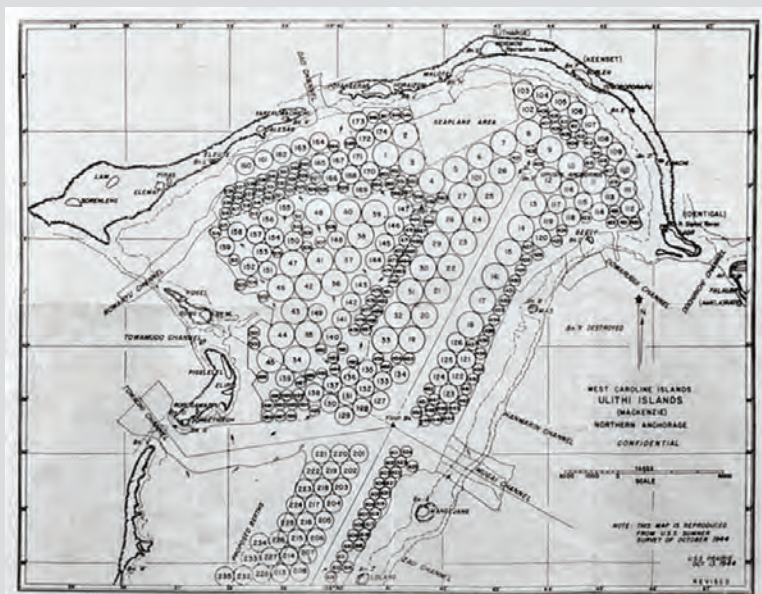
The U.S. Navy arrived in September 1944 and found resident about 400 natives, and three Japanese soldiers. The natives on the four largest islands were moved to smaller Fassarai, and every inch of these four was quickly put to use. Asor had room for a headquarters: port director, radio station, evaporator (rain is the only freshwater supply), tents, small boat pier, cemetery. Sorlen was set up as a shop for maintaining and repairing the 105 LCVPs and 45 LCMs that became beasts of all work in the absence of small boats. Mogmog was assigned to recreation. The big island, Falalop, was just wide enough for a 3500-foot airstrip for handling the R4Ds (Douglas DC-3s) and R5C Commandos, which would presently fly in from Guam 1269 passengers, 4565 sacks of mail and 262,251 pounds of air freight a week. This took care of a few services - but where were they going to put the naval base?

Enter “the secret weapon,” as Admiral Nimitz called Service Squadron Ten. Commodore Worrall R. Carter survived Pearl Harbor to devise the miraculous mobile service force that made it possible for the Navy to move toward Japan in great jumps instead of taking the slow and costly alternative of capturing a whole series of islands on which to build a string of land bases.

Within a month of the occupation of Ulithi, a whole floating base was in operation. Six thousand ship fitters, artificers, welders, carpenters, and electricians arrived aboard repair ships, destroyer tenders, floating dry docks. USS AJAX had an air-conditioned optical shop, a supply of base metals from which she could make any alloy to form any part needed. Many refrigerator and supply ships belonged to three-ship teams: the ship at Ulithi had cleaned out and relieved sister ship No. 2 which was on the way back to a rear base for more supplies while No. 3 was on the way out to relieve No. 1. Over half the ships were not self-propelled but were towed in. They then served as warehouses for a whole system of transports which unloaded stores on them for distribution. This kind of chain went all the way back to the United States. The paper and magazines showed England sinking under the stockpile of troops and material collected for the invasion of Normandy.

The Okinawa landings were not so well documented but they involved more men, ships, and supplies-including 600,000 gallons of fuel oil, 1500 freight cars of ammunition, and enough food to provide every person in Vermont and Wyoming with three meals a day for fifteen days. The smaller ships needed a multitude of services, the ice cream barge made 500 gallons a shift, and the USS ABATAN, which looked like a big tanker, really distilled fresh water and baked bread and pies. Fleet oilers sortied from Ulithi to refuel the combat ships a short distance from the strike areas. They added men, mail, and medical supplies, and began to take orders for spare parts.

When Leyte Gulf was secured, the floating base moved on, and Ulithi which had had a temporary population the size of Dallas and had been the master of half the world for seven months, shrank to little more than a tanker depot. Once again, it became a quiet, lonely atoll.



U. S. Navy berthing chart for the Northern Anchorage of the Ulithi Lagoon, Caroline Islands



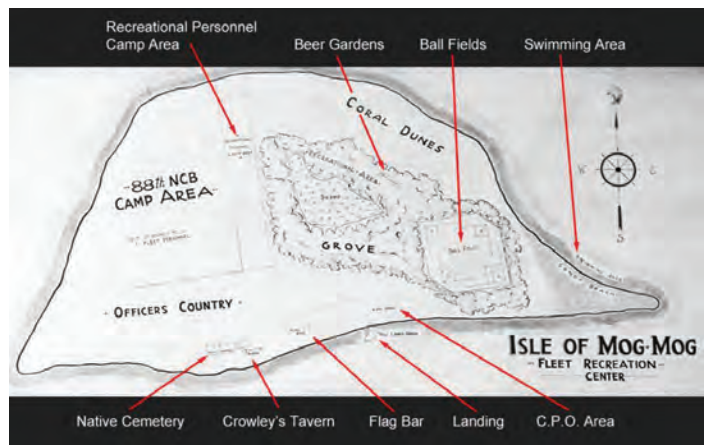
A portion of the anchorage



(Above and below)
Murderer's Row: The carriers Wasp (CV 18), Yorktown (CV 10), Hornet (CV 12), and Hancock (CV 19) anchored in Ulithi Atoll Dec., 1944



MogMog "O"Club



MogMog liberty

PART FOUR—OF COURSE

Breakfast with the boys—Six of us ROMEO (Retired Old Men Eating Out).

“Say, Olde Bob, my wife wants to know your take on the Malaysian airliner shot down over the Ukraine?

From the guy to my right—“Pilot error.”



A STABILIZED approach



Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**



Ferris Bueller's Day Off

Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it." – Ferris Bueller

Momentarily, the picture looked bleak. The motorcycle wouldn't start. It was one of those "Oh no, not here" moments that initiate a series of thoughts in an already mildly confused mind. The kid from Wendy's who asked all the questions about the bike to the older, grayer, unlikely rider was still watching and waiting. He had been told the numbers and heard the story; now he wanted to hear it and see it run. It wouldn't.

Tallulah, Louisiana, where Old Highway 80 intersects Highway 65 wasn't the ideal place for this to happen. I would have easily forgone the double cheeseburger combo, no cheese, no mayonnaise if I had had any inkling the bike was calling it quits for the day. There were better places for this to happen. I had just passed Vicksburg, Mississippi fifteen miles back, rejoicing as I crossed the state line into Louisiana; another set of state troopers had not detected an absolute speed freak in their midst who should have been arrested and jailed immediately. I had turned off the two lane to view a few of the Civil War sites despite my pressing schedule. The historic review would probably have been interesting but for the black and white who "U-turned" and seemed to

show a little too much interest in the crotch rocket style motorbike I was riding. I was forced to immediately use "Escape Protocol 1": dive into the nearest gas station, hide the bike behind the pump as much as possible and get the helmet off quickly to reveal the grey hair—no punk teenager here, just a poor near retirement age senior looking to rekindle his youth and ignore the ravages of what time had done to his body. It had worked so far a couple of times; no one had noticed there was no license plate on the machine that was making the Formula One like noises as it approached at speeds, ahem, higher than what might be considered normal. I didn't want to stop and explain I was riding a, new to me, motorcycle to Texas to register it even though I didn't live there. "Too complicated to explain, too much wasted time; why don't you go catch a bad guy," was the refrain that flashed through my mind.

The GSX1300R is the most powerful and fastest version of motorcycle that Suzuki produces. They call it the "Hayabusa," which is Japanese for Peregrine Falcon, and we know how fast those birds are. The 1300 cubic centimeter, inline four has double overhead cams, 16

valves and is fuel injected. Quite a bit of commotion and molecular confusion occurs between the deceptive 1000 RPM pussycat idle speed and the 11,000 RPM redline. If the grip on the right clip-on (handlebars are called “clip-ons” for this style bike) is barely twisted, and I do mean barely, the Horsepower Troll peaks from beneath the bridge he is hiding and shows his, at first, manageable form. If you insist on twisting further, his unconcealable yet somehow beautiful ugliness of raw energy emerges as the rotational speed rises. The equations learned in an early engineering class immediately flash before me and begin to make sense: torque times rpm divided by 5252 equals, oh never mind, just try to hang on. Things begin to happen in a hurry, and the new challenge suddenly thrust upon the rider is how to keep the front wheel on the ground. Twisting the grip forward to reduce power is the opposite in direction of the effect of the giant hand pulling you off the bike to the rear. Planning ahead after knowing what to expect was the best way to remain seated—on the bike that is, not the asphalt.

It doesn't help that a “needle in the arm” addiction in wanting to hear more of the sound emanating from the Yoshimura aftermarket exhaust compels the rider to forget about the reality of a speed limit or what the food in a Louisiana jail might be like. The Hayabusa drug is mind altering and it has been confirmed the Betty Ford Clinic offers no program for rehabilitation.

When it comes out of the box from the factory in Hamamatsu, Japan, the engine produces a dynamometer measured 179 horsepower. I have no doubt they're all there along with a few more that are probably hiding. But few of the bikes are left in a stock condition and the

modifications available are numerous and frequently employed. Four into one exhaust collectors, electronic engine mapping units and high flow air boxes boost the power well into the range of what might be expected in a two seat sports car. This bike has all of them. The words “practical” and “Hayabusa” will not probably be found in the same sentence.

This kind of delay in my trip from the place of purchase, Huntsville, Alabama to my destination of Houston, Texas via Florence, Alabama, where I was doing research for more information on the SR-71, wasn't supposed to happen. I sent an instant message to Gabriel, the man I had purchased it from the evening before, to inquire about the bike's history, but a malfunction like this had never happened to him. I believed him. I was in uncharted territory here and it looked like I'd have to draw my own map to get out. Of course finding a dealer nearby was nothing a little research on the internet with the iPhone couldn't solve, and presto, Vicksburg had a Suzuki dealer! If it had happened there I probably could have pushed it to the dealer for a diagnostic check and be on my way in an hour absent the unavailability of some needed part. I wouldn't even have cared if my left hip, replaced 34 days prior with a really cool looking piece of titanium, was sore afterwards. I figured it could be considered a good substitute for the doctor prescribed therapy I had skipped out on to make this trip possible.

Or how about up ahead in Monroe, Louisiana? They have a dealer too. But not here in Tallulah, as the two



new boys who tumbled from the fast food franchise laughed when I asked. It didn't really matter—yet. I suggested that maybe it just needed a little convincing with a push start my mildly confused mind—from pounding out 300 odd miles in heat and humidity—silently posited. The boys, their blue Wendy's aprons flapping in the breeze, readily agreed that, yep, a push start would probably do the trick. The look of agreement in their initially innocent demeanors faded as the realization of who was going to do the pushing in the 98 degree humid air descended upon them: The old guy driving the bike wasn't going to be the one doing the pushing. No matter, several attempts yielded nothing but sweaty brows and looks that asked we not try again.

I wheeled the 537 pound bike over to the soft, lush, green grass adjacent, looking for an escape from my predicament. The sun was beginning to hide behind the sign of the little red haired girl with two pigtails as the Days Inn across the four lane expressway beckoned. It somehow knew I would be spending the night in one of its executive luxury suites—\$86.23 with state and local taxes, micro and frig included—in the middle of what appeared to be absolutely nowhere. At least I knew where I'd be eating dinner.

This century long, yes century long competition between the various motorcycle manufacturers to outdo each other on top speed came to a point of inflection somewhere around the turn of the century. The major motorcycle companies, Japanese and European alike, agreed, at least tacitly, that enough was enough and the race to build the world's fastest production motorcycle had reached levels approaching crazy. Like the campaign the Detroit automobile makers waged in the '70s, it was a "Win on Sunday, sell on Monday" approach that had seemed to work so far. However, as the top speeds of production motorcycles approached 200 mph, the manufacturers, in order to avoid efforts by regulators to limit the import of bikes into both Europe and America, seemed to agree an electronic governor was probably the way to do it. 300 kilometers per hour, or 186 miles per hour was the limit that was apparently agreed upon. I say apparently because the only company that actually referred to the limit in writing was Honda. Suzuki and Kawasaki wouldn't talk about it on record. The Italians, makers of the Ducati with their unique method of desmodromic valve actuation and MV Agusta appeared to go along for awhile. But just as Italians and speed go together like Gina and Lollobrigida, the speed freaks at MV Agusta only made it until 2006 before they released their newest version named the F4 R 312. The 312 refers of course to 312 kilometers per hour which translates to 194 miles per hour. So much for a speed limit. The Italians finally admitted it was their national imperative

to make their bikes as fast as possible. Ducati was more subtle in that at any speed above 300 KPH, the screen simply went blank as the bike continued to accelerate. Sometimes ya just gotta love the Italian approach to things.

The hour was late and the phone response to each dealer yielded the same notification to call back during their normal business hours. The bike and I would obviously be waiting until morning but in the meantime I had to figure out how to get across the four lane expressway to the hotel. Wheeling it there by balancing the bike while running alongside across the road in front of 80 MPH eighteen wheelers aiming for a kill crossed my mind but was quickly ruled out. The new hip was good but let's not push things. The gentleman in the Detroit Chief Pilot's office was already making semi-weekly calls to check on my progress and any further delay in my return would undoubtedly cause further conversation.

Visions of me as a bug splat on the grill of a Peterbilt did cross my mind as I straddled the machine with the goal of hurrying across the interstate. It must have been funny to watch as my feet paddled away like a six year old trying to escape his evil parents on a broken tricycle with no pedals. Next time I think I'll go find the Wendy's boys who were good at the push start attempts.

The morning sun had just peeked over the fields of corn stretching as far as an eye could see as I awoke the next morning. I looked out the window to check on the bike that would have to take me the remaining four hundred miles that day. Spending the night with access to the internet had allowed me to research my predicament a little further and I ventured outside to test my newfound knowledge of the electronic sensor interlocks which I guessed were causing the problem. After fooling with the clutch lever position adjuster, the lights on the dash suddenly changed. I tested the starter switch and could almost feel the 'Busa exhale, relieved that its new owner had figured out yet another element of its personality. We were back in business! Exercising the lever several times to make sure the fix was real, I quietly thought to myself, "I guess I shouldn't have 'adjusted' it yesterday when I was fiddling with it after all."

The bike started without effort and settled into a low, uneven rumble, just like I do when awakened from an uneasy night's sleep. A quick call to Geico convinced them they wouldn't need to send the flatbed tow vehicle after all and I hurriedly strapped the duffel bag onto the motorcycle and wriggled into my backpack. The inline four warmed and the idle began to smooth as I made the final preparations for a day with my machine. It was sending a signal to me; a signal to those who are listening: it was now ready, ready to transpose time and space. Its raw, mechanical masculinity, trapped in the compact

chassis, vibrated like an animal in anticipation of the ride ahead. With it I was looking forward to having the sun at my back, travelling the miles westward on the remaining day of my journey to Houston. I clicked it into first gear and ventured onto the two lane. I shifted quickly into second and then third gear, allowing all parts of the moving internals time to rotate and lubricate. Initially in no hurry as we encountered the typical variety of traffic control devices, I even looked forward to the next stoplight. For this trip they were just another opportunity to experience the joy of listening to the melody of switching through six ratios of acceleration madness. With a top speed of 90 MPH available in first gear alone I laughed at the idea of being able to do the trip without even shifting! Never mind, that would be like asking the conductor of a large orchestra to listen to and use only one note. This was a symphony of sound and I was the conductor.

Despite the hour delay, the cloudless skies still presented cool, blue morning air. It was time to put down the miles, chasing the shadow in front of me before the humidity and several layers of diesel exhaust dulled the fragrance of the Southern morning. I was sticking to the backroads as much as the twisted southwesterly route would allow, eager to experience the real geography and demography hidden by our freeways.

We joke about Bubba, but if I couldn't really meet and spend time with him, I at least wanted to wave and say hi. The rural region, dotted with just a few cities and towns, would hopefully tolerate the unlikely rider from the west coast, imagining himself and behaving as Ferris, being chased through the south by the equally imaginary evil principal, Mr. Rooney. This was adventure on any level for a spirit, at least temporarily, trapped in the past. Oh to be young and fearless again in this great country of ours, full of freedom and opportunity and choice! Through my mind flashed the hope that this trip would never end.

The straight lines of asphalt extended through Louisiana, and now into Texas. The bike without "HD" initials and with the strange multi cylinder sound attracted looks only from those with an interest; there had been plenty of these foreign traitors here before. I am sure a television or print ad with the standard and quite ubiquitous pickup truck in Texas, a Ford F150, would look not quite the same with the Hayabusa parked next to it as it would with a Harley Softail. Some things just fit. The three Dallas based Harley riders I encountered at the Valero Station just east of Beaumont shared pretty much the same observation. I offered the customary "low" wave to the Bubbas as I departed and shared a high RPM departure melody with them.

The Japanese designers had long understood the physical size of the riders who would be interested in such a contraption and designed the bike accordingly. But a six foot two inch frame with long legs doesn't fit quite as well as the average person and forty five minutes of cruising was about the limit between stops for gas or at least a quick refreshment at one of the nearly countless Sonic Drive-Ins. I needed them as an excuse for postural relief and probably visited almost all there were on my journey to spend the night with old friends.

The morning sun rose high as the miles passed by and once again began its afternoon descent into the western sky. With a shadow now chasing me it was the route to the final destination that finally forced me onto Interstate 10. Our nation's southernmost transcontinental highway was busy, and the air began to smell of the hard work that surrounded me. This part of the country is all about oil and I could smell it, almost feel it. The heavily laden semis I was three feet away from carried drill pipe and bits, casing, mud pumps and frac tanks—equipment that once again is allowing us to get a little closer to our goal of energy independence. This was America in action and my bike and I were right in the middle of it, a feeling I've never had in my car with the windows rolled up and the air conditioning filtering out what was really going on just a few feet away.

I pulled off the Katy Freeway and onto the familiar suburban Houston streets I frequented as a young pilot for the corporation I once worked for. Business had been booming as I had arrived, but its cyclical nature was gearing up for a reaction to the '70s energy and political crises, and oil prices and reasons to produce it were plummeting. Oil was headed for less than \$10 per barrel, a third of its earlier peak and the oil men were in for some rough times. The corporate airplane wouldn't be needed any longer and even the home airport off Westheimer Boulevard would eventually disappear underneath the foundations of more profitable condominiums. It was a joyful tear that ran down my cheek when the call from Northwest Airlines came in July of 1982. The rest is history.

The trip had been good; new memories were made and old ones rekindled. I met new people and new friends, had unlikely experiences of my own creation and spent time with friends from the past. I might have had my helmet on, but the wind was blowing through my hair just like it did 32 years ago. ✈

Life at Mach 3: Part Two ended, "There was a lot of work left to do and..." Part Three will appear in the February, '15 issue with newly-found resources. – JBB



OCTOPUS TENTACLES

By Gifford T. Jones

"MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY! THIS IS A 14-FOOT INFLATABLE WITH NO POWER IN THE VICINITY OF OCTOPUS ISLANDS, OKISOLLO CHANNEL, AND HOLE IN THE WALL. WE ARE FOUR ADULTS, BEING SWEEPED NORTH IN STRONG CURRENT TOWARDS THE RAPIDS. REQUEST IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE FROM ANYONE IN THE AREA. OVER."

I could not shake that potential scenario from my mind.

It was several years ago. We were two couples, fairly experienced and seasoned mariners, aboard our two identical sailboats rafted at anchor in one of the serene coves of British Columbia's Octopus Islands Provincial Park. Mike and Sarah were on "TOP CAT" (neo "LUMARA" which is a renovation success story for another time) while my wife Mary and I were aboard our "HAVIS AMANDA".

My vision grows with foreboding. Surely SOMEone would hear us...?

"MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY. REPEAT CALL FROM 14-FOOT DINGHY WITH DEAD ENGINE, VICINITY OF OCTOPUS ISLANDS, HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, AND OKISOLLO UPPER RAPIDS. REQUEST URGENT ASSISTANCE. WE ARE DRIFTING AND HEADED NORTH TOWARDS RAPIDS. OVER."



Miss Tiggy



Thelma

In this very bay, some ten years previously, we had first met Mike and Sarah while anchored nearby. We had been out exploring in our kayaks when we spotted their boat and a luring striped tabby stealthily surveying their foredeck. Having our own boat cat "Thelma" on board in the next cove, we paddled over to meet "Miss Tiggy" and her minions. Chatting about our respective feline crewmembers engendered a conversation that continued well into the evening over wine and a freshly caught lingcod.

That common attraction became a bond of friendship that still flourishes over the many years. On this occasion 10 years hence, we had returned to the Octopus Islands on a long-planned joint sailing vacation, and had anchored together in the same cove to celebrate the ten-year anniversary of when, where, and how we met.

I'd obviously try the radio again and pray that someone heard it this time:

"MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY! THIRD CALL. ANY STATION, RESPOND CHANNEL 16. OVER!"

We were in the latitude between Vancouver Island and Canada's mainland where the two landmasses almost join. They remain separated by a web of waterways that race through constrictions between interlocking islands resembling a jigsaw puzzle, where eastern Pacific currents sweep around the north and south tips of Vancouver Island, straining to meet, then retreating twice a day on their inevitable cyclical tides. These narrow raceways produce treacherous rapids and whirlpools that have devoured numerous vessels of all sizes going back far into history.

We had learned of a trail leading from nearby Owen Bay to a viewpoint over the rapids at Hole-In-The-Wall. We had transited these rapids together on our inbound journey a few days earlier, timed to pass through safely during the period of slack water when the tidal streams change direction. The waters here are millpond smooth for 4 or 5 minutes during the reversal process before the onslaught builds all over again into another pummeling maelstrom of swirling black funnels. With careful attention to charts, currents, and timing, passage can be made safely with only a little touch of apprehension.

We figured it should only be a five to ten minute hop in Mike's lean inflatable to reach the island. The four of us intended to sneak past the menacing Okisollo Upper Rapids by threading our way through the shallow passages and islets at the mouth of wide-open Owen Bay, then once safely ashore, hike out to the overlook in time to take in the ebbing current pounding through Hole-In-The-Wall at maximum velocity. The day's full moon high tide and racing 12 knot current would create tumultuous waves of deafening, funneling, rapids that would be thrilling to watch safely from the bluff above.

Before setting out, we planned to top off Mike's outboard, add a portable VHF to our daypack, and maybe toss in a cell phone for good measure. Once under way, it would be a short northeasterly ride up the narrow reach separating the protected Octopus Island group from the swift currents of the main north-south Okisollo Channel. Reaching open water, we'd have a quick one-mile hop to the islets at the mouth of Owen Bay. We should spot the entrance to Hole-In-The-Wall rapids off our starboard bow within minutes. The Okisollo Rapids would be equidistant to port.

My virtual drama now rewinds to a critical juncture as if from an old videotape:

Leaving our rafted boats behind and gaining the main channel, Mike rolls the throttle open and the 18-horse two-stroke slowly surges onto the step in a lusty staccato. Just as we start accelerating on plane, the



Mike Muir and Sarah Nellis from “Top Cat” (behind) with Mary and Giff Jones from “Havis Amanda”

engine’s crescendo subsides, roars to life again, then repeats the cycle once before sputtering and coming to a complete and silent stop. Our loaded fourteen-foot RIB surges to a halt. The fast ebbing current does not. The full moon’s tidal effect is carrying us steadily, inevitably, towards the Upper Rapids of Okisollo Channel.

Mike quickly checks the obvious: Both ends of the fuel line are attached; the vent is open; the primer bulb is firm. He squeezes it anyway and yanks the starter rope. Nothing. We can now hear the roaring of the rapids less than a mile away and growing louder. Unless we get this thing going right now, we could be swept into the maelstrom in minutes.

Final plans for the outing had taken shape in our pilot house the evening before over happy hour, with few thoughts of anything more perilous than what the weather might bring and how much sun block to use. We had all gone to bed considering little but our blissful

surroundings, the pleasure of each other’s company, and tomorrow’s new adventure, taking in the action at Hole In the Wall.

I automatically open the gas tank to check its level, even though I had just recently filled it myself. I gasp. With horror, I see that, with every slosh, a precipitate cloud of dirt and rust rise and swirl before settling to the bottom, ready to be drawn again into the now plugged and fuel-starved engine. No! The spare gas can! I can now see it in my shop; the one long-destined for the hazardous waste dump, full of dirty, contaminated fuel from an old rusted out tank. I had obviously grabbed the wrong can in haste, and part of its filthy content has now obviously plugged every carburetor orifice in Mike’s otherwise trusty outboard.

Mary and Sarah are already paddling frantically as I pick up the VHF again only to see the battery has faded to nothing. Mary furtively digs out the cell phone and in

despair notes that we have no signal whatsoever. Nada.

We are now closing on the first surging maw of the nearest rapids. We are paddling furiously with oars, hands, dragging astern everything we have, to slow our silent racing over the bottom and eerily... towards the bottom.

In desperation I sob a last futile attempt into the now dead radio:

"MAYDAY!, MAYDAY!, MAYDAY!, NEAR OCTOPUS ISLANDS! CALLING ANY STATION! BEING PULLED DOWN INTO OKISOLLO RAPIDS! GOING ... over"

EPILOGUE

The nightmare scenario suddenly augured into my head early one morning during that 10 year sailing celebration/vacation together before it had a chance to become the real thing. Our dinghy outing did not end up in Davey Jones' Locker and Mike's trusty outboard never once coughed. He keeps it filled with fresh, clean fuel, and his dependable 2-stroke continues doing flawlessly what it's done forever. But the potential for this bad dream becoming reality haunted me for days afterwards.

I had gone out alone in my inflatable before day-break that morning, to set a prawn trap before the fast currents reversed themselves. I was in the middle of Okisollo Channel in a pre-dawn overcast dripping with dew. There was not a soul around. I stopped the outboard over my chosen spot, taking my time to bait and set the trap, enjoying the stillness. I began paying out the line by hand, many hundreds of feet to the rocky bottom. It was a lengthy process.

There was utter silence over time except for the distant roar of the nearest torrent, towards which I was now drifting... fairly smartly. It took many moments of being impressed by my speed over the bottom before I suddenly realized my potential for misfortune. What if I couldn't start the engine? No way could I out-paddle that current. I had no radio, no cell phone, not an anchor, not even a flare gun. I was wearing my PFD, but that would be useless against those swirling depths. All of a sudden, I felt exposed, unexpectedly vulnerable, and frankly, I was a bit shaken.

Of course, the engine started.

I motored slowly back to where our boats lay quietly at anchor, falling into deep contemplation about my epiphany. I projected forward to our outing planned for later that morning to check out the rap-

ids. My still-jittery thoughts began forming new "what if's," tumbling lock-step into the above mayday milieu. At the same time, a beneficial side effect began to take shape; one beyond merely providing grist for another yarn from the sea.

The dirty fuel became a metaphor for my oversight and lack of precaution. Being a reasonably safety-conscious old salt, I had been failingly casual about setting off alone and unprepared in remote waters by small boat. Having sailed such areas a lot around the globe, especially between Alaska and Mexico, I had developed a somewhat flippant attitude about my welfare without realizing it. I would usually just toss fishing tackle or a crab or prawn trap into the boat and go, with seldom a thought to back-up safety gear. I vowed to not let that happen again.

That concern about welfare extended not only to loved ones, but consideration for crew left behind as well. On this particular day and for our little adventure, that would have included those two furry creatures, who having granted us shore leave, would be expecting their humans to return in plenty of time to freshen their litter and tend to their culinary expectations.

And they would deserve no less. After all, those two boat cats, both now dearly departed, had been the genesis of this little story, one big friendship, and yet one more lesson from the sea.

Accidents are often the result of a chain of small errors set in motion by deviations from a known course of safe action.

– airline accident prevention investigation lore.





Enumclaw WA, August 21st: One of our off duty reporters, while riding his bike on a beautiful day on rural 236th Avenue SE, thought he heard some raucous laughter behind the well-manicured shrubbery of Genesis Farms and Gardens. Unable to resist the urge of stumbling on a story, he discovered a group of old friends (well, not that they were all that old, but they apparently had been friends for a long time) being entertained by Sterling Bentsen, Master of Ceremonies. He was drawing tickets for a bunch of door prizes—mostly as an excuse to tell jokes. There was one about a church organ that our reporter really didn't understand. Before our reporter could find out who all those people were, they kicked him out because he hadn't paid his 25 bucks. Judging from a hanging inflatable toy Northwest Airlines airplane he guessed they had some connection to that airline. – JBS





Abby Lanman and the hosts NanSea & Charlie Welsh



Montie Leffel, Mark Almon, Mary Ann & Jack Allman



Mike & Laurie Young, Marty Foy



Denny & Joann Swanson, Chuck Detwiler, Nancy Detwiler



Dave Hall, Bill Huff, John Sell, Fred Pack



Cliff Howell, Pam Beckman, Fran & Ken Bryant



Dave & Linda Rolzynski, Marilyn & Charles Nelson



Gus & Jan Diem, Mary & Darl McAllister



Jack & Alayne Hudspeth, Ron Hudspeth, Patricia & Jim Harrington



Jerry & Irena Harrott, Bill & Joyce Barrott



Larry & Mavis Stears, Dick & Cynthia Moller



Jim Palmer, Carolyn & Bud Cheney, Sally Reber



Wayne & Kathleen Stark, Bonnie & Ron Murdock



Bille & Joan Fields, Dick & Marge Haddon



Howie & Joen Parks, Jan & Walt Mills



Will & Becky Harris, Barbara & Doug Peterson



Patricia & Jack Kemp, Kathy & Skip Eglet



Jerry Burton, Francine Elliott & Larry Patrick



JoAnn Aitken, Gayla Bredahl, Sandy Snead



Gary & Barbara P:isel, Kathee & Rex Nelick



Mel & Evelyn Suggett, Veda & Dave Hall



Ivars & Bev Skuja, Pat Rieman & Dave McLeod



Sterling & Nadine Bentsen



Chuck Carlson & JoAnn Aitken, Gayla & Myron Bredahl



Dick Haddon, Harry Bedrossian, Jack Allman



Neal & Carolyn Henderson, Holly & Dave Nelson



Colleen Mullen, "Moon" Mullen, Sandy & Kurt Bryan



Greg Novotny & Krista Pearson, Donna Pauly-Chetlain & Art Chetlain, Eileen Halverson

Photos by the Editor



Jerry & Irena Harrott and Pat Rieman choosing door prizes

CHRISTMAS

SEA Dec. 11th

10:30-3:00

Emerald Downs Racetrack
2300 Emerald Downs Drive
Auburn, Washington

\$35/PERSON

Meal Choices:
Sesame Orange Chicken
or
Peppered Honey
Steelhead Salmon

SEA

NAME _____

NAME _____

We are FIRST-TIMERS!

Checks payable to "Sunshine Club"

Registration DEADLINE: December 4th



Chicken



Salmon

Mail to:

Kathee Nelick

6101 Nahane West N. E.

Tacoma WA 98422

253.927.9136

knelick60@comcast.net

PARTIES

MSP Dec. 7th

Social hour

5:00

Dinner

6:30

\$39/PERSON

Entrée Choices:
 Champaign Chicken
 or
 Walleye
 or
 Prime Rib

Chart House Restaurant
 11287 Klamath Trail
 Lakeville, MN 55044
 952-435-7156



NAME _____

NAME _____

We are FIRST-TIMERS!

Checks payable to "Doug Wenborg"
 RSVP by: **Saturday, November 29th**

↑
 Chicken
 ↑
 Walleye
 ↑
 Prime Rib

Mail to:
Doug Wenborg
4300 Hickory Hills Trail
Prior Lake MN 55372

MSP

Seating limited to 160

Includes:
entree,
salad,
vegetable,
potato,
desert
&
coffee
or
tea

2015 SW Florida Spring Luncheon

March 15th

Marina Jack's, Sarasota

\$27 / person
includes gratuity

Cash Bar
10:30-12:30

Lunch
at
12:30



Meal choices: 1. Grouper Oscar / 2. London Broil / 3. Island Chicken CHOICE

Name _____

Name _____

We are FIRST-TIMERS!

REGISTRATION DEADLINE March 5th

Checks payable to "Dino Oliva" and mailed to him at:

3701 Bayou Louise Ln
Sarasota FL 34242

Seating is limited!

941.349.4960 or 941.356.1963



THE 707 IS 60!

By Bob Bogash

Franklin Roosevelt called Dec. 7, 1941, a Day of Infamy. July 15, 1954, was a *Day of Monumental Change*. Aviation change, that is. World change. July 15th was the Anniversary of that event—an event that changed the course of commercial aviation, the world, and certainly of the Boeing Airplane Company.

It is the 60th Anniversary of the First Flight of the 707 Prototype—the Dash 80. The product of a bunch of engineers who probably lived in Bellevue, Washington, wore wing-tipped shoes with argyle socks, white shirts with pocket protectors, and carried K & E slipsticks (slide rules.) They produced a machine that—on a dozen levels—*changed the world*.

But the first flight of this matriarch of Boeing's long line of descendant jet transports, as advanced as it was, might have led to a very different outcome. And, a very different Boeing.

The story of the \$16 million gamble, *betting the company* by building the 707 with Boeing's own funds and no customers, has been told often. But, there was more to the story.

On Saturday, July 12, I led a walk-around tour at the Museum of Flight—covering the history of Boeing jetliners. My thrust was perhaps a little different from that which some may have expected. For me, the success of Boeing's jet transport line was not the

designing, and building, and flying of the 707—it was something else—a subtle but profound attitude change inside Boeing. And the critical event was not the kick-off order for the 707 from Pan Am, but rather the later order from American Airlines.

Although involved in designing and building commercial airliners for 25 years, Boeing had never really hit the jackpot when it came to putting their technical genius into widespread service with the airlines. Instead, they had proceeded, in fits and starts, with genuine technical marvels, that seemed destined for great things, yet became somehow stuck in the starting blocks of their development cycle. Body stretches, newer engines, more payload and range—these all seemed to not have happened. I've often wondered aloud if it was not the Henry Ford mindset—"Any color as long as it's black."

In 1933, the 247 was—following the Model 40 and 80—a mold-breaking leap into the future—truly the world's first modern airliner. And yet, only 75



247

were ever built. The design never really went anywhere. The competing Douglas DC-2 sold almost 200, and, with a new body, morphed into the B-18 Bolo bomber.

And, of course, the DC-2 became the DC-3, with a wider cabin, increasing capacity by 50%, and addition of a cargo door producing the legendary C-47—more than 10,000 built. It also got a new body becoming the B-23 Dragon bomber.

The 1934 Lockheed Electra, was quickly offered with shorter and longer bodies, and then yet bigger fuselages and wings as Hudson and Ventura patrol bombers—ultimately selling almost 7000 airplanes.

Boeing continued to lead the way—*technically*—with the 307 Stratoliner—world’s first production pressurized airliner. But only ten were ever built and only nine entered service. The somewhat competing unpressurized DC-4, became the military C-54, then the DC-6 and DC-7 series, selling thousands of airframes.

The Boeing 314 flying boat—the *Clipper*—again revolutionized air travel—this time on long range over-ocean routes. But only 12 were ever built—all for essentially one customer—Pan Am. Despite the



307 Stratoliner

“ In the 10 years from 1956 to 1966, Boeing had remade itself, *and* the commercial airplane world, *and* Planet Earth. ”



314 Clipper

production of thousands of flying boats for WW II—many large, like the Clipper, the 314 never saw a bomber or reconnaissance or follow-on transport development.

When the B-29 sprouted a new body called the C-97, a civil version was produced called the Stratocruiser. Douglas’ evolving line of DC-6s and Lockheed’s Constellations, kept getting bigger and longer, and faster—the Stratocruiser languished with just a few customers, and little change from its roll-out configuration. It’s future lay with the Air Force, as only 56 Strats were ever built for a few airlines while over 800 were built for USAF.

That *COULD* have been the future of the Dash 80. An instant replay of the KC-97 experience, with a few commercial airplanes built for a few customers, and the bulk becoming KC-135s for USAF. Once again, Boeing could have been first with the most, but last at the commercial dance. And, in fact, it almost *DID* play out that way.

There was divided opinion within Boeing as to whether the commercial market, which had eluded the company for so long, was even worth pursuing. Many thought selling to the government was just

fine. Others, looking at the success of Lockheed and Douglas, felt the company needed the balance of a dual customer base. The decision ultimately came down to just a few inches. Would we, or wouldn't we? Was it to be Henry Ford's way, or the highway?

After the 707 began flying, there was a lot of interest by the airlines in the airplane. And certainly interest by the competition. A couple of twists of fate, like football blockers, had served to allow Boeing to slip through the line and gain a jump of several years on the other guys. Lockheed had won the transport competition that ultimately resulted in the C-130 Hercules. That tied up their resources during the Dash 80 design and build window. And, ironically, C.R. Smith, President of American Airlines, had twisted Donald Douglas' arm long enough, and hard enough, until Douglas agreed to build a follow-on to the popular DC-6 series, that became the DC-7. With their engineers all tied up, Douglas had to play catch-up football after the 707 rolled out and began flying. Their entrant was the DC-8 and it was badly behind the 707.

Still—it had several possible advantages—on paper, anyway—a bigger wing, more powerful engines, and greater range. It also had the unshakable confidence of most of the world's airlines, who had decades of experience with Douglas and their



airplanes and knew the Douglas'—Senior and Junior intimately.

Oh! It also had one other advantage—which turned out to be a big one—it was wider.

Not by much—but enough for the airlines to put in six-abreast seating. They wanted that. Boeing didn't. Boeing had already changed the body diameter once.

With the Dash 80, they had started out at the Stratocruiser cabin width—132 inches—good for

377 Stratocruiser





The Dash 80

four abreast. They had designed it, built it, and test flown it. The drawings were released and the tooling was under construction. But then the Air Force, which became the first customer with an order for 29 airplanes, wanted it 12 inches wider—144 inches—Boeing reluctantly agreed, and that was the 707 that Pan Am bought. Five abreast.

But the DC-8 was 147 inches. United wanted wider. Boeing was already re-doing all the engineering and tooling for the Air Force. Pan Am—Boeing’s traditional kick-off customer, bought into 144 inches. Why not United? It was the Henry Ford moment for Boeing—and Boeing said No. Any color as long as it’s black. Or 144 inches. United bought the DC-8.

After Tex Johnson rolled the Dash 80 over the hydro races, Eastern’s President, Eddie Rickenbacker, had told the upset Boeing prez Bill Allen, “*He just sold your airplane for you.*” Maybe—but Capt. Eddie also bought the DC-8. Actually, so did Pan Am. After buying 20 707s with great fanfare in Seattle to kick off the jet age, Juan Trippe went down to L.A. the next day, shocking Boeing, and bought 25 DC-8s—making clear that the DC-8 was the preferred future airplane for PAA—the 707 would be just a short term interim machine. For Trippe, it had only

“...all of Boeing’s commercial business over the next half-century hung in the balance—although the participants could not have known that.”



Dual rollout, the last KC-97 and first KC-135

one advantage—timing. It allowed Pan Am to beat the rest of the world with jets. But—it didn't have the range. It was too small.....

.....and it was too narrow.

Boeing had a big jump on the competition, time wise and technology wise, but it was starting to look like the 247, and the 307, and the 314, and the Stratocruiser all over again. The 707 appeared destined to be another KC-97 story—an Air Force tanker with a couple of commercial customers and a short, sweet production run. Douglas seemed destined to continue their dominance of the commercial airplane business.

That's when the *real* turning point came. Boeing's Ed Wells went to Tulsa, Oklahoma to try to sell the 707 to American—a long time Douglas customer that flew everything they ever made. American was 90% sold on the 707—they really liked the fact that Boeing had all this B-47 and B-52 multi-engine jet experience, and that the Dash 80 was flying. They liked everything about the 707, except for one thing. They wanted it wider. 4.5 inches wider. They wanted it to be 148.5 inches wide—wider even than the DC-8.

This was *gut check* time. Everything that followed, all of Boeing's commercial business over the next half-century hung in the balance—although the participants could not have known that. The dominance that would de-throne Douglas and make the word Boeing a generic dictionary term for jetliner.

Boeing had the right two guys involved—engineer Ed Wells and company president Bill Allen. *Boy, this commercial world could be brutal*, they thought—customers could be so demanding. Maybe they also sensed that everything was slip-sliding away.

Boeing blinked and became a whole new company. American got their 148.5 inches. They ordered 50 airplanes.



In the Smithsonian



720s at Renton

Having jumped into the pool, Boeing now went hog-wild in customer responsiveness. The DC-8 had a bigger wing and more range. Boeing designed a new bigger wing and called it the -320 Intercontinental. The 707 was too small—Boeing stretched it. The DC-8 had the more powerful JT-4 engines—Boeing installed the more powerful engines. Pan Am ordered 15. Seems the DC-8 might not be their airplane of the future—after all.

Boeing now actually had *TWO* 707 airplanes—a smaller, shorter range one (-120) and a bigger, longer range one (-320.) The Henry Ford contingent inside Boeing had clearly lost their argument—*Big Time*—now it was ANY color the customer wanted, and then some.

Things even started to get out of hand—but the *NEW* Boeing agreed to anything an airline wanted. Braniff said we *like* the small airplane, but *want* the big engines from the big airplane. Boeing said “Sure.” The -220 was born. Only five were ever built. The financials must have been mind-boggling. QANTAS said, we like the small airplane, but it's *TOO* big—make it shorter. Boeing said “Sure,” and the -138 was born. Only 13 of those were ever built. BOAC said we like the -320, but we don't want those “Yank” engines from Pratt & Whitney. We want good old Rolls-Royce engines. Boeing said “Sure,” and the -420 was born.

Eventually, a lighter shorter range airplane seemed needed—maybe to cut Convair off at the pass, with their new, smaller 880. So the 720 series

was born. And United and Eastern bought it. So did DC-8 operator Northwest, who eventually converted into an all 707/720 fleet.

New Fan engines came out, and were installed. Myriad revisions were made to leading and trailing edge flaps, the vertical fin, assorted ventral fins, horizontal stabilizers, cargo doors and floors, for convertibles, freighters.

Boeing was *reborn*. In two years, Douglas had lost the lead—for good—in the airliner business—never to regain it. Boeing responded to nearly every customer request and niche. The accountants might have not liked it, but the airlines sure did.

Within just a couple of years, the 727 trijet came along, essentially uncontested in the marketplace, and then the 737, and the jumbo 747. In the 10 years from 1956 to 1966, Boeing had remade itself, *and* the commercial airplane world, *and* Planet Earth.

A new King had been born. And although the first flight of the 707 Prototype—the Dash 80—60 years ago [July 15th]—could be viewed as the seminal event, from my knothole, this technical triumph had to be matched by a paradigm shift in customer responsiveness.

And, it all came down to Ed Wells, and Bill Allen,and 4.5 inches. ✈

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Who is Bob Bogash?

Editor's Note: After Bob had given me permission to reprint, I suggested that I would like some sort of biography to help my readers get to know him. His response was totally inadequate for a man of his accomplishments. So I will tell you what little I know about him and hope that you will follow my advice and go to his website, one which has had millions of hits over several years—all without advertising.

Here's my "common word" short version: A man of prodigious accomplishments, prodigious energy, prodigious enthusiasm, prodigious aviation knowledge, prodigious other interests from draft horses to planes, trains and automobiles, and a prodigious volunteer par excellence to Seattle's Museum of Flight.

The following are the first two paragraphs of his published bio on the website. The remainder of that bio will cause you to wonder how one man has that much energy.



Bob and Chuck Yeager

Bob Bogash, retired after more than 30 years with the Boeing Commercial Airplane Group, spent the last 9 years of his career as the Director of Quality Assurance for the Materiel Division. In this position, Bob was responsible for the on-time production and quality of all the non-Boeing produced hardware and software used on Boeing commercial jetliners. More than 3000 outside suppliers in more than 20 countries delivered more than one billion parts a year to Boeing production lines. Bob organized this function from a zero baseline, ultimately staffing more than 35 worldwide offices with over 330 highly skilled professionals. This business unit required management of an annual budget of \$44.5 million.

Bob developed an all new quality system (known as the Advanced Quality System—AQS—or Boeing document D1-9000) that resulted in reducing defective parts by more than 50% over a four year period. This system was so successful, it was adopted by more than 20,000 companies, many not in the aerospace industry, and was taught in more than 24 colleges and universities in four countries. It ultimately became the quality standard for the aerospace industry in the United States as AS9100. Recognized as a quality expert, Bob has lectured widely on the subject of quality. In his worldwide talks, he has addressed as many as 6500 business and quality professionals in a single session. He has been visiting lecturer at many colleges and universities, including the University of Washington, State University of New York, and the Sloan School of Management at M.I.T.

Bob spent more than...

I strongly encourage you to read the rest and spend some real time here: www.rbogash.com – Ed.

Some Reflections on Northwest Airlines



By Bob Bogash

I've worked intimately with a lot of airlines over the years—big and small. Of the Bigs, I can honestly and easily say that Northwest was by far the best. Something about that Norwegian Minnesota heritage. Lots of people made fun of Northwest. “Northworst” they used to call it. “Their stews were farmers from North Dakota and all hired on the phone,” was another one I remember. Their cabin interiors could not be called “ritzy.” Maybe, but check their safety record. Compare it to the other majors. That doesn't happen by accident—no pun intended.

They were a no-nonsense airline, especially in the good old Don Nyrop days, when they had no debt and paid for all their airplanes in cash. They made a profit, as I recall, for 20 years in a row, when most of the others were struggling to stay afloat. Their labor relations were always rocky, and they were rough around the edges. But that was Northwest. Other airlines used to have a team of factory reps checking everything Boeing did, and did a lot of acceptance test flights. That's AFTER the Boeing test flights. I remember one TWA 707 that had 17—yes they finally accepted the plane after the C-17 (Customer 17) flight! NW took Boeing's word for it and never did any acceptance flights—they had a deal with Boeing whereby Boeing would pay for fixing all the squawks in the first 50 hours in-service.

I vividly remember working on a 707-320C at the

Flight Center one summer's evening. It was “bought off” on the first Boeing test flight (B-1)—somewhat unusual. I remember the NW crew coming on board at Boeing field—they ferried the airplane the 4 miles to Sea-Tac and put it on the gate. It departed for Tokyo with a full load of passengers shortly thereafter, with a grand total of 2 landings and maybe 2:30 flying time total.

Northwest always sold their airplanes “early.” They never seemed to have any going to the scrappers or the boneyard. They didn't drive them until the wheels fell off. Sort of like Singapore Airlines does today. They sold them young with a lot of miles still on them. I think Don didn't like doing D checks. Too expensive.

I worked with NWA at many locations—JFK, MSP, HNL. In Honolulu, they and Pan Am used to each have 8 flights a day. PAA would not work a flight with less than 8 mechanics. If they had only 7, they'd let the airplane sit, until they could move people over from another departed flight. They had regular airframe mechanics, and R&Es (radio and electronics mechanics), and Storesmen. They had Leads, and Maintenance Supervisors, and a Maintenance Manager. To change a faulty part, say, an anti-icing valve, the Maintenance Supervisor, having read the logbook, would tell the Lead Mechanic to change the valve. The Lead would then have the mechanics open the access panel. Leads didn't do physical work. An R&E would then come and remove

the electrical Canon plug. The mechanic would then remove the valve and call for the Storesman, who would then take the valve and obtain a new one. The installation was the reverse daisy chain.

NWA, with the same number of flights—had 8. That's 8 total station mechanics. And one Storesman. No supervisors. One Maintenance Manager—Mike Joyce. To change the same valve, a NW mech, after talking to the pilot himself, reading the logbook, checking the Maintenance Manual, would usually get the valve from Stores, and then, after doing all the engine checks, oil servicing, and a walk-around, etc.—change the valve himself, and then sign-off the logbook. Then he'd sit down at the teletype and send the maintenance message back to home base in Minny (MSP).

“Ramp people” at Pan Am (baggage loaders, cleaners, water truck and lav servicers, etc.) NEVER touched an airplane.

At NW, Ramp guys worked side by side with the mechs, when necessary. A wheel or brake change could be done with one mech because the Ramp folks helped. Many of the pushouts were done with one mech and one Ramp guy, unlike, say PAA, where only mechs could do push outs. I did quite a few pushouts myself with a mech. Quite against everybody's rules and regulations. I really enjoyed those—sitting under the nose on that giant tug and then watching that huge 747—close to a million pounds—moving smoothly away from the terminal and out onto the vast expanse of ramp. Starting engines and taxiing away for a flight across the Pacific. Night time was even better—out into the vast sea of blackness away from the glare of the terminal's lights, with a kaleidoscope of blue, green and white runway and taxiway pinpricks of light in the darkness. I wish they had camcorders in those days—I'd have some great shots.



© Gary Ferguson

One time I was watching Pan Am's mechanics do something in the leading edge, when the mechanic on a ladder dropped his flashlight. I picked it up for him and passed it up. After a while, I noticed that there was nobody around. This was not abnormal—lunch break or whatever—they'd just let the airplane sit. Eventually, I got tired of waiting and went into the maintenance office to see where everyone was. Well, they were on a “*job action*.” They had quit working and got hold of the shop steward. Why? Because of me! Yes, you see, “the Boeing rep was working!” Picking up the guy's dropped flashlight constituted “working!”

I'm not trying to badmouth Pan Am—actually, I think they were the greatest airline ever. But the above labor/management activities, with other factors, sunk their ship. It was frustrating to work with them. No push outs—that's for sure! If I recall, Pan Am had 160 station mechanics at HNL compared to Northwest's 8. It was ‘no-contest,’ and little wonder that PAA lost the survival battle early.

Northwest's President Don Nyrop was “in charge” and his close control of the airline was astounding. Many times Purchase Requests would get returned “Disapproved” signed by Don himself. I recall one where they requested some nominal sum to purchase some steel parts racks for DC-10s due to start flying into HNL. It was returned disapproved with a scrawled note from Don—“We've changed the plan, no DC-10s into HNL—you don't need the racks.”

Whenever I or my wife flew back to Mainland, NW always bumped us up to First Class. The others? Fat chance! When I moved back to Seattle, they put half my household stuff, boxes and boxes of stuff, including three big 100 lb. dogs in kennels, on the airplane for nothing. I became close personal friends with all the NW people

I worked with, and have maintained that friendship to this very day. Even though they're all over the country.

Of course, NW eventually succumbed to the great American system. A LBO (Leveraged Buy Out) with a lot of dumb bean counters and non-airline people taking over. That's where you buy the company with their own money and then mortgage everything to the hilt. You loot the Treasury, pay yourself obscene amounts of money and then bail out or “flip” the property before the huge debt load sinks the ship.

It's sad to see what NW has become, and sadder still to see it disappear. They call that “progress” these days.

I think it sucks. ✈

NWA COUNCIL 1 NOMINATES CHARLES LINDBERGH FOR HONORARY ALPA MEMBERSHIP



By Doug Parrott (Calhoun)

Council 1 presented the idea as a resolution to the Board of Directors at their 20th Biennial Meeting. The resolution won unanimous approval.

Retired NWA Captain Harry McKee, then ALPA's Director of Public Relations, made all arrangements for the presentation and acted as Master of Ceremonies for the evening.

For this night, it was the culmination of many months of planning, preparation, and finally the advice and consent of 30,000 professional aviators, all members of ALPA.

Of the fifty some men who attended that night of April 21, 1969 at the Sheraton-Carlton hotel, just two blocks from the White House, it was a "Who's Who" in aviation. General Jimmie Doolittle; Ken Boedecker and Ken Lane, two of Lindbergh's original WE team; Bud Gumey, who taught Lindbergh to fly and retired as a UAL Captain; "Snuffy Smith"; Harold Gray, Chairman of the Board, Pan Am; Charles Ruby, President of ALPA; Dick Merril; Bob Serling, aviation writer; NWA ALPA members Harry McKee, Walt Bullock, John Huber, Homer Cole, Lee Smith; Doug Parrott, NWA MEC Chairman; Harry Upham, Council 1 Chairman; and Chuck Hagen.

It was a gathering of Eagles for those who attended, and for those 30,000 ALPA pilots not in attendance, and for me, as an attendant, it was "one helluva great evening!"

Several of the Great's gave very interesting talks. To me Lindbergh's farsighted talk for the future of aviation was amazing. He spoke on the SST, and indicated that it was not really the long distance trans-oceanic airliner of the future. This was April, 1969. He instead had a very good argument for sub-orbital aircraft to be used on those long haul routes. He cited some scientific studies to back up his theory. It will be interesting to see if he is right.

Charles Lindbergh has received many offers of honorary membership in so many organizations, who had, until the night of April 21, 1969, accepted but one other membership and that one being the Army-Navy Club. This acceptance was a reverse tribute to ALPA indeed.

(Ref. June, July, 1969 Air Line Pilot)



Charles Lindbergh, Charles Ruby, Doug Parrott



AIR LINE PILOTS ASSOCIATION
MUNSEY BUILDING, 1329 "E" STREET, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20004
(202) 347-2211
AFFILIATED WITH A.F.L.-C.I.O.

Charles A. Lindbergh

INTL _____

April 9, 1969

Mr. D. H. Parrott
24442 - 156th Street, S. E.
Kent, Washington 98031

Dear Mr. Parrott:

On April 21st, a Monday, at the Sheraton Carlton Hotel, formal address, 923 16th N. W. or 16th & K, N. W. in Washington D. C. there will be a gathering of close personal friends and other select pilot personnel to honor General Charles A. Lindbergh who is being presented an honorary membership in the Air Line Pilots Association.

This event will start at 5:30 p.m. promptly with a cocktail party, continuing until 6:30 p.m. Dinner at 7:00 and the balance of the evening to be vested in the ceremony surrounding this presentation.

We are most happy to extend this invitation and should there be any change in your plans, would appreciate your notifying me at our Washington, D. C. office located at 1329 E Street, N. W., Munsey Building, 20004. Reservations have been made for you at the Sheraton Carlton. Because of the limited number attending this affair, this letter is your authorized admission and should accompany you and be presented on request at the Sheraton Carlton.

I am sure you will find the effort to attend this function well worth your while as the gathering of close friends of General Lindbergh in one place at one time possibly will not occur again.

Warmest personal regards.

Sincerely yours,

AIR LINE PILOTS ASSOCIATION

Capt. Harry H. McKee

Capt. Harry H. McKee, Director
Public Relations

HHMCK/vrp

"SCHEDULE WITH SAFETY"





Grounds of the Empire Gold Mine

Photos: Gary Ferguson except as noted

SACRAMENTO REUNION '14

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION



(Seated) George & Bobbi Lachinski (facing) talking with Tom & Sue Ebner



Sterling & Nadine Bentsen, Eileen Halverson, Sandy Schmidt, Ron & Carol Vandervort, K. C. Kohlbrand



Nadine Bentsen, Jan Mills, Evangeline Piekert, Kathee Nelick, Kathleen Palmén, John Piekert, Bill & Lynn Day, Walt Mills

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION



Tom Schellinger, Wayne & Kathy Stark, Helen Frank, Judy Schellinger, Meredith Sunde, Gene Frank, Dean Sunde



Gayla Bredahl, Katie Pethia, Kathy Eglet, Elizabeth Davis (2012 Scholarship recipient), Barbara Pisel



K. C. Kohlbrand, Les McNamee, Marilyn & Howie Leland, Julie McNamee

BUS TOUR DAY

EMPIRE GOLD MINE



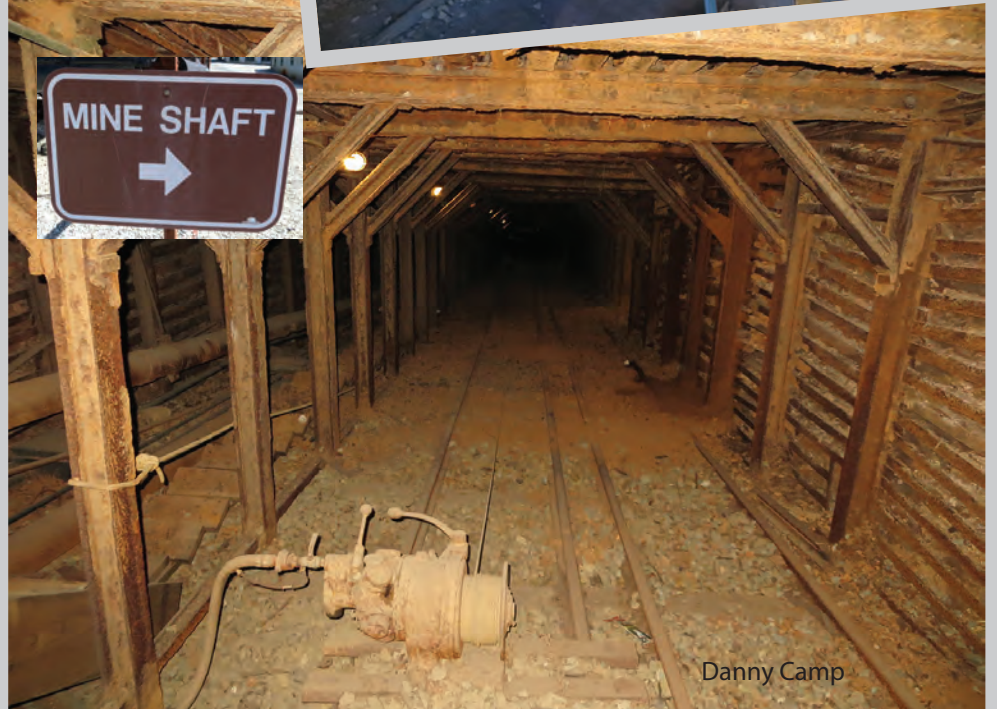
Danny Camp



Danny Camp



Danny Camp



Danny Camp

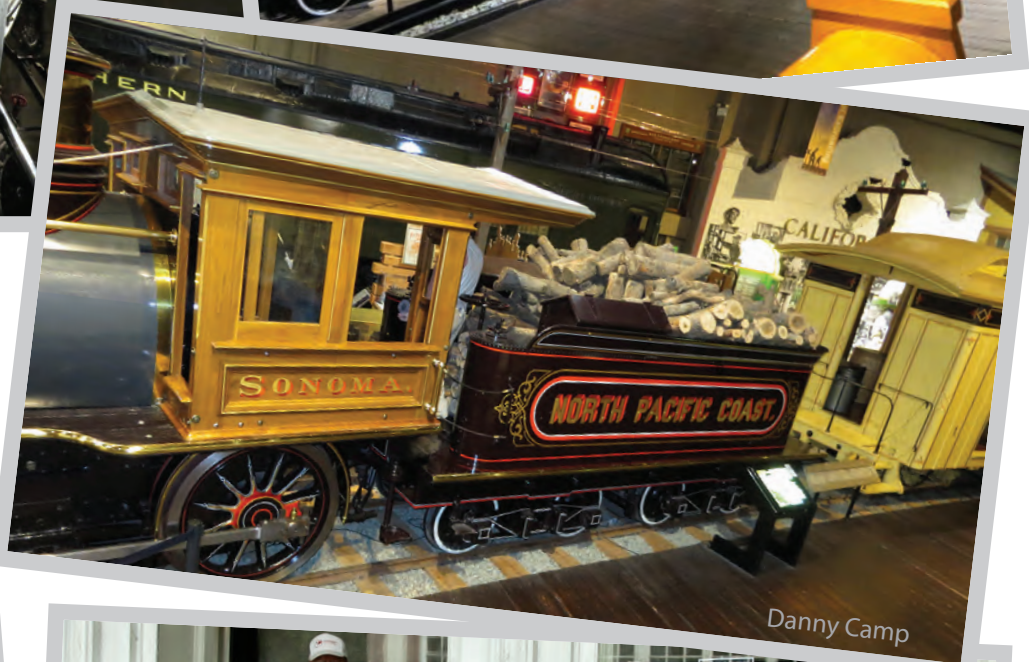


Danny Camp



Danny Camp

CALIFORNIA
STATE
RAILROAD
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Danny Camp



*Nevada City
California*



IT'S
LONG
BEACH
IN
2015

BUS TOUR DAY

BANQUET EVENING



Banquet Hall from the podium



Don & Edith Schrope, John & Dianne Andres, Dean & Meredith Sunde, Gene & Helen Frank



Dino & Karen Oliva, Rex & Kathee Nelick, Skip & Kathleen Eglet, Bob & Judy Royer



Banquet Hall from the podium



Howie & Marilyn Leland, John & Claire Lackey, Dick & Sue Duxbury, Bob & Jan Loveridge



K. C. & Martha Kohlbrand, Dick & Marge Haddon, Bill & Betty Huff, George & Bobbi Lachinski

BANQUET EVENING

The Pisel's daughter Elizabeth Davis was a recipient of a Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship in 2012 but was unable to attend last year's Reunion. She wanted to come this year to "properly thank" everyone. She gave a very thoughtful thank you speech which reminded us all that these scholarships are so very worthy of our support.

In case you're wondering, these awards are merit-based. The selection committee has no way of knowing the applicant's name until after they are selected.



Gary & Barbara Pisel, Elizabeth Davis (2012 Scholarship recipient), Tom & Judy Schellinger



George Bucks, Nancy Balin, Tom & Sue Ebner, Sterling & Nadine Bentsen, Doug & Barbara Peterson



Dave & Andrea Schneebeck, Mike Ristow (rear), Bob & Sue Horning, Jim & Carolyn Pancherian, John & Evangeline Piekert

BANQUET EVENING



Jerry Burton & Sandy Palmerton, Gil & Ginny Baker, Les & Julie McNamee, Tom Dummer & Teresa Hellberg



Bill & Joan Fields, Hal & Shirley Newton, Dave & Katie Pethia, Walt & Jan Mills



Chuck Carlson & Joanne Aitken, Dave & Holly Nelson, Terry & Lynne Confer, Lyle & Barbara Prouse

BANQUET EVENING



John & Nancy Bates, Dave McLeod & Pat Rieman, Monty Leffle, Prim Hamilton, Myron & Gayla Bredahl



Jack & Camille Herbst, Vic Britt, Hal Hockett, Bill & Lynne Day, Wayne & Kathy Stark



Clint & Susan Viebrock, Art Chetlain & Donna Pauly-Chetlain, John & Karen Pennington

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Tour day, Friday, Sept. 25th
Catalina Express to Catalina Island
(limited to 160 seats)
with a Trolley Tour of the island

Twenty six miles across the sea, Santa Catalina is a-waiting for me

Lots to do in Catalina...

Under water sea life viewing, zip-lining, shopping and eating

Don't
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you
know
what!



Last day, Saturday, Sept. 26

General Meeting,
Ladies' coffee, and
The Banquet
in the evening

*Some free
time Saturday*



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USAF Major with over 3000 Hours in fighter and training aircraft including:
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Aircraft Homebuilder

Founding Member of the BlackJacks



"There are extraordinary people living ordinary lives among us..."

We celebrate the life of a man, whose accomplishments as an aviator, courage as a Prisoner-of-War in North Vietnam, loyalty to his comrades-in-arms and devotion to his family were second to none."

by Kirk Boxleitner,
Arlington Times Reporter
Jul 25, 2014

The Black Jack Squadron's Missing Man formation that flew over the Arlington Municipal Airport July 21 was itself missing one of its most important men.

The pilots were paying tribute to retired U.S. Air Force Maj. Wesley Schierman, one of three founders of the squadron in 1990, who died Jan. 4.

Arlington Mayor Barbara Tolbert was joined by Schierman's widow, Faye, in cutting the ribbon to the sign dedicating the airport's historical airfield to Schierman.

"Leadership, is action, not words," Tolbert said. "Today we will dedicate the Arlington Airport to a man whose actions exemplified his leadership."

Schierman's long career in aviation included stints not only in the Air Force and Washington Air National Guard, but also as a commercial pilot for Northwest Airlines.

He was a prisoner of war in North Vietnam from Aug. 28, 1965, to Feb. 12, 1973, before retiring from active duty in 1974. Likewise, by the time he retired from Northwest as a Boeing 747 captain in 1995, he'd logged more than 15,000 flight hours.

The Black Jack Squadron, which Schierman co-founded, is a formation flight demonstration team,

whose pilots volunteer to fly Missing Man missions for fallen Pacific Northwest veterans.

During his memorial at the Boeing Museum of Flight, Schierman was lauded as one of the four strongest leaders of the 400-plus men residing at the Hanoi Hilton.

"But to know these things about Wes was to scratch the surface of this remarkable man," said Tolbert, who first met Schierman three years after he and his partners had founded the squadron. "As a budding pilot, I was both intimidated and in awe of the flying skills displayed by this group."

Tolbert credited Schierman and his fellow Black Jacks with seemingly never turning down an opportunity to honor a departed military member or aviator with a Missing Man formation.

"The collective actions of one's life is the legacy that they leave behind," Tolbert said. "It will be an honor for me to fly at Major Wesley Schierman Field, dedicated to a man who loved family, country and freedom."

Faye Schierman had little to add to Tolbert's remarks, except when she looked up and saw the Black Jacks overhead.

"When you see those airplanes flying, that says it all to me," Faye Schierman said. ✈

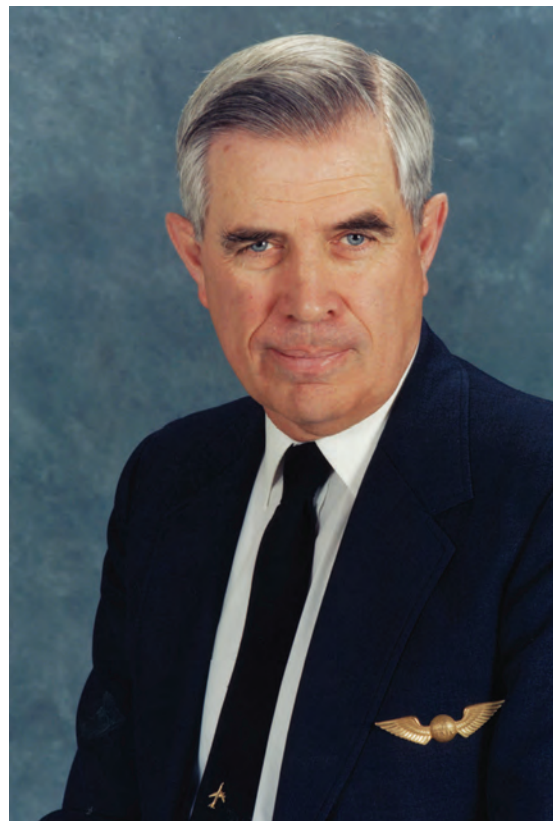


HAYES MCCALLUM 1939 ~ 2014

Captain Hayes S. McCallum, age 75, of Richfield, Minnesota and a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” on July 6, 2014 after a courageous six month battle with brain cancer. Hayes was born in Jackson, Mississippi on February 13, 1939 to Hayes Shipman and Annie Lyda Heard McCallum. Hayes graduated from Provine High School in 1957 and received his Bachelor of Engineering degree from Mississippi State University in 1961. He received an MBA from the University of Washington, Seattle, Washington in 1970.

Hayes’ dream though his entire life was to fly airplanes and in April 1966 his dream was realized when he began his flying career at Northwest Airlines as a Boeing 707/320 Second Officer at NWA’s Seattle, Washington Base. In time Hayes became an instructor and check airman on a number of NWA aircraft, and after he retired in 1999, he continued as a training instructor for another five years. His involvement in aviation continued through his co-ownership of Environ Laboratories LLC, an internationally known engineering testing laboratory in Minneapolis, which provides testing for aerospace, defense, telecommunications, and industrial customers. He and his wife Marcia developed the Laboratory together and this year celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Hayes’ life was filled with challenges and opportunities, which he always met with a smile. He was a unique person who truly loved everyone, was loved by many, and respected for his kind spirit and gentle manner.

Guest Book Entries from Friends included the following: Roger Moberg; Classmate of Hayes at NWA...appreciated his serious approach toward our careers. Though quite reserved, he always had a very kind, friendly greeting. John Campbell; Always enjoyed flying with Hayes...both Southern boys, and Hayes still had some of his Southern accent...a real pleasure knowing him. Thelma Mitchell; Hayes was a delightful person...graduated from Provine together...knew him for years. Lyle Prouse; One of the really solid, fine gents at Northwest and I always enjoyed being with and around him. Bruce Burkhard; The epitome of a true southern gentleman... always enjoyed flying with him. Nate Cobb; My memories of Hayes are an enjoyable acquaintance, supported with being a great person! Ron Weldon; A fine gentleman, a great pilot and a pleasure to fly with...an honor to fly the whale with him...always good news to see his name on the crew list. Kathy McCullough; I loved flying with Hayes...thrilled to see him on my schedule...one of the great guys at NWA! Jim Holder; Mississippi ANG with him in the late 50s... Aero Medical Tech School, Gunther AFB, summer ’58 we partnered in a ‘Hearts Games’ with others from the ANG for a penny a point... my good friend there and in the ANG until we left for our Airline Careers... I at Eastern in ’63’...ran into Hayes at NWA in MSP in 1995, at the Employee Cafeteria and we had a nice visit, first one in over 30 years! Hayes was a fine man! David James; Our friendship extends back to the ’70s when I flew F/O on the 727 with Hayes. A



friendship of 40+ years in which I sought his thoughts on issues and not just airline related ones...a source of counsel on business opportunities and real estate issues. If I needed a careful analysis of an issue, Hayes was the ‘go to’ guy. His problem solving skills made him a great pilot and instructor...a true and loyal friend...he will be missed by his many friends. Jim Lowther; Spent two years of high school and four years of college with the Rouse House guys, a great group as people and very smart and accomplished. I took that for granted, but looking back I am in awe of those guys and Hayes was the most intelligent one of us. Though brilliant, he never tried to impress, was always down-to-earth, and had great common sense as well as intelligence. Later we learned that is called wisdom. It was always enjoyable to be around Hayes. His dry wit and great sense of humor created fun and was a valuable diversion from the hard work of engineering students. One often hears “a life well lived”, and that was so true about Hayes. I was very fortunate to have him be a part of my life.

Hayes is survived by Marcia, his loving wife of 48 years, and his brother James (Danie) of Tucson, Arizona. ✈

(-Vic Britt)



LORAN GRUMAN 1940 ~ 2014

Captain Loran Dean Gruman, age 74, “Flew West” on July 12, 2014. That was the day I lost my good friend of almost 54 years. “Gru”, as all of his friends called him, suffered from the effects of a non-malignant brain tumor for the past 9 years. He survived surgery in 2005, but the doctors were unable to completely remove the tumor. In February of this year, it began to grow again. By July of 2014 the brain tumor had taken his life.

Born on April 17, 1940, in San Mateo, California, Gru entered the NAVCAD (Naval Aviation Cadet) program in August 1960 at NAS Pensacola, Florida. He, along with several of others, chose to pursue the helicopter pipeline. Upon completion of pilot training, we were assigned to Helicopter Utility Squadron ONE at Imperial Beach, California. As roommates, Gru and I procured an apartment next to two teachers. One of them, Lucie Raye, “Pixie,” eventually married Gru and raised a family of two boys and a daughter. Gru was checked out in the HUP, a twin-rotor compact utility/rescue helicopter built by the Piasecki Helicopter Corp. He deployed with this aircraft aboard the USS Bon Homme Richard (CVA-31) in 1963 for a 6 month cruise to the Western Pacific. Upon his return, he qualified in the Kaman H-2 Seasprite helicopter. In 1964 Gru cruised aboard the USS Constellation (CVA-64) seeing action early in the Vietnam War as a Search and Rescue pilot. We used to comment that other pilots looked down upon helicopter pilots until they were being rescued from the sea. Gru made five rescues during his Navy career.

After he finished his tour of duty with the Navy, Gru was hired as a pilot for Northwest Airlines. He had no idea who NWA was, but knew he was going to live in the Minneapolis area near my hometown and fly for an airline. During his 34 year employment with NWA, he flew the B-727, B-707, DC-10, and the B-747. Because our seniority numbers were so close, we never flew together until Gru checked out as Captain on the B-747. My first experience was as a passenger on a flight to London. He was the captain and my wife and I were on a pass. Unfortunately, the weather was miserable. The flight was supposed to leave MSP about 6:00 in the evening, but a major snowstorm surrounded us. After deicing twice, the airport closed temporarily. The delay became a “creeping delay,” during which a meal was served and a movie shown. The flight eventually cancelled at about 2:00 am. Gru handled the situation very professionally.



Finally, on one of the double-crewed flights to Japan, Gru and I flew together. It had been a long time since our venture in a twin Beech during Navy pilot training. During that whole time we remained friends. Early in his NWA career Gru and his family lived in Burnsville. For the last 26 years he lived in Apple Valley, MN. Our families gathered together, vacationed together, and celebrated together.

Gru was very competitive and always liked a challenge. In a 1982 issue of *On Course*, he introduced a fuel savings formula for descent on the B-727. In 1987, he discovered that nobody had claimed a speed record over a commercial route from Chicago, IL to Tokyo, Japan. So he laid claim and has a plaque to prove it. He loved gimmicks and would relish the thought of being able to solve something that you couldn't. Gru was an avid tennis player; he played on layovers and participated in many tournaments. After his retirement, he became an accomplished bridge card player and even taught bridge classes. He loved to make Halloween at his house an event to be remembered for the neighborhood kids by designing elaborate setups in his garage.

Loran Dean Gruman is survived by his wife, Pixie; sons, Keith (Delta Pilot), and Greg, and daughter, Linda. He has 10 grandchildren and a great grandchild on the way. All who knew him will miss a great friend. ✈

(– Roger “Skip” Felton)



“BILL” MANNING 1930 ~ 2014

Captain William “Bill” Manning, Age 84, longtime resident of Excelsior, Minnesota, passed away peacefully on April 22, 2014. Bill flew for Northwest Airlines for 32 years (1957-1989), and retired as a Boeing 747 Captain. He married his wife Betty, a “stewardess” for Northwest, in 1964. They were married for 50 years and raised three children; Robert, Michael, and Sarah, and have 5 grandchildren.

Bill’s aviation career started in 1952 in the military where he learned to fly in the AT-6 in the United States Air Force. He graduated as a Second Lieutenant at Laredo, Texas, second in his class. He had earned himself a spot in Advanced Fighter Training at Nellis AFB, in Las Vegas, NV. While there, his instructor was Captain Iven Kincheloe, Ace from the 51st Fighter Group in Korea.

After graduating from Advanced, Bill signed out at the Top of the Mark, and was off to the 51st Fighter group himself, based in Suwon, Korea. He was then assigned to the 39th Fighter Interceptor Squadron where he served a year flying the F-86F in combat missions over the skies of Mig Alley. On many of those missions, he flew wingman to Captain Joseph McConnell, the top ace in all of the Korean War. Bill always said, “Kincheloe and McConnell were the two greatest pilots he ever saw.” Sadly, both of them were later killed in the flight test programs at Edwards AFB.

After hostilities ceased in Korea, Bill continued to fly the F-86, F-84, and F-80 in the Air Force Reserves in both Great Falls, Montana and Minneapolis, until retiring from the Air Force as a 1st Lieutenant.

Bill was hired at NWA in August of 1957. As the oldest, and therefore the most senior in his class, he was assigned to the DC-4. The bottom half of his class was assigned the DC-3. He did stints as copilot in the DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, Stratocruiser, Electra, 720 and 707. After a few years he was awarded a captain upgrade on the Electra. When he showed up for his first day of training, his entire upgrade class was informed they were now going to attend 727 Captain school instead, and were handed their manuals. The Company had just recently started taking delivery of this brand new jet. When he learned about the leading edge flap sequence from 0 thru 5 degrees on the three-holer, he swore “it would never last.” Years later, on a layover in SEA, he walked thru a full scale wooden model of the yet-to-be-built 747 at Boeing Field and thought; “it will never fly.” He flew captain at NWA for over 25 years on the 727, DC-10, and then finally the 747-100 and -200.

Bill was one of those professional pilots who absolutely loved to fly, and cherished his career. Through the years, he often talked about how lucky he had been to enjoy such a long and successful career at Northwest, getting paid to do what he loved. He shared his enthusiasm for flying with all three of his children. He bought his kids a J-3 Cub when they were young, and had NWA Captain Elwood “Woody” Herman teach the three of them how to fly it out of a grass strip in Bloomer, Wisconsin. They later logged some C-182 time, in the NWA pilot “Family Flyers” club at Flying Cloud Airport. All three followed their dad into the Airline business; Robert flying for Delta, Michael for United, and Sarah for American Airlines.

Bill was a humble man of faith, integrity and kindness who dedicated his life to his family. He spent his retirement traveling, and spending time at the family home in Minnesota and residences in New Auburn, Wisconsin and Madeira Beach, Florida. ✈

(– *Donnis Bergman*)



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Leave this blank if you do not wish to receive RNPA email news. (See note)

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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** ___

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On May 1, 1967 this very A-4C "Scooter," flown by LCDR "T. R." Swartz downed a MiG-17 over North Vietnam with an un-guided ZUNI rocket. LCDR Swartz was attached to VA-76, operating from the aircraft carrier *Bon Homme Richard* (CVA-31).

This was extracted from *Scooter Memories*, a story from flightjournal.com and their magazine *Flight Journal*. If you are interested to read that story about the A-4 war in the Spring of 1967 you can find it here: tinyurl.com/A4memories

(The story was brought to my attention by Dayle Yates.)