

CONTRAILS



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MAY 2015



"Geese in the Corn Dust"

Mike Landwehr

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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May Check List



Planning on the Summer Cruise on the St. Croix?
Time is short! Registration form on page 48.

Warm, dry weather! Catalina
Island! All of the many Long
Beach attractions!

Find the flyer on page 22.

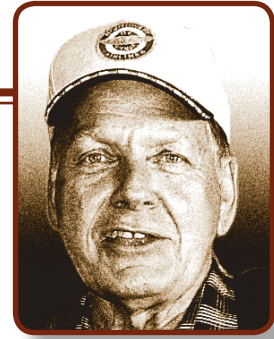


Seattle in the summer? Wonderful!
BBQ - free beer & wine - old friends,
all at the same Genesis Farm & Gardens
in Enumclaw. Registration form page 25.

Send email changes to rnpanews@bhi.com

HINT: Hang onto the 2014 Membership Directory!

President's Report: Gary PISEL



Members,

Here it is the spring of 2015, seems the clock is running faster each year. Phoenix did not have a winter this year, just a late fall and already we are approaching summer temperatures. YUCK.

The PHX picnic was well attended with several "first timers." This was good to see, food was excellent, weather even better.



Plans are well established for the Reunion in Long Beach. Be sure to register and get your name on the list. The trip to Catalina will be on the agenda for Tour Day. Along with the Express ride over you will be treated to an island tour. Many other venues are available for you to partake.

DON'T FORGET THE BEARS FOR THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!



Also send your bid in to me if the SOLID GOLD WINGS are of interest to you. Bids MUST be in writing with an opening and top limit. All proceeds go to the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund.



Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA



Just received my second request from our editor for the treasurer's report for the May newsletter. Guess I'm as lax getting it to the editor on time as some of our members are at paying their dues.

This year we adopted a shorter time frame for payment of dues and increased the penalty for late payment. It worked. All dues and late payments were in by March first instead of May 1st as in previous years.

Thank you all for saving me the extra two months of dues collecting and recording. Gave me extra time to spend with our six young (all under five) grandchildren.

Thank you Gary for putting up with my tardiness. Will try to do better in July.





Editor's Notes: Gary FERGUSON



ABOUT THE COVER PHOTO

While searching the web for something else, I noticed this image. It immediately spoke to me. I soon learned why; it has been the recipient of multiple awards for the photographer, Mike Landwehr. Here are just two:



- Best of Show, Iowa State Fair, 2008: "Geese in the Corn Dust" was selected from 3,601 photographs submitted by 1,229 photographers.
- Grand Prize, BetterPhoto.com, May, 2008: "Geese in the Corn Dust" was selected from almost 30,000 entries in the monthly worldwide contest sponsored by this photographic website.

Mike graciously agreed to my publishing it here. If you'd like to see more of his wonderful photography I urge you to check his website:

mikelandwehr.com/photography.html
and then click on "Lasting Impressions."

SAY HELLO TO A NEW COLUMNIST

I am happy to announce that RNPA member Erika Armstrong has signed on as a new Contributing Columnist. "Signed on" is just a term—nobody gets paid anything in this organization.

Although undoubtedly more common these days, there are probably few of us with such a varied background as Erika. Younger certainly than most of us, but with 25 years experience with all aspects of aviation; corporate, commercial and everything in between. She holds a B727-200 type rating and has flown some 28 different aircraft types.

Readers may recall that she wrote an interesting article about situational awareness in our November, 2013 issue. She writes monthly columns for several magazines, some of which have won awards. Her new book, "A Chick in the Cockpit," will be released very soon. There is apparently a lot more to Erika's personal story than one can learn from an online search. I am looking forward to reading it.

I have never met Erika in person. You can learn most of what I know about her by searching "A Chick in the Cockpit" online. From our conversation, the articles of hers that I have read, as well as the "teasers" for the new book, she seems to be a woman of real determination and grit. I suspect that some future Contrails columns of the same name may have a little bite.

Did I mention that she is the daughter of proud papa Chuck Hagen?

ONE HUNDRED FIFTY YEARS AGO

The Civil War always seemed like a long time ago to me. I recently realized that 150 years is only twice my age. Doesn't seem quite so distant viewed in those terms. It's a little hard to comprehend how much has changed in such a span of time.

April, 1865 was quite a month. The War continued to fester on for the first part. But Lee surrendered to Grant on the 10th and Lincoln was assassinated just five days later, on the 15th.

Jim Baldwin does a nice job of remembering "The Greatest President" in *A Stabilized Approach* on page 14.

SPEAKING OF COLUMNISTS

I feel quite privileged to have three such talented columnists. Whatever success Contrails enjoys is certainly due in large measure to their efforts. I'm not sure that Bob Root can be replaced, but I'm happy that Erika has joined the "stable" of Contributing Columnists. My sincere thanks to each of you.

Whatchabeenupto?



We've Got Mail



B. J. **WA**
PAINE

As the saying goes, “The check is in the mail!”

Former RNPA member, Chuck Paine, would be one happy guy if he was still with us. His oldest grandson, Michael, has started ground school with Compass Airline.

Chuck would be mind boggled by the way it is done now. No classroom sitting, no instructor going over the material with you. You go to a website and study a lot of material with a test at the end of each chapter and the test results go to the airline interested in that info.

They call it CBT (Computer Based Training). I can recall going out to the SeaTac Red Lion to have lunch with Chuck once when they had rented meeting rooms for refresher groundschool at the hotel. NWA was just across the street as you may recall.

Michael will check in with Compass on the 19th and they will tell him where he's to go for simulator. Will be St. Louis or Dallas where an Embraer sim is available.

Chuck flew west in 2009 and we are especially sorry he can't be here to share this with Michael and hear all about it daily. He knew Michael's goal and we were there when he returned from his first solo so he did know Michael's goal was to fly, as did his grandpa and his dad, who is still flying with FedEx.

The cycle continues, and may it always, for every young person who sees how much his or her dad, grandpa or uncle enjoyed their

careers in aviation, and they want to have that kind of life for themselves!

I so enjoy Contrails every [quarter]. Thank you for putting out such a quality magazine.

B. J. Paine

JOE **FL**
BARON

Hi Gary,

Janet and I have a big celebration coming up. February 20th we will be married 50 years. Don't know how that is possible. But, we really can't celebrate until April when our grandsons Colin and Fletcher have spring break. We have planned a seven day cruise on the Oasis of the Seas (Royal Caribbean). Family members joining us will be our oldest son, Scott, second son Andrew and wife, Sharon, and their two boys, and our daughter Kim. Also included is Kim's friend Megan. Unfortunately for them, we will not be taking the other two family members, our granddogs Gracie and Skylar.

This about sums up Whatcha-beenupto from Clearwater Florida.

Thanks Gary, and your able bodied assistants, for a great magazine.

Regards,
Joe Baron

BOB **WA**
HIGGINS **FL**

Hi,

After a 10-year stint of winters-plus in Fort Myers, wife Lorna & I have decided to totally abandon

Minnesota, give up on Fla, and become permanent in Anacortes, WA.

This, of course, depends upon some loving and decent person(s) coming forward to buy our beautiful hi-rise condo here near Sanibel I. Till then we are back and forth Florida-Washington and passing thru ATL or MSP on a quasi-regular basis.

I am in midst of planning how to get my 42' Hunter sailboat to Anacortes; looks like sail up West coast of Fla, then Pensacola, then Corpus Christi, then truck it. I was thinking of Panama Canal, but prospect of possible bullet holes in hull and 60 days at sea seemed more than daunting.

I was always enthralled with the SEA guys stories of cruising North to Alaska, so that will be the focus for next few years.

Seems I fly Delta a lot and occasionally run into some of those folks from “before;” always great to make that connection. The best though is the ‘mag’ Contrails you guys produce—Thanx a million for all that work.

The best to all,
Bob Higgins



CHARLIE
LEEUEW

WA

Hi Dino and fellow RNPA members,

I'm putting check in the mail today Dino with the late fee included. I've had a full plate and it slipped through the cracks, no excuse, damn 9 percenter! Late for pick up!

"Whatwebeenupto"?... We've been busy with kids spread all over the country, and, soon to be, five grandkids. Two of our kids are professional aviators, wasn't my idea! The oldest for The USMC currently flying the F5 for the aggressor squadron VMFT 401 out of Yuma and the Mad Dog11 with FedEx; and the youngest flying the P2V Neptune and BAE 146 for Neptune Aviation, a fire fighting operation out of Missoula.

I've been instructing the 787 for Boeing for seven years now, it's been fun and challenging work training mostly non US pilots; how do you say CRM in Japanese!? There are four campuses scattered all around the planet plus a campus in Miami; Boeing closed the Seattle (Renton) campus in late 2012. I was bummed about that, we enjoyed our time in Seattle and the facility was first class.

Janece loved to travel with me and live for a month at a time in Seattle, Singapore, Shanghai, Tokyo and London. There are always a group of 8 or 10 instructors staying in the hotel and usually there were other spouses there as well. The ladies got to enjoy all kinds of stuff while we were working.

Did I mention happy hour(s) in the executive lounge with 6 or 8 old airline captains in attendance and an open bar, a disaster for the hotel! Is there an opinion in the house? :) Guns, flying, women... what!

In September of last year we decided enough was enough and I retired again. Our health is good

thank God and we are still spending time at our homes in Vermont and Washington with significant regular excursions to San Diego and Big Sky to see the kids. Also NJ to spend time with my Mom, who's living at home (assisted) and 96.

I hope all is well with you and yours and I will echo the oft said and well deserved "thank you" to the RNPA officers who keep the joy of flying for Northwest Airlines alive for all of our enjoyment and benefit.

We're planning to attend Long Beach and look forward to seeing you there.

Kanpai,
Charlie

JOHN
LEE

MN
AZ

Hello Dino,

Summer in Minnesota and winter in Arizona; what could be better? Twice a year I make the trip in RV-6A which is going on 14 years of age and still works great with almost 900 hours on the clock.

Serving on the Board of Directors of Stanton Airfield keeps me busy. Trying to maintain a general aviation airport in the black can be a challenge.

Thanks for all your work with RNPA.

John Lee

RITA
POMPERMAYER

WA

Happy New Year Dino and family!

You're doing a great job! Paul [Pompermayer] is still in rehab after a bad fall in August.

We're grateful for any little improvement. He even went to Dave Nelson's December luncheon.

Best wishes.
Rita Pompermayer and family

WAYNE
SNYDER

MN



Gary,

I have been working with Tim Blotz, a local news anchor. His grandfather Phil Blotz worked for NWA during the war years as a mechanic. He worked on Jimmy Doolittle's B-25s when they were moded here at NWA.

I helped him put together a story a few years ago on the anniversary of the raid. Tim's uncle has sent him some pins that the Grandfather had. We are at a loss as to what the gold pins were for. They most certainly are NWA as Tim and myself have exhausted every avenue militarily we can think of with no hits.

Would you run a short story in Contrails about them and see if anyone at NWA recognizes them?

Thanks for any help you can give us.

Wayne Snyder
VP Operations
NWA HISTORY CENTRE

CLAUDIA
WATERS

MN

Dear Dino,

Hope you and your family have had a wonderful holiday season.

Pete and I were able to have both our families together for the first time on Christmas Eve this year.

Wonderful!

Hi to Karen.

Claudia Waters
PS. Thanks for your efforts!

CHRIS
HANKS

FL

Dear Dino and fellow old people:

It has been a while since I have written one of these things and I guess I will bring everyone up to date.

We are still vertical. That is about it I suppose. Bye bye. Just kidding, actually we are doing what we always do namely hang around Florida until it becomes the surface of the sun then get in our motor-home and head for high mountains and the Oregon coast.

We usually find our buddies in various places around the country and spend time bitching about stuff with them for a time and then moving on if we can get the damn thing started. Once the temperature in Florida returns to normal we meander on back home and repeat in the next year. There you have it. Somebody has to do it. Jan and I have discovered that you can stay in casino parking lots free as long as you lose a couple hundred at the tables each night. A fair exchange in pilot circles as you are all well aware. We also do "falling off the log cruises" (in retrospect falling off a log is actually harder than going on a cruise) which are kind of fun. Everyone in the household is in good health and that of course is the main thing. We do miss seeing everyone but we try to stay in contact with RNPA gatherings when we can.

Wishing all a continued happy retirement and keep them checks rolling in.

YEAH BABY!

Chris and Jan Hanks

KEN
MORLEY

WA

Dino, et al.,

My Linda and I have been at full throttle enjoying what's left before her Alzheimers kicks in.

So many great aviation folk have surfaced to ease our trauma.

We are indeed blessed.

Ken Morley

WALLACE
WEBER

MN

Dear Dino,

This will be my last year of membership after 31 years of retirement. RNPA does not relate to the 39 years of my employment. My peer group is all but gone. I have fond memories of NWA. But now that is gone also.

I want to thank you and all the others who contributed to the success of RNPA. It has been a good run.

Sincerely,

Wallace Weber

JIM
LANDGREN

MN

Dino,

Thanks for the notice and advice about dues and RNPA news.

I am happily retired in Northern Minnesota! But getting cold this winter! Finally learning to wish for warmer winters! Thank goodness for warm friends... and grandkids!

I enjoy the news and pictures of RNPA occasions and gatherings. My wife Cherie and I both have many old "Redtail" friends and memories! At 71 I have seen some changes (as others have, I notice!). But I still have "all" my hair (white) and my great (hot) wife!

Hope someday we can join one of the RNPA gatherings to say hello!

Thanks again & Happy New Year!

Jim Landgren

BRUCE
BURKHARD

FL

Dino,

Enclosed is my annual dues check. As always, a big thank you and the rest of the Board for all of your volunteer work on behalf of us all. Special thanks to Gary for the always professional job that he does on Contrails—it's absolutely top notch.

We continue to live in our canal home in North Naples enjoying the weather and all of the activities in this area. With our boat in the backyard, our cars in the front and plenty of food on the table, life is good. Thanks ALPA.

There are plenty of clubs to join in this vacation and retirement community and I've joined a few, including the Naples Flying Club. We have 36 members and two airplanes, a C-172 and a C-182. I hate to add it up but I think the proverbial \$100 hamburger flight is considerably more these days. It's still fun to get up once in a while (on my schedule and only in good weather).

Happy holidays and I hope everyone has a happy and healthy 2015.

Bruce Burkhard

"JOHN"
COPPAGE

AZ

Dino,

Hope all's well down your way!

Doing good here in old Prescott, Arizona. Enjoyed nice cruise in September on Oceania "Marina." France-Spain-Portugal-Rock of Gibraltar-UK. Came back to Arizona on British Air "Speedbird" Heathrow non-stop PHX 747—9 hrs, 28 min—nice. "Security was very high." They checked everybody and that included checked bags and carry on.

Good idea with all the crazos out there!

Best wishes,

Onan "John" Coppage

JANET
GILBERTSON

MT
NV

Hi Dino,

Thanks to you and the staff that put this wonderful Contrails together. Thanks also to all the Officers that keep RNPA going.

Buzz flew as a Pilot for NWA from October 1958 till January 1993. I flew as a stewardess from October 1959 till we were married in October 1963. We love to reminisce about flying stories with our airline and non-airline friends.

Buzz has been diagnosed with dementia, also he has been plagued with numerous mini-strokes, but we manage, so all is still good. He has good doctors. I have taken over everything now but God has given me good health and a lot of energy which I am grateful for. We do everything together so I can keep my eye on him. Remember the marriage vow—in sickness and in health. We wish you all the very best,

Janet M. Gilbertson

AL
TEASLEY

FL

Whats you been up to,

Enjoyed the St. Croix River outing. Phil does a great job.

I normally drive up the last of May & return to Florida after the boat ride.

I also go up to Minnesota the 1st of Sept. by Delta to buy my daughter's birthday dinner at the restaurant of choosing.

It's been a hard year for me emotionally. Jean, my wife of 58 years, died on Feb. 8, 2014. She was buried in Odin, Minnesota on June 14, her home town.

Al Teasley

AL
TAYLOR

TX

Dino and all who make RNPA work so wonderfully,

This is a heartfelt "Thank You" for all of your efforts that make RNPA a premier organization. Contrails is by far the most interesting magazine I receive and I look forward to every issue.

Life in Texas is going great for Karen and me. New Year's Eve this year marked 15 years of being retired from NWA. Where has the time gone?

God bless,
Al Taylor

DAVE
ALBRECHT

MN **WI**
TX

Everything going well. Two sons living in Montana, older son in Big Sky. Younger son a junior at University of Montana, Missoula. Daughter living in Deer Isle, Maine.

Karen and I split time between Victoria, Minnesota, Grantsburg Wisconsin and winter in Key Allgro, Texas.

Best regards to all,
Dave Albrecht

JOHN
WOOD

FL

Hi Dino,

Thank you again for all of the work you and The Garys continue doing on our behalf. I never assumed I'd be around this long. I feel very lucky having known all of the people I flew with and really sad when I read about the friends who have flown west. This organization really helps keep things in perspective.

Barb and I still busy with local community stuff, mostly photos and videos for me.

Good Health and Blue Skies to all!
John Wood

JIM
HOUDECK

FL

Hi Dino,

Just a note to let everyone know that we still have a tennis tournament in Delray Beach, Florida on April 20-24.

This tournament began in 1975 at Boston with about 30 players—we still have some of the original players come to this annual event.

We have included Delta in the mix and have about 100 participants each year. We have been known to play hard and party even harder.

You can look us up on
nwatennis.net

Thanks,
Jim Houdek

NORM
DESHON

AZ

Hi Dino and Karen:

Really nothing new to report for Lee and I, still living in Rio Verde, Arizona and enjoying a very unusual winter, a little warmer than normal so few frost delays for us golfers.

Only thing on my mind the last few days is the news on Dick Haddon. Dick was a classmate in '59 so have known Dick and Marge a long time and we were neighbors in Federal Way for a few years. I even got to go on a few fishing trips with Dick to see how many salmon could be caught and how many lies told. As I recall the number of fish were always fewer!

Anyway for those who never knew Dick it would be hard to explain what a character and all round good guy we have had amongst us! Hope and pray that somehow he can beat this thing and be amongst us for some time to come.

Regards to all the members of RNPA and God Bless,
Norm DeShon

TOM
HIGGINS

CO

Thanks for the email reminder Dino. And for all you do & have done to keep RNPA going. Hope you & Karen are having a healthy & enjoyable winter.

Take care of yourself. You may be irreplaceable!

Best Wishes,
Tom Higgins

CLARK
SMITH

BC

Hi Dino,

Thanks for all you do. All the best in 2015!

I'm doing great up here in the frozen north. Still playing hockey twice a week and yoga a couple days a week. Lots of golf in the summer.

Thanks again & hope this finds you well!

Clark Smith

K. P.
HARAM

MN

Dino:

Nothing new with Nancy and myself, except another year has passed. But at 87 that is great news.

At the risk of repeating myself I must thank you again for your service to your fellow pilots, for at least the last 45 years. A remarkable record and more than anyone I can think of.

Also a thank you to our fine editor, our Board and our president. What a group.

K. P. Haram

CY
PETERSON

MN

RNPA,

2014 was a pretty good year at Stanton Airfield, lots of airplane sales and repairs. And Captain Steve Towle completed his annual nostalgia flight on schedule with Brian Webber. They spent half the gorgeous June morning leaning on a lift strut and gabbing. Brian is sailing up the list at Spirit Airline as the more senior pilots leave for the majors.

Conspicuous by her absence was Stevie who called in sick for the trip. Had a good lunch in Northfield with Steve afterward and we are looking forward to another such occasion in '15.

The Light Sport Aircraft has been around now for five to ten years, time enough to get into trouble. An example is in the shop now with 60 or 70 thousands worth of damage. Insurance says it will pay. Apparently the nose gear sheared off on a landing and flipped it over on its back, sliding quickly to a stop. No serious lasting injury to the pilot, but lots of broken glass (fibre and plexi) and bent metal.

There is a lot of new technique to repairing these new materials in aircraft construction. Fortunately Stanton has people with knowledge and experience to do the work. One job will require a factory engineer from Europe with special tools, but the Stanton Shop will do 90% of the repair.

Good year to all,
Cy Peterson, Class of '89

DAVID
SCHNEEBECK

WA

AZ

Dino,

Thank you for the reminder, again, thru an email from RNPA that it's time to pay our dues. I wanted to write a note to the group so put your original dues requirement aside.

First off, I thank our RNPA officers for creating such a fine organization. Without their guidance I'm not sure where or if we'd have our Reunions. My wife, Andrea, and I are looking forward to the RNPA Reunion in Long Beach, CA.

I/we, also thank Gary Ferguson for his work in publishing such a fine magazine which allows all of us to keep in contact.

Secondly, Andrea and I are following the trail of previous "Snowbirds." During December of 2013 we closed on the purchase of a house in a gated community in Sun Lakes, Arizona which is South of Chandler and Phoenix.

We decided the housing prices weren't going to get any more reasonable and even though we weren't ready to settle into this life style the price was right. We know a lot of Seattle area resident RNPA members who travel down here as well as personal friends.

Our home has a pool which helps me not miss Puget Sound or all of those hours flying across the Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, Philippine Oceans, etc.

I'm not sure how much time we'll spend in Sun Lakes, but if you get in the area give us a call on my cell phone at: 1-206-909-1091 and maybe we can get together.

We hope this finds all of you healthy and looking forward to more of your retirement years as we are.

David Schneebeck



PETE
HEGSETH

MN

Another year gone by!

Still farming and busy with the grandkids.

Look forward to every issue of Contrails. Unfortunately the back pages "Flown West" is striking too close to our ages.

Had a good time seeing everybody at the Minneapolis Christmas get together.

Pete Hegseth

BEN
BROWN

FL

I realize that I had better write a note while there are still a few out there who might remember me. Beth and I retired to the Ft. Myers area in 1995 after doing the snow bird thing for about six years. We were able to buy an eight plus acre plot of land for a ridiculously cheap price during one of the periodic swings in price. It is hard for me to get my mind around the fact that we have lived in the house we built here longer than any other during our marriage.

Beth has been active in tennis and I have been active with the Lee County Archers. Most of you remember Tim VanVoorhis. He joined our club during retirement in this area and was later a World Longbow Champion. I had the pleasure of shooting with Tim several times a week before his move back to Pennsylvania.

Our older daughter, Wendy, met her future husband as classmates at Eastern Airlines. That airline part didn't work of course but Mike (Rexon) is now with American Airlines and Wendy got on with Northwest after we dropped the nepotism rule. I never had a chance to fly with Wendy at Northwest—a shame. They recently bought a home in Cape Coral so they are only about

40 minutes from our house. Their children, Kelly and Kate, are both pilots building time (and age) to get with a major. Kelly is with Tran State Airlines in St Louis, and Kate with Great Lakes out of Denver.

Our younger daughter, Robin, was world traveler and backpacker in Europe, India, and New Zealand before settling in Southern California, where she met Neil (Jaffe). They own Chequered Flag, an auto dealership, in Santa Monica. I think Robin has made hikers of Neil, Wendy, and Mike. They did a hike around the Matterhorn last summer.

We try to get together with the whole family once a year and are planning a trip to the Sedona area in June for our 55 anniversary.

Contrails is a great magazine and I appreciate the work that it must take to publish.

Ben Brown

STEVE
LUCKEY

MT

Dino,

Hope this finds you well and that you are enjoying the warm Florida weather. We are having the worse winter since 1889, according to the news, but all is well in the last best place.

Just a note to thank you for keeping RNPA alive and for the great job that all of you do to keep us informed.

The cold is not too bad as I spent a few months in Saudi Arabia last fall (149 degrees in the shade) doing security work for the King's oil company, Aramco. It's quite an impressive privately owned oil company valued at ten trillion dollars. However, don't put Saudi on your vacation bucket list!

Warmest personal regards and thanks again.

Steve Luckey

JIM
PALMER

WA



Hi Gary,

This is a snapshot of a 20" by 16" photo I purchased in the store at the Sunrise Visitor Center in Mt. Rainier National Park about 20 years ago.

It's a NWA 747 over Mt. St. Helens crater probably in the 1980s several years after the eruption. How and why and who took the picture is unknown. Most probably a pre-delivery flight by the Boeing Company.

Best Regards,
Jim Palmer



Retirement Advice for Your Wife

It is important for men to remember that, as women grow older, it becomes harder for them to maintain the same quality of housekeeping as when they were younger. When you notice this, try not to yell at them. Some are oversensitive, and there's nothing worse than an oversensitive woman.

My name is Ron. Let me relate how I handled the situation with my wife, Julie. When I took "early retirement" last year, it became necessary for Julie to get a full-time job, both for the extra income and for the health benefits that we needed.

Shortly after she started working, I noticed she was beginning to show her age.

I usually get home from the golf course about the same time she gets home from work. Although she knows how hungry I am, she almost always says she has to rest for half an hour or so before she starts dinner. I don't yell at her. Instead, I tell her to take her time and just wake me when she gets dinner on the table. I generally have lunch in the Men's Grill at the club, so eating dinner out is not reasonable. I'm ready for some home cooked grub when I hit that door.

She used to do the dishes as soon as we finished eating. But now it's not unusual for them to sit on the table for several hours after dinner. I do what I can by diplomatically reminding her several times each evening that they won't clean themselves. I know she really appreciates this, as it does seem to motivate her to get them done before she goes to bed.

Another symptom of aging is complaining, I think. For example, she will say that it is difficult for her to find time to pay the monthly bills during her lunch hour. But, boys, we take 'em for better or worse, so I just smile and offer encouragement. I tell her to stretch it out over two or even three days. That way she won't have to rush so much. I also remind her that missing lunch completely now and then wouldn't hurt her any (if you know what I mean). I like to think tact is one of my strong points.

When doing simple jobs, she seems to think she needs more rest periods. She had to take a break when she was only half finished mowing the yard. I try not to make a scene. I'm a fair man. I tell her to fix herself a nice, big, cold glass of freshly squeezed lemonade and just sit for a while. And, as long as she is making one for herself, she may as well make one for me too.

I know that I probably look like a saint in the way I support Julie. I'm not saying that showing this much consideration is easy. Many men will find it difficult. Some will find it impossible! Nobody knows better than I do how frustrating women get as they get older. However, guys, even if you just use a little more tact and less criticism of your aging wife because of this article, I will consider that writing it was well worthwhile. After all, we are put on this earth to help each other.

Ron

Editor's note: Ron died suddenly Thursday, April 26th. He was found with a Calloway extra long 50-inch Big Bertha Driver II rammed up his backside with only the club head and a few inches of shaft showing. His wife Julie was arrested, but the all-women Grand Jury accepted her defense that he accidentally sat down on it.

GOOD FINANCIAL PLANNING

Dan was a single guy living at home with his father and working in the family business. When he found out he was going to inherit a fortune when his sickly father died, he decided he needed a wife with whom to share his fortune.

One evening at an investment meeting he spotted the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her natural beauty took his breath away. "I may look like just an ordinary man," he said to her, but in just a few years, my father will die, and I'll inherit \$200 million."

Impressed, the woman obtained his business card and three days later, she became his stepmother.

Women are so much better at financial planning than men.

JUST HAVING FUN

Working people frequently ask retired people what they do to make their days interesting.

Well for example, the other day I went into town and went into a shop. I was only in there for about 5 minutes, when I came out there was a cop writing out a parking ticket.

I went up to him and said, "Come on man, how about giving a senior citizen a break?" He ignored me and continued writing the ticket.

I called him a Nazi. He glared at me and started writing another ticket for having worn tires.

So I called him a s---head. He finished the second ticket and put it on the windshield with the first.

Then he started writing a third ticket. This went on for about 20 minutes.

The more I abused him, the more tickets he wrote. Personally, I didn't care. I came into town by bus.

I try to have a little fun each day now that I'm retired. It's important at my age. You gotta have fun.

Never let an aeroplane take you somewhere your brain didn't get to a few minutes earlier.



Four old retired guys are walking down a street in Phoenix, Arizona.

They turn a corner and see a sign that says, "Old Timers Bar - ALL drinks 10 cents." They look at each other, and then go in, thinking this is too good to be true.

The old bartender says in a voice that carries across the room, "Come on in and let me pour one for you! What'll it be, Gentlemen?"

There seemed to be a fully-stocked bar, so each of the men ordered a martini. In short order, the bartender serves up four iced martinis... shaken, not stirred, and says, "That'll be 10 cents each, please."

The four men stare at the bartender for a moment. Then look at each other. They can't believe their good luck. They pay the 40 cents, finish their martinis, and order another round.

Again, four excellent martinis are produced with the bartender again saying, "That's 40 cents, please."

They pay the 40 cents, but their curiosity is more than they can stand. They have each had two martinis and so far they have spent less than a dollar.

Finally one of the men says, "How can you afford to serve martinis as good as these for a dime apiece?"

"I'm a retired tailor from Minneapolis," the bartender says, "And I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the lottery jackpot for \$125 million and decided to open this place. Every drink costs a dime—wine, liquor, beer, it's all the same."

"Wow! That's quite a story," says one of the men.

The four of them sipped at their martinis and couldn't help but notice seven other people at the end of the bar who didn't have drinks in front of them, and hadn't ordered anything the whole time they were there.

One man gestures at the seven at the end of the bar without drinks and asks the bartender, "What's with them?"

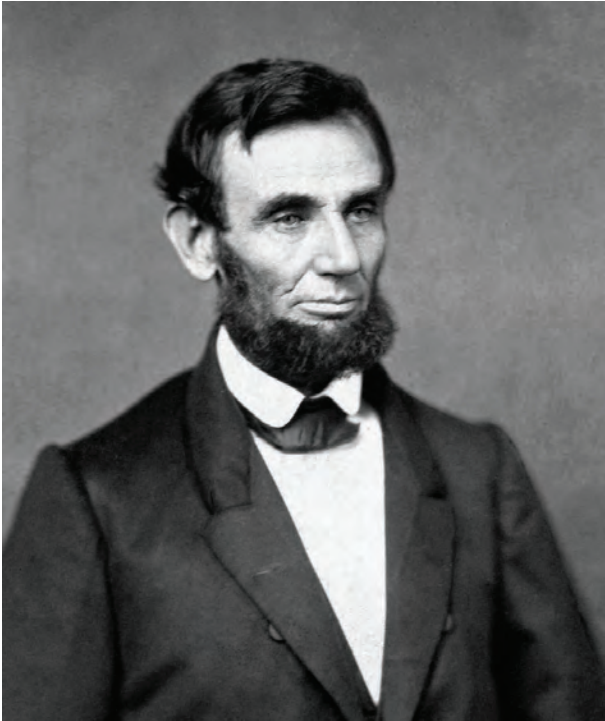
The bartender says, "Oh, they're all old retired pilots. They're waiting for Happy Hour when drinks are half price."



A STABILIZED approach



Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**



THE GREATEST PRESIDENT

"It is astounding to note he was, at that time, considered the most unpopular president in American history."

I've got a question. As an experienced reader do you ever get tired of the descriptions of scenery or location or the weather or whatever, that preface some stories or articles you read? I guess writers are supposed to set a scene for better understanding of their accompanying text but a lot of writers go on and on and on about blue sky descriptions or about sharp spikes of brilliant sunlight or how the bronze colored shimmering disk sunk slowly into the azure western pale or how the wind was whipping the shallow shoreline brine into a frothy confusion or, well, you get my point. Sometimes I just get tired of all the wannabe Steinbecks or Hemingways and just want to get on with the story. Remember the old Wendy's commercial where the old woman—actress Clara Peller to be exact—asks, "Where's the Beef?" Sometimes I just wanna get to the "beef" of the story and, I'll admit that sometimes I have just skipped down a few paragraphs to get to the subject because, I guess, I thought I was pretty important and my time was

limited. Hmmm, now that I'm retired I might have to rethink that one.

Of course after I skip the intro to one of those stories that I am reading, it is usually then that I discover I've missed some important name or detail that makes the rest of what has been written confusing. I have to go back and read the beginning anyway. If I had just done what Mrs. Herman, my fifth grade teacher had told me to do, "Start from the beginning Jimmy," I guess I would have saved a lot of time and reading frustration. On the other hand, that same teacher also told me, "Jimmy Baldwin, quit looking out the window! No one will ever pay you for staring out the window!" I guess teachers aren't always right.

And, neither are all of those who write. "If we see it in print or if it's from the internet it must be true," is the common notion most of us harbor at one time or another absent innate or acquired knowledge. It's natural: if we see it, it must be true. With the advent of self publishing available on the internet it has

become easier for anyone to proclaim themselves “expert” and with that moniker, become instantly more believable.

This has been a reminder to me as I read the non-fiction I prefer and it was this that I kept in mind as I read a volume of the latest series of books by conservative talk show host Bill O’Reilly. Love him or hate him, or his views, he has a long history of authoring mostly politically focused tomes, albeit with a conservative bias. Besides hosting the Fox News Network talk show “The O’Reilly Factor,” O’Reilly has essentially created and promoted a mini industry: his book publishing, the “Don’t Be a Pinhead” road shows with Dennis Miller and an involvement with National Geographic creating movies from his own books. A busy guy. The “Killing” series of books revolves around the controversial deaths of notable historic figures and are either currently on the New York Times bestseller list or have been for extended periods. The favorable readership reception has been notable along with comments and articles of criticism.

O’Reilly wrote the first in this series about the Lincoln assassination because of his concern with what he terms “a leadership crisis in America.” Calling Abraham Lincoln the “gold standard” in leadership, he promotes the need for a return to that level. To make his point through the example of Lincoln’s leadership and to make the reading more interesting one of his stated goals was to include never before published “pearls” of information. I think he has succeeded in that respect with a book that follows what he describes as “the best president we have ever had” as he lived the last 14 days of his life. In it he carefully weaves the parallel lives of all who were involved during those days at the end of the Civil War. Ulysses S. Grant, John Wilkes Booth, his brother Edwin Booth, Mary Lincoln of course, actors and stagehands from the famous Ford Theater, his own son Robert, cabinet members and Washingtonians are all followed as they interacted in what Lincoln knowingly acknowledged would be his final days. He knew what the future held for him and wasn’t afraid to explain it to a chosen few. He assumed he would die while in office and in fact told Harriet Beecher Stowe, the abolitionist, “I shall not last long after it is over.”

The description of the challenges facing Lincoln 150 years ago could easily be used today with simply a change of names and dates. Lincoln faced the same issues we read about today as he navigated through a war as equally unpopular as any in our modern times. He had antiwar proponents and abolitionists

to deal with in the North and slave holder secessionists in the South. He was guiding the fight in a war the union could not afford to wage; the same war he knew the nation could not afford to lose. If it was going to be a united set of states the ugly argument needed to be settled and there was no way on earth all of the participants would be satisfied with the outcome. It is astounding to note he was, at that time, considered the most unpopular president in American history.

History defines a president’s legacy and in the case of Abraham Lincoln, history spoke very quickly. The Lincoln Memorial was proposed just two years after his death, finally funded for construction in 1910 and completed in 1922. There really is no apt comparison of that in our modern times.

The author’s desire to inject new information into the historical record of common readership was met almost anecdotally throughout the book. It is well known the effect Mary Lincoln had on the president and her control was as much an influence then as anything we know of today with modern first ladies in comparison. Mrs. Lincoln was well known



to be unstable and erratic. General U.S. Grant and his wife were absent in the Ford Theater state box the evening of Lincoln's assassination because Julia Grant considered Mary Lincoln daft and a gossip. She was not willing to endure an evening with her. General Grant was disappointed not to be able to attend the play with his friend the president but had to deal with his own wife's desires after so much time away during the war. Grant felt he was in no position to belie his wife's demands that they be on an afternoon train out of town in order to avoid an evening with the Lincolns. After her husband's death, Mrs. Lincoln was unable to continue in any normal fashion of life.

In comparison, little has changed with the demands placed on our own war leaders today. Books written by our top military leaders such as "My Share of the Task," by General Stanley McChrystal or "All In, The Education of General David Patreus" by the now infamous Paula Broadwell, elucidates the sacrifices our soldier leaders make with respect to the required time they must spend away. War is their business and it is usually distant as we strive to make sure the battles do not occur in our own backyard.

The relatively unknown intersection of the Lincoln and Booth family sets is arguably remarkable beyond coincidence. The book obviously devotes quite a lot of detail to the 26 year old John Wilkes Booth, who, like his father and brother, was an accomplished actor. Though well known and respected locally and across parts of the country, he narcissistically rated his own performance superior to his brother Edwin, whom he couldn't stand.

Booth's determination to reignite the war of secession as an ardent supporter of slavery was at odds with the opinions of his brother and sister and led to a vacancy in their relationship. John Wilkes

was no longer welcome in their homes. The ongoing rivalry between brothers must be considered an element of his behavior ending in the assassination as he dealt with his brother's accomplishments. Edwin Booth was known both throughout the U.S. and abroad in Europe for his trademark Shakespearean performances as Hamlet and is considered by some historians the finest stage actor America has produced. A bust of Edwin, as Hamlet, still stands in Gramercy Park, New York and the fountain in front of the courthouse in Bel Air, Maryland is named for him. The Booth Theater on Broadway was the first and is the oldest to be named after an actor. His performance on stage and notoriety outside of the acting community was obviously overshadowed by his brother's heinous act and forced him to abandon the stage for months afterwards.

The confluence of events shared by the Booth and Lincoln families does not stop there. Edwin Booth and Robert Todd Lincoln had never met formally but while both were standing on a crowded elevated train platform in Jersey City, New Jersey waiting to buy tickets, Robert Todd Lincoln lost his footing and was only saved from injury or worse as Edwin Booth grabbed him by the collar and pulled him back. That act was surely coincidental as Edwin had no idea of whom he had saved until years later. It was reported to have been a consolation to him that he had saved the life of the son of the man his brother had killed.

Of course there were women involved in the well known actor's life and John Wilkes' chosen belle was the daughter, Lucy, of the former senator who Lincoln appointed to be the Ambassador to Spain, John Parker Hale. Hale's ardent abolitionist view was shared by his daughter and eventually the quarreling from those different values led to the separation



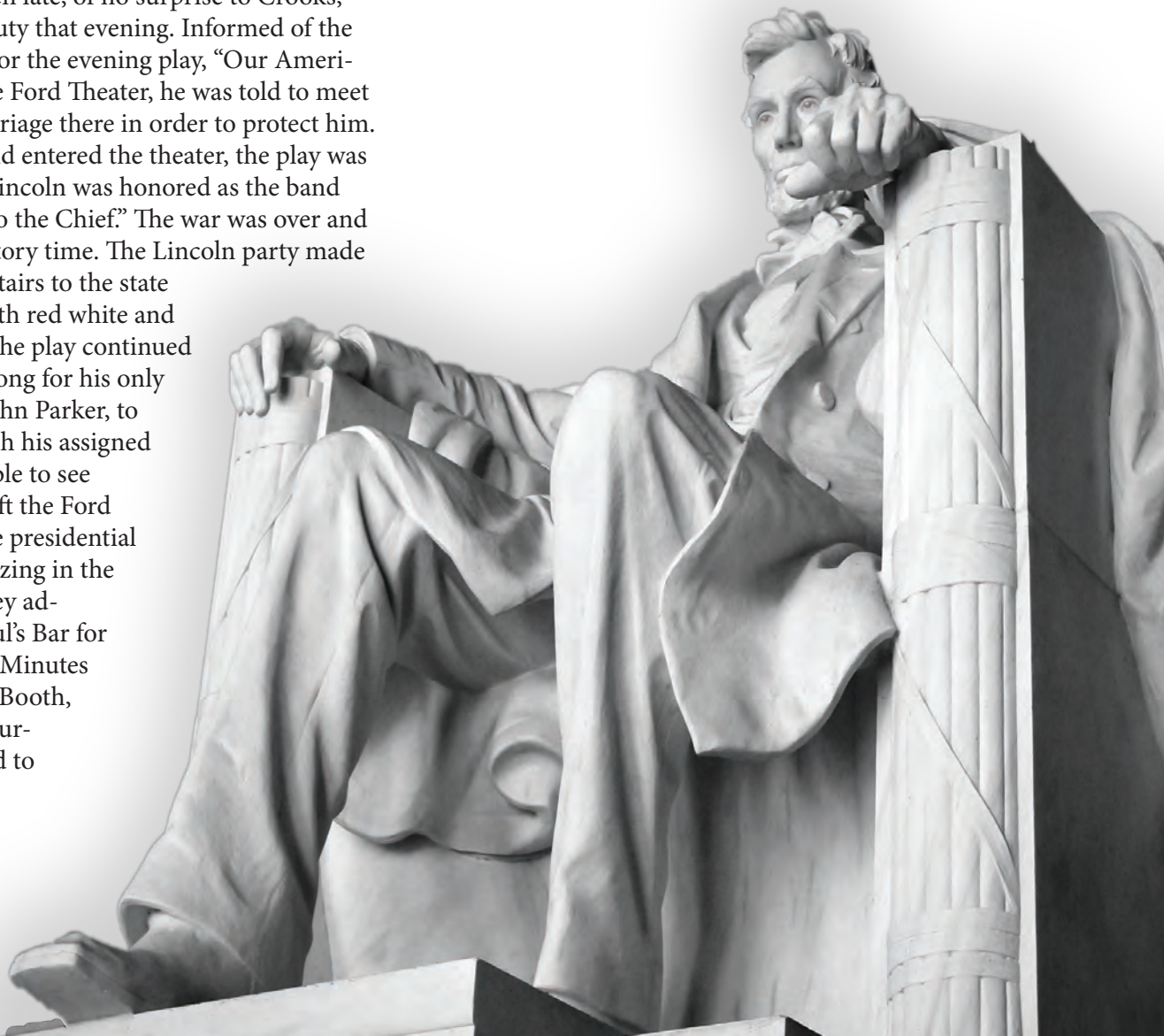
of Booth from Lucy, but not before Robert Todd Lincoln was seen dancing with her at an event at the National Hotel. When Booth's body was recovered after the gun battle in which he was killed, a picture of Lucy was found in his breast pocket. Though Robert had long admired Lucy, admittedly smitten, they never married but remained friends for a long time. Stranger yet is that John Wilkes Booth gained attendance at the second inauguration of President Lincoln with a ticket Lucy had provided from her father.

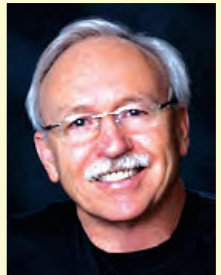
A comparison to the Secret Service today fails in one sense when comparing the security provided to Lincoln. Unlike the vast detail provided to our president today, it was then only sporadic and disorganized or there was, at times, none at all. His best bodyguard was William Crook who was devoted to the president and appalled at the lack of reliable coverage afforded him. Such was the case for the evening of April 14, 1865. Reluctantly, Crook handed over the duty of guarding the president to John Parker, who in the past had been caught but never disciplined for dereliction of duty in many forms. He was even late, of no surprise to Crooks, for his assigned duty that evening. Informed of the president's plans for the evening play, "Our American Cousin" at the Ford Theater, he was told to meet the president's carriage there in order to protect him. As they arrived and entered the theater, the play was interrupted and Lincoln was honored as the band broke into "Hail to the Chief." The war was over and this was a celebratory time. The Lincoln party made their way up the stairs to the state box, decorated with red white and blue bunting. As the play continued on, it didn't take long for his only security officer, John Parker, to become bored with his assigned duty. Not being able to see the play, Parker left the Ford Theater to find the presidential coachman half dozing in the alley. Together they adjourned to Taltavul's Bar for a couple of beers. Minutes later John Wilkes Booth, looking for the courage he would need to accomplish his dastardly act, entered the

bar for a whiskey. Surveying the room Booth was surprised to see the two of them and was relieved there would be no one to hamper his access to where the Lincoln's were sitting and watching. At a little before 10:25 pm he left the bar and entered the theater, climbing the stairs. Walking calmly into the state box he pulled the .44 caliber single shot derringer from his pocket, aimed and fired an almost point blank shot into the president's head.

It was at that very moment that Lincoln's prophesy had come true, the 36 states of the union had lost its greatest president and the history of America had been changed forever.

The chapters in a story that began a century and a half ago with a president who understood what the country really needed are still being written. He put those needs before his own and knew he would pay for them with his own life. The 12 foot granite statue of Abraham Lincoln sitting on the Potomac is not an inch taller than the measure of leadership he provided our country in its time of need. ✦





CONTRIBUTING COLUMNIST JOHN DOHERTY

YOU BET YOUR JOB

You remember, right? Also known as “jumping through the hoop?” I’m talking about checkrides—and any discussion of “how it was” would have to include these critters.

Back in the olden days, the checkride was once every six months for captains, once a year for copilots. “You bet your job” was just the point: fail a couple in a row and you could be done forever. Fail an upgrade checkride and get sent back to your previous equipment. And the “bet” part had its point too. In a sense, the checkride was a gamble. Some momentary glitch in your simulator skills, something cutesy dreamed up by an over-enthusiastic checkpilot, an unexpected and confusing scenario that you saw one way and the checkpilot saw another. A dictatorial chief pilot out to get you whatever way he could.

And “jump through the hoop?” Circus animals jump through the hoop. No particular reason, just to show the crowd they can. The same was true of checkrides. Just to show the checkpilots that you could get into a simulator and put on a show for them—stuff that didn’t have much to do with the actual work of flying an airplane. (Quick, list all of the accidents that have ever occurred because the pilot failed a VI cut (pause)—I thought so.

Back in those same olden days, when it was checkride time, it was everyone for himself. No “helping” the guy who was being checked. Guy flying from the left seat forgets to raise the gear on a go-around, and you want to prompt, “Want the gear up?” No way. Let him figure it out for himself—or get a bust for not following procedure.

And while I’ve been saying “simulator,” we got checked in the airplane before that. Fortunately the confluence of evolving technology and the fact that train-

ing flights crashed sometimes lead to the development of simulators. Of course, having simulators meant the checkpilot had a lot more cards in his deck to play, but all in all, the extra checkride risk was probably worth not having to worry about dying on your checkride.

The early simulators weren’t too great. Rudimentary visual systems; idiosyncratic motion that wasn’t much related to how the airplane felt. And in a “bet your job” situation, the sim not doing what you’d have expected the airplane to do was a mega-frustration. Flying the sim required a whole set of skills that didn’t have much to do with flying the airplane—but we had to do it, and over time we learned how.

Some pilots suffered particularly from the stress of “jumping through the hoop.” The result was “check-itis. A normally good pilot who would do poorly in the simulator—and the worse things went for that pilot, the worse he did, and on and on. As pilots we had to learn to manage the stress of the checkride, and those of us who lasted did figure that out.

Not that funny stuff didn’t happen in the sim. One checkpilot I worked with often at the end of a period liked to say “cleared to taxi through the grass to the gate.” If he got a strange look from the pilot he’d add, “You checked with dispatch and they said it was OK.”

Another time when I was a new 727 copilot I was sitting in the right seat for a captain’s checkride. This particular captain was also a checkpilot, so as was sometimes the case when one checkpilot was checking another checkpilot, the ride had become a good-oldboy ha-ha event and not a checkride at all. The captain was flying an engine-out visual approach when the checkpilot gave us a fire on one of the two remaining engines. I reached

for the checklist, but the captain hollered, “Just shut it down.” I held my ground for the checklist, and he repeated his command. Me still not “just shutting it down,” he shut the engine down himself. As you might guess, he shut down the one remaining operating engine 800 feet above the ground. The checkpilot saved us by freezing the sim—and from the silence that followed I gathered that the “ha-ha” part of the checkride was over. But for me I thought it was hilarious. And on future rides where this particular captain was my checkpilot, I took pains to remind him of the event.

One of my classic whale copilot buddies was scheduled for a check with a well known and well liked captain, let’s call him Butch. Butch was also buddies with the checkpilot for the event. Early on after meeting at the briefing room, Butch told the checkpilot that he had a commuter flight back home leaving at 12, and if they could get in and get out, he could make it home on that flight—otherwise he’d have to wait until the next day. The checkpilot being a team-playing guy jumped right into the sim and an hour and a half later, Butch’s checkride was over. Butch left in a hurry—and the checkpilot flew left seat and checked my copilot buddy simultaneously.

After my buddy’s checkride he was strolling past the bar in his hotel when what to his surprise should he see but Butch at the bar enjoying a cold one. When my buddy allowed, “What the heck, I thought you had a commuter flight to catch,” Butch replied, “Aw you didn’t want to have an oral did you?” (In those days, checkrides included an oral exam prior to the check.)

Of course the Feds had their fingers in the checkride pie too—and they had the luxury of being critics

of the line pilots while the line pilots never got to see if the Feds could fly the sim. On one occasion when I was in the 707 sim and there was an FAA “observer,” a chap with a reputation for ripping into the line pilots. The checkpilot (one of our seniority list pilots) found some extra time at the end of the period and announced to the Fed, “Here’s a chance for you to show us how to do it.” He plopped the Fed into the left seat and instantly chopped two of the engines and announced, “OK, take it in and land.” It was UGLY (and you’ll recall that early 707 sim didn’t fly all that well anyway). The rest of us in the sim were tickled pink—and the Fed seemed to get the message.

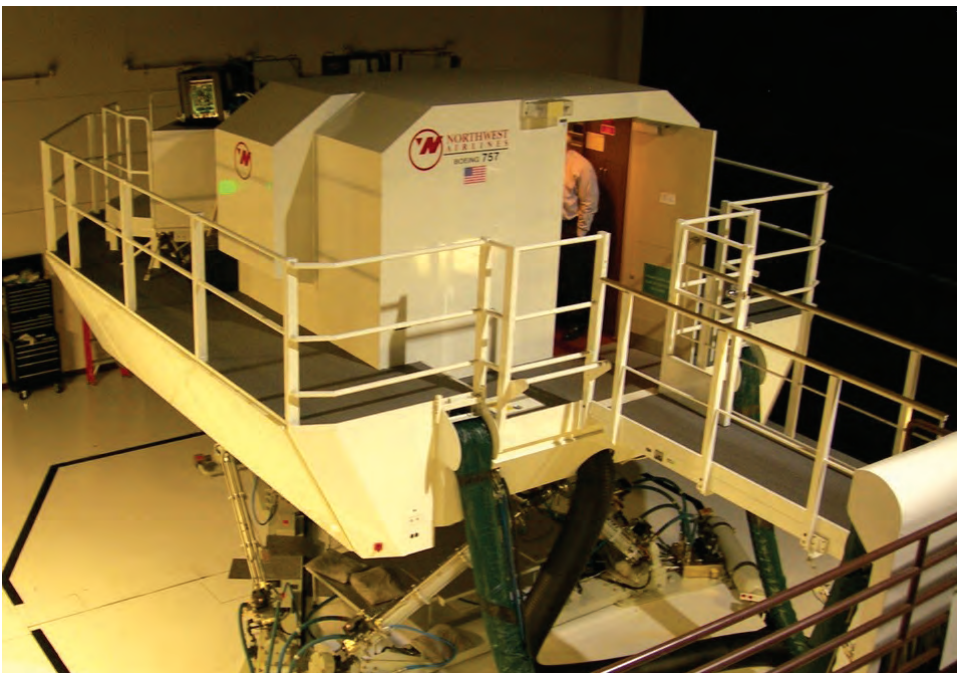
While I’ve been kinda beating up on checkpilots (and the FAA), most of them were decent guys—and in our business, someone has to do the checking, and we were blessed to have checkpilots who were from our own seniority list and who flew the line from time to time—unlike some other carriers where the instructors just instructed and didn’t fly the line.

Checkrides while not exactly a thing of the past, have evolved a lot. Nowadays in good training departments, the emphasis is more on “training” than on “checking.” Checks only happen once a year at most carriers these days, and if a pilot has some difficulty with maneuvers he/she hasn’t done since the last checking event, that pilot is given practice until the skill is up to standard.

Pilots are evaluated to an extent as a crew—and in the example above, if a pilot forgot the gear on a go-around, it would be the other pilot who got dinged if he/she neglected to make an awareness call. And the evaluations are much more about the situations pilots might expect to encounter in their daily routines: de-icing, divers, low fuel, passenger or security issues, etc. And most of all, the focus is on crew coordination, communication, situational awareness—in other words, the things that really do lead to accidents as opposed to the laundry list of “maneuvers” that don’t.

So those old checkrides from our days gone past are just memories.

For us there is only one checkride left. And the way I understand it, we are pretty much on our own for that one.





A Chick in the Cockpit



Contributing Columnist Erika Armstrong



Visine Pilots: Air Ambulance Adventures

It's -14 degrees F outside, but it's not cold enough to keep the phone from ringing at 0200. "Hello?" "Hey captain, we have to get a heart and lung transplant medical team from Flying Cloud to Aberdeen, right now. A young, healthy snowmobiler was drinking and driving and there is a recipient in Minneapolis that could use what's left of him. The medical team will be at the airport in forty minutes. They want the Citation tonight. There will be six people. We need a go/no-go weather decision in ten minutes. Call me right back. Got it?" And with that, you've gone from REM sleep to having your brain swirl with a rush of adrenaline, a low level panic and a drive to haul your body out of bed into the stranglehold of a winter's night. You are an air ambulance driver and tonight, it feels like you and this medical team are the only people awake. You are surrounded by life and death, but all you're concerned about tonight is life. You put a few drops of Visine in your eyes to help wake up and you're out the door...

For fixed-wing pilots seeking hours on their way to the heavy iron, a stint as an air ambulance driver offers you a personal challenge, as well as a plump resume and hardcore experience (the helicopter world dominates air ambulance, but this article is for the fixed-wing pilots). It's a schedule filled with hours of sitting and waiting followed by a panicked called from dispatch that you may or may not have a flight, but come to the airport and get ready. There are a variety of employment scenarios, but

primarily, there are two main types of air ambulance pilots:

The first is more common. It's a roster of qualified pilots and a designated aircraft that has a standard medical bed, and the level of medical equipment determines what kind of patient you'll be flying. Many flights won't even involve the medical aircraft because there won't be a patient. It will be about flying a medical team (carrying body parts) to and from an airport closest to the hospital where a transplant can be performed. If flying a patient, there is usually at least a critical care nurse and/or paramedic and sometimes a flight physician, but they are usually the client and not employed directly by the aviation company (this is important because of the Part 91 vs Part 135 rules). Many patients are noncritical, but still require medical care and are unable to travel by conventional means. For instance, transferring a VA patient from one state to another, or moving an elderly patient from one nursing home to another. These pilots are usually line pilots that have been also trained for air ambulance operations. Since air ambulance has such an irregular schedule, these pilots usually fly on both rosters.

The second type of air ambulance pilot is less common, but the flying is more specialized. Air ambulance is all they do, and they do it well. They stay and sleep at the airport and can be ready to go in ten minutes. They get paid whether they fly or not, and they are scheduled

to be at the airport for shifts. These pilots will often fly for a local hospital network (contractually between aviation company and hospital system) which means their routes spoke outward with a range of only an hour or two. These pilots will often only get an hour or two in their logbooks when they do fly, and it is accompanied by many hours of waiting on the ground.

A flight will look like this: Dispatchers get a call from a hospital that there is a mother in preterm labor and the local hospital can't handle the level of care that might be needed if the baby is delivered. They'll dispatch a Lear to the closest airport and a ground ambulance with the patient will meet them there. The aviation company's own medical team, contracted by the hospital, will be onboard to greet the patient, get them stabilized and coordinate with doctors waiting at the hospital. Often, the hospital doesn't even call the aviation company's dispatch, they'll call the pilots directly which makes the dispatch time even faster. After go/no-go decisions are made, pilots will then call dispatch and communicate the upcoming flight's details. Sound confusing? Yes, it is, and it's mostly done in the dead of night.

Since I was both a dispatcher and a pilot for air ambulance, I've seen the best and worst of life in aviation. The best in that it is a true test for pilots to think calmly and safely while surrounded by people in a panic that desperately need to be somewhere. There are not a lot of resources to help you in the middle of the night, so these pilots have to take care of many details on their own. Issues like snow in front of the hangar so deep you can't get a tug through, after-hours security gates that need to be opened for an ambulance, and getting ahold of night airport operation because the power is out on the runway lights.

It's rewarding to know that your flight saved a life. I've also seen the dejected faces of a medical transplant

team that had flown to the airport, only to find out that the family had changed their mind and no longer wanted their loved one's organs donated. The medical team knows that the recipient on the other end of the flight is getting prepped for surgery and that someone has to tell them they're going to have to wait a little longer on the recipient list. I've also seen the medical team come back from the hospital without their patient because the patient passed away before they could get them transported. Air ambulance flying can sometimes put life into a different perspective.

We can't finish without mentioning the loss of life due to many air ambulance crashes. Safety has improved over the last decade, but the circumstance of air ambulance flying will remain the same. It is intense, under high pressure conditions, and the industry will continue to make sure this type of flying is as safe as possible.

One last bit of information to keep in mind if you enter this industry. You must learn to watch the calendar. It's not just a Wiccan myth. The moon does strange things to people—especially pregnant women. During the full moon phase, we have an influx of air ambulance flights and a lot of preterm labor flights. If the moon can pull ocean tides, it's not too farfetched to think it can have an effect on human beings. So pilots and dispatchers should always keep Visine nearby, an eye on the moon cycle, and remember that a full moon can help fill your logbook. ✈

Erika Armstrong has been in aviation for twenty-five years. From the front desk of a busy FBO to the captain's seat of a commercial airline, she's experienced everything in between. Her manuscript "A Chick in the Cockpit" was purchased by a publisher and will be out in 2015. If you have a story or comment, she can be reached at Erika@achickinthecockpit.com.



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IT'S LONG BEACH IN 2015

RNPA has chosen Long Beach California for the host city of the 2015 Reunion. The International Hilton Hotel, located on Ocean Blvd has been chosen as our headquarters. The Hilton is a 15 story hotel walking distance to restaurants, cafes, the Shoreline Village, the Catalina Express terminal, The Aquarium of the Pacific and several other attractions. After undergoing a major renovation in the last couple years, they are anxiously awaiting the Retired Northwest Pilots.

Getting to Long Beach is simple. If you drive the hotel is at the end of the 710 freeway. If you FLY you have the option of three major airports. LAX to the North (Hilton has special rate with "Super Shuttle" of \$19.00), LGB just up the hill (\$15.00 taxi) and SNA (Orange County) (Super Shuttle \$35.00pp). Delta serves LAX and SNA.

Long Beach is the fifth largest city in California. It is a beach community that has undergone millions of dollars of upgrades. The Aquarium of the Pacific offers reduced entry fees to conventioners after 4 pm. The Aqua Link and Aqua Bus offer water taxi service to various points on the harbor for as little as \$1.00. Free bus service is available from the hotel to Belmont Shore area and to the Queen Mary. Next to the Queen Mary is the original hangar for the Spruce Goose, now a Carnival Cruise Line Terminal. Within an 8 block area there are more than 100 restaurants.

Just to the west is San Pedro and home of the Battleship IOWA, open for tours daily.

The Catalina Express Terminal is walking distance from the hotel. Our tour day will be an Express ride over to Catalina in the morning, a trolley tour of the Island and the ride back to Long Beach in the evening. Much free time will be available to tour the Casino (not gambling) and underwater adventures. The ZIP LINE is extremely popular with reservations required. There are many restaurants and cafes with various menus for your eating pleasure.

This Reunion is limited to 160 attendees, **SO SIGN UP EARLY!** This is truly a Pilot's Special at \$190/pp.

SUPPORT THE PAUL SODERLIND SCHOLARSHIP FUND

These 14 karat gold wings, mounted along with the Northwest medallion will be auctioned off at the Long Beach RNPA Reunion. These wings have been donated by a loyal RNPA member for the support and benefit of the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship fund.

If you are interested but NOT attending the convention you can bid by sending a sealed bid to me: Gary Pisel



SEATTLE NORTHWEST RETIREES' SUMMER PICNIC

20 August 2015 11 AM to 3 PM



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AND GARDENS

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DRINKS
TOO

Name(s) _____

FIRST TIMERS?

Checks payable to: "Sunshine Club"

Registration deadline August 13th

Mail to:
Charlie Welsh
15713 - 138th Ave E
Puyallup WA 98374





CAPTAIN JACK F. HAMLIN
1938 ~ 2014

MARK
NEUVILLE

WA

Gary,

As a point of personal privilege I would like to submit the following article of what I knew of Jack Hamlin. I realize he wasn't a member at his death, but I believe this was an oversight due to his health condition.

Thank you for your consideration.

Fraternally,
Mark Neuville

JACK HAMLIN

It seems the way we die can be like the way we retire, silently moving on with little or no fanfare. But I feel Jack Hamlin, as one of my closest friends, deserves better. He deserves to have the story of his numerous significant contributions to aviation, and the pilots at Northwest Airlines told. Because like a lot of significant contributions by employees, they get lost in the media driven world that has such a narrow focus with a limited attention span. The modern focus on the "money makers" supplants his important contributions, and the contributions of others like him. They disappear in the ether of greed driven deregulation, and the media that promoted it.

Jack's first significant contribution to aviation was to start an airline by purchasing two used NWA L188 Lockheed Electras. Jack was ahead of his time by employing the aircraft in Reno and Las Vegas gambling junkets from the Pacific Northwest. To the best of my knowledge, this airline was profitable and he was able to make his fellow investors whole. This experience gave Jack a unique view of the airline industry, especially its financial side. Jack understood some of the motivations of the executives that descended on the industry during the early years of deregulation. One night, late, while sharing a cognac, we were discussing the motivations for people to start airlines when the chances of success were almost nil. Jack's reply was sardonic, that a few people at the top made enough money for years, if not for a lifetime, within the first five years that the typical startup lasted. Who cared about the airline lasting?

In 1988 Jack was elected to the Chairmanship of the pilot's union in Seattle, Council 54. It was during this time that he stepped into the fallout of a mangled merger, a possible Flight Attendant strike, and all the accompanying challenges of getting everyone to work together. He assisted in creating Cockpit Resource Management, a major program that was ultimately used by the FAA as the reason the airline was not shut down after the third major incident in 1992. He directed the 1989 strike vote. When we voted on the issue he took the lead in affirming that we would get the vote done within 4-5 days. A time span that we thought was near impossible from previous experience. Jack managed the Narita Strike Center in Japan. As a result of the near unanimity of

the vote in favor of a strike, we were able to secure a contract in the most challenging of times. One of the more controversial issues he dealt with was the invitation of the Seattle Chief Pilot to attend a quarterly Union meeting. I think Jack was ahead of his time again. In trying to put the disagreements of the 1978 strike behind us, Jack was pushing the pilot group to look ahead. I think this was confused by many of the pilots with forgetting the past. Forgetting certainly wasn't the intention, but the pilot group, while respecting us, rightfully sent a strong message that perhaps we should have gone about the invitation differently. In 1990 Jack went on to join the negotiating committee where he skillfully led their activities by putting out several contractual fires for the next few years.

In 1992(?) Jack became the Minneapolis Chief Pilot. It was at this point that Jack did some of his best and most important work. His first project was to act on pilot complaints about the seemingly random way in which the security check point metal detectors worked in the Minneapolis-Saint Paul Airport. Jack instituted calibration checks and found that the detectors were wildly different in their sensitivity. The detectors were finally recalibrated to the same sensitivity levels, making everyone's life a little better.

His next big project was to take on de-icing delays. This became a comprehensive review of everything the airline did including marketing short scheduling, intra-employee group relations, ground procedures, and equipment levels. Jack as the Chief Pilot, hosted the group meetings that put all the various sections together at one table. The employee groups were like a circular firing squad initially. With mechanics blaming pilots, gate agents blaming mechanics, marketing blaming flight crews, etc. Jack had his work cut out for him just trying to get the disparate groups to enter the same room together, let alone talk civilly with each other. It took the better part of a year but at its completion, Jack had crafted a working group that could work together to tackle problems beyond just the de-icing. As for the de-icing; new schedules were made that realistically reflected ground and flight times, new procedures were made with a dedicated checklist crafted for both ground crew and flight crew, new equipment needs were identified and purchased. The incredible part was that these actions not only resolved the airline's de-icing problems, they also went a long way towards getting the airline on-time during normal days. Within a year the airline had gone from perennially last in timeliness to first. The working group

he gave life to, continued to operate in the congenial manner that they evolved to resolve problems with.

In the winter of 1996 Jack injured his shoulder necessitating surgery. The surgery resulted in Jack's early retirement from the airline, but not from aviation. Jack helped establish the Critical Incident Response Team for ALPA Safety. He brought his honed organizing skills to the job and helped create a first rate team. Not content with one ALPA job, Jack then volunteered to help with the Governmental Affairs Committee in 2000 when I became its chairman. We would joke that Jack was Sancho Panza to my Don Quixote. With a nonexistent budget, volunteers were absolutely necessary. Jack along with Stephen Hoster and a few others were standouts when it came to volunteering time and money. We were constantly contributing to the AFL-CIO in both time and money in the name of ALPA to participate in their endorsing and political processes. This was the surest way to gain access to congressional candidates at the grassroots level. The work we started in 2000 resulted in passage of the Pension Protection Act in 2006, something the Northwest and later the American Pilots should be grateful for. Without it they would have likely lost their pension. Jack volunteered as much as any pilot at the airline and the Northwest Pilots most surely were better for it.

From 2006 on, Jack retired to complete the work on the hermitage in Hoodspport [WA]. Jack was a master craftsman who built his own home in Hoodspport. He also built a small hermitage on an adjacent property. The hermitage was a small studio built like a jewel box. He literally cut, milled, and finished the lumber to furniture grade. To this he added a beautiful landscape that included Koi ponds, a Japanese style gate, and a statuary. He enjoyed its peaceful ambiance, and enjoyed sharing the space with his friends. ✈

more ⇨





MERRIE
HAMLIN

WA

Hi Gary,

Thought you might like to know a little more about Jet Set, the “airline” of which Jack was one of the founders.

Jet Set Travel Club sold memberships and for a

small fee, members could choose from pre-planned trips (mostly West coast and Mexico). Jack wrote all of the manuals, hired the crew (Bob Lally, a former NW pilot was one), and secured the Lockheed Electra L188 from Northwest.

Later they also owned a Boeing 720. Some pictures from Jet Set are attached.

Merrie Hamlin



2015 PHOENIX PICNIC

Photography by Barbara Pisel





John Lee, George Morrison, Jack Herbst, Gary Pisel



Doug & Roseanne Jones, Lynn B. (?), John Bates



Ron Vandervort, Don Chadwick, Terry Confer, Pat Donlan, George Morrison



Lynne Confer, Connie Morrison, Lee Root



Camille Herbst, Mary Ann Wotherspoon , Suzanne Donlan, Nancy Bates



Helen Frank, Pamela Nungesser, Jane Chadwick, Dianne Andres, Carol Vandervort





Ron & Carol Vandervort, John & Dianne Andres, Gene & Helen Frank, Lee Root

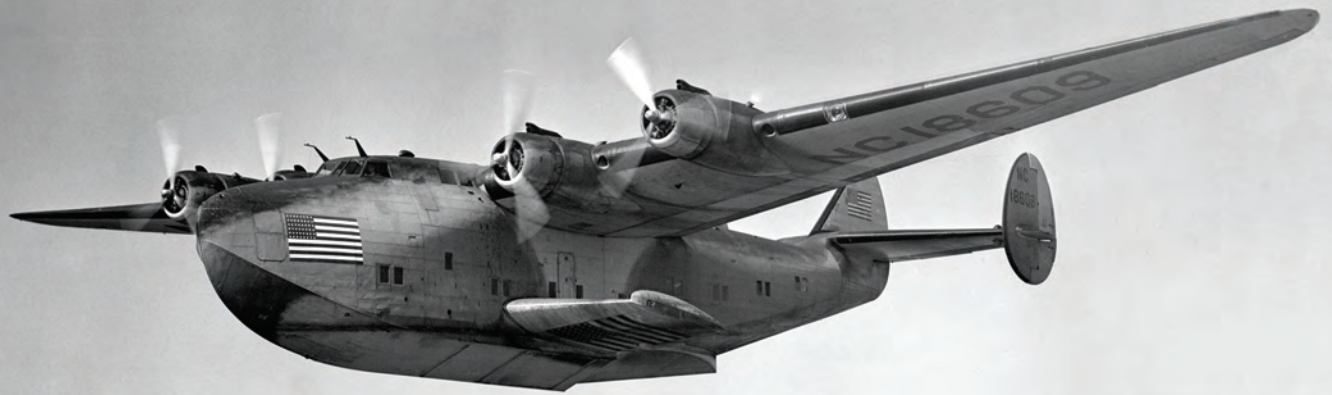


Gary Pisel, Guests: Chris & Bill Haworth, unknown, Lynn & Henry Munneke, Pamela & Paul Nungesser, Sherry Cooper



L to R; Front Row: Pat Donlan, Gordon Wotherspoon, Don Chadwick, Jack Herbst, Ron Vandervort, George Morrison, Gene Frank, John Andres, Gary Pisel, John Bates, Terry Confer, Jerry Cooper, Doug Jones, Buzz Stiles, Paul Nungesser, George Buck, Lynn B. (?), John Lee, Rob Rezanka

DECEMBER 7, 1941



Unplanned ‘Round the World Flight

Getting Pacific Clipper home safely
at the outbreak of war in the Pacific

The Pacific Clipper, Captain Robert Ford commanding a crew of ten, was in the air between New Caledonia and New Zealand when the Pearl Harbor war flash was received. At once Ford silenced the radio, posted watches in the navigator's blister in the roof of the Boeing, altered his course by fifty miles, and got out his .38-caliber revolver. But nothing happened, and two hours later he was landing normally at Auckland.

Ford, who was thirty-five years old, went directly to the U.S. consulate to wait for whatever instructions New York would send him. During the next seven days scores and scores of messages piled up, all of them in code, one of them perhaps for him, but he could not find out because the decoding clerks were overwhelmed. Many cables kept coming out garbled. Ford, watching, realized that the bottleneck, these early days of the war, was in consulates like this all over the world as too few clerks attempted to decode too many messages too fast. Ford

did not have to be told how valuable his Boeing flying boat had suddenly become. Only twelve existed; only nine were still in the hands of the United States, and they were the only long-range, heavy-payload aircraft in the world. But his route back to San Francisco had already been cut off by the Japanese, whose aircraft carriers were at large in the Pacific. Manila and Wake, he learned, were under siege; Midway and Guam were partially out of commission. Canton Island—the most vital link in the New Zealand-San Francisco route—had been evacuated of Pan American personnel.

Ford's orders, when they came, were to try to get home the long way around. For Ford it was an awesome assignment. If he wanted to save himself, his crew and his flying boat, he had a 23,000-mile flight ahead of him. He would have to plot out his own route, pick unknown harbors to set down in, and find his own fuel once he got there. Servicing would be limited to the men and

tools on board. There would be no navigational aids, no weather forecasts.

Attached to the Pan American station at Auckland was Bill Mullahey, former dynamiter of the Wake Island lagoon. It was Mullahey who gathered together all the maps, charts and schoolboy geography books he could find, and who huddled with Ford to plot the possible route home of a lone plane with no ground support. It would be the first round-the-world flight by a commercial plane, and the first by any plane following a route near the equator. It represented as dangerous a flight as Ford had ever contemplated.

Additional orders arrived. His first stop must be Nouméa, in New Caledonia, an eight-hour flight part-way back the way he had come. He was to pick up company personnel there and fly them to safety in Australia, and after that, to keep going for as long as he could.

At 10:00 P.M. on December 15 the flight home started. Completely blacked out and in total radio silence, Ford flew through the night, coming in for his landing at Nouméa just as dawn was rising over the Pacific. The unexpected flying boat woke up the town. Ford gave company people there one hour to get packed—one small bag apiece. He took aboard twenty-two men, women and children and all the gas he could carry, and immediately took off again. The next stop, six and a half hours later, was Gladstone, Australia. As soon as all the passengers had been off-loaded, Ford sent crew members through the town looking for 100-octane gas but they could find none, and at last they went to bed. At 6:00 A.M. the next morning the flying boat, with its tanks one third empty, took off for Darwin across the Australian continent, more than eleven hours away. All day Ford looked down on land—not water beneath his hull. If something went wrong it would be impossible to land safely. A belly landing would wreck the plane; even if they all survived, their flight home would be over. All day Ford never saw a major lake or river.

Darwin, he saw when he had landed, was in a state of war hysteria. All women were to be evacuated within twenty-four hours. Air raids were expected momentarily. There were drunks either fighting or passed out in the streets. It was a night of terrific thunderstorms. On the harbor the flying boat was being gassed up even as sheets of lightning split open the sky.

It was 2:00 A.M. before refueling was completed and the men got to bed. Four hours later Ford took off for Surabaya in the Dutch East Indies. As the sun came up he looked down on thatched-roof villages, and navigated from island to island, guarding total radio silence. Suddenly, as he neared Surabaya, a fighter plane rose to meet him—and then three more. All four moved into position to blast the Boeing out of the sky. These were British

fighter pilots, and they began calling the ground for instructions. They wanted to shoot the Boeing down; their voices could be heard as they discussed it. Ford's radio operator, John Poindexter, was trying to communicate with them, but was not getting through. Ford, cursing the camouflage he had ordered painted on in Auckland, could only fly straight ahead and wait.

The ground station asked if the flying boat bore identifying marks. After a moment's hesitation, one of the fighters closed in overhead. The pilot radioed that he could discern part of an American flag on the top of the wing.

"Stay on her tail," ordered the ground. "If she gets even a little way off the normal course, shoot her out of the sky."

Later in the officers' mess Ford and his crew chatted with these pilots. The young pilots, after several recent air raids, had gone up eager to shoot something down. The Boeing had been very, very lucky.

Ford wanted no repetition of this. The world was tense, and no one between here and Europe had ever seen a Boeing flying boat before. He was worried about itchy trigger fingers. He wanted messages sent ahead. He wanted everyone to know he was coming. He wanted to buy 100 octane aviation fuel also, but there was none on Java, only automobile gas. Having no choice, he took it, though the next leg of the journey would be the longest flight any of them had ever made, almost twenty-one hours across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon.

On the afternoon of December 21 Ford ordered the anchor hauled up, and he turned the flying boat into the wind, all four engines roaring. He used his last tank of aviation fuel on takeoff, then switched to auto gas. Very soon the engines started to pop and spit.

All afternoon the Boeing flew west, crossing the Java Sea, passing through the Sunda Strait. Below now in the night was the Bay of Bengal. Ford worried about his engines, and he worried about missing Ceylon altogether. If he got lost over India, he might run out of fuel before he could sort himself out. He had no charts. All he had was the latitude and longitude of his destination. So he stayed beneath scud and broken clouds, looking for lights for as long as the night lasted, looking for land after that. He was so low that he flew right over the top of a Japanese submarine. Its crew was on deck enjoying the fresh air. As the Japanese ran for their deck gun, Ford added full power and pointed his nose up toward clouds. The engines knocked and missed. The clouds approached too slowly, but at last the flying boat disappeared into them and was safe. A little later Ford spied Ceylon ahead, and then he was over Trincomalee, where no Boeing had ever landed before, and he was trying to pick out a path amid the harbor craft.

For one day following this nearly 21-hour flight, Ford and his crew rested. On Christmas Eve, about two thousand pounds overloaded with aviation fuel and with engines still knocking, they took off for Karachi, and thirty-four minutes out of Ceylon No. 3 engine blew, with oil pouring back over the wing. Ford threw the plane into a 180-degree turn, returned and landed. Once safe in the harbor he and copilot John Henry Mack looked at each other. That engine had lasted them all the way across the Indian Ocean plus only 34 minutes. Their “safe” 21-hour crossing had been that close.

Ford’s flight engineers, Swede Rothe and Jocko Parish, tore down No. 3 engine. When they came to No. 6 cylinder, they found that ten of the sixteen studs holding the cylinder on had broken off. The studs themselves could be replaced from spares, but the job could not be done without a special tool, and they did not have it. Parish went across the harbor to a British warship, borrowed some cold rolled steel and the warship’s lathe, made the tool he needed, and went back to the flying boat and to work. Repairs took the rest of Christmas Eve and all of Christmas Day. On December 26 Ford lifted the flying boat off Trincomalee harbor for the second time. The plane climbed so slowly in the still dawn air that fourth officer John Steers thought he could almost feel the palm fronds brushing the bottom of the hull.

All that day they flew across India, past terraced gardens, past a castle on top of a mountain, past villages and lakes and eroded country, landing about 4:00 P.M. in Karachi, where they went to the Carleton Hotel and soaked in deep tubs. Afterwards they changed a piston in one engine, took on 3,100 gallons of fuel, and on December 28 flew along the northern coast of the Gulf of Oman, then across the Persian Gulf to Bahrain, only 8 hours 9 minutes in the air—no problem, an easy day. Ford thought Bahrain the hottest and dampest place he had ever been to. When he came out of the hotel

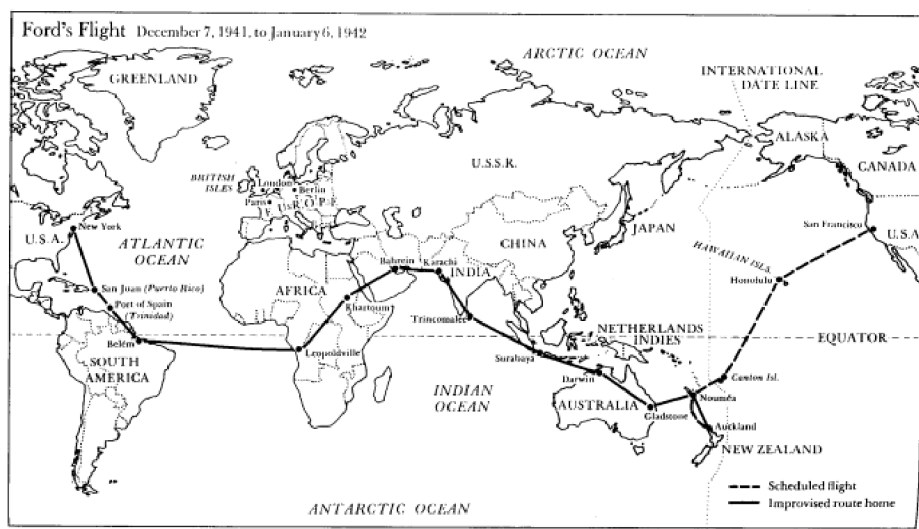
in the early morning, the gutters were running with dew as though from a shower of rain. But he was more concerned about his engines. Again there had been no high-octane fuel. Again he had been forced to top up with automobile gasoline.

In addition, having been denied permission to overfly Arabia, he had been obliged to file a flight plan skirting the entire peninsula, adding hundreds of miles to today’s journey. However, as soon as he had taken off and climbed above a solid undercast, he steered straight across the Arabian Desert, navigating by the sun only. The undercast broke just as he overflew the Great Mosque at Mecca. At ten thousand feet the engines were popping and sputtering, but they kept pulling. Later Ford steered out across the Red Sea, and then into the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Late in the afternoon the Nile came into view. He followed it to where the Blue and the White Nile met. The river looked filthy and yellow. He put down on the water below Khartoum and went ashore, leaving his two engineers to check over all four engines as best they could.

But later, as Ford roared down the Nile on takeoff, part of an exhaust stack blew off No. 1 engine. Although the flying boat gained altitude, this made No. 1 very much noisier than the others, and it constituted a fire hazard as well. But there were no spare flying-boat parts in Khartoum, no way to repair it if they landed. Grimly Ford pointed the Boeing southwest toward Leopoldville and the Congo, and kept on going. Below now was rolling open country with a few native villages from time to time, and some rocky ranges of low hills. Then the country turned into jungle, and navigation was by dead reckoning, Ford and his navigator trying to match rivers to their maps. The Congo was coffee-colored when they saw it. It looked sluggish, but wasn’t. Ford, as soon as he landed, felt the flying boat caught in a six-knot current. That was late New Year’s Day. He opened the hatch and

stepped out into a moist blanket of heat.

The next morning he and his crew were back on board early. They had taken on 5,100 gallons of aviation fuel weighing some 33,660 pounds. The day was hot. Not only was the temperature very high, but there was no wind—and just downstream began the cataracts. A worried Ford revved his engines as high as they could go, and headed downstream. He would have to drive the Boeing downstream, taking advantage of the six-knot current but heading straight for the



cataracts, hoping to lift off out of this glassy calm before going over the edge. But the flying boat was so heavily loaded that it would not lift. An average takeoff would have lasted thirty seconds. This one took ninety-one. Just before entering the rapids, the hull broke contact with the river—barely. Ford held the throttles wide open because beyond the cataracts came the gorges of the Congo—a new problem. The flying boat was so heavy that Ford couldn't make it climb. It was down in the gorges. The wings were deformed from the overload of fuel and the ailerons wouldn't move, and Ford was skidding all of his turns. To hold the engines wide open any longer than a minute was to risk burning them out, but three minutes had now gone by, and still Ford couldn't throttle back. Still he held full power until at last the Boeing had cleared the gorges and begun to climb.

After dropping back to cruising power, Ford listened to his engines for a while. They sounded all right, so he pointed the nose of the Boeing due west toward the South Atlantic and Brazil.

All through the afternoon and night the Boeing droned on, and at about ten the next morning those aboard her sighted the coast of South America far ahead. It was nearly noon when they landed. They had been in the air 23 hours and 35 minutes and had covered 3,100 nautical miles.

For four hours the Boeing lay on the water at Natal. It was refueled, and the exhaust stack on No. 1 engine was wired back in place. Two men in rubber suits and oxygen masks went through the plane spraying it with insecticides, and when Ford and his crew came back

on board, all their maps and petty cash—the currency of the various nations passed through en route—were missing. They took off. The repaired exhaust stack blew off immediately, and No. 1 engine hammered all the rest of the way north to Trinidad, where they landed about 3:00 A.M. the next day, after 13 hours and 52 minutes from Natal—a total of more than 40 hours of steady going from Leopoldville. In Trinidad, feeling they were almost home, they went to bed. Most of them slept around the clock.

Then they filed back on board for the final leg of the first flight around the world by men who had not started out to do so. New York was still nearly 16 hours away.

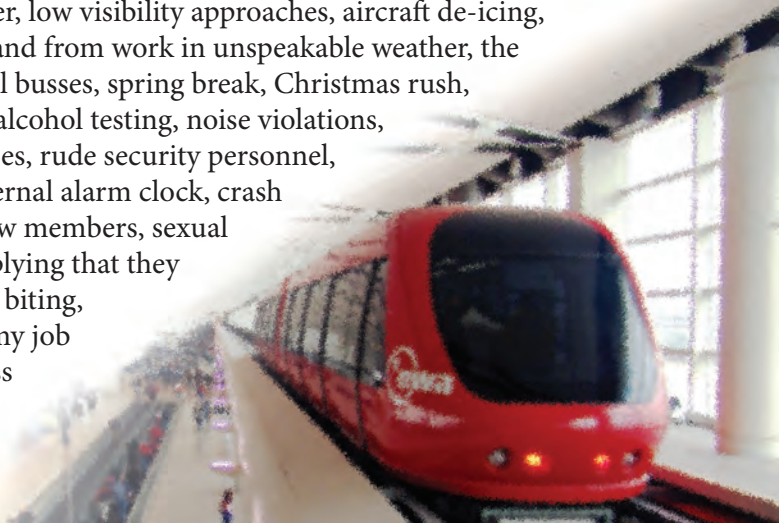
At six minutes to six on the bitter-cold following morning, January 6, 1942, the control officer on duty at LaGuardia field was shocked into instant alertness by the voice that came over his loudspeaker, by nineteen words that announced one of the epic achievements in the history of aviation. It was Ford's voice, and it pronounced in matter-of-fact tones the following message: "Pacific Clipper, inbound from Auckland, New Zealand, Captain Ford reporting. Due arrive Pan American Marine Terminal LaGuardia seven minutes."

When it landed, water splashed up onto the Boeing's wings and froze solid. The hawser on the buoy was like a chunk of ice. But Captain Ford and the Pacific Clipper had made it home. ✈

Excerpted from the book, An American Saga, Juan Trippe and His Pan Am Empire, Daley, Robert, 1980, Random House, New York, 529 p.

I had a bad dream last night. In it was... the FAA, crew scheduling, bad schedules, bad management, unserviceable aircraft equipment, changing weather, no extra holding fuel, ever-changing procedures, endless flight manual revisions, dead heading in the middle seat, broken luggage, lost luggage, nasty passenger agents, all-nighters, foreign countries, sleep deprivation, mergers, seniority squabbles, company threats, food poisoning, no food, bad coffee, bidding, pulled away from my family for weeks at a time, fleabag hotels, late cabs and maniac cab drivers, bidding vacation, waiting for gates, weather, low visibility approaches, aircraft de-icing, PCs, Gestapo check airman, medicals, commuting to and from work in unspeakable weather, the parking lot from Hell, parking lot buses, inter-terminal busses, spring break, Christmas rush, Easter rush, PA announcements, insurance, drug and alcohol testing, noise violations, customs lineups, dry cleaning, terrorism, security passes, rude security personnel, high gas/oil prices, pay cuts, rush hour traffic, that infernal alarm clock, crash pads, catching cold away from home, lackadaisical crew members, sexual harassment threats, flight attendants and co-pilots implying that they are a gift to aviation after being there three years, back biting, gossip, cell phones, aircraft cram courses, plus laying my job on the line several times a year with simulators, endless procedural memorization and Annual Recurrent Training days.

Then I woke up and joyously found myself still retired!



NORTHWEST AIRLINES, INC.

July 25, 1940

NWA PILOTS' SYSTEM SENIORITY LIST

CAPTAINS' SENIORITY DATES

1.	L. S. Delong	12- 5-28
2.	M. B. Freeburg	12- 5-28
3.	R. L. Smith	7- 1-29
4.	A. R. Mensing	7-15-29
5.	J. E. Ohrbeck	8-10-29
6.	R. J. McNown	3- 1-30
7.	C. L. Smith	3- 1-30
8.	G. F. Leuthi-	1- 1-31
9.	H. B. Rueschenberg	1-25-31
10.	E. W. Hale	5- 1-33
11.	R. L. Happ	6-11-34
12.	J. E. Kimm	1- 1-35
13.	B. F. Ritchie	4-30-35
14.	K. R. Martin	5- 1-35
15.	R. O. Bain	5- 1-35
16.	F. C. Judd	6- 4-35
17.	E. J. Fowler	6- 5-35
18.	J. H. Sparboe	6-16-35
19.	R. O. Daniel	7-13-35
20.	C. F. Bates	11-17-35
21.	L. E. Wagner	7-22-36
22.	W. R. Bullock	2-11-37
23.	E. S. Shank	2-23-37
24.	F. H. Ernst	5- 1-37
25.	L. I. Belden	5-25-37
26.	W. F. Richmond	5-26-37
27.	G. J. Moore	7-16-37
28.	W. D. Mitchell	7-16-37
29.	G. C. Kruse	7-16-37
30.	R. C. McLaughlin	7-16-37
31.	J. E. Fletcher	7-16-37
32.	D. J. King	8-14-37
33.	G. E. Gardner	10- 1-37
34.	D. S. Cox	3-21-38
35.	A. F. Olsen	3-22-38
36.	J. F. Woodhead	5-10-38
37.	C. S. Davis	5-29-38
38.	C. W. Opsahl	6- 4-38
39.	M. B. Cahill	6-22-38
40.	C. L. Wright	7- 2-38
41.	R. C. Polhamus	7-25-38
42.	R. Ashman	7-29-38
43.	Byron S. Cooper	7-11-39
44.	W. E. Morgan	7-29-39
45.	L. H. Strong	7-31-39
46.	E. J. Corrigan	8-11-39
47.	T. P. Fennessey	4-11-40
48.	K. E. Haugen	6- 1-40
49.	R. E. Nelson	6- 4-40
50.	E. E. LaFarle	6- 9-40

FIRST OFFICERS' SENIORITY DATES

51.	W. E. Martin	7-16-37
52.	C. P. Wheelock	7-16-37
53.	L. J. Koons	7-19-37
54.	A. F. Becker	7-27-37
55.	J. M. Hogin	7-31-37
56.	J. B. Chastain	11-22-37
57.	H. M. Barnes	11-22-37
58.	L. S. Bowersox	12- 1-37
59.	C. A. Rector	12- 8-37
60.	C. R. Allen	4-22-38
61.	R. D. Lindsay	4-23-38
62.	T. W. Franklin	4-28-38
63.	J. E. Doan	4-28-38
64.	E. N. Paselk	5-10-38
65.	O. D. Schroeder	5-22-38
66.	J. P. Bradshaw	5-27-38
67.	J. A. McKeown	5-29-38
68.	R. Helm	6- 6-38
69.	F. Zimmerly	6-10-38
70.	M. M. Wright	6-10-38
71.	O. Yates	6-16-38
72.	R. K. Sorkness	10-29-38
73.	A. E. Walker	4-16-39
74.	M. Quinn	5-20-39
75.	J. Peterson	6-22-39
76.	D. W. Shafer	6-23-39
77.	W. Wallace	7- 5-39
78.	I. Bortles	7- 7-39
79.	G. D. Miller	8-18-39
80.	W. E. Slaughter	9- 5-39
81.	E. L. Zonne	11- 1-39
82.	W. R. Justiss	11-11-39
83.	J. R. Galt	12- 5-39
84.	R. W. Kingsbury	12-20-39
85.	D. E. Canavan	3-10-40
86.	J. L. Mueller	3-10-40
87.	L. A. Milner	4-19-40
88.	A. H. Lohmar	5- 1-40
89.	R. V. Jones	5-27-40
90.	A. J. Stahel	6-10-40
91.	A. F. Iytle	6-14-40
92.	M. E. Swanson	6-17-40
93.	W. Strong	6-24-40
94.	G. F. Beal	7- 7-40
95.	W. L. Hempel	7- 8-40

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Cortney Webb, Rowdy Yates



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Connie Thompson, Dale Nadon



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Wendy & Pete Vinsant



Jane & Dave Sanderson



Jaclyn & Gary Smitson



Patricia Glowacky & Paul Baertsch





Winner Vince Catalano



Stevie Gilbert & Steve Towle



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Janet & Joe Baron



Evy & Don Hunt



Jackie Wiczgrek & Dave Good





Tom Hudson, Hal Hockett



Bobbi & George Lachinski



Winner Carolyn Ringer



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Cortney Webb, Bill Horne (photos)



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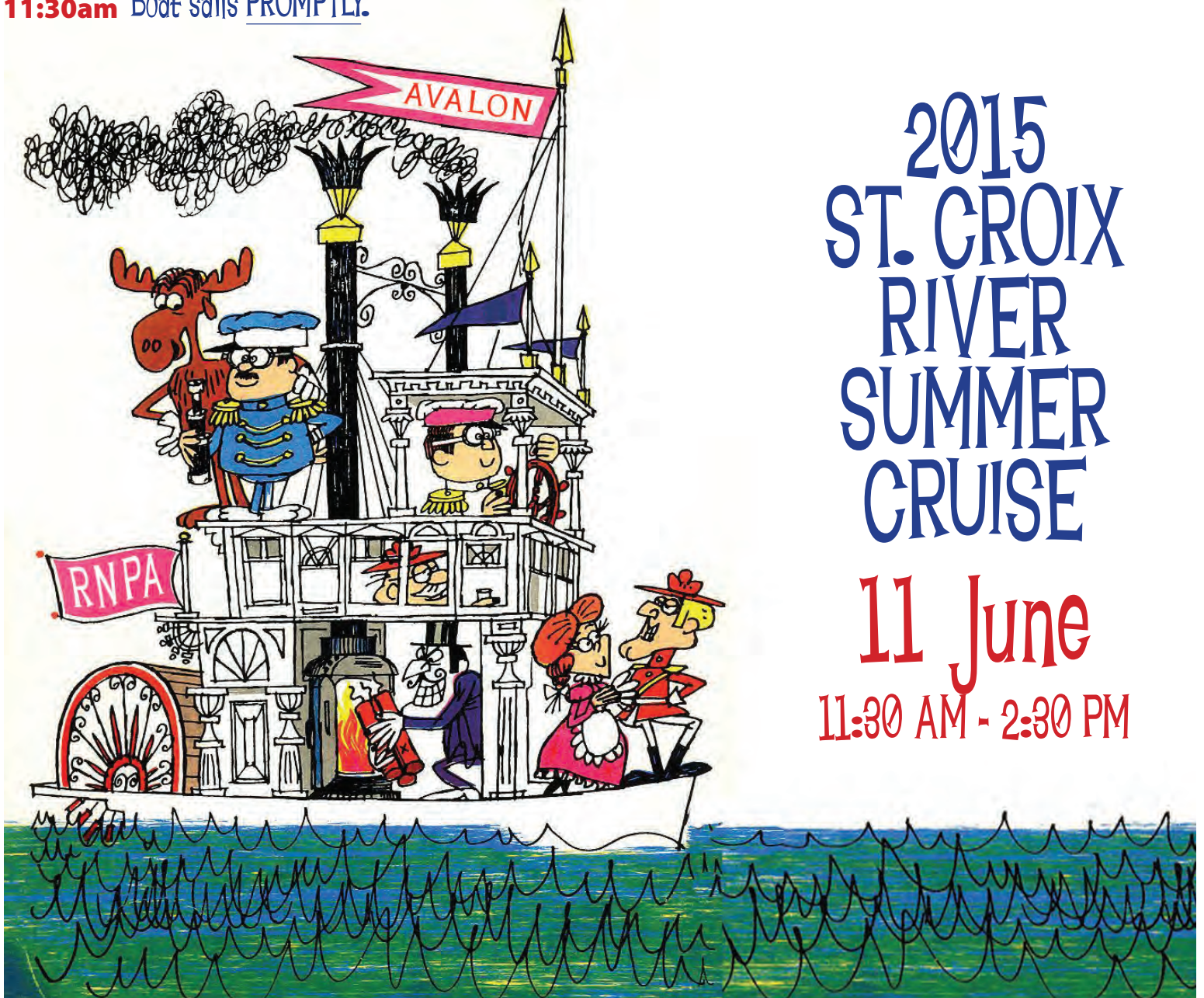
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DAVID GLEN: *Master Model Builder*

From the Editor:

It's probably a safe bet that many of us built model airplanes as kids—many even scratch built. But it's also a safe bet that none of us spent over eleven years building a single model.

Dick Carl sent me images of Mr. Glen's 1/5 scale scratch built Spitfire sometime back in 2006. I always intended to publish them but somehow that intent got put aside and forgotten. Since then the modeler has completed a P51D Mustang in the same scale. Most people who have seen these amazing models have difficulty finding adequate words of praise to describe them. My choice would simply be: *Incomparable!*

What I present here on the following four pages is just a small sampling of what is available to view online. Almost as impressive as the models themselves is the online documentation that Mr. Glen chronicled explaining the details of how they were created.



Incredible detail!



The human arm gives a sense of 1/5 scale

Here are some links if you wish to learn more:

spitfireinmyworkshop.net

rafmuseum.org.uk/
search "P51 model">Select No. 3

You may find even more with a simple browser search.



Scratchbuilt 1/5 scale Supermarine Spitfire Mk.I

by David Glen

Background

If anyone asked me why I set to build a Spitfire in one-fifth scale, and detailed to the last rivet and fastener, I would probably be hard-pushed for a practical or even sensible answer. Perhaps the closest I can get is that since a small child I have been awe inspired by R. J. Mitchell's elliptical winged masterpiece, and that to build a small replica is the closest I will ever aspire to possession.

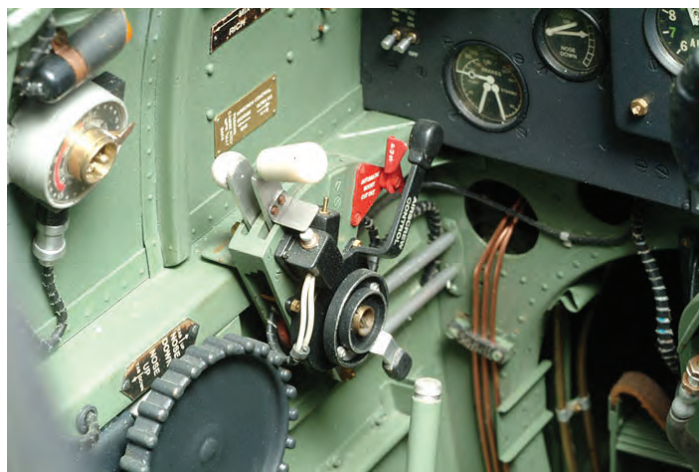
The job took me well over eleven years, during which there were times I very nearly came to giving the project up for lost. The sheer amount of work involved, countless hours, proved almost too much, were it not for a serendipitous encounter at my flying club in Cambridge with Dr Michael Fopp, Director General of the Royal Air Force Museum in England.



Seeing the near complete fuselage, he urged me to go on and finish the model, promising that he would put it on display. I was flabbergasted, for when I started I had no inkling that my work would end up in a position of honour in one of the world's premier aviation museums.

As I write [sometime in 2005 -Ed.], the case for the model is being prepared, having been specially commissioned by the museum with a case-maker in Sweden. I have not yet seen it, but from what I hear, it is enormous!

In one respect the story has gone full circle, since it was at Hendon where I started my research in earnest, sourcing Microfilm copies of many original Supermarine drawings, without which such a detailed build would not have been possible.



Why the flat canopy? Well, the early Mk.IIs had them, and I had no means to blow a bubble hood, so it was convenient. Similarly the covers over the wheels were another early feature and they saved me a challenging task of replicating the wheel castings.

Construction

The model is skinned with litho plate over a balsa core and has been left in bare metal at the suggestion of Michael Fopp, so that the structure is seen to best advantage. The rivets are real and many are pushed into drilled holes in the skin and underlying balsa, but many more are actual mechanical fixings. I have no accurate count, but I suspect that there are at least 19,000!

All interior detail is build from a combination of Supermarine drawings and workshop manuals, plus countless photographs of my own, many of them taken opportunistically when I was a volunteer at the Duxford Aviation Society based at Duxford Airfield, home of the incomparable Imperial War Museum collection in Cambridgeshire, England. Spitfires, in various marks are, dare I say, a common feature there!

The degree of detail is probably obsessive: The needles of the dials in the cockpit actually stand proud of the instrument faces, but you have to look hard to see it.

The model has its mistakes, but I'll leave the experts to spot them, as they most certainly will, plus others I don't even know about. I don't pretend the little Spitfire is perfect, but I do hope it has captured something of the spirit and incomparable beauty of this magnificent fighter—perhaps the closest to a union that art and technology have ever come—a killing machine with lines that are almost sublime.

Epilogue

So, with the model now in its magnificent new home, what comes next?

Well, I'm planning a book that will have a lot to say about its genesis and perhaps just a little about me and those dear to me, including a long suffering but understanding and supportive wife. And then there's the Mustang... Yes, a 1/5th scale P-51D is already taking shape in my workshop. How long will it take? I've no idea, but what I am sure of is that at my age (58) I can't expect to be building many of them!

“And then there’s the Mustang...”



Scratch Built 1/5 scale North American P-51D Mustang

Description

I completed my 1/5 scale model of the North American P-51D Mustang in the summer of 2013, eight years after cutting the first plywood sections. In September the model was taken to the Royal Air Force Museum, where it joins my Spitfire Mk I on permanent display—my own humble tribute to the US pilots and crews who gave their lives in support of their European allies over two World Wars.

The model scales out at 6.45 ft long from tail light to spinner. It has a wingspan of 7.41 ft and height of 2.66 ft. I never weighed it, but it takes three people to handle it safely.

The livery is that of VF-B 413317, the machine flown by Captain Donald Emerson, 336 Squadron, 4th Fighter Group, who was killed on Christmas Day 1944 (in another aircraft) during the Battle of the Bulge. I have deliberately omitted the under wing and belly invasion stripes and Donald Duck nose art, the former to avoid hiding skin detail and the latter on the grounds that if it can't be done well, don't so it!

My principal full-size reference was Bob Tullius' magnificent restoration, which, resplendent in the same striking livery, deservedly occupies a place of honour in the RAF Museum at Hendon in North London. I used Arthur Bentley's P-51D three-views and the wing, empennage and fuselage sections that he kindly provided. All detail was built directly from the NAA production drawings,





of which I have the complete set, numbering several thousands, on DVD.

As far as I can make it, the model is complete and accurate in every visible detail, and work in the cockpit and wheel bays alone occupied 40-50% of the entire build. I outsourced to professionals just two jobs, the 'spinning' of the aluminium spinner blank and the vac-forming of the canopy using a plug that I made myself. All markings and stencils were produced on my Apple Mac and sent to a graphics studio for the production of dry rub-downs. I offer my gratitude to Mal who provided paint masks to my specifications for the insignia and codes, etc. I would also like to acknowledge help given me by Nigel Wagstaff at Flightline Graphics, particularly in producing special multi-layered rub-downs to replicate the bas relief logos and data on the tyre walls.

At a fundamental level, the model is constructed from

plywood profiles and sections, in-filled with solid balsa and over-skinned with litho plate. As in my Spitfire, every rivet is placed individually into holes drilled through the skin, and all visible screws, bolts or nuts are also replicated using real fastenings in sizes down to 16BA. Use was made of my simple, home-made vac forming box for components such as exhaust stack fairing and instrument panel shroud, and items such as the airscrew blades and gun port blisters were cast in two-part resin from a silicone rubber mould. Numerous other assemblies, such as the wheels and oleo struts, were machined from the solid metal.

A more detailed account of the building of the P-51D and my other large-scale model projects can be found on my website spitfireinmyworkshop.net. The model [was] put on display in the entranceway to the Visitor Centre at the Royal Air Force Museum at Cosford. My Spitfire can be seen at the RAF Museum, Hendon. ✈



Johnson Earns the FAA's Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award

PlaneSense, Inc. welcomed the Federal Aviation Administration to its Portsmouth, NH, headquarters on Tuesday, October 28th, for the presentation of the Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award, which was given to Jerry Johnson, a former PlaneSense program Chief Pilot.



L-R:
Bobby Reed (FAA Mngr. of Portland FSDO),
George Antoniadis (PlaneSense President & CEO),
Jerry Johnson (former PlaneSense Chief Pilot),
John Wood (FAA Safety Team Program Mngr of Portland FSDO).

Portsmouth, NH, November 05, 2014

PlaneSense, Inc. welcomed the Federal Aviation Administration to its Portsmouth, NH, headquarters on Tuesday, October 28th, for the presentation of the Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award, which was given to Jerry Johnson, a former PlaneSense® program Chief Pilot.

According to the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) the Wright Brothers Award recognizes the efforts of pilots who have followed and continue to follow the precaution and awareness of safe flight operations. Notably, the award is only given to pilots who have contributed and maintained safe flight operations for 50 or more consecutive years of piloting aircraft.

John Wood, the FAA Safety Team Program Manager of the Portland, Maine Flight Standards District Offices (FSDO), noted that this award is significant because the aviation industry has only existed for a little over a century.

“If one considers the Wright Brother’s first flight in 1903 as marking the launching point of aviation, then we are only 111 years downstream from that event,” Wood said. “A pilot who has been flying for 50 or more years has not just seen and experienced industry changes, but has been a living part of them. People like Jerry Johnson have been authors of the rich and amazing history of aviation.”

Johnson started his career as a Marine Corp A-4 air attack pilot flying in Vietnam. Later, he flew another tour as a close air support FAC in O-1 Bird Dogs. After leaving the military, Johnson joined Northwest Airlines and retired as a 747 Captain after 34 years of employment. That’s when he joined Alpha Flying, which later became PlaneSense, Inc., where he served as the Chief Pilot. He finished his career working in Africa flying aircraft for a non-government contractor.

Johnson said that he was much honored to receive The Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award; however, he gives the credit for the aviation industry’s success to entrepreneurs who build aviation businesses and keep people at work, such as PlaneSense, Inc.’s President and CEO, George Antoniadis.

“PlaneSense was very fortunate Jerry joined our team as he instilled a correct ethic of good work and safe flying,” Antoniadis said. “We are very pleased Jerry has received this award and are also honored to have had him as a former Chief Pilot.”

Before Johnson retired from aviation he had flown 37,000 commercial flight hours.

“This is an accomplishment of which to be very proud.” Wood added. ✈



Lee Teter

"Reflections"

Dick Rutan: The Fiery Loss Of Strobe 01

The only USAF General officer to die during the Vietnam conflict did so not thirty feet from my cockpit. It was an absolutely horrific experience.

It happened sometime in the summer of 1968; although I don't remember exactly when. I do remember it was on my third MISTY tour. Third tour? Why??!! Well, I couldn't face busting trees back in the south. I figured as long as I had to be there, I might as well be where the action was.

This day, I was in the back seat with Captain Donald E. Harland, who, sadly, is no longer with us. We had just backed off the tanker, and were filled with fuel when I heard a Mayday call to Waterboy (GCI). The call was from Strobe 01, an RF-4C Phantom Recce Bird coming out of North Vietnam, just above the DMZ. He reported he had taken a hit and had smoke in the rear cockpit... he was losing hydraulic pressure and was heading feet wet.

Turning on our tape recorder, I listened for a while to the conversation and discovered we were inbound almost head-on to Strobe 01. I jumped into the conversation and asked Waterboy to vector us for a rejoin so we could check him out.

After a few vectors we found ourselves in a stern tail chase with too much speed and I overshot him. Idle, speed brakes, full left rudder, right aileron. I skidded right by him asking if he, Strobe 01, had an F-100 going by his left wing.

Embarrassed, I slipped back on his left wing and

from what Harland and I could initially see that he looked pretty much normal—no big holes or streaming fluid. Strobe said they were still losing hydraulic pressure and it was getting real hot in the rear cockpit. I asked him to hold it real steady so we could come in closer and do a battle damage check.

We started looking just as Strobe rolled wings level, just a few miles feet wet and parallel to the coast. Now abeam the DMZ, he said he was going to try to make it to DaNang. His reconnaissance outfit, Strobe, was stationed out of Saigon, so DaNang, farther north, was the emergency recovery base.

Since Harland was new to MISTY and I had been around a while, I took control. Still a little sheepish of my grand display of flying skill because of the overshoot, I took a deep breath and said to myself, "Okay D__s__ don't f__ this up anymore." I then slid close in underneath the ugliest fighter ever built (too many engines, too many seats).

Harland noticed it first near the nose. It appeared to be a small hole in the belly near the aft part of the camera bay. We could see a little flame flickering in the hole, but not a real big fire. We had to get real close to see but there was a small amount of smoke coming out of the seams in the belly.

As we slid out to the right side, we could also see a small amount of flame in the camera bay through the oblique camera window.

I crossed back over to the left wing while Harland

and I forwarded these tidbits of information to Strobe. During this time, we had no idea there was a General officer in front and we were not talking to the pilot, but to a “seeing eye Major” in the back seat. I thought it was just a “Poug” Captain and a Brown Bar Navigator in the back. After all, Generals are prohibited from flying up North, and these reconnaissance guys really hang it out. Company grade stuff, the field graders usually find other things to do.

Strobe acknowledged the fire and said, “Okay, we’re going to go ahead and bail out.” I thought, “Wow, this is going to be neat.” It should have been a very “by-the-book” ejection; 10,000 feet, straight and level, ideal speed, under control, leading to a routine water rescue... Up until this moment, I had not witnessed an ejection sequence up close and the notorious F-4 Martin Baker seat, known as the “back breaker,” with its complicated system would be neat to see.

I eased the F-100F out to route formation and waited and waited, but nothing happened. A review of the tape later showed it was almost two minutes before the rear seat fired.

Later I asked the seeing eye Major what took so long since he was told they were on fire, why the wait? He said the General did not want to eject and argued about the position of the command ejection handle in the rear cockpit. The Major, upholding his duties, wanted it in the command position (the guy in back command ejects the front).

But the General outranked him and ordered him to leave it in the off position, thereby making each seat a single initiated ejection. The Major was reluctant, but after retrieving the check list and reading each step of the bold face ejection procedures (SOP for many engines, many seats, what can you expect) to each other, the Major pulled the “D” ring on his seat, leaving his General to fend for himself.

From my vantage point, this first ejection from the rear cockpit was text book. I can still remember it vividly today, as if in slow motion. The aft canopy opened and separated cleanly, clearing the tail by a good 20 feet, then the seat started up the rails. Just as the bottom of the seat cleared the canopy seal, the rocket motor ignited, burned for 1.2 seconds and the seat went straight up

very stable. When the rocket stopped, the drogue chute came out, and seat rotated back 90 degrees eyeballs straight up, flat on his back, as he cleared the tail.

Now looking back over my right shoulder, the main C-9 canopy came out and as it started to open/inflate, the seat separated and kept right on going. Now with the canopy fully open, the pilot swung back underneath. The whole thing was as neat as hell, I thought.

But when I looked back to the stricken aircraft, I could not believe the horror I saw. The front cockpit was totally engulfed in fire. Only a white dot of the pilot’s helmet was visible through the smoke and flames. He was sitting straight up as before, he wasn’t moving, and seemed totally oblivious to what was happening. It looked like two huge blow torches were coming up from the rudder pedal wells through the front cockpit around the pilot and out the now open rear cockpit. The fire was streaming out and over the back of the Phantom, turning into a dense black smoke trail that obscured the tail. But the aircraft flew on undisturbed, not even a burble. The pilot was still not moving, still seemed unaware, as if he was enjoying the flight. The whole thing was surreal; almost dream like.

How could this be? For a moment I thought he might not be aware of the fire, and I must tell him to eject. So I began hollering on the radio, “Strobe 01! Bail out! Bail out!”

I called two or three times more, but still nothing happened. The wings were level, but now the aircraft started a shallow descent. “My God!” I screamed. “What doesn’t he eject? How can he just sit there? What in the hell is wrong?”

Then I figured it out. It became obvious we were too far away (route formation) and he couldn’t hear me. So I drove the Hun right up next to the burning cockpit and continue calling, “Strobe 01! Bail out! Bail out!” this time with more desperation in my screams. Harland calls, “Oh my God! Look at it burn!”

In desperation, I drive closer, so close that the air pressure between the two aircraft causes the fiery ball to roll into a 30 degree bank, turning toward the right. As I pulled away, he rolled back wings level, now pointed directly at the beach in a slightly steeper descent.

By this time, the intense heat had charred Strobe’s



USAF
McDonnell Douglas
RF-4C Phantom II

canopy and we could no longer see the pilot's white helmet. The paint began to blister, and there were a few small explosions that blew some of the panels loose and sent others flying off (LOX Dewars and pressure bottles, I think). Now, the whole nose was a charcoal mess. The flames subsided, and dense, thick smoke streamed from the nose area.

For some strange reason I just couldn't let go and continued to call Strobe, nearly begging him to get out. At about 500 feet AGL and still close on his wing, the old Phantom gave one last dying gasp. It pitched up a little and then dove straight into the beach, hitting about 100 yards feet dry.

For some strange reason, I still couldn't let go.

Harland screamed, "Goddammit Dick! Pull Up!" I'll always felt if it had not been for Harland's stern direction, I would have crashed right beside him; I would have just followed him in. I pulled up left and told Waterboy, "Strobe 01 just impacted on the beach."

A few minutes later, Waterboy called and asked if there was any chance of survival. My sad reply was "Negative survival, negative survival."

As we turned back feet wet to find the back seater, there was an usual amount of radio chatter about securing the area—dispatching a Medivac, etc. It seemed odd—such an intense amount of interest in this crash site. We MISTY's have seen a lot of combat crash sites, but once it was determined there were no survivors, it's instantly written off. A blue car would be dispatched to a grieving family back in the states, and that's pretty much the end of it. Although this crash interest level was way out of the ordinary, Harland and I still had no idea who was onboard, and we wouldn't find out until we returned to Phu Cat.

It was time to concentrate on the back seater. We quickly located him still in his parachute about five thousand feet above an angry Gulf of Tonkin. We looked at the sea state and it was rough... real rough. We noticed a motorized Vietnamese sampan hell-bent and heading straight for the back seater. We came around for a closer look and saw three or four people on board the boat flying the Republic of South Vietnam flag.

The sea was rough and the boat continues to pound forward. Was this good or bad? Friendly or bad guy? Even if they were friendly, they could still kill the pilot if they did not know what they were doing. Harland and I decided these signs weren't good ones, so Harland made a low pass across the boat's bow to encourage him to turn around. We pulled up, but the boat was not dissuaded in the least and continued on toward the back seater, who is drifting closer to the water.

What to do now?

Hell, I felt we warned 'em, so now we kill 'em. But

at the last minute, we decided to give the boat one final warning and Harland placed a long burst of 20mm right close across the boat's bow. This time as we pulled up and came around, and just as the back seater hit the water, the threatening boat made a sharp 180 degree turn and "beat feet" back to the beach.

Soon afterward, the Jolly Green arrived and picked him up.

This seemed just another day on the MISTY trail and Harland and I headed back to the PAC asking Waterboy where Strobe 01 got hit. Thinking Vengeance, but no one knew exactly where, so we finished our morning cycle and returned to Phu Cat.

As we taxied in, there was a sea of Colonels waiting. Before I opened the canopy, I said to Harland, "I don't know what we've done, but it must have been a major f__ u_."

The first colonel up the ladder said in an angry voice, "What are you doing here? You should have landed at Saigon." Boy, were we confused. The Colonel continued, "It's about Strobe 01." I said, "Yeah, that was real bad and, uh, hey, I have a tape of the whole thing." The Colonel's eyes got real big and he literally grabbed the tape recorder from my hands.

Harland and I climbed out of the aircraft totally bewildered until it finally dawned on the Colonel that we had no idea who was on board Strobe 01. "It was General Bob Worley," and not knowing what to do with the recorder, he handed it back to me and said, "Get in a Class 'B' Uniform, pack a bag and a Scatback (T-39) will be here in 30 minutes to take you both to Saigon. MACV wants you guys to brief the Generals.

"Oh, Goody," I thought.

On the ride to Saigon, I listened to the tape. Thank God I did, because there was one real bad thing said that needed to be edited, so I did a 18 second "Nixon Gap" treatment.

When we made Saigon, it seemed every damn General required his own private briefing and wanted to listen to the tape. These hallowed halls filled with stars was some change of pace for a couple of up country Poug MISTY's.

The real sad thing was the that the pilot was General Bob Worley, a real, honest to goodness Tactical Fighter Pilot. The rest were, as you know, a bunch of SAC Pukes. A strong and much needed voice for the fighter pilot was lost that day. What was doubly sad was it was Worley's DEROS (last) mission.

I often wondered why I kept calling for Strobe 01 to bail out, and why we stuck so close all the way in not wanting to let go when it was obvious Bob was dead a few seconds after the back seater ejected.

The psychology of combat... ✈



“JACK” CASEY
1937 ~ 2014

Captain John L. “Jack” Casey, age 76, a retired Northwest Airlines captain ‘Flew West’ on November 20, 2014 after a long battle with prostate cancer. He was preceded in death by his beloved wife Andrea in March of 2012.

Jack was born December 17, 1937 in New York City and grew up in Queens near JFK Intl. Airport. He attended St. Johns Preparatory School in NYC where he was an exceptional math student and known for his diligence and humor. He worked part-time throughout his school years to pay for his own tuition, foregoing extra-curricular sports and activities to deliver newspapers and work as a courier for a law firm. Without this employment, St. Johns Prep would not have been possible for Jack. After high school he matriculated onto St. Johns University and continued studies in mathematics.

Early in Jack’s life he became intrigued with airplanes and the desire to be a pilot. After St. Johns University, Jack entered USN flight training at Pensacola, Florida; emerging in May 1960 with a commission as a USMCR Officer on a fighter pilot track. Jack flew the USMC RF-8 with the Pacific Fleet as a photo reconnaissance pilot, assigned for a while to Marine Corps Air Station Iwakuni, Japan and later to carrier duty in Southeast Asia. The Marines trained Jack well, he was hooked

on flying, and an airline career was destined to follow.

Jack met his future wife Andrea on a blind date in 1961, just before deploying to Japan. They got to know each other by exchanging audio tapes, and one of their first dates was going flying. The couple married in 1963 and they lived on both coasts while in the military, settling down in Minnesota when he was hired by Northwest.

Northwest Airlines employment began September 13, 1965 in the basement of the old GO building. His initial pilot check-out was as a Boeing 707 Second Officer. A copilot upgrade to FO on the 727 was soon to follow. Right seat flying included duty on the 707 series. Jack would get his fourth stripe by upgrading to the Boeing 727. As the career progressed he would eventually serve as captain on the DC-10 and 747/200. Not many of us had the distinction of flying two of the airplanes currently on display in the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum;

Jack flew the USMC RF-8 on display in Udvar-Hazy, and of course the Queen of our fleet, NWA Ship 6601, the first NWA 747/100 on the National Mall.

After almost 30 years at Northwest, Jack put away his flight bag for the last time in January of 1995. The family had resided both in Burnsville and North Oaks, and around this time moved to Plymouth, MN. Although Jack was a quiet private man in many ways, he also had a wonderful sense of humor. His daughters report that he was an amazing storyteller, and that after every trip, he came home with new stories and jokes to tell, entertaining both children and grandchildren. Parenting was a priority for Andrea and Jack as they raised their three daughters. He was a prolific reader and history buff, and he highly valued his family time.

Jack is survived by his three daughters and their husbands, Cathy and Paul Decelles, Lorraine and Mike Glennon, and Sarah Casey, and by his grandchildren Claire and Olivia Decelles and Caitlin and Elizabeth Glennon. Jack was a man of great integrity and a wonderful father and grandfather abounding in unconditional love. He was a faithful Roman Catholic, and a long-time supporter of his church, and of Hammer Residences and Smile Train. He will be very deeply missed.

(– Bill Day)



ROBERT D. SKAGEN
1932 ~ 2015

Captain Robert Dean Skagen, age 82, a retired Northwest Airlines pilot lived a full and rewarding life until January 4, 2015 when he passed away peacefully at home during sleep. Heart failure was the cause of death. Born in Kent, Washington, he was raised on a family dairy farm with one brother and one sister. There are many Skagens in Kent Valley. His grandparents from Norway homesteaded there. He loved the land, the animals, and working with his hands.

Robert dreamed of becoming an agriculture teacher after graduating from Kent Meridian High School in 1950 and went on to earn a Bachelor of Science degree in Agricultural Science at Washington State University in 1954. But patriotism and adventure lust soon got ahold of him; he enlisted in the Navy NavCad program in 1954 right out of college. His Navy flying included time at Pensacola, Jacksonville, where he was based, and

overseas flying in Iceland. After resigning from the Navy as a LTJG (lieutenant junior grade) in 1958, he joined the pilots flying for Northwest Airlines.



His career at Northwest Airlines brought his log book entries to 25, 000 hours. Robert always felt fortunate to have flown so many aircraft: DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, L-188 Electra, B-727, B-707, DC-10, and B-747-100 and -200. After beginning with the pilot base in Spokane he moved to Seattle, then Minneapolis in the mid-sixties for eight years and back to Seattle base until his retirement in 1991.

While based in Spokane he met a nurse named Anne Kalmakoff. They married in 1960 and raised three children; Trish, Jeff and Coleen (Panerio). When the family moved back west from Minneapolis they settled in Issaquah, Washington.

Robert kept a close friendship with “Sam” Houston and his wife Betty. He and Sam helped facilitate and encourage their wives to travel to South Korea for the purpose of bringing Korean orphans back to the USA for adoption. Robert was known for qualities of kindness, empathy, and humility. Over many decades his joy, in addition to flying, was his family—close and extended. Robert shared his enjoyment of skiing, fishing, travel, and wood fireplace. Yep, Robert loved to chop wood; always claiming it was totally relaxing.

He also loved flying. He loved flying with Northwest. In 1988 their Issaquah home burned to the ground. The fire started in the basement in a kerosene heater that virtually exploded. Robert was on a trip. His wife Anne and son Jeff barely escaped the flames. Pictures and family records of his life; of his parents and grandparents lives; not to speak of all the household furnishings, clothing, keepsakes and so forth were now gone. It was tragic.

At the time of the 1988 fire Anne was dealing with cancer and undergoing chemotherapy. Sadly, she passed away in 1989.

In 1991 Robert fell in love with Ruthella “Tiny” (Welch) Skagen, the widow of his own first cousin, Ron Skagen. When they married she didn’t even have to change her name. Tiny already had three children; Chris, Dianne, and Ron, and together she and Robert had six children. That family has now grown to sixteen grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

Robert and Tiny made their home in her home town of East Wenatchee, Washington, on the tenth fairway of the Wenatchee Golf and Country Club. Robert was a beloved husband, a friend of many and steady example of integrity to all.

(– Dean Johnson)



**“ART” STEADMAN
1924 ~ 2014**



Captain Arthur J. Steadman, age 90, “Flew West” on December 17, 2014. Art was born on his parents’ farm near Castle Rock, MN on August 19, 1924 and graduated from Roosevelt High School in Minneapolis in 1942. He was a private fellow growing up and worked during his high school years at the Northwest Airlines Commissary.

In 1943 Art enlisted in the Army Air Corp and entered the aviation cadet pilot training program. He was inducted at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis and sent soon to San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center (the future Lackland AFB) for Army Air Corps basic and preflight. After preflight, most of Art’s primary training was in the BT-13. He completed multi-engine advanced training and earned his wings at Lubbock AAF, TX (later Reese AFB). The first duty assignment as a full-fledged Army pilot was to Selman AAF, near Monroe, Louisiana. Selman AAF was the Air Corp’s largest navigator training facility. From this base Art flew aviation cadet student navigators on training missions in the Beechcraft AT-7s (C-45) and AT-10s. Let there be no doubt, Art Steadman knew how to fly squarely tailwheel airplanes.

Art left the Army in 1945 and returned to Minnesota where he worked for his father selling cars. The flying bug still beckoned so Art went to work as a flight instructor for Jack Kipp, who ran the FBO at Southport Airport in Rosemount, MN. This is the same airfield

where Chuck Doyle kept his P-51 for years. Art survived through flight instruction and selling cars until he was hired by Northwest Airlines on July 24, 1949.



After initial hire training Art was based in Minneapolis (MSP), where in 1954 he married the love of his life Enid Pulliam (former Northwest Airlines Flight Attendant). Together they had 60 plus years of blissful marriage raising four kids

A list of Art’s type ratings is extensive: he piloted the DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, L-188, B-707, B-720, B727 and the B-747. In addition, he served as an Instructor/Check Pilot on all of those except the DC-3 and -4. Art had the delicate touch desired for flying the aircraft of his era. Art Daniel describes a B-720B training flight with Art. “When we got to our altitude for our air work, he said I will demonstrate a steep turn. He put her into a 45° bank, added a little power and trim, and then folded his arms. We watched as the aircraft flew as if it were locked on rails. Art said something like, “Is this supposed to be difficult?”

After establishing himself in his airline career, Art served ALPA as an Air Safety Committee member of Council One. In November 1969 Art and the family moved to Seattle where he became the Manager of Flying (Chief Pilot) Western Region. He served in that position until resigning in 1973, desiring to return to line flying after discovering that, “The desk isn’t flying very well.”

Art’s hobbies were extensive: Volunteer Fireman in Farmington MN, yard work, welding, projects in his own wood shop, and restoring a 1948 Dodge one ton to his father’s truck’s original specifications, In addition, he always had time for the many activities of his kids, grandkids and great grandkids. Family was ALWAYS important to Art.

In retirement Art acquired a General Contractor’s license and built the couple’s retirement home. This past August the Steadman offspring were honored to simultaneously throw their father a 90th birthday party and both parents a 60th wedding celebration, Art wanted a big 60th wedding anniversary party for his bride.

Art is survived by his loving wife Enid, daughter Bonnie Zimmerman, sons A. Art “Skeezzer”, Jeffry, and David Steadman.

The Steadman family shares: “In closing, Art’s family would like to let Northwest Airlines family know that he loved his profession, his job, Northwest Airlines, its people. He took pride in working with all of you and thoroughly enjoyed going to work each and every day!”

(– Bill Day)



MAX KROLL
1928 ~ 2014

Captain Max G. Kroll, age 86, “Flew West” on October 10, 2014. Many of these facts are taken from a paper that Max wrote concerning his life. He was born the middle child of three on June 21, 1928 in St. Paul, Minnesota. His father was a veteran of WWI and had suffered the loss of both hands and both legs above the knee. Although his father was severely handicapped, he was strong and proud. Max told me on several occasions that he would take his father fishing in which he would carry his father from the car into the boat; neither of them complained.

Max graduated from high school at the age of 16. He received gifts of about \$60. All of that money was used to pay for his first flying lessons and he received a job as “line boy” to continue his flying. When this job ended in 1946, he enlisted for two years in the U.S. Marine Corps. He was able to continue his flight lessons in California. Upon his discharge from the military, Max used the GI bill to continue his flying.

He checked out in several small aircraft and eventually in an Aeronica on floats. It was then that he met Bev, the girl next door, who eventually became his wife. Max recalls an incident in which he termed the biggest mis-

take of his life but ended up being the best thing that ever happened. In the seaplane, he buzzed Bev, who was staying at a cabin with some girlfriends. Unfortunately when he landed on the lake a man with the State Department of Aviation got his numbers. Max lost his license for three months. However, he used this time to find some gainful employment to fill the void until he could get back into flying.

It was here that he became hired as a dispatcher for NWA. During this time, he came in contact with many flight crews who urged him to get his ratings. This eventually led to him being hired as a pilot for NWA in February 1953. His wife to be, willingly modified their wedding plans to accommodate this training. Max always considered this job his “dream job.” He began his career as a copilot on the DC-3 and shortly moved to the DC-4. A reduction in the airline moved him back to dispatch. A further reduction in the airline moved him to the street where he flew for North Central during the summer of 1955. Max said that he was fortunate to be home for all five of his children’s births, especially the one that was born in the back seat of his car.

Max checked out in the DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, L-188, B-707/720/320, B-727, DC-10. He flew captain on all of these aircraft except the DC-3 & 4. He spent the last three years in the #1 position on the DC-10 and loved it. During the last six years of his career, he ordered a “Quickie Two” kit airplane that took 7-1/2 years for him to build. It was in this aircraft that he reached 25,000 hours of flight time shortly before the engine quit and he landed on a highway under construction in Minnesota.

Max retired in June 1997. He then moved his residency to Bonita Springs, Florida, but continued to spend summers in West St. Paul, MN where he had lived most of his married life. He loved to read and spent hours riding his bicycle to and from the library.

I played golf with Max every Wednesday in the summer for many years. He loved the game and continued to play well even as he advanced in age. Last summer, his drives didn’t seem to go as far even though his health was good. In October, during a trip to visit a brother-in-law in California, Max contracted a virus that infected his lungs. He died October 10, 2014 of viral pneumonia. His wife, five children and 5 grandchildren survive him.

(– Roger “Skip” Felton)



**“DOUG” MCANINCH
1920 ~ 2014**

Douglas L. “Doug” McAninch, age 94, a retired Northwest Airlines pilot, passed away December 02, 2014. He was born in Seattle WA where he spent his early years until the family moved to Spokane. Doug was educated in Spokane and graduated from Lewis and Clark High School, a good student who excelled at football. He aspired to teach mathematics and coach football and was offered a college scholarship for just that purpose. Family obligations prevented him accepting it and then World War II began.

Doug entered the US Army December 11, 1941, a mere four days after the Pearl Harbor attack. He proudly served in the Army Air Corps, assigned to the much acclaimed 56th Fighter Group (62nd Fighter Squadron) operating P-47s in the European theater. This air group had a major role in the Allied Normandy landings. Most of Doug’s wartime service was on air bases in England as an aircraft mechanic. He was discharged from the Army in November 1945 as a Staff Sergeant. Returning to the States, Doug married Adelpia ‘Dell’ Feldt.

Northwest Airlines hired Doug on August 15, 1946 as an airline mechanic at the Seattle (SEA) base. He



settled into Pacific Northwest life raising his family in Seattle until 1962, when NWA transferred many SEA staff to Minneapolis with the opening of new facilities at Wold-Chamberlain Airport (MSP). At the time of transfer to MSP, Doug and Dell intended to return to Washington State.

During his forty year career with NWA Doug served as a master mechanic, crew chief, flight engineer, and pilot. Doug flew as Flight Engineer until the phasing out the crew position at NWA. He earned the ratings necessary to upgrade to copilot, serving as F/O on the 707s and the 747/200. Doug retired from NWA on June 30, 1986. His daughter Ginny summarized her father’s life: “He worked hard and provided well for his family. His talents and interests included woodworking, building, mechanics, politics, sports (go Huskies!), fishing and music. When he retired, they moved up to Round Lake near Aitkin where he was active in the Lions and in their Methodist Church.

Doug was a generous man, who had a special fondness for the Boys Town home. Having been a poor kid he was sensitive for the deep needs of children. A community swimming pool was built in his neighborhood which required a modest membership fee. Doug knew one neighboring family would not be able to afford it, so he and Dell anonymously covered the fee for them. This remarkable couple was fully allied in their values; they taught and modeled hard work, generosity, responsibility, open-mindedness, and a large worldview. Doug loved music ranging from classical to the western style Sons of the Pioneers. He woke the kids up one night to hear a new, silly song—Purple People Eater. Not many fathers would dare to purchase his kids their first Beatles album. Recently his daughter Susan put on a 1940s swing CD and she and her father (supported by his walker) bebopped around the living room.

Doug and Dell had a solid marriage lasting 66 years until Dell’s passing in November 2011. The couple had three children who were waves I, II and III of the baby-boom generation; Susan, Ginny, and Doug. In addition to their children Doug and Dell were blessed with five grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

The family reports that: “He was a smart, funny, strong, dependable, caring soul. He had a full and interesting life. He passed away suddenly after a short battle with pneumonia. It was a peaceful passing with Ginny holding his hand. He was deeply loved and will be missed by friends and family.”

(– Bill Day)



Membership Application and Change of Address Form

NAME
SPOUSE'S NAME

CHANGE: This is a change of address or status only

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

MEMBERSHIP TYPE

REGULAR (NR) \$45
Pilots: Retired NWA, post-merger retired Delta, or Active Delta

AFFILIATE (AF) \$35
Spouse or widow of RNPA member, pre-merger Delta retired pilots, other NWA or Delta employees, a friend, or a pilot from another airline

SECOND OR SEASONAL ADDRESS (for RNPA annual directory only)		
STREET		
CITY		
STATE	ZIP+4	PHONE

PAYMENT

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

DATE OF BIRTH (Optional for affiliate member)

DATE OF FIRST EMPLOYMENT WITH <input type="checkbox"/> NWA <input type="checkbox"/> DELTA AS:	
AN EMPLOYEE	A PILOT

DATE OF RETIREMENT FROM <input type="checkbox"/> NWA <input type="checkbox"/> 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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IF NOT, INDICATE TYPE OF RETIREMENT: MEDICAL ___	EARLY ___	RESIGNED ___
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NOTES

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Probably just as well that never happened.
(Someone did a sloppy job of "painting" too.)