CONTRAILS

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200 ISSUES CHRONICLING RNPA

RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION

CONTENTS

RNPA CONTRAILS

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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 Mambers (NWA p;ilots, active or retired) and $35 for Affiliate Members.

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Notices to Airmen

Both Seattle and Minneapolis are having their Christmas Party on Dec. 8th this year. Before you forget, sign up:
Seattle on page 46 and Minneapolis on page 52

SO YOU GOT A NEW EMAIL ADDRESS?
Only one place to fix the connection:
Send email changes to **rnpanews@bhi.com**

SW Florida Spring Luncheon
March 7th • Page 7

got stories?

President's Report: *Gary **PISEL***

Greetings,

The RNPA Reunion in Albuquerque was a huge success with 123 people attending. The Andulaz Hotel was very unique and accommodating to all our attendees. The Rail Runner ride to Santa Fe along with the Loretto Trolley Tour of the town was our tour highlight.

We broke our old record for Teddy Bears. This year we collected 501 for the ABQ Fire Department. It would be nice to set a new record every year!

Our General Meeting conducted on Sept. 14 yielded new members to our Board of Directors and Board of Advisors. Tom Ebner was elected Executive Vice President, replacing retiring Phil Hallin. Ron Vandervort was elected Secretary as Tom Ebner moved to Executive VP. Two additional Board of Advisors were appointed by the President and approved by the Executive Board. They are Les McNamee and Bruce Armstrong. Our next Board meeting will be in MSP on June 14.

Plans are established for the Dearborn Reunion. Tom Ebner is doing a magnificent job. Our tour day consists of visiting the Henry Ford Museum, Greenfield Village and the River Rouge Ford pickup plant. I can tell you from experience this is one place that should be on your bucket list.

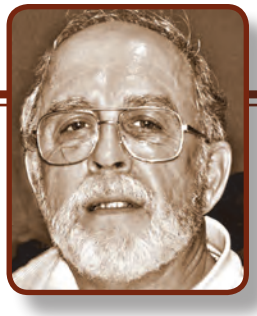
Thanks again for your confidence in electing me as President for another two years.

Trea$urer'$ Report: *Dino **OLIVA***

This year the RNPA Reunion was held in Albuquerque. Due to the limited number of rooms available at the hotel, we were limited to 125 guests. It was sold out by January. This coming year we have a large hotel, so everyone that wants to attend can attend. The venue is Detroit. I've pushed for Detroit for several years, and it's finally going to happen.

We will be staying near the Ford museum, which will be the main attraction for the reunion.If you have the time you might want to stay an extra day, as you will be hard pressed to see everything in just one day. This year we had fifteen (15) first timers at our reunion. Talked to several of them, and they all plan on coming again. If you've never been, this may be the ideal venue to attend. We are working on ideas for the future reunions. The biggest problem is finding a place that is both affordable and of interest to every one. If you have any great ideas, let us know so that we can investigate them.

Editor's Notes: *Gary* ***FERGUSON***



FIRST THINGS FIRST—A BIG COMPLIMENT

After completing all eleven obituaries in this issue I think Bill Day is wondering why he ever agreed to the job. It is important to me that you recognize the effort that goes into writing a single page obituary for each of our departed friends. Gathering the information necessary to pay tribute to our fellow RNPA member pilots is seldom easy.

Sometimes, because family members are usually quite stressed during one of life's most difficult changes, getting any information at all is just plain difficult.

On top of that, then having to distill an obituary down to a single page is troubling for both Bill and myself. We must consider what we call an obituary really just a notification and be satisfied with that. I know of no one whose life can be represented in just five hundred words.

So I am extending my appreciation and thanks to Bill Day for all he does so well. You might consider doing the same: **wlday@comcast.net**

A BIT OF A MILESTONE

This is the 200th issue of the RNPA newsletter—for the last several years named Contrails. Simple math would suggest that it makes RNPA fifty years old. In reality it's only something over 46 years old (began in 1970). I'm not sure, but only guessing that the early newsletters may have been published more than quarterly.

THIS MAY BE FUN

A spouse of one of our members suggested that I solicit anecdotes from other spouses in a similar vein to the following:

"My husband can fly a 747 but can't back out of the garage without taking out the mailbox."

Here's your chance ladies. When you submit your stories expect that they will be published. If you clearly state that you wish to remain anonymous I will respect that: **contrailseditor@mac.com**

IN CASE YOU MISSED THIS

There is a very simple method to read five years of back issues online—from November of '09 through November of '15 plus "The Best of Contrails." (There is one issue missing due to a technical problem.) The intent is to keep these back issues one year in arrears.

If you just recently joined RNPA here's your chance to go back and read all those for free. Better yet, a chance to show your NWA friends who may be just retiring what we're up to.

Can you send the link to your non-airline friends and family? Absolutely! We certainly hope you will do just that.

This is real pilot stuff: *simple* and *free*!

issuu.com/contrails (Spell "issuu" just like that.)

STRIKE STORIES?

At many of our various functions I frequently hear talk of, "What I did during the strikes." I know, and you do too, that there are a wealth of stories to be told. How about sharing yours?

Happy Holidays

We've Got M@il

PAUL NUNGESSER — FL MN

I'm sitting here with a ruptured achilles tendon with one month to go to stand on it. Can't drive. Pam broke her femur in November in France biking on a river cruise. One week in small town hospital, major surgery, I stayed in room with her. $9,000. Up here it would be $90,000. Then $8,000 apiece Bordeaux-Paris-MSP. She had to keep her leg up and straight. We were treated well but glad to be out of there.

Just read old issues of Contrails. Reminds me of all the great people and mentors I had. Real blessing for 180-hour FLAP. I retired in 2000 cuz lost my eye to shingles. I feel like I'm still between trips. Have nightmares of showing up for a trip with outdated charts, feds on board and I forgot to turn in my retirement papers. Thanks to ALPA for the great retirement but it took six strikes to get it.

Minnetonka in summer, St. Petersburg in winter. Sing in two church choirs and play trumpet in two bands. Lots of tennis / pitch ball, bike, swim. Ten grandkids, travel and church activities. A number of missions trips always makes me thank God for America. My son-in-law is a congressman out of Illinois so I follow him around once in awhile. Lots of good people in DC trying to bring us back to our traditional Christian roots but a few subversives too many. We're losing it morally and ethically.

Thanks for Contrails and all the good people I worked with.

The only regrets I have is I wish I had visited with and helped out passengers more. During the Nyrop-Rothmeir era it was implied you fly your trip, shut up and go home.

Thanks for the great training, disciplined cockpit environment rather than the free spirit I hear of elsewhere.

God bless ya'll,
Paul Nungesser

Check out the freighter story on page 26

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A Stabilized approach

Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**

Another Chapter

I was facing east and just standing there. The expansive concrete ramp lay before me as I was thinking, thinking about the number of times I had enjoyed a view just like this one. The early morning sun was rising above a flat horizon with the brisk yet very still early morning air adding to the enjoyment of simply being there. I was at an airport and it was pretty much dead silent. The line guys hadn't even thought about moving my jet to the front line where my passengers could easily board and there was nothing much else moving. The time for takeoff on my mission this morning was growing a little closer and I still needed to board the ice, make sure the coffee canister was full, put a small water bottle in each seat holder, reconnect the battery and figure out how much fuel I would need in order to energize the guy half dozing in his fuel truck.

There was a big difference from the last time I had this experience, I thought, my mind wandering. That time I was in Narita, Japan and on that particular morning I was walking around the big Boeing I was going to fly after offering the first officer a break from the normal preflight protocol. The scent of the Japanese air wasn't as tame as this high desert air, laced with a fragrance only nature could supply. The typical smell of a busy transport airport brought to mind the line from Robert Duvall, playing Captain Bill Kilgore, in the classic anti-war movie "Apocalypse Now." In my imagination I almost expected him to be standing there beside me, shirtless in his black cowboy cavalry hat, hoarsely exclaiming, "I love the smell of napalm in the morning…" Thankfully I had never had to smell napalm but for that morning's fantasy, the kerosene exhaust was a pretty good substitute. It was good for a silent laugh and, I nodded, Duvall was pretty cool in that movie role.

But this time, I'm in rural Wyoming at an uncontrolled field with no tower, no ATC, and the white noise almost deafening—vastly different in most respects from those we got so used to using in our airliners. Those were controlled airports. Controlled from the moment we got out of the hotel van until our wheels lifted off in some version of an airborne escape. The countless

inspections we endured were required but after doing it fourteen hundred times it got old and tedious. This was different. This was like defining freedom. The freedom only our country offers. The freedom to jump in an airplane and just fly it. Fly it anywhere. Well, almost anywhere.

The other big difference of course is now I'm retired. Retired from the airline life but technically not, I guess, as this is still considered air commerce even though it's private and available only to the financial elite. Does it count being retired if you are doing something you apparently love to do and haven't had quite enough of it yet? I'm going to say I'm retired and if whoever is listening even cares, I'll let them explore further. I feel pretty retired.

I know thirty three years was no record at The Big NWA—OK partly DAL—but it had been a great career and when the sand finally drizzled past the etching marked "65" in the hour glass of life, it was time to see if I had prepared myself mentally for that change to occur peacefully. And then it happened. All of the sudden I was no longer an "Airline Captain."

There was an instant, a very unique instant, just like the ones that had happened to all those before me. The same one that changed our collective lives forever. Our professional description and the thing we had been doing for all, or for most of our working lives, changed from "Airline Captain" to something like "Elder Airline Retiree," or "That Old Guy Over There Who Used To Fly For The Airlines." Smirking to myself, I guessed I must have prepared adequately because my own choice was to make sure some version of it didn't end. And in my fantasy, replete with denial, it never would.

And, almost as if to satisfy that impossible fantasy, here I am again, flying jets. OK, they're a little smaller and most of them don't go quite as fast, but it's still a jet and I'm still in the system. Well, the system is a little different too. There is no dispatcher. And no meteorologist either—you know the guy who had his head down over the maps telling us where there were areas of challenging weather or turbulence. Another fantasy; I don't think he ever had his head down at all. He did just what I do now—he stares at an electronically generated picture on a screen in front of him and debates with experience as to what might be the best route or destination choice. And now, I do the flight planning and fuel calculations too. Electronically, on the same screen. On the other hand, it's still pretty much the same laws of physics that rule how things work with airplanes. These airplanes fly pretty much the same, though there is no one else who decides how much room it will take to accept or reject this collection of aluminum and humanity to and from its earthly restraints. Yes, now I do that too. Electronically sometimes and other times with an ancient paper manual and a now quite a bit older seat of the pants.

I guess maybe for some of us it's just part of us. If someone hasn't tired of it, it's nice there is a way we can still climb up over the stratocumulus and escape into the pale blue world above that relatively few will ever understand. And with their window shades drawn and video monitors in each seat spewing nothing even approaching the story outside, I realize there isn't a chance in ten they ever will. I can't wait to look out the window this morning. Where are those passengers anyway?

Oh yeah, back to that instant. That unique instant. It must have begun that summer in the distant past when my fellow classmates and I sat on the second floor of the famous Building F during the indoctrination portion of the initial ground school. We were silently wary yet rejoicing. We had just been hired by this major airline; we had made it to the big leagues! The goal in front of us all was the same, and the coveted piece of plastic—well, in those days it was still printed on stiff paper—with "Flight Engineer Turbojet" rating, was it.

At first, the tension in training was palpable. We were told stories of those who hadn't conformed. We were told they were gone. We had all listened to the stories of the missing doors on the bathroom stalls and who was behind it. Err, who was behind the story, not the missing door. Windows? Don't even think about taking

> "I got the doors opened and as I attempted to exit ... I heard one of the girls at the front desk whisper to the other: 'He used to be a 747 captain!' "

the time to look out a window, even if there was one of them in Building F, which I doubt.

No, this was the real deal and we were all concentrating on the task at hand. The lectures were punctuated with breaks of course and we were inspected in the cafeteria by those returning for recurrent training with a certain curiosity. Northwest hadn't hired much in the past few years and the last couple of years in particular had economic challenges as well as Ronnie calling the bluff of an arrogant ATC organization. That slowed the addition of more pilots. Occasional classroom relief was needed and sure enough, some instructor, or maybe it was just a pilot looking in to see the bunch of new recruits, opened the door and literally blurted out to us:

"You guys are just starting a career that will be over in about thirty seconds."

Then he disappeared and we all looked at each other wondering what on earth this guy could possibly be talking about. Really, a guy actually did that!

It wasn't until later, in that same unique instant, that it finally occurred to me what he had meant. He was right; it was suddenly over and it really didn't seem like maybe more than thirty seconds had passed. I could still remember back to the then younger faces of those who turned out to be career long friends. I could remember the concerns we all had as probation labeled inductees laboring mightily to make sure we made the grade of becoming a Boeing 727 Second Officer. I remembered the faces of the instructors who actually did a pretty good job of relaying the information we would later need in the line operation of our airline. That guy was right; it seemed like maybe thirty seconds is about how long it took!

Oh yeah, back to the concrete ramp, back to the present. I turned around at the prompt of hearing a vehicle approach. The SUV with a couple onboard pulled up and the boys from line service had the doors opened almost before the car had stopped. They had been educated that this was a service business and service was the product. Pilots flying these corporate or personal jets knew this too just as they knew actually flying the jets was second. The second one didn't happen without the first being done well.

I was learning too. Learning comes in many forms and I will have to admit early in my personal jet career I was going to understand this at its most basic level. I had assigned my, more experienced than I, copilot something else to do before departure and suddenly realized there was no one else present to load the eight golf bags that had suddenly appeared in the lobby of our FBO. Not a problem I'm thinking. I heaved the strap from each of two bags over my two shoulders and defiantly grabbed the handles of two more of the PGA wannabe bags and headed for the twin glass doors of the FBO. Banging through the doors with the four sets of clubs was not the cool exit I had planned, but, considering I was lugging what was probably north of 300 pounds of golf equipment, the result was what could have been expected. No matter, I returned once more to retrieve the other four bags. "Where's that "@#%2a copilot." I was thinking to myself as I defensively ignored he was probably doing exactly whatever it was I had asked him to do. Whatever that was. Duh. This group of golf bags was bulkier than the first group and the tags from various prestigious golf courses around the world explained how serious these particular guys were about their game. I figured no problem though the look on one girl's face at the counter indicated there was some question, at least in her mind. No matter. As before, I headed for the door after noticing they were at least undamaged from my previous encounter. This was getting to be funny! I got the doors opened and as I attempted to exit, again unintentionally banging the doors with the clubs, I heard one of the girls at the front desk whisper to the other:

"He used to be a 747 captain!"

I didn't turn to allow my red face embarrassment to show, but she was right, and the key part of her sentence was "used to be!" Smiling, and knowing I was doing this because I wanted to, I mumbled sotto voce,

"Check your ego at the door!"

I got the bags into the cargo hold of the jet still chuckling to myself when my copilot finally showed up. The quizzical look on his face was all that was required to complete the ego deflation in progress.

"I usually use the baggage cart we have around the corner," he said innocently.

Back to the concrete ramp. Back to the present. My passengers have ambled up the steps on the jet after my practiced greeting and I have all their luggage loaded in the rear hold. I do one more quick check to make sure all the doors are secured and steal just a moment to look around to enjoy the view once more. Oh yeah, I'd better go yank the chocks in case the line guy doesn't come out to wave me off. Now I do that too!

I guess for some of us, this flying thing is just part of us.

The WAY it WAS

CONTRIBUTING COLUMNIST JOHN DOHERTY

SOME WERE A_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

(And Some Were Just Impaired)

The second thing that I learned after I came to work for the airline was to be careful in choosing which captains I flew with, especially when on probation. (The first thing was to set the marked bug first.) Captains were not created alike, far from it, and the wrong captain could mean the end of a budding pilot career. The list was widely circulated, and it also included the "good guys" to fly with. The "asshole list" included details of the particular captain's idiosyncrasies: doesn't use the autopilot; doesn't use the checklist; doesn't share takeoffs and landings; had written an unsatisfactory probationary report for some poor sod at some previous, mostly unidentified, time.

Young pilots kept written lists until the names were embedded in memory and the written list was no longer required. And truth be known, some of those young pilots showed up on the self-same lists of the next era as they moved into the left seat.

Because the captains on the "list" were well known, their schedules went to the most junior second officers and copilots. Unfortunately that meant that the most inexperienced second officers, the wet-behind-the-ears new hires, ended up flying with the worst captains. And fair to say, most of the captains on the list were if not incompetent, close to it, and history has shown that domineering captains are a safety hazard in themselves. And the same was true of the copilot list. The newest least experienced copilots flew with the worst captains.

Early on I got assigned to fly with a captain who was noted for getting angry in the cockpit. He would shout, berate, belittle, blame both the second officer and the copilot when things went wrong. On this particular night we were headed to Chicago O'Hare. This was before flow control, and all the airlines just sent airplanes to Chicago knowing they would have to hold; the holds were often lengthy, and the sky was full of holding aircraft. Toss some thunderstorms into the mix, and the system was operating on the edge.

On this particular evening, as one might guess, the copilot was also new in his position. I met him in the cockpit before the captain arrived, and he told me, "Help me keep an eye on this guy or he'll kill us all."

What I took to be hyperbole at the time was not far from the truth. We got into Chicago airspace, got a holding instruction that was complex to the point of having us holding on one VOR radial and using the DME off another VOR. The copilot had copied the clearance and the captain was convinced that the copilot had copied it wrong as we overran our holding fix. The captain and the copilot were engaged in a heated conversation while we wandered around the sky with ATC asking us what we were doing.

We eventually got into the hold, and shortly afterward moved to another holding fix, and then another after that. Each one of the holds was accompanied with confusion as to what we were doing, accompanied by the captain shouting at us. Getting on the ground without event was a testament to the big sky theory and the mothering of ATC.

This particular captain was noted for never letting copilots take off, and only occasionally letting them land. A couple of days later we were flying into Miami, straight in to the east with the runway lights visible 30 miles out. The captain turned to the copilot and said, "Why don't you take it in and land." The copilot, who hadn't been offered flying in three days, and who by this time utterly despised the captain, replied, "No thanks."

The captain inquired if perhaps he was feeling tired, and the copilot replied, "The visibility is below my personal minimums."

One advantage of being a second officer when dealing with these captains was that copilots took the brunt of the umbrage. They were close at hand, and most of these captains didn't understand what was happening on the panel anyway.

In one such situation we had departed Honolulu on a 707 bound for Seattle. The departure was straightforward and consisted mostly of us flying an outbound radial until we hit the fix 180 miles out where we were handed off to en route ATC and the HFs. The copilot was flying by hand and navigating using the course deviation indicator with the appropriate radial dialed into it.

About 150 miles the captain pipes up, "Where the hell are you going?" The copilot, confused replies, "Out to Neptune." The captain snaps back, "Look how far off the radial you are. This far out, you are going to miss Neptune completely." The copilot protests that he is just barely off the radial and a heated discussion ensues focused mostly on the geometry of radials versus distance.

In the middle of all this ATC comes on the radio and says, "Northwest 86, your position is over Neptune, cleared to en route frequency." The captain, furious, jerks the mic out of its holder and bellows back at ATC, "We are not over Neptune!" I can't remember what ATC replied, but it was something like, "Well, whatever, cleared to en route frequency."

One of these "old" captains didn't believe in using the autopilot. So if you were flying copilot for him the choice was to hand fly 100% of the time or not get any legs. If an unknowing copilot should happen to put the aircraft on the autopilot

> "Sometime later I learned that he had died of a brain tumor, meaning he probably was not a jerk, he was just one of the impaired."

his classic and well circulated response would be, "If you wont fly it, I will." And if the copilot didn't at that point disconnect the autopilot and start hand flying, the captain did, and that was the end of flying for the copilot. I had one acquaintance who flew with this guy a lot, and he thought it was a great deal. He would just sit in his seat, talk on the radio, raise and lower the gear, and otherwise take it easy.

The captains on this list weren't necessarily the "old guys." One of the younger captains I flew copilot for was always forgetting to turn off the landing lights at the appropriate point as we climbed out. Landing lights were on the checklist, and the second officer would appropriately prompt with a call out when it was clear that the landing lights had been missed. Having the bottom guy on the totem pole correct him every leg irritated the captain, and he eventually told the second officer that he liked to keep the lights on through 18,000 feet as a safety measure and that the second officer shouldn't be calling out "lights" all the time.

By this time 727 second officers had been riding the panel for several years and they weren't as easy to intimidate as they had been earlier on. On one of the subsequent climb outs going through 20,000 feet the second officer pipes up, "Is it safe yet?" The captain, confused, asks, "What are you talking about?" The second officer sticks to his guns and keeps asking, "Is it safe yet?" After several iterations of this exchange, the captain finally gives up and in exasperation says, "Yes it's safe!" At which point the second officer challenged, "Lights."

Some captains carried conversations about politics or religion into the cockpit, usually the theme being that they were right and most everybody else was wrong. I got sucked into a religious conversation with one such captain who was also noted for having a short fuse. The conversation became heated and ended when the captain accused me of blasphemy (which technically speaking was probably true). The captain turned to the front and said in closure, "I'm looking forward to

meeting Jesus soon." The copilot who had observed all in bemused silence said, "Well I hope you're going to wait until after we land."

I spent several months in Seattle as the bottom pilot on the 707 second officer list. In those days anyone who wanted to could bid reserve over holding a line if they wished and were senior enough. One of the 707 captains had a well-deserved reputation for being one of the meanest, short tempered, domineering captains on the airline. Second officers senior to me would bid reserve rather than fly his line, so I got his line every month.

One of his "things" was descent rate on the cabin. Anything above a 300 or 400 fpm rate of descent on the cabin would set him off. Also part of his "thing" was that he believed in delaying the descent as long as possible which had the potential of putting the second officer in a box. Not getting the cabin down fast enough would result in catching the cabin before landing with the resultant cabin descending at the aircraft rate of descent, certainly more than 400 fpm. On the other hand exceeding the magic number in an effort to not catch the cabin on the way down could set him off too. And mind, this was all on a freighter, so it was just about the captain.

On one of my early flights with him, descending, he turned around and challenged me, "What's the maximum rate of descent on the cabin?" Taking his question literally I innocently replied, "I don't know, I can probably get 2000 fpm out of it." The captain took this as disrespect and sarcasm and berated me and every other "new hire" for several minutes.

I flew with this captain for several consecutive months, and with me doing everything I could to keep him happy, things eventually smoothed out. In fact I think he believed that I was bidding his schedule since I showed up with them every month. Sometime later I learned that he had died of a brain tumor, meaning he probably was not a jerk, he was just one of the impaired.

My memories of captains "on the list" goes on. I complained to one cigarette smoking captain about the smoke, and his reply was to tap ashes off the end of his cigarette onto my uniform. I crossed the Pacific Ocean with a line check captain in the cockpit playing kissy-face with his flight attendant girlfriend for a good chunk of the night. It was my first trip into Yokota and it turned out that it was expected that the second officer would call ahead to arrange ground transportation. Not knowing, I hadn't done it, and we had to wait 10 minutes on the ramp for our pickup. The irritated and amorous line check pilot's parting comment to me was, "Maybe someday you will be a top-notch second officer."

The reality fortunately was that the captains on the "list" were relatively few and far between. I cut my airline teeth wrenching across the Pacific for a group of young captains who ran their cockpits with confident, personable, and capable wit and wisdom. A group of men I learned the right lessons from, and whom I respect and admire to this day.


RNPA SURVIVORS' INFORMATION

SAVE THIS

Getting into this life required zero paperwork effort on your part.
Such is not the case getting out of this life.

Unless, of course, you don't really care about those you leave behind. RNPA has initiated this guide because of some alarming recent failures of a few members to prepare their survivors even such basic things as an employee number. Some did not even have a will.

The information on these pages is designed to facilitate and simplify the planning and decisions for you as well as *simplifying the process for your survivors.*

It is not the intent of the officers or members of RNPA to act as legal counsel or provide legal opinions.

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A Chick in the Cockpit

Contributing Columnist **Erika Armstrong**

Pilot vs Mechanic

Logbook Entry
Pilot: *Evidence of leak on right main gear*
Mechanic: *Evidence removed*

Sparring with mechanics is part of the fun. With line item detail, I'd write up the avionic component in the logbook, and then my favorite mechanic would roll his eyes, put on a mischievous grin and reply, "Okay, I'll go down into the E&E compartment and use all my maintenance skills to re-rack it." Basically, this just meant he'd unplug the offending electronic device and plug it back in again. The frustrating part is that is usually worked. The way pilots and mechanics see the aircraft are separate yet equal approaches to what methods keep an airplane happy and healthy. Learning to understand and respect both sides of the logbook keeps airplanes in the air and everyone safe.

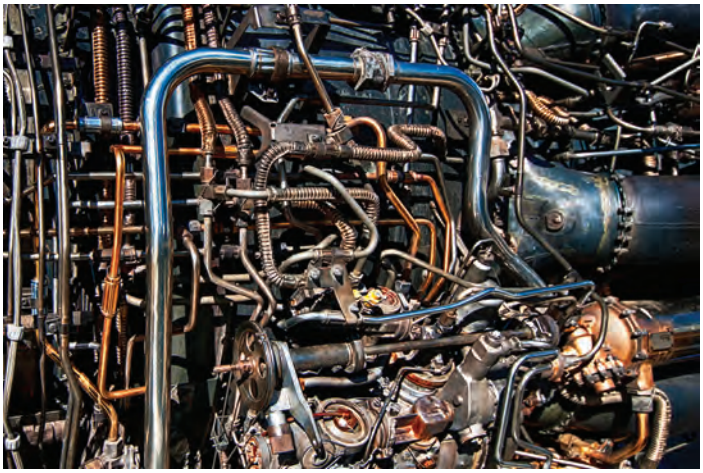
There are a few pilots who are also mechanics, and a few mechanics who are also pilots, but the majority of people in the aviation field focus on their area of specialty and leave the infinite details to the other side. It's a love/hate relationship yet both people realize they need each other. This need doesn't necessarily prevent them from questioning each other's intelligence, and battling wits is all in good fun, but ultimately pilots have to trust mechanics with their lives. There are entire systems, bolts and mounts that just can't be seen by a pilot on a walk-around inspection. Pilots have to "see" it through annunciator lights and cockpit indications. Pilots trust but verify what they can, but the rest is left to the professionalism of the mechanics behind the scenes.

Pilots and line mechanics interact daily. The majority of line mechanics' time is spent like an EMT in an ambulance—quickly evaluate, administer care, keep it safe and alive, but let someone else fix the major damage. Getting airplanes out on time is a constant give and take of information for routine maintenance issues, but there is an entire set of mechanics that your life depends on, and very rarely do you airline pilots get to meet them. If you do get to meet them, it usually starts with the dreaded phone call that comes after you've already flown three legs, but you still have a little duty time left in the bank: "Hello, this is crew scheduling. You have six hours left of your duty day, so we are flying you to Dallas to pick up an aircraft out of a "C" maintenance check. It needs a test flight and then if all goes well, you'll fly it back to your home base." Trust me, you never get home on time. Always have your overnight bag packed for these assignments. It's during these heavier maintenance checks where mechanics and pilots have to trust, but verify, that everything was put back together as well, if not better, than it was before.

Taking an aircraft out of maintenance can be the most demanding of any pilot's skillset, but crew scheduling doesn't care how much experience a line pilot has. If a pilot is on the roster, they can fly an airplane out of maintenance (at most airlines). I accidentally learned so much during these flights that I actually asked if I could request these flights. They don't happen very often, but every time I picked up an airplane out of heavy maintenance, there was something wrong with it. And, it was something that wasn't wrong with it before it came into the shop. There are hundreds of miles of wiring, complicated hydraulics, powerplant and flight control systems, so it is inevitable that something wasn't put back exactly right. It was during the ensuing disassembly of the system in question that I got to see these aircraft through the eyes of a mechanic. They let me watch as they troubleshot the problem and I now bow down to the intelligence and thought process of mechanics. To see the internal workings of the giant beasts we guide through the air will give you added respect to the intelligence and creativity of the engineers, and the mechanics who work on them.

Since pilots don't have a cherry picker to get up above to check bolts, engine mounts and anything behind the first fan, there is an intrinsic trust that the major structures of the aircraft are checked and maintained, especially during heavy checks. The most iconic failure of maintenance was the American Airlines DC-10 out of O'Hare when the #1 engine pylon separated from the wing during rotation. It was determined that the new time saving procedure of removing the engine and pylon as one unit during an engine change caused cracks in the pylon bulkheads. American had modified the procedure without permission from the manufacturer. 1 It was a hard lesson to learn, but maintenance failures like this are rare.

Mechanics' main gripe for pilots is not enough situational detail when writing up a squawk. They want pilots



to give them an entire picture rather than a cropped piece of it. Did the error affect another component function? What other factors would have affected the component – altitude, temperature, flight condition, etc. Mechanics don't get to see what errors look like in flight, so it's up to the pilot to be a good storyteller and set the scene. Brakes not working properly = while landing on 12R at DEN, after applying brake pressure and at around 100 kts IAS, a vibration was felt in left brake pedal. Vibration stopped at 60 kts. Outside air temperature was 20 degrees C. This did not occur during previous landing at LAS with 124,000 lbs. at 26 degrees C. Landing weight on that leg was 122,000 lbs. Since fixing a maintenance issue is a process of elimination, any information a pilotcan provide helps the process along.

Pilots' main gripe for mechanics is that they "Band-Aid" the situation and don't fix what's actually broken. When you have 200 passengers onboard and a crew watching your every move, mechanics feel the weight of their responsibility. They have to balance what is safe with what it takes to get the airplane into the air safely. An inoperative autopilot might not seem like a big deal to a mechanic, but for a pilot crew that is looking at a day with eight flight hours in bad weather, at night, with five trip legs, on top of four back-to-back duty days, the situation is interpreted completely different. Autopilot becomes a safety issue, but not to a mechanic. It's a matter of perspective, so sometimes mechanics need to try and see it through the eyes of a pilot.

Like any dysfunctional, codependent relationship that causes you grief, you just can't leave or ignore it. Pilots and mechanics have to work together, so both professions might as well make it easier to get the job done. A little respect coming from both sides of the logbook makes for a happy, safe and on time flight. ✈

Catching Up with Old Friends on a Beautiful Summer Day

Below: Hosts NanSea & Charlie Welsh, Ginni & Steve Crawford, Donna Pauly-Chetlain & Art Chetlain, Curt Ceasar, Mike Orecchio

Above: Holly & Dave Nelson, Mary & Giff Jones, Karen & John Pennington, Bev & Ivars Skuja
Below: Grego Lasek, Katie & Dave Pethia, Janice & Gus Diem, Betty & Wayne Spohn

Above: Becky & Will Harris, Barbara & Doug Peterson, Sandy & Curt Bryan **Below**: Bill Stocker, Tom Peterson, Darlene Jevne, Paul Best, Montie Leffel, Marty Foy, Abby Lanman, Chuck Sievertson

Above: Harry Bedrossian, Wayne Stark, Mavis & Larry Stears, Nancie & Gary Russ, Cynthia & Dick Moller
Below: Ralph Christ, Sally Reber, Carolyn & Bud Cheney, Sandy Morgan, Ray Schier, Jim Palmer

Above: Alayne & Jack Hudspeth, Betty & Bill Huff (behind), Janice Hendricks, Dona Thompson & Phil Foley (behind), Nadine & Sterling Bentsen **Below:** Dorothy & Lowell Schroeder, Krista Pearson & Greg Novotny , Joanne Aitken & Chuck Carlson , Gayla & Myron Bredahl

Above: Burton Powers, Jay Sakas, Dorene & Don Ellis, Joan & Bill Fields, Marilyn & Chuck Nelson
Below: Joanne & Denny Swanson, Linda & Dave Rolczynski, Pam & Bob Gilbert, Joen & Howie Parks

Above: Charles Brown, Skip Eglet, Betty & Wayne Spohn, Ginni & Steve Crawford
Below: Kathee & Rex Nelick, Suzie Leivense, Andrea & Dave Schneebeck, Mary Anne & Gordon Wotherspoon, Shirley & Hal Newton

Above: Mark Allman (Alaska captain), Mary Anne & Jack Allman (behind), Sandy Lucas, Corey Black
Below: John Bates, Pat Rieman, Nancy Bates, Dave McLoed


Photos by your Editor

NORTHWEST AIRLINES BOEING 747 FREIGHTER CONTROL ICING INCIDENT 09 JANUARY 1987

By David Williams, Sr., Captain NWA (Retired)

Dedicated to the memory of a great human being and Northwest B747 Captain, Jim O'Rourke.

Northwest Airlines Cargo Flight 907 of 9 January 1987, B747F JFK to SEA. The crew: Capt. Jim O'Rourke, F/O David Williams, S/O Lynn Moore.

It was a dark and snowy night. Jim O'Rourke, Lynn Moore and I were flying a freighter from New York to Seattle. We all arrived at the JFK NWA cargo office at about the same time. I believe the flight was scheduled to depart around 10 pm but the cargo manager on duty advised us it would be late. The late night shift had not begun work and all the cargo was sitting on pallets on the outside ramp where large snowflakes were falling. All of the cargo pallets had about two inches of snow on top as they waited for the night crew to come load them in the dead B747F sitting on the ramp with its nose up. The manager had arranged hotel rooms for us and we used them to nap while waiting for the cargo to load.

Just after 2 am we got a call and were picked up and driven back to Cargo Ops. Snow was still falling and sticking. It was a cold night. The cargo was loaded and we hustled into the cockpit as the ground crew closed the huge nose door. The entire airplane was frozen. Lynn Moore lit the APU and the warm air felt so good. Taxi and takeoff was normal. We were airborne at 0828Z (3:28 am local New York time). Jim was captain and was flying the first leg. We were all sleepy and after conversation died off Jim and I began the rubber chicken neck dance. We were just South of Minot at 1215Z (6:15 am local) flying at flight level 350 when Lynn decided we needed a wake up and said, "You guys need a wake up. I'm going to make a cup of coffee." As Lynn stood up the aircraft rolled abruptly into a twenty degree turn to the right.

Jim looked at me and accusingly asked, "What are you doing." I laughed and told him this was his leg, I wasn't flying. ATC had cleared us direct to Seattle as we climbed out of 20,000 departing JFK. ATC called. We must have been the only traffic on his scope and he no-

ticed the turn immediately and asked if we were deviating. I told him, "No, we are wondering why the autopilot suddenly decided to make the turn toward Canada." Then Jim did the right thing that, I believed, saved our butts. Jim sat up, slid his seat up closer to the yoke and took the yoke firmly in both hands and clicked off the autopilot. If Jim had not followed that procedure, we very likely would have rapidly rolled to the right to an inverted attitude before we could have stopped the roll. Cargo in the B747 is only dogged down to prevent fore and aft movement. If we had rolled inverted, we would have had tons of cargo sitting on the control cables and recovery would have been doubtful.

Jim held the yoke and immediately called for help. He said, "Dave, help. The airplane is trying to roll to the right." I could see him struggling with the yoke and the bank angle was now thirty degrees to the right. I grabbed my yoke and began pushing what felt like trying to push a huge rock uphill. With all Jim's and my might, we managed to bring the airplane back to a five to ten degree turn to the right. I declared an emergency and told the controller, who we later found was named Gary Sternitzky, that we were having control problems and were unable to maintain course.

We had a quick discussion while Jim and I maintained pressure on the yoke. Of course there was nothing in the aircraft emergency checklist and we were improvising. The first thing that came to mind was maybe some cargo had shifted and was bearing on the control cables. In the freighter version of the 747 the control cables are routed on the side wall of the cargo bay. Standing in the bay you can see the aileron, rudder and elevator cables running over sheaves and rollers. The aileron cables disappeared down the side wall into the wheel well then out into the wings out to the hydraulic control actuators at the aileron on each wing. The control cables manipulated hydraulic control valves which provided 3,000 lbs of hydraulic pressure to move the ailerons on each wing. A parallel set of push-pull cables followed the same route to the upper wing spoiler/speed brakes hydraulic actuators.

Lynn grabbed his flashlight and lowered the stairs to the cargo bay and hurried below to check the cables clear. While he was below, Jim and I still strained to keep the airplane from rolling over on its back.

I remembered a similar situation when I was a second officer on the DC10. We had departed Boston for Minneapolis during heavy rain that turned to freezing rain as we climbed to altitude. Three hours later we were in a descent approaching Minneapolis. The copilot had just clicked off the autopilot and discovered the airplane would not respond to yoke inputs. It took several minutes of heavy yoke inputs before the aircraft began responding slightly to yoke inputs. It was early in the morning with no wind at the airport and with full throw of the yoke left and right the captain was able to fly the airplane to a smooth landing. Later we learned the DC10 had two sets of cables running to the hydraulic actuators. One set came from the autopilot servos and the other from the cockpit yoke controls. The cables from the yoke did not move while the autopilot was engaged and were then iced up in the tubes running through the wing wheel wells. The company and the FAA were aware of the problem and the official fix was to require a maintenance procedure of spraying DX Grease into the tubes periodically. Our DC10 had not been treated properly and there was nothing in the DC10 manual covering this situation. We found out days later that the pilots could have put the aircraft back on autopilot and using the autopilot knobs maneuvered for a landing. So I suggested to Jim we give that a try.

Taking one hand off the yoke Jim tried to re-engage the autopilot but it would not engage. Then Lynn came back to the cockpit to tell us the cables were clear both sides of the aircraft. No cargo was even close to the control cables. Remembering the snow and ice on the ramp and on the climb out we decided it must be ice. Lynn warned us that the sheaves that carried the aileron control cables around a ninety-degree turn were bending and warped with all the pressure we were exerting on the cables. He reminded us that the sheaves were not metal but made of a plastic like "phenolic/Micarta" material. He said the roller sheaves looked like they were close to breaking or the cable slipping over the edge of the sheave. We acknowledged the warning but there was nothing we could do. If we relaxed the pressure the aircraft would do an aileron roll.

The Air Traffic Controller, Gary Sternitzky, had called Boeing and Lynn called NWA company maintenance. We were looking for suggestions but both sources could offer none. But both said that when we found the problem to please let them know what caused it. Thanks a lot. The ATC controller asked if we wanted to try a landing on the long runway at Minot. But with the aircraft in a constant shallow turn there was no way to make a safe approach and landing. It was also difficult to maintain airspeed and altitude while straining so hard on the ailerons.

There was a brief consideration of putting the airplane on one of the large frozen lakes in the area but our visuals of the possible outcomes didn't look even remotely good. We discussed trying to reach warm, above freezing air to thaw the controls. ATC checked and Gary reported we would have to make it south of Phoenix to

> “Someone in the Chief Pilot’s office had altered our report saying that we never lost control of the aircraft but were in full command at all times. We had just felt some minor binding on the controls.”

reach above freezing temperatures on the ground. We checked our fuel and the fuel was insufficient to reach Phoenix. It was a record setting cold winter day.

Lynn had the cabin heat set to a pretty hot setting and we had turned on the wing and engine anti-ice heat. Jim and I tried every known source of roll control, differential power, rudder, and trim all were ineffective. Jim and I were using the leverage of our seat belts tightly holding us down and were laying our upper bodies over the yoke to apply sufficient pressure to keep the wings nearly level. Eliminating all other alternatives, we decided that our only option was brute force. We knew there was a chance we might pull the aileron cables off the phenolic shea ves but there was no other option.

We both took a deep breath and used all our arm and body strength on the yoke. We had strained for about ten seconds when the yoke suddenly broke free a tiny bit. When it did it sounded like a loud gong in a cathedral. Booooonnng. Now we could move the yoke almost ten degrees to the left and right. The B747 yoke had a scale on the top of the yoke column. The indices marked two-degree increments from zero to sixty degrees. We were able to move the yoke only slightly past the eight-degree mark either side of the top zero. Not much but we were happy boys with a lot of whooping and back slapping in the cockpit.

When we had declared our emergency I had advised the air traffic controller that we were unable to maintain a steady altitude or heading and requested they keep all conflicting traffic away from us. We learned later that ATC put out a warning that our B747 was unable to avoid other traffic and they gave us all the airspace inside a box running from Minot to Minneapolis and from Winnipeg to Chicago. We would hear more about that later. A fast check of the inertial guidance showed we were on the center line for Minneapolis runway 11 Right. (Years later 11R was re-designated 12R.) We began a shallow left turn and after a few degrees of turn found the yoke was stuck again. This time it took considerably less force to free the yoke and we found that if we kept the yoke moving, jerking back and forth, left-right the yoke would remain free still in the ten-degree range either left or right.

We were three-hundred miles out from Minneapolis and it was daylight back at Minnie and there was no wind. We were grateful for that because with the limited aileron it would be very difficult making a crosswind landing. We were cleared for a straight-in ILS approach to a visual landing 12R. We kept the yoke in motion in a jerky kind of way all the way down. Jim made a perfect landing and the speed brakes tried but could not deploy.

After taxiing to the maintenance hangar and shutting down we hurried to the lower cargo bay door and popped it open. We could hear men already in the left wheel well chopping ice and could see a considerable amount of ice on the ground. We all three began yelling for them to stop so we could see how the control cables had iced. And they stopped. In a few minutes someone pushed the stairway to our door and we hurried down the steps to see what had caused our problem. Wanting to preserve the moment I got a ride to security where I knew they kept a Polaroid camera to take pictures of unruly passengers. While I was gone some of the maintenance crew removed more ice from the wheel well. Security loaned me the camera with a fresh box of film that could take twenty-four pictures. Back at the wheel well I took all 24 shots using flash bulbs security had provided also.

The VP of maintenance had been called at home when we first reported the problem. He came out to the airplane and invited us back up to his office for a cup of coffee and to discuss the situation. I brought the pictures.

The coffee was good and we stood around the VP’s desk looking at the photos seeing that the aileron and spoiler control cables in left wheel well had been encased in a large block of ice about three-feet wide and nearly four-feet long. In the pictures we could clearly see the source of the water for the ice. In each main body wheel well there were two inch and a half drain tubes that had screw on covers. We guessed that this aircraft had been used to haul livestock, cows and pigs, to China that summer and the drain covers had been removed so that the cleaning crew could hose down the cargo floor allowing the water to flow out the drains. The cleaning crew had failed to re-install the drain covers. When we manned the aircraft back at JFK and the nose was closed allowing us to light the APU and warm the cockpit the APU also warmed the cargo bay melting the four inches of ice covering each cargo pallet. The water ran down the floor to the drain tubes and flowed out into the wheel well where the water met the minus sixty-degree Celsius temperature at 35,000 feet.

The maintenance VP was a smoker as was I and while he and Jim discussed the problem I had laid my cigarettes on the VP's desk so he could help himself to my cigarettes for he had forgotten and left his pack at home. Being a typical pilot and wanting a souvenir of our flight I picked up two of the Polaroid photos with my pack of cigarettes and slipped them into my shirt pocket. They would come in handy later.

Crew skeds called us at the VP's office and Jim spoke with them. Skeds said the airplane had been repaired and was cleared for flight and we could now continue our flight to Seattle. Jim very kindly explained that we were finished flying for the day and would require at least twelve hours rest before continuing our trip. Crew Skeds were understanding and arranged for our hotel rooms at a nearby nice hotel. On the way there we had the driver stop so we could purchase a couple of six-packs of debrief fluid. When we arrived at the hotel our adrenaline was still coursing in our bloodstream and we sat in one of the rooms and went over the events a few times. We carefully wrote up the incident to leave at the Chief Pilot's office for the required flight control incident report that we assumed would be sent on to the FAA. Then we went off to our rooms and had a good hard sleep.

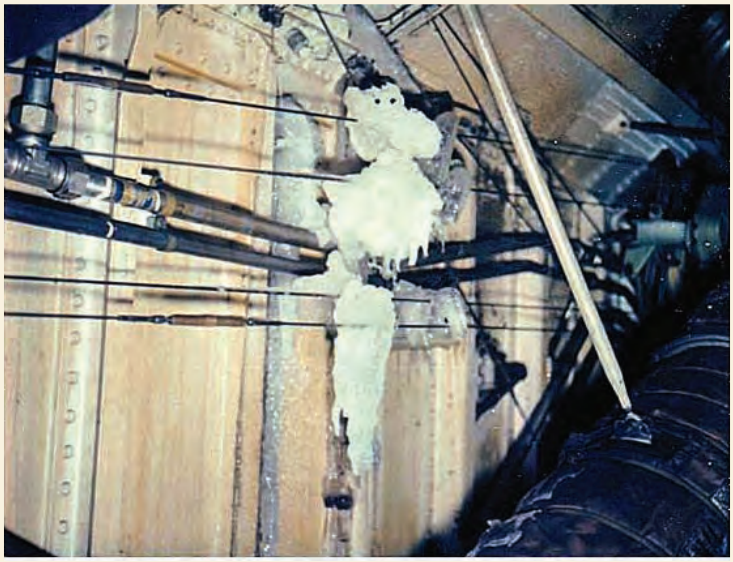
The next morning, we picked up a different cargo flight going to Los Angeles and after a careful preflight where all three of us checked the wheelwell scupper drains to make sure the covers were screwed on tightly. Before departing I had placed the two Polaroid photos in an envelope addressed to a photo lab back near my home in Pennsylvania that I had used frequently with instructions to copy the photos and make some eight by ten and five by seven prints.

When we arrived at Los Angeles we were met by a cargo supervisor and advised that we had a message from the FAA that we had to answer before going to our hotel. When we were in the cargo office the supervisor showed us the message from the FAA sector administrator which included the report filed by our MSP chief pilot which did not resemble the report we had carefully drafted and left at his office. Someone in the Chief Pilot's office had altered our report saying that we never lost control of the aircraft but were in full command at all times. We had just felt some minor binding on the controls.

The FAA administrator demanded to know why we had declared an emergency which closed the airways boxed by Winnipeg, Minot, Chicago and Minneapolis. Minor binding in the controls while we still had full command of our flight controls did not warrant our alarm and declaration of an emergency.

Not having a copy of the report we had left in Minneapolis we sat at the teletype machine and redrafted a shorter version of our report adding at the end, "photos of the iced cables were available." The TTY message was sent to the FAA and to the MSP Chief Pilot's office. Then we left for our LAX hotel still feeling tired from the previous day's activity. When the MSP Chief Pilot read the message and a count of the Polaroid photos had been conducted revealing the missing two photos the Chief Pilot called Jim at our hotel. Jim told the Chief Pilot we wanted to have photos of the incident and that Dave had them.

My phone rang and when I picked up the phone the Chief Pilot began explaining that the photos were NWA property and I had stolen them and they were to be



Most of the Ice had been chipped away before we could get a camera. And the scupper drain covers had been re-installed.

The top two cables are the aileron push/pull cables and the bottom two are for the wing spoilers.

Note the ice still attached to the wheel well wall. The ice had enveloped both sets of control cables.

This view is in the Left Body Wheelwell looking forward.

returned immediately. He apparently did not appreciate us having evidence that disagreed with his version of the incident report.

I assured the Chief Pilot I would return the Polaroid photos as soon as possible and ask if he preferred a five by seven copy or an eight by ten. He nicely asked me to explain that statement and I confessed that I had already mailed the Polaroids to a photo lab to be copied and that the other two crew members wanted eight by tens but he could have either. We were suddenly cut off when he evidently dropped his phone heavily into its normal resting place.

I was bothered later when a company newsletter contained an article written by a FLAP working in the Chief Pilots office that discussed our event had told everyone that we could have easily handled the situation just by applying some opposite rudder. The FLAP based his opinion on his extensive Cessna 172 time. I wrote a letter to the Chief Pilot's office requesting that his office send a letter of appreciation to our ATC controller, Gary Sternitzky for his excellent help during our emergency but the Chief Pilot did not think a letter of appreciation was appropriate. So I wrote a personal letter to the sector administrator commending the controller and received a very nice response and the FAA sector administrator included a copy of the letter of commendation from the FAA to the controller. In the ensuing years I would often pass through the same flight corridor and each time thanked the controller for his assistance.

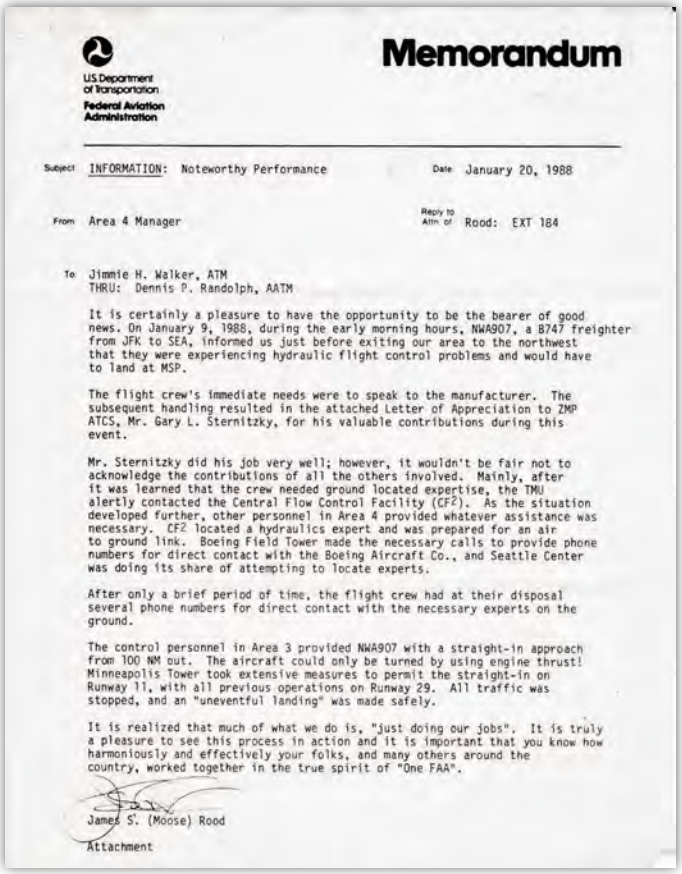
Two years later on a fishing trip to Minot I learned the local Minot radio station monitored the center frequencies and had recorded our conversations during the incident while we discussed landing at Minot or on a frozen lake. The radio station played the tape each day for two weeks to their audience.

I also wanted to include our narrative and photos of the iced cables in the company pilot newsletter but could never obtain permission. I did post copies of the photos in some pilot lounges along with our revised narrative. Someone kept removing them but I carried copies that I showed other 747 crews. No change was made to the B747 Emergency procedures. And no emphasis was placed on the preflight procedure to ensure the scupper drains, up nearly 20 ft from the ground, were tightly covered.

Boeing changed the control cable system for the B747-400. Boeing installed a drum that allowed the use of the opposite wing controls if one side of control cables were frozen.

Jim passed away from an illness in 2004. He was one of the finest men and one of the best pilots at NWA.

I still have the Polaroids. ✈



U.S. Department of Transportation
Federal Aviation Administration

Memorandum

Subject: INFORMATION: Noteworthy Performance — Date: January 20, 1988

From: Area 4 Manager — Reply to Attn of: Rood: EXT 184

To: Jimmie H. Walker, ATM
THRU: Dennis P. Randolph, AATM

It is certainly a pleasure to have the opportunity to be the bearer of good news. On January 9, 1988, during the early morning hours, NWA907, a B747 freighter from JFK to SEA, informed us just before exiting our area to the northwest that they were experiencing hydraulic flight control problems and would have to land at MSP.

The flight crew's immediate needs were to speak to the manufacturer. The subsequent handling resulted in the attached Letter of Appreciation to ZMP ATCS, Mr. Gary L. Sternitzky, for his valuable contributions during this event.

Mr. Sternitzky did his job very well; however, it wouldn't be fair not to acknowledge the contributions of all the others involved. Mainly, after it was learned that the crew needed ground located expertise, the TMU alertly contacted the Central Flow Control Facility (CF2). As the situation developed further, other personnel in Area 4 provided whatever assistance was necessary. CF2 located a hydraulics expert and was prepared for an air to ground link. Boeing Field Tower made the necessary calls to provide phone numbers for direct contact with the Boeing Aircraft Co., and Seattle Center was doing its share of attempting to locate experts.

After only a brief period of time, the flight crew had at their disposal several phone numbers for direct contact with the necessary experts on the ground.

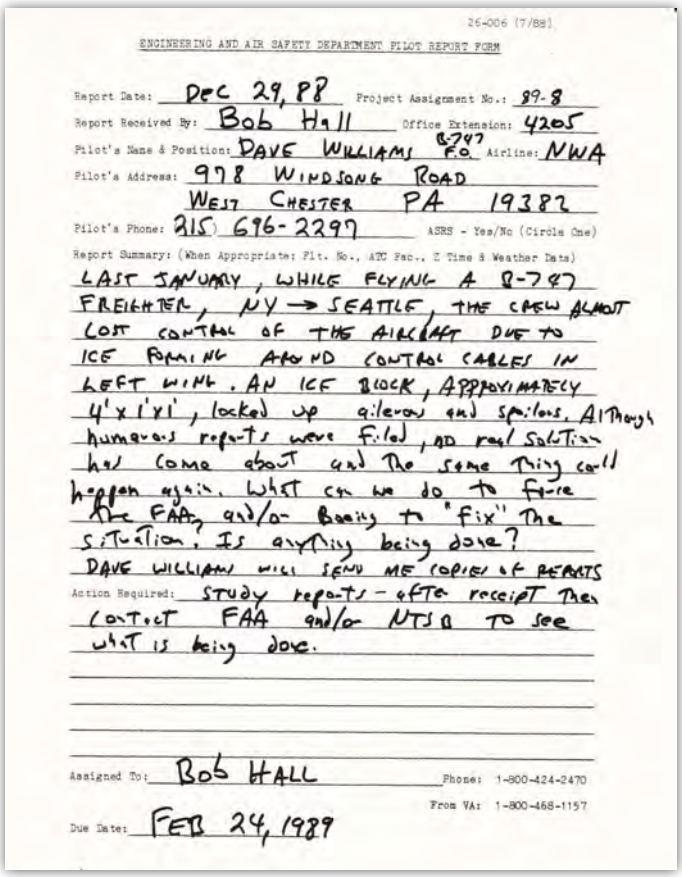
The control personnel in Area 3 provided NWA907 with a straight-in approach from 100 NM out. The aircraft could only be turned by using engine thrust! Minneapolis Tower took extensive measures to permit the straight-in on Runway 11, with all previous operations on Runway 29. All traffic was stopped, and an "uneventful landing" was made safely.

It is realized that much of what we do is, "just doing our jobs". It is truly a pleasure to see this process in action and it is important that you know how harmoniously and effectively your folks, and many others around the country, worked together in the true spirit of "One FAA".

James S. (Moose) Rood

Attachment

FAA letter of commendation to Air Traffic Controller Gary Sternitzky



26-006 (7/88)

ENGINEERING AND AIR SAFETY DEPARTMENT PILOT REPORT FORM

Report Date: Dec 29, 88 — Project Assignment No.: 89-8
Report Received By: Bob Hall — Office Extension: 4205
Pilot's Name & Position: DAVE WILLIAMS B-747 F.O. — Airline: NWA
Pilot's Address: 978 WINDSONG ROAD
WEST CHESTER PA 19382
Pilot's Phone: 215 696-2297 — ASRS - Yes/No (Circle One)

Report Summary: (When Appropriate: Flt. No., ATC Fac., Z Time & Weather Data)
LAST JANUARY, WHILE FLYING A B-747 FREIGHTER, NY → SEATTLE, THE CREW ALMOST LOST CONTROL OF THE AIRCRAFT DUE TO ICE FORMING AROUND CONTROL CABLES IN LEFT WING. AN ICE BLOCK, APPROXIMATELY 4'x1'x1', locked up aileron and spoilers. Although numerous reports were filed, NO real solution has come about and the same thing could happen again. What can we do to force the FAA, and/or Boeing to "fix" the situation. Is anything being done?
DAVE WILLIAMS WILL SEND ME COPIES OF REPORTS

Action Required: STUDY reports - after receipt then contact FAA and/or NTSB to see what is being done.

Assigned To: Bob HALL — Phone: 1-800-424-2470
From VA: 1-800-468-1157

Due Date: FEB 24, 1989

ALPA Air Safety Report

ROAST PORK

CIVIL WAR, BASEBALL AND PRISON FOOD

By frequent contributor Darrel Smith

Our entire group gathered before a four-foot wide heavy steel door. On command, this massive door slid slowly to one side and we were told to step forward. Another security door stopped our progress as the first slowly closed behind us.

We were trapped between these formidable doors! Only a few seconds later this second door opened allowing us to walk into a large room occupied by many prisoners lounging about in their prison attire. With a loud metallic clang the door locked behind us indicating that we were actually "in prison."

We had just entered the Fort Pillow State Prison in West Tennessee, located on a bluff above the Mississippi River. Each year the prison fielded a baseball team but due to the backgrounds of the players all the games were "home games". There was no traveling squad! We were a small town baseball team and on this Sunday afternoon we were to test our skills against this prison team.

The noise of that second door slamming shut definitely heightened my apprehension. Suddenly, a large black prisoner threw his arm around my neck and aggressively tried to pull me toward the floor. My fears were confirmed. I was only seventeen but it was abundantly clear that my life was over!

This prison was located near the original Fort Pillow, a Civil War fortification of dirt and logs named in honor of Confederate General Gideon Johnson Pillow who oversaw its construction in 1862. Only a few months after its completion the Southern troops abandoned it due to the Union Army successes in the near vicinity. There was a real possibility that they could be cut off from the main Confederate Army.

Union forces took over the vacated facility and used it to protect shipping along the Mississippi River. About two years later the celebrated Southern General, Nathan Bedford Forrest, who had been raiding the West Tennessee and Southern Kentucky area, made the decision to attack and eliminate this Union stronghold.

General Forrest's army attacked on 12 April 1864. The battle raged for several hours but it became apparent that the defenders, about half of whom were recently freed slaves, could not hold off the superior Southern force.

It was reported that many Union soldiers tried to sur-

render but were shot down even though they had already put down their weapons. This battle has gone down in history as the worst massacre of the Civil War. There were a total of about 600 men at the Fort as the battle began. Only 150 survived.

That summer I played on three independent baseball teams whose games were scheduled on different days of the week. The home field of this particular team was Kerrville, Tennessee, a very small town consisting of one store, one cotton gin and only a very few houses. The majority of the team's players were farmers from the surrounding area who worked hard in their fields day after day but dropped everything in order to take part in the weekly game. They loved the competition!

About halfway through that summer we were shocked and excited as we were issued the first real uniforms of our lives. We were never to know who financed these uniforms.

My Dad loved baseball! I think as a young man he had dreamed of growing up and becoming a professional baseball player. In his mind this would rescue him from the drudgery of living in poverty on small farms as his family had always done. His love of the game was a gift to me. Regardless of the work that had to be neglected, he always allowed and encouraged me to play on these teams. On every possible occasion he would attend my games as a spectator.

As I grew into my teens it was evident that I possessed some of the skills required to play the game. I could throw hard, run relatively fast and consistently hit the ball. I think my Dad thought these skills might enable me to play at a much higher level. He was wrong!

"Robert! Robert! Is that you"? This young, strong and seemingly aggressive black prisoner was my old friend, Robert. We had worked and laughed together many times as we went about our duties on my parents' little farm. He seemed to be very excited to see me, and his pretending "to rough me up" was his way of showing it.

He had been arrested and found guilty of theft to such a degree that he was now in the "Pen." He was just a good-natured young black man who had slipped off the straight and narrow and ended up in trouble. I never saw him again and have often wondered what sort of life he lived.

Our team was escorted through the prison's main building out to the baseball field. Home plate was located in a corner of the prison yard. Bleachers had been set up outside the fence to accommodate family, friends and other spectators.

The main prison building with a large coal (the source of energy at the time) storage area attached was located in deep left field. As the game progressed we learned that this coal bin would receive many home run balls—none from our team but a bunch from the prison team. Some of these guys were really good!

We could only watch in amazement as the inmates demonstrated their considerable skills. One big young man seemed to possess the ability to play professional baseball. On one occasion he came to bat while I was playing third base. His extremely hot grounder zipped by me so fast that I had absolutely no time to react. In the end I was just happy to get through the game without serious injury.

Some of us commented to the coach of the prison team that this player appeared to have real possibilities. The coach sort of chuckled and replied that he did possess tremendous ability but upon his release from prison at the age of 64 he might be a bit old for the big leagues.

Well, our little country team never had a chance, the prison team scored at will. We were actually relieved when the game and our humiliation came to an end. The game ended with our Kerrville amateurs on the receiving end of a good-natured roasting!

We had not been briefed as to what would happen next. Licking our wounds, the team was gathered and escorted through the main prison mess hall. The inmates were sitting at long tables eating from metal trays. The meal of the day was a serving of some sort of gray soup and a large square of cornbread. It looked rather unappetizing.

We filed through this depressing room into the guards' area where we were seated in a comfortable and well-lighted dining room. Prisoners, dressed in white uniforms, immediately supplied our tables with platters of some of the best food I had ever tasted.

On the farm back home the standard for cooking was frying—if it was destined for the dinner table it was most likely fried first. I loved that food and never dreamed that there was anything different available.

The platters of steaming roast pork and succulent vegetables were beyond my wildest dreams. It may sound strange but this was an astonishing gourmet delight. Man, was it ever delicious!

This unimportant episode was a small step for this farm boy into the wonders of the world. I loved it.

My wife Glenda, also from a small farm, and I have been fortunate to have traveled the world. During these travels we have sampled the foods of many cultures in many countries. That roast pork dinner boosted my courage to seek and sample the many varied offerings of this world in which we live.

I will always remember that day, since the food opened my mind to things that were beyond anything that I could have ever imagined.

ABQ/SANTA FE REUNION

September 12,13,14

Photos by your Editor except as noted

Touring the Eclipse factory at ABQ Airport.

FIRST TIMERS

Larry & Mavis Stears, Bob & Gretchen Gould, Roseanne & Doug Jones, Joyce Kennedy, Shelly Stallworth, Bud Cheney, Junko Palin, Carolyn Cheney, Larry Kennedy, Linda & Larry Potton, George Groth

Banquet Evening

My goal for these events has always been to get a photo of everyone present. I came close here, but I didn't make it. In fact I never have! Most no-shows are busy talking, which is, after all, what it's all about.

– Ed.

Bruce Armstrong & Gail Olsen, Cindy Erickson, Kathleen Palmen, Phil & Eileen Hallin

Ron & Carol Vandervort, Bud & Carolyn Cheney, Don & Edith Schrope, Al & Ina Sovereign, Ty Beason & Barbara Beckert

Bob & Gretchen Gould, Kay Kurtz, Judy Huff, Prim Hamilton, Bill & Betty Huff, Larry & Linda Potton

Doug & Barbara Peterson, Evangeline Vollrath & John Peikert, K. C. & Martha Kohlbrand, Danny Camp

Ivars & Bev Skuja, Myron & Gayla Bredahl, Gary & Barbara Pisel, Larry & Lenice Daudt, Sheri Ball, Bonnie Gehrmann

Pat & Suzanne Donlan, Lyle & Barbara Prouse, Larry & Mavis Stears, Gary & Nancie Russ, Dino & Karen Oliva

Sterling & Nadine Bentsen, Skip & Kathy Eglet, Wayne & Kathy Stark, Jack & Alayn Hudspeth, Ron Hudspeth

Dick & Gail Dodge

Bennie Green, George & Bobbie Lachinski, Donna Pauly & Art Chetlain

Rex & Kathee Nelick, Tony & Deneen Polgar, Les & Julie McNamee, Bob & Judy Royer, Hal & Shirley Newton

Dayle Yates, Tom & Sue Ebner, Carl & Meme Simmons, John & Claire Lackey

Howie & Marilyn Leland, James & Carolyn Pancharian, Denny Olden & Shelly Stallworth, Charlie & NanSea Welsh, Junko Palin, Eileen Halverson

Larry & Joyce Kennedy, Terry & Lynne Confer, Gene & Helen Frank, Ralph & Jill Christ, Doug & Roseanne Jones

Gordon & Mary Ann Wotherspoon, Jack & Camille Herbst, Neal & Carolyn Henderson, Hal Hocket, Charlie & Janeece Leeuw

Kathee Nelick

Denny Olden & Shelly Stallworth, Karen & Dino Oliva

Kathee & Rex Nelick being serenaded

Dick Dodge

Lookout Neal! The shot at left is from a really great slideshow by Dick Dodge. I encourage you to check it out here: **rnpa.org>photos>ABQ Reunion**

President's Reception

Bruce Armstrong & Gail Olsen

Tony & Deneen Polgar

President Pisel presents the Albuquerque Fire Department with 501 stuffed animals for distressed children

"Out West we tell our cowboys,
'So Long and Happy Trails!'
I'll tell my fellow jet jockey cowboys,
'So Long and Happy Contrails!'"

– Doug Parrott

This best-dressed couple were guests of honor at the ABQ Reunion banquet. Looking as if he were heading to the airport for a trip, 90 year old Doug Parrott wore the same uniform he retired in 30 years earlier. Doug addressed the group and presented this poem that he had written.

He is a consistent favorite of every Northwest pilot I know. When searching a dictionary for "gentleman" one might expect to find his picture.

Did you know that he is a published author? He brought a few copies of his new book, but they didn't last long. If you would like a *signed copy* send $15 to: Doug Parrott
15596 US Hwy 12W
Roundup MT 59072-6223

– Ed.

Doug & Shirley Parrott

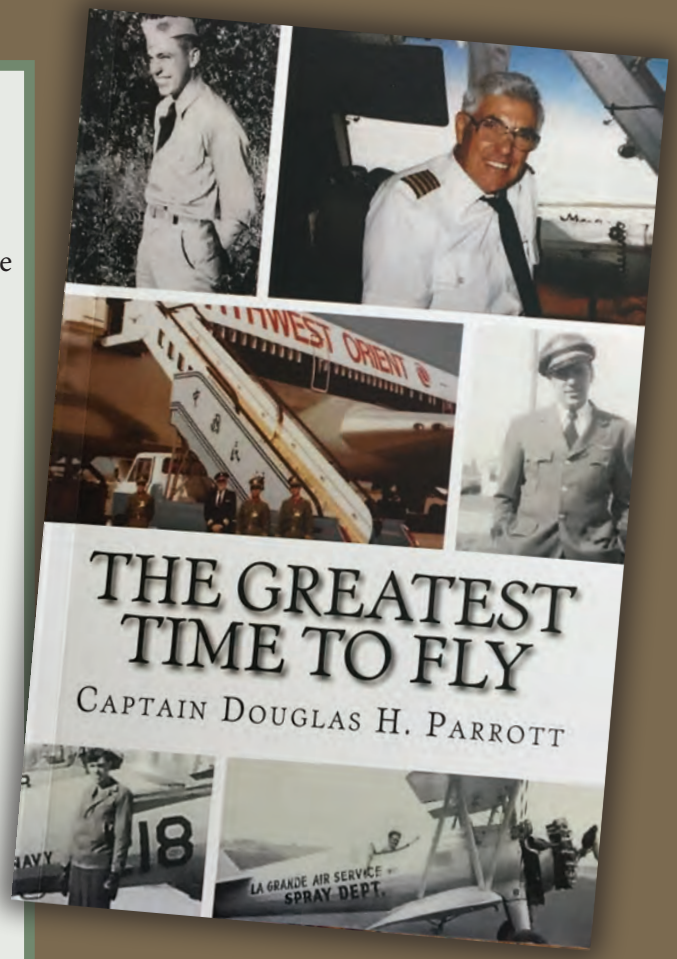
Ode to a Wonderful Aviation Career

I marvel at the changes I've seen down through the years.
From the Boeing Stearman open cockpit Bi-Plane,
To the Douglas DC-3 and Boeing Jumbo Jets.
From mountain Airway Beacons and Low Frequency Radio Range
To VOR, DME, GPS, and Radar Separation.
From over water Navigators,
To LORAN, Doppler and INS Navigation.

Although I'm now a "has been" and the game has passed me by,
When all is said and done I've no regrets.
I've never flown around the world, I've never won a race,
I've never tried to reach the speed of sound,
No epic flight, no daring deeds, nor have I thrilled,
The crowd with trick and fancy flying near the ground.

My name is not emblazoned in the books of flying lore,
Nor the Aviation Hall of Fame,
But when my logs are tallied up the pages will reveal,
I've done a lot of flying just the same.

No one can slow the March of Time, nor stay the hand of Fate,
And certain things we have to understand,
No flight can cruise forever—soon we all must throttle back,
Drop the wheels and bring her in to land.
And me? Flying now is all fun and pleasure,
Flying my pretty 310 is now time that I Treasure!
And while the years pass swiftly by,
I'll dream and reminisce,
And watch the jets lay contrails in the sky.



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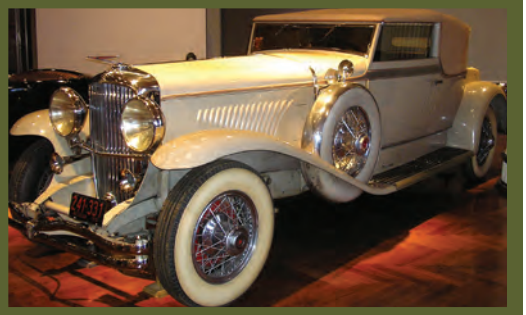
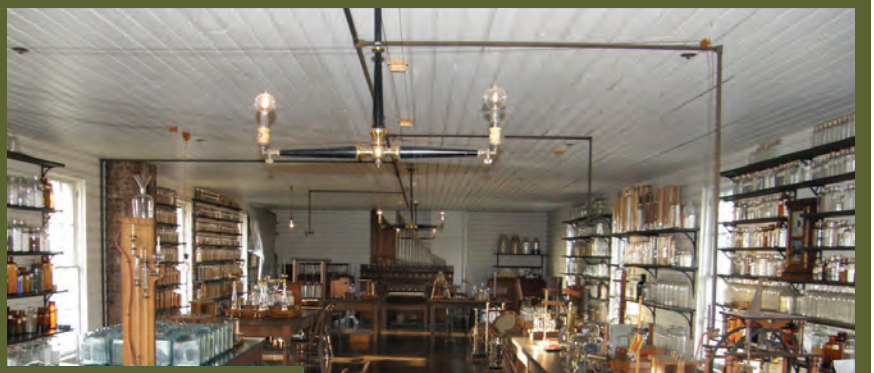
SEPTEMBER 14-15-16





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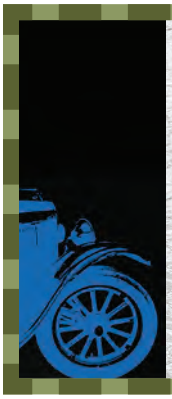
· President's Reception · Henry Ford Museum (much more than just Ford cars!) · Greenfield Village · Ford Rouge River Tour (see the F150 built) · Banquet · Meetings · Ladies' Coffee ·

Continuous all day 25 passenger bus service between hotel and museum—from 9:15 until 5:15—about a 10 to 15 minute one way trip.

Banquet Meal Choices:

1. Roulade of Chicken Breast (stuffed with spinach, tomato and artichoke)
2. Hazelnut crusted Grouper



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Name _____ ☐ ☐

email: _____

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9670 E Little Further Way
Gold Canyon AZ 85118

DEADLINE:
August 15th

1. Chicken ☐ 2. Grouper ☐

Don't forget

First timers? ☐

THE LAST HERK OUT OF VIETNAM

THE C-130 ON DISPLAY AT THE FRONT GATE OF LITTLE ROCK AFB, ARKANSAS

This C-130A Hercules was the 126th built by Lockheed Aircraft Corporation of Marietta, Georgia. It was accepted into the Air Force inventory on 23 August 1957. On 2 November 1972, it was given to the South Vietnamese Air Force as part of the Military Assistance Program. A few years later, the aircraft would be involved in a historic flight.

On 29 April 1975, this Herk was the last out of Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. With over 100 aircraft destroyed on the flight line at Tan Son Nhut Air Base, some of them still burning, it was the last flyable C-130 remaining. In a very panicked state, hundreds of people were rushing to get aboard, as the aircraft represented a final ticket to freedom.

People hurriedly crowded into the Herk, packing in tighter and tighter. Eventually, the loadmaster informed the pilot, Major Phuong, a South Vietnamese instructor pilot, that he could not get the rear ramp closed due to the number of people standing on it. In a moment of inspiration, Major Phuong slowly taxied forward, then hit the brakes. The loadmaster called forward again stating he had successfully got the doors closed.

In all, 452 people were on board, including a staggering 32 in the cockpit alone. Using a conservative estimate of 100 pounds per person, it translated into an overload of at least 10,000 pounds. Consequently, the Herk used every bit of the runway and overrun before it was able to get airborne. The target was Thailand, which should have been 1:20 in flight time, but after an hour and a half, the aircraft was over the Gulf of Siam, and they were clearly lost. Finally, a map was located, they identified some terrain features, and they were able to navigate. They landed at Utapao, Thailand after a three and a half hour flight.

Ground personnel were shocked at what "fell out" as they opened the doors. It was clear that a longer flight would almost certainly have resulted in a loss of life. In the end, however, all 452 people made it to freedom aboard this historic C-130.

Four hundred and fifty two very happy passengers and I'll wager there wasn't one complaint about the service!

Upon landing, the aircraft was reclaimed by the United States Air Force and assigned to two different Air National Guard units for the next 14 years.

On 28 June 1989, it made its final flight to Little Rock Air Force Base and placed on permanent display.

(Contributed by Dan Stack)

Seattle Christmas Party

DEC. 8TH

10:30 TIL 3:00

GIFT BASKETS 065002

& OTHER PRIZES 065002

Luncheon Menu

Seared **Chicken Breast** w/ pecans and pomegranate molasses

OR

Seared **Salmon** w/ horseradish marmalade

both choices served with a green salad, starch and veggie

Christmas Chocolate Torte for dessert!

$35 per person

Emerald Downs Racetrack

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Amount enclosed: $35 x ____ = _____

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By John Holzemer

I've been retired for almost 20 years and finally found time to sort through a box full of airline memorabilia and miscellaneous company paperwork. What to do with 30 years worth of pay stubs and all those orange log books full of second officer time? Most got chucked but the incident reports were interesting and brought back some memories. My career was mostly uneventful; an engine failure on a DC 10, a few maintenance issues and some passenger problems but nothing like a landing on the Potomac or the 747 rudder problem on Northwest flight 85 in 2002. I did, however, have one incident that was a little unnerving.

The flight started as a 757 turn-around from Detroit to Tampa. The weather was good—a few clouds in Florida—and the logbook was clean except that the right engine bleed was placarded inoperative. A quick check of the minimum equipment list confirmed that we were legal to go. The first officer remembered hearing in training that the 757 was a very "tight ship" and that even if both bleeds were to quit at cruise altitudes that the cabin would only climb about 500 feet per minute, so off we went.

The climb and cruise were routine until during the descent with the engines at idle we entered a cloud layer, turned on engine heat, and the cabin started a slow climb. That did not seem normal so we advised maintenance control and noted the problem in the log book for Tampa. The Tampa mechanic could not find any problems but he did reset the inoperative bleed, signed off the logbook, and we continued on our schedule back to Detroit.

The takeoff and climb out of Tampa were normal until the right engine bleed quit again. We were level at flight level 230 and entered some weather. On went the engine heat and up went the cabin again. Now the problem was getting our attention. Fortunately, we flew out of the weather but I was reluctant to climb and advised maintenance. We agreed that we should divert to Memphis where there was a full maintenance facility. The weather was clear from our current position to Memphis so we continued at the low altitude and landed in Memphis without incident.

The maintenance chief met our flight and advised that his checks would take a couple of hours and that the company had decided to move our passengers to another flight. He explained that in addition to testing the bleeds they would be doing a "bleed down check" and that the entire crew would have to leave the aircraft. This check involved closing the aircraft doors, starting both engines, and pressurizing the aircraft on the ground looking for leaks. The crew took advantage of the time and went for a leisurely lunch at the airport.

When we returned maintenance was just finishing the signoff and we were being refueled. The maintenance chief said that they could not find any leaks but did comment that pressurization leaks were more difficult to find since the airline had eliminated smoking—no more cigarette tar stains on the fuselage. The lead flight attendant advised that the agents were unable to re-route three passengers and that they would be traveling with us to Detroit. So the eight of us (two pilots, three flight attendants, and three passengers) departed Memphis and headed for Detroit.

The takeoff and climb were normal but I did request that ATC let us stay at flight level 210 for a few minutes. Paranoia ruled. A few minutes after level off we received

an ACARS message from maintenance control asking us to write down some bleed pressures for them. At high altitudes I would have refused but at this low altitude I agreed.

I was flying and the first officer was performing the checks. He turned off the left engine bleed and was writing down some pressures as requested when all of a sudden the right engine bleed quit and we experienced a rapid decompression including some fogging. Reminded me of the Air Force altitude chamber where we got a lot of fogging along with some very odiferous smell—but I digress.

On went the cabin warning horn and on went our oxygen masks, engines to idle, speed brakes up, and the nose pointed down to attain emergency descent speed. The first officer declared an emergency and read the emergency check list. As the speed increased so did the shaking as we descended to our target altitude of 10,000 feet and leveled off. Just as we were removing our masks ATC called and asked if we would "un-declare our emergency." We agreed and I concentrated on getting my voice back to a normal octave range so I could give a PA to the cabin crew and our three passengers.

When the PA was done a very distressed lead flight attendant opened the cockpit door. We could look back and see all of the oxygen masks hanging down, still swinging around a little. Then we received several radio calls from other flights congratulating us on our successful descent. Seems that we were both reading and responding to the checklist on the ATC frequency rather than the intercom and the whole world was hearing us. Remember those three position switches on the yoke that we rarely used? Anyway, that's my excuse.

ATC or someone advised the company of our plight and we received another ACARS message asking us to call dispatch on the radio. After a little discussion about our current position, fuel load, the en-route and Detroit weather we agreed to continue the flight to Detroit at 10,000 feet. We did get one bleed back on and stabilized the cabin pressurization but there would be no higher altitudes on this day. On landing in Detroit we were met by several maintenance supervisors and the agent handed me a note to call the chief pilot at home "at my earliest convenience." We hung around for a while answering questions and I then headed for a local hotel to standby on reserve.

Several weeks went by and I received a call from a friend in maintenance. We were in the Air Force reserves together and he thought I would like to know the results of the maintenance investigation. He explained that several weeks prior to our incident a baggage loader had damaged our aft cargo door. The damage was severe enough that the ship was ferried to Seattle for repair. The door was repaired successfully but somehow the door seal was inadvertently not re-installed. Basically, if you were to add up all of the many square inches of this seal we had what was equivalent to a large hole in the fuselage.

Guess this is the one incident report I will keep. What a great career.

NORTH PUGET SOUND SUMMER PICNIC

La Conner, Washington in the Skagit Valley • Famous for the fields of tulips each April

Doug & Roseanne Jones

Rich Conrad, Pat Dills

Photos by Roseanne Jones

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Andrea Schneebeck, Turid Dassel, Margie Plimpton

Bill Day, Connie Bowen, Lynn Day

Bob Higgins, Ron Vandervort, Doug Millar, Dave Kocher

Jim & Ruth Seccombe, Sterling Bentsen

Nick & Linda Niccum, Dave Bowen

Skip & Kathy Eglet

Demetri Vasiliades, Kathy Oldow, Dave Wilder

Chuck Ringer, Bill Barrott, Jake Olliffe, Bill Day

Kathy Eglet, Ginny Baker, Mary Ann & Bill Noland,

Claus Dassel, Doug Jones

Sig Herman, Dave Schneebeck

Dan Dumas, Walt Plimpton, Nadine Bentsen, Ruthie Dumas

Ron Vandervort, Doug & Anne Millar, Carol Vandervort

Bruce Berger, Len & Myra Lipman, B.J. & Gerri Molé

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Kent Sawyer, Joyce & Marty Foy

MSP CHRISTMAS PARTY

THURSDAY DEC. 8TH

11287 Klamath Trail, Lakeville, MN
Social Hour: 11:00AM – Luncheon: 12:30PM

Entrée Choices:
1. Champagne Chicken
2. Walleye
3. Prime Rib

$39 PER PERSON

DEADLINE DEC. 2ND

Circle your meal choice

Name: ---------- 1 2 3

Spouse/Guest: ---------- 1 2 3

email: ----------

Mail check for $_____ payable to **MSP RNPA Christmas Party** to:

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Apple Valley MN 55124

Your 2016 Committee: Sherry / Doug Wenborg, Ann / Pete Brown, Sharon / Ken Kreutzmann, Steve Lillyblad, Diane / Jim Kary, Kittie / Ray Alexander, Kathleen Palmen, Bob Blad, Sara / Nick Modders, Joan / Gary Thompson, Stu Bauman / Linda Kelley and Beverly / Art Bein

With apologies to the Krueger family, the obituary they provided in 2005 was overlooked and never posted in Contrails. Eleven years later this is a corrective entry.

ROBERT E. KRUEGER
1923 ~ 2005

In Remembrance of my Father

Dad was a dedicated family man, friend and professional who was loved and respected by those whose lives he touched.

Many were fortunate to have known him. To some it was his sense of humor or attention to detail and excellence. For others, it was his strength of character, stamina or the values he lived. All were blessed by his generosity. Dad gave freely of his talents, time and resources.

Through difficult personal and professional times his courage was exemplary. Most certainly recollections of Dad are associated with enormous pride and great respect.

Dad will be missed deeply. His spirit will be cherished and live on in our hearts and minds.

Captain Robert Krueger, age 81, passed away June 07, 2005. He was born November 05, 1923 in Chisholm, Minnesota to Fred and Alvine Krueger, the second of four siblings.

Bob attended Chisholm High School where he excelled on the swimming team. The year after high school graduation, July 04, 1942 Bob was hired by NWA to work in Alaska supporting the Northern Region military contract. He joined future NWA pilot Red Kennedy in Alaska maintaining C-46 & C-47 cargo aircraft so necessary there. A year later he enlisted in the Army as an aviation cadet pilot candidate. Toward the end of WWII the Army predicted a future surplus of pilots and diverted some graduates to serve as commissioned flight engineers on the new B-29s—Bob was one of those. Upon completion of engineer technical training, he received his wings and commission as a 2/Lt. Bob soon deployed to Saipan where he served with the 497th Bomb Group —73rd Bomb Wing flying B-29 combat missions to Japan. After Japan surrendered Bob flew supply missions making air drops to the POW camps housing Allied prisoners. Returning to the US, he stayed in the Air Corps Reserve as a Flight Engineer until discharged with the rank of captain.

Now a civilian, Bob returned to NWA working as a mechanic at the St. Paul overhaul base. Civilian life offered him the stability needed to pursue enduring personal goals. Bob achieved one of those goals when he married Gloria Cox on Feb. 14, 1948. It was Valentine's day—was he not smooth? Together they launched a wonderful family.

Bob worked as a mechanic until 1949 when he underwent NWA FE training. He thereafter flew the DC-6, DC-7, B-377, and Lockheed L-188 as flight engineer. In the 1963-64 era NWA began phasing out the flight engineers and offered them an opportunity to upgrade to copilot (FO). Since Bob already had the military FAA competency commercial license he quickly latched onto this upgrade opportunity.

Bob flew copilot (FO) on the DC-6, DC-7, with a brief stint as 707 2/O, followed by copilot on the Boeing 727 and 707s. He upgraded to captain on the 727 in 1967. He stayed on the 727 until age 60 mandatory retirement in 1983. Bob opted to return as a Second Officer on the DC-10, which he flew until full retirement in 1989.

In retirement Bob especially enjoyed socializing with family and friends; contributing to Prairie Lutheran church in Eden Prairie, MN; volunteer work and travel excursions with airline friends. Gloria passed away October 20, 2010. The couple had 57 great years together. Bob was interned at Ft. Snelling National Cemetery on June 9, 2005.

Robert Krueger's family life can best be summarized by his children's remembrance written of him (above):

(– Bill Day)

JAMES WILLIAM BORDEN
1927 ~ 2016

Captain James "Jim" Borden, age 88, passed away on June 30, 2016. Jim was born at his maternal grandparents' home in Park Rapids, MN on October 2, 1927. His parents were Irvin and Mabel (Langguth) Borden. Jim was first born with a younger sister Virginia. The family moved around due to his father's employment with the telephone company. Jim's elementary school years were in Wadena, MN and his high school years in Fergus Falls. In high school he was a good student with a mechanical bent; in addition he was a dutiful and diligent Boy Scout achieving the rank of Eagle Scout. It was no coincidence that in the future all four of Jim's sons became Eagle Scouts.

Jim enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1945, serving honorably for four years as a Machinist's Mate aboard the hospital ship USS Bountiful (AH-9) and the tanker USS Monongahela (AO-42). While stationed on the island of Okinawa, Jim developed his interest in flying by acquiring a FAA private pilot certificate. After separating from the Navy, Jim used his G.I. Bill to attend the Spartan School of Aeronautics in Tulsa, OK where he acquired additional pilot ratings. Spartan was a training ground for many NWA pilots.

On April 27, 1953 Jim began his 34 year career with Northwest Airlines. Thereafter Jim's life centered around aviation; as a NWA pilot he flew almost everything in the inventory during his era, from the DC-4 up to the classic 747. Jim logged a lot of time in the Boeing 727 and was flying captain on the 'three hole r' when the bulk of the 1965-1967 new hire pilots hit the line. I was to be one of his more challenging copilots during that era. Poor Jim agonized over teaching me how to deal with the last ten feet of flight onto the runway. I recall Jim quipping that he did not know when he bid his schedule that month that he was also required to be an instructor pilot.

Jim's mandatory retirement was effective on October 01, 1987. Once retired, Jim remained active as a Northwest Airlines historian, having accumulated extensive files of archival research over the years. Jim owned several private aircraft and enjoyed restoring antique airplanes such as his classic 1930 WACO biplane and J-3 Cub. He also affiliated himself with numerous aviation groups including the Minnesota Wing Civil Air Patrol, Quiet Birdmen and Marginal Aviation. Photos from Jim's vast NWA collection have been used in at least a hundred magazine articles, books, and display panels. Not many of his airline peers knew that Jim was a competent writer and was one of the main researchers credited in the Minnesota Aviation History Book, printed in 1993. It is therefore no surprise to learn that Jim served on the board of the Minnesota Aviation Hall of Fame. However, it wasn't all about airplanes, Jim was also into downhill skiing, motorcycling, antique car restoration, and a tractor enthusiast. If it was mechanical, Jim Borden was probably interested.

Jim and Irene were married in 1985 and bonded tightly for 31 years. Both Jim and his wife, Irene Norgen Casber, had previous marriages. Jim had five children with his first marriage and Irene had three children from her previous marriage. In 1991 Jim and Irene relocated from the Twin Cities to Jim's boyhood home of Park Rapids. This past June 28th Jim entered Park Rapid's St. Joseph's Hospital after a terminal internal injury. Irene passed away in the same hospital just 18 days later. The survivors are Jim's sister Virginia Lee; his sons Brian, Lee, twins Kevin and Kelly; his daughter Lynn and their nine grandchildren. He is also survived by Irene's three children; her daughters Sandra and Tracy, her son Cary and their three grandchildren. *(– Bill Day)*

WILBERT "WILL" BRADLEY
1925 ~ 2016

Captain Wilbert 'Will' Bradley, age 90, passed away peacefully in his son's arms on July 27, 2016. Born December 12, 1925 to Vincent and Mabel Bradley of Isle, Minnesota. He was raised on a dairy farm near Isle, MN. Soon after high school Will was drafted into the US Navy.

Will served as a sailor aboard the USS Gwin, a Navy destroyer minelayer that saw heavy action in the Battle of Okinawa. After repeated attacks, USS Gwin was hit by a kamikaze aircraft that embedded itself into the aft gun platform. Despite two men killed (one either the CO or Exec), eleven injured, and two missing, the ship continued fighting and shot down other attacking aircraft. This ship saw extensive action throughout the Pacific.

After the war, Will decided to stay on the west coast and sought employment in the Seattle area. At a dance hall in what is now SeaTac, WA, Will met the owner of Smith Aviation Company in Renton. The owner, discerning that Will had an interest in aviation, clued Will in about GI bill funded flight training. Our man was on his way. Will stayed on at Smith Aviation working as a flight instructor (CFI) before becoming a personal pilot for a Rocky Mountain cattle baron with extensive operations in Canada and Montana. This is how he accumulated sufficient flight time to be eligible for employment with NWA.

Will was hired by NWA on November 25, 1952. His first crew position was copilot on the DC-3, thereafter he flew the DC-4, 6, 7, 10, Lockheed L-188, and the Boeing 720/320, 727, and classic 747. Because seasonal layoffs were common during his early years at NWA, Will held onto a backup job at Boeing. His supervisors would comment, "Oh, you are back, how long are you here for this time?" Initial captain upgrade was on the Boeing 727, followed by the 707, DC-10 and lastly the classic 747.

Will retired as a senior captain on the 747 in Seattle on December 11, 1985. Marv Peterson reports that he and Stu Schroeder agreed that it was absolute pleasure to work with Will. "One of my best IDOLS and such a gentleman!" Many fellow crew members lauded Will as a favorite. In a humorous context, it was reported that "Will could wiggle his ears while flying an approach." Denny Swanson often flew copilot with Will, including his final flight, and remembers how "meticulous" Will was with his pre-flight checks. Denny also stated he was a man of few words, which was very true to his character and reflected in his home life as well.

That home life began with his marriage to Bonny Seaman of Renton, WA in 1953. The couple settled in Auburn, WA where they raised their family. Bonny was a special wife to Will, together they would watch the televised Seahawks and Mariners games. Although it was not his forte, Will played along with Bonny on her fishing trips and enjoyed himself.

In retirement Will and Bonnie stayed active hosting holiday gatherings, working in their yard, and spending time with their grandchildren. Like many pilots, Will enjoyed working with his hands "tinkering." One of his favorite pastimes was restoring antique tractors. One winter, he combined two FARMALL tractors into one. This tractor is dubbed "double trouble" for its two engines, two transmissions and two clutches, but only one brake pedal.

Will was preceded in death by his wife Bonny in 2013. The couple earlier lost both their daughter Robin Laverne and son James Patrick to cancer. Will is survived by his son Mark and his wife, three grandchildren and two great grandchildren. *(– Bill Day)*

BERNARD N. PHILLIPS
1941 ~ 2016

Captain Bernard N. Phillips (Mandelkern), age 74, "flew west" on June 12, 2016 following a brief illness. Bernard had a last name change from Mandelkern to Phillips during his tenure at Northwest Airlines.

Bernard was born to Riyka and Bernard Mandelkern in Buffalo, New York. He had one sibling, his sister Susan. Bernard's parents were professional musicians (violinists) with the Buffalo Symphony. His upbringing was in a fertile intellectual environment. Bernard attended Park School and subsequently received a B.A. degree in Mathematics from the University of New York at Buffalo.

After additional studies at the Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences at NYU, Bernard enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard. The USCG trained Bernard as a celestial cartographer and he eventually deployed to Antarctica to "winter over" on the ice. Upon honorable discharge from the Coast Guard, Bernard applied for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) Basic Officer Training Course (BOTC). The NOAA Commissioned Officer Corps is one of the seven uniformed services of the United States.

Bernard's officer training course (BOTC -#24) was held at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy. NOAA Officers are required to serve three years of sea duty as deck officers. After his obligatory sea duty, and in view of having acquired a FAA private pilots license, Bernard was selected for NOAA pilot training. Trained by the U.S. Navy, Bernard had several aircraft duty assignments which were a precursor to an assignment to NOAA's Aircraft Operations Center at MacDill AFB, FL. It was there he made his career niche flying the WP-3D (a highly modified Lockheed P-3) for the National Hurricane Center. Prior to retirement he achieved the grade of Commander (O-5) and was an WP-3D instructor pilot. After NOAA retirement he pursued his love of flying by securing employment as a pilot with Northwest Airlines.

On May 29, 1987, at the advanced age of 45 years, Bernard began an airline career at NWA. He came on board already an experienced pilot. His FAA ATP certificate lists the following ratings: A-320, B-727, B-757/767, DC-9, L-188, and Cessna CE-500. He reached mandatory retirement age of 60 on July 18, 2001, but returned to fly Second Officer on the classic 747 until age 63.

Bernard was an accomplished traveler and relished an active lifestyle. An avid skier and ski instructor, he could often be seen on the Vail and Aspen slopes. When not on the ski hill, he pursued his other passion— music. Bernard played the cello throughout his life, participating in numerous chamber groups and orchestras. He most recently played his cello with the Symphony in the Valley and High Country Sinfonia Chamber Orchestra. As all who knew him can attest, Bernard had an intense love of life and treasured the Aspen community.

He is survived by his sister Susan Mandelkern and was preceeded in death by his brother Richard Mandelkern and his parents Bernard and Rivka Mandelkern. As his airline colleagues can testify, Bernard R Phillips (Mandelkern) brought to our midst an engaging personality and many talents and skills. *(– Bill Day)*

DAVE REPLOEG
1930 ~ 2016

NWA Pilot Dave Reploeg, age 86, passed away August 3, 2016 at his home in Excelsior, MN, having succumbed to the metastatic effects of prostate cancer.

Dave was born in rural Long Island, NY as an only child to Walter and Maria Reploeg. Early in his life his parents moved the family to a rural area near Albany, NY. Where as a teenager Dave had a brush with farming when he attempted to commercially raise chickens. His chicks perished due to a poultry disease causing Dave to lose his entire crop. Dave was a good student and early in life acquired an enduring interest in photography. Just out of high school he quickly enlisted in

the U.S. Navy before being drafted into the Army to serve in the Korean War. Dave was trained as an airplane mechanic and served aboard an aircraft carrier with the Mediterranean Sixth Fleet.

Upon completion of his USN enlistment, Dave enrolled at Spartan School of Aeronautics in Tulsa. At Spartan Dave acquired an enduring friendship with fellow student and future NWA pilot Mitch Loughlin. Both Dave and Mitch acquired FAA A&P licenses at Spartan. For a short time thereafter Dave was a mechanic for Flying Tigers and thereafter Eastern Airlines in Miami. Mitch went to work on the same airfield with National Airlines, however it was a short tenure for both as they were soon laid off. Again the inseparable pair sought airline employment, this time with NWA, and on May 03, 1958 each was hired as a mechanic at Washington National Airport (DCA). The first NWA airplane Dave touched was the Boeing Stratocruiser. In 1958 NWA flight engineers (FE) were licensed mechanics (IAM members) who worked in the NWA hangers. Dave and Mitch both received bids for flight engineer training and were checked out as FE's on the DC-6. Both also flew the line as FE on the DC-7 and the Electra.

In 1965 NWA began phasing out the flight engineer crew position, replacing them with Second Officer, and offered many FEs an opportunity to upgrade to copilot (FO). Dave opted for this upgrade opportunity. He was later flew FO on the 727, 707 series, and 747 classic. During this time Dave met Joan Mason while on a holiday trip to Jamaica and the two were married in 1969.

Dave's mandatory age 60 retirement on February 26, 1990 simply redirected his focus toward other activities. In addition to photography, Dave's artist eye inclined him to become an accomplished oil painter. His paintings hang today in the lobby of his son's physician office. Like so many of his "up from the ranks" mechanic/flight engineer contemporaries, Dave was not a shirker when it came to hard physical labor. His expertise, enthusiasm and hard work contributed to the fine landscape at the condo grounds where he lived seasonally in Longboat Key, Florida.

Dave is survived by his loving wife of 46 years, Joan (Mason); his son Mark; and grandchildren Nate and Charlotte. Dave was interned at Fort Snelling National Cemetery.

(– Bill Day)

"JIM" LANDGREN
1944 ~ 2016

Captain James Landgren, age 72, of Pine River, Minnesota passed away Tuesday, June 14, 2016. Jim was born to Earl and Amy Landgren on January 13, 1944, in Bismark, ND. The life story below was written by Jim himself. With profound respect, we will let these wonderful words stand as testimony to this special man.

"As a small town North Dakota farm kid I listened to radio ads for Northwest 'Orient' Airlines over breakfast nearly every morning and often dreamed of flying those big red tailed planes…and wished to never drive a tractor again!

"The chance to actually begin flying came during college, courtesy of the University of North Dakota Flying Club. During the next several years, as my flying continued, my interest in a flying career increased…as did the potential availability of airline positions. In 1965 the opportunity came for an interview with the 'Red Tail' airline, and I was blessed to be in the right place at the right time! Training in the 'Back' seat of the new Boeing 727 was completed in October, 1965 and then continued to a progression of seats in the 727, 707, and 747 that lasted 38+ fulfilling years.

"Seems like yesterday" is the often heard comment and it is true that other than a very few moments of sheer…discomfort…it has been like a fast-forwarded dream. Many great friends, super airplanes, memorable trips, and enjoyable destinations have provided special memories that will be revisited time and again. Flight Operatioins, the Training Department, and the entire SOC [dispatch & planning] provide the direction, skills, and tools to conduct the job safely, professionally and confidently. My wife Cherie and daughters Jennie, Megan, Kelsi, and Jaimi gave me the encouragement and support needed to pursue and enjoy this rewarding career.

"So many of you have had a part in the realization of this wonderful dream and I am forever grateful. I wish each of you smooth tailwinds and Godspeed! And remember, the next time you are pulling your contrail across northern Minnesota, somewhere below is an 'older, wider-bodied' North Dakota farm kid watching your red tail with a smile on his face...driving his old John Deere."

Jim was a classmate of mine. He was indeed at all times the kindest gentleman. Jim's hobbies and interests focused on aviation. He owned several small aircraft, teaching his wife Cherie to fly their Citabria (7ECA). About the time of his retirement he developed a growing awareness of a potential health problem. Muscle control became more problematic after age 60. At the time of his passing Jim was mostly wheel chair bound.

James is survived by his wife, Cherie Landgren; daughters Jaimi Landgren, Kelsi Compton, Megan Norelius, Jennifer Bennett; and nine grandchildren. *(– Bill Day)*

DONALD J. CHADWICK
1940 ~ 2016

Captain Donald J. Chadwick, age 76, passed from prostate cancer metastasis on July 02, 2016. Born April 08, 1940 in Torrington, Connecticut to Charles and Veronica Chadwick.

Don grew up in the small town of Litchfield, Connecticut (33 miles west), barely the older of three siblings—he was a twin. His siblings were twin brother Dennis, brother Charles and his sister Nancy. Don was active with Scouts, Little League, church, and high school soccer and baseball. He attended college at the University of Connecticut where he studied business, Army ROTC, and acquired a FAA private license.

Following college graduation Don married his sweetheart Jane Bogrett and together launched a 54 year marriage. With a new degree in hand, Don and Jane headed west to Fort Sill, Oklahoma for Army Artillery and Missile School. As soon as he completed this course Don was reassigned to Camp Wolters at Mineral Wells, TX, for primary flight training. Don excelled and was sent onto advanced helicopter training at Fort Rucker, Alabama. Wearing his new pilot wings, Don received a month of specialty training in the Piasecki (Vertol) H-21 Flying Banana helicopter before shipping out for Vietnam. Arriving in Vietnam he was cross trained in the UH-1B (single engine Huey) helicopter. Don would serve a year in Vietnam before returning PCS to... of all places, Ft. Snelling, Minnesota.

Not many were unaware of the active Army aviation company at Ft. Snelling. This small unit supported the Nike Missile sites around the Twin Cities. In 1965 the state was hit hard by seasonal floods. Don flew Vice President Humphrey around the state in a VH-19 surveying the damage. The Aviation unit continued to provide VIP transport for the Vice-President Humphrey using the same VH-34 as had been the presidential helicopter for President Eisenhower.

No doubt being assigned to Ft. Snelling gave Don inside information about NWA pilot hiring. He applied and was hired by NWA on July 05, 1966. Most of us started our careers sitting side saddle, but Don started as an Electra copilot. This crew assignment was an unexpected gift because Don was short of fixed wing time. He quickly grew to love the Electra's much acclaimed mountain flying. Don's career included duty as Second Officer on the B-727 and the B -747; Copilot on L-188 (Electra), B-720/320, B-727, B-757, DC-10, and B-747; and then Captain on B-727, B-757, DC-10, and B-747. The initial captain checkout was on the B-727 in June 1977. In March 1997 he made his last flight was on the "classic" and medically retired due to coronary artery disease.

One of Don's major strengths was his love of people. He was reputed to never gossip, nor utter a bad word about anyone. Few can be so discrete and remain an acclaimed conversationalist. Don loved traveling and between his career and personal life he was able to see so much of the world. He and Jane visited all 50 states; Don covered all seven continents, and later in life became familiar with hospitals around the world. He once fell ill on an Antarctic cruise ship and was evacuated to a hospital in the Falkland Islands. Toward the end of his life coronary problems became a problematic restraint on their lifestyles.

Don was a gifted baseball player and obviously well-coordinated. He developed a love of golf, perhaps that explains their second home in Arizona. The NWA retiree community in Phoenix is replete with Don's golfing buddies. Don was a serious student of history, not historical novels, but highly acclaimed history books.

Don and Jane also put high priorities on family connections and lived life fully to the end. He was always so proud of his close-knit and caring family and their accomplishments. Don is survived by his loving wife Jane of 54 years, their children Karen, Don, and Jennifer, their spouses and six grandchildren.

(– Bill Day)

GEORGE E. STEVENSON
1924 ~ 2016

Captain George E. Stevenson, age 91, passed away peacefully on July 19, 2016. He was born in Mendota, Illinois on October 21, 1924 to Glenn and Linda Stevenson as the youngest of three siblings.

George was raised in rural Illinois until age 10 when the family moved to St. Paul, MN. By his own admission, George thought high school a bore and requested mid-year graduation in January, 1942. Only 17 years old and not yet subject to the draft, George worked as a welder in a California ship yard and later in a Minnesota grocery store. Passing Air Corps pilot screening, George was inducted into the Army on December 07, 1942 as an Aviation Cadet. The next two years were spent undergoing rigorous flight training. George opted for multiengine aircraft training. He was commissioned and awarded his wings at Ellingham Field, Texas. Soon tiring of flying student navigators around Texas, George volunteered for duty as a B-24 Command Pilot.

January 01, 1945 George boarded a C-54 in California destined for Lea, New Guinea. For the remainder of the war George was assigned to crew #8918,

529th Bomb Squadron, 380th Bomb Group, 5th Air Force. This crew flew missions over New Guinea, Southeast Asia, the Philippines, and the Central Pacific. After the Japanese surrender crew #8918 flew armed patrols, reconnaissance flights, and POW supply flights over Japan and Japanese waters.

On October 21, 1946 George returned to Minnesota a civilian—it was his 21st birthday. A friend asked George to stand up for him at his wedding. The best man became captivated by the maid of honor and 28 days later George and Rosemary Nelson were married.

Tiring of the grocery business, George joined Northwest Airlines on July 14, 1947 as a ground agent. The agent pay check always seemed to leave him a few dollars short. When NWA started hiring pilots again George applied. His flying career began in the right seat of the DC-3. As his career progressed, George logged copilot time in the DC-4, 6, 7, Boeing 377, and the Boeing 707. His initial captain qualification was on the DC-3. Later George qualified as captain on the DC-4, DC-6, Lockheed L-188, Boeing 727, Boeing 707, DC-10 and the classic Boeing 747. Like many pilots, he had a special affection for the DC-10.

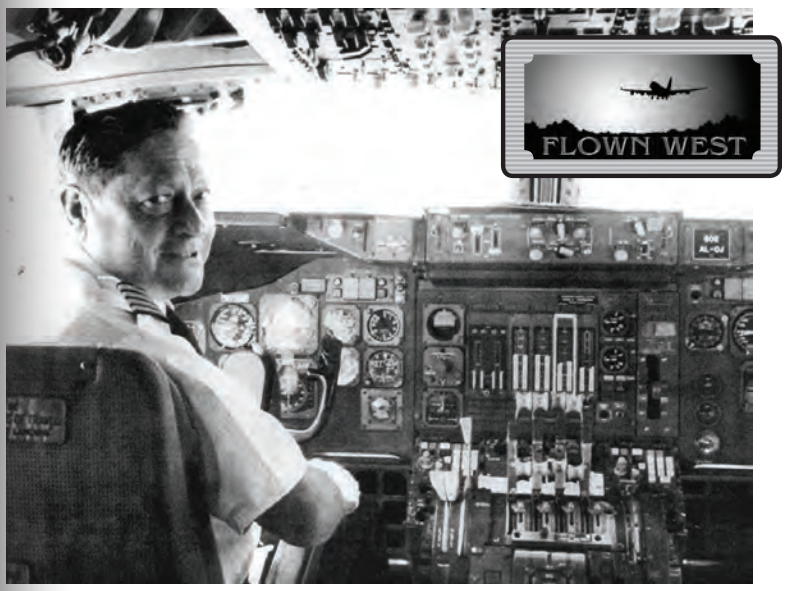
George's career gave cause for him to appear twice on television. The first appearance was with his daughter on the program "What does your Dad do?" The second appearance involved his aerial tracking of Gerald Spiess, a Minnesota school teacher and famed amateur sailor. Spiess sailed his 10-foot home-built sailboat Yankee Girl across the Atlantic Ocean in 1979 and then across the Pacific in 1981

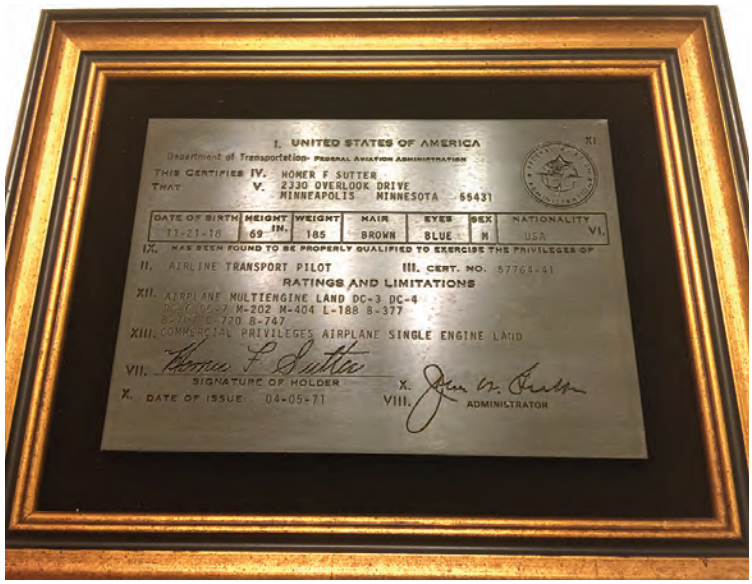
The family reports that Lee Fairbrother and George were joined at the hip. The two shared interests, tools, and hanger space while working on airplanes in New Richmond, Wisconsin. After retirement George restored

a Piaggio P136 Royal Gull twin engine amphibian. Additional experimental airplane accomplishments included the completion of a Sonex and Lancair aircraft.

Rosemary Stevenson, the center of the family, kept things running smoothly at all times. She was especially known for spoiling the grandchildren. Rosemary fought multiple types of cancer over many years, losing the final battle in 1990. Life thereafter dramatically changed for George. In 2011 he had a brain bleed (similar to a stroke) and thereafter required assisted living accommodations until his passing July 16, 2016.

George is survived by his daughters Chris Anderson and Judy Canepa, six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. *(– Bill Day)*





HOMER F. "RED" SUTTER
1918 ~ 2016

Homer F. "Red" Sutter, age 97, passed away peacefully on August 11, 2016. Red was born November 22, 1918 in Springfield, IL to Homer and Elizabeth Sutter. His parents had three children, two boys and a girl. Red's natural mother passed way when he was eight and thereafter he was raised by his stepmother Ruth. His father was a coal miner and a faithful Roman Catholic.

It was quickly discovered that Red was left handed. The Catholic elementary school teachers sent him home to practice writing with his right hand, not to return until he was proficient. As a result Red became ambidextrous. In high school Red was a jokester, known for making everyone have a good time. As he matured he developed a high level of mechanical aptitude and, following high school, attended junior college.

Ralph Render and Red Sutter learned to fly airplanes at the same airport near Springfield, Illinois. Ralph started learning about airline pilot hiring practices, discovering that pilots were actually paid to fly and tried to talk Red into joining him by applying at NWA. At the time Red was making considerably more income running a gasoline station than he would flying for NWA; he held back from applying. A year later Ralph had bent his ear enough to convince Red to now apply at NWA. He was hired on March 15, 1943, however now a year junior in seniority to his buddy Ralph. Bob Askland, of the same vintage, was to become another close mutual airline friend.

Red supported the Northern Region military contract flying in Alaska and Canada, flying the Air Corps C-46s & C-47s. At the time of his NWA employment, Red was a contract flight instructor training Air Corps aviation cadets in Illinois.

A lifelong aviator, Red was legendary among his fellow Northwest pilots and also renowned for setting a pleasant cockpit work environment. The list of Red's FAA ratings is extensive: DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, Martin-202, M-404, Lockheed L-188, Boeing -377, B-707, B-720, and B-747. On November 21, 1978, reaching age 60, Red stored his NWA flight bag and replaced it with a tool box.

On December 28, 1955 Red married the lovely Dorothy Samuelson. Together they raised a family that included three children. Red was a skilled mechanic, electrician, metal craftsman, and general handy man. In other words, a dream husband for Dorothy. His son Patrick recalls hours of rebuilding classic 50's era cars in the Sutter garage with his Dad's sidekick Bob Askland.

Red had a great sense of humor and was a gifted story teller. He would recall stories about his flying career that ended 38 years ago as if it were yesterday. His wife described him as a bundle of energy who often awoke at 4:30 AM, feet moving and ready to take on the day.

Before his passing, Red Sutter was the oldest living NWA pilot. He simply succumbed to old age. Red is survived by his wife of 61 years Dorothy; his two daughters Beth Sutter and Sandra Sutter Price (a current NWA/Delta flight attendant), and his son Patrick Sutter; plus five grandsons.

(– Bill Day)

FLOWN WEST

GARRETT L. REDESKE
1941 ~ 2016

Captain Garrett Lynn Redeske, age 75, took his final trip west on July 12, 2016. He graduated from Minnehaha Academy and entered the University of Minnesota in 1959 where he studied engineering, chemistry and biostatistics; earning a degree in Chemistry in 1963. He worked for a year with Pillsbury Flour Mills in statistical quality control and signed on with Kodak Company in Rochester N.Y.

In June 1964, with the Viet Nam War expanding, he had his critical skill deferment from Kodak, but joined the US Air Force to become a pilot. Garrett went to Officer Training School at Lackland AFB, Texas. After graduation he was sent to Moody AFB, GA for fifty three weeks of pilot training. He began in T-37 subsonic jets, and with only eight hours of jet time, he soloed. But future echoes of his aviation career happened. On Garrett's original solo, the right engine exploded, taking part of the wing with it as it left the plane and fell into the swamp. By the time he landed this cripple at Moody, the whole base, including the base commander were there. They later found the engine and found the turbine shaft had seized causing the failure.

Graduating to T-38 aircraft, the same supersonic aircraft today's astronauts fly, he was assigned to fly supersonic chase on the Atlas rocket with the Aegena payload from Patrick AFB, at Cape Canaveral, Florida.

Immediately upon graduation Garrett was assigned to Cannon AFB, New Mexico for combat training in the F-100 Super Sabre, the first aircraft in the world capable of level sustained supersonic flight. At the White Sands Missile and Bombing Range, he practiced many air to air "dogfights," air to ground ordinance delivery, including rockets, bombs CBU (cluster bomb units) and strafing with the 20MM cannons putting 6,000 rounds a minute. Garrett also practiced very low altitude nuclear weapons delivery. The F-100 could deliver a 1.4 megaton yield hydrogen bomb, about 140 times the blast force of the Hiroshima bomb.

Garrett went to Homestead AFB, south Florida and sat alert in the F-100 with an armed 1.4 megaton hydrogen bomb, destination… Cuba. Later, he was sent to Viet Nam, where he fought through "TET" and raids to the north. He was part of the "Mistys," decoys for the SAMs for the F-105 aircraft out of Thailand. As the SAMs fired at them, they radioed the bearing and distance from the F-100s back to the F-105s so they would destroy the SAM sites for the B-52 bombers. They lost 40% of the pilots, killed in action, in his squadron during the first 60 days in Viet Nam. Major George "Bud" Day, a holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, became now Senator John McCain's cellmate in the infamous "Hanoi Hilton."

Garrett flew his last mission on August 21,1968 and began his pilot career at NWA in September 1968. In 1970 he began checking out on the new 747 and trained flight instructors in the B-747 simulator operations. In May 1974 Garrett was one of the three pilots to fly Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon during their tour of the USA.

Garrett loved traveling to all of NWA destinations. Captain Joe Baron says Garrett was, "A quiet person who never bragged about his accomplishments." Garrett early retired from NWA in 1995.

Garrett is survived by his loving wife of 16 years Lesia; children Tom Redeske, Nels Redeske, Tiffany Goff, Brandi Goff, Billie Goff and three grandchildren. He was interred on July 21st with Military Honors at the Florida National Cemetery. *(– Dan Farkas)*

RICHARD S. OHRBECK
1923 ~ 2016

In the annals of aviation history, **Captain Richard S. Ohrbeck**'s name stands near the top. He set a record for piloting 17 different types of commercial aircraft over a career spanning 49 years, flew for Northwest Airlines (now Delta) from 1942 to 1992 and 37 years as Captain, eight years as Second Officer and four years as Copilot. He was the youngest pilot at 19 years of age to fly a commercial airliner in aviation history. His 41,000 hours of flight time, 2,800 transoceanic crossings and over 11 million miles flown in both commercial and military aircraft were a testimony to his love of flying. When he retired in 1992, he was the country's most senior commercial airline pilot. He was fond of relating stories of his many harrowing experiences, such as when in snowy, iced-up-wing conditions on DC-3s of circling on landing approaches, he would have to fly with his head out the cockpit window at 100 feet off the ground to safely land the aircraft.

> "With his wealth of knowledge and extraordinary experiences, Captain Ohrbeck was truly one of the last breed of a "Stick and Rudder" pilot."

Captain Ohrbeck died August 28 at a hospice near his home in Naples, FL, with his family at his side. He was 93. He also served in the U.S. Army Air Transport Command during World War II (1943-1945) and the Korean War (1950-1953), and with Top Secret Security Clearance, flew the Korean Airlift from 1949-54 in DC-4s across the Pacific Ocean. In the Airlift, his cargo included rockets, ammunition, supplies, troops and often high ranking military officers.

Richard Ohrbeck and his father Joseph Ohrbeck were the first father-son team to ever fly for a commercial airline in the United States, flying Northwest Airlines DC-3s and C-54s together during 1943. His father, also a Northwest Airlines Captain, was head of the United State Military Airforce Command in the Northern Region (Edmonton, Alberta), was a NWA Station Manager and served in World War I in the 109th Division as well as in World War II as a flight instructor.

Haven taken his first flying lesson at age 7, prompted by his father Joseph, Captain Ohrbeck learned flying in small aircraft that taught him the intricacies of aerodynamics, meteorology and the value of making quick strategic decisions. With his wealth of knowledge and extraordinary experiences, Captain Ohrbeck was truly one of the last breed of a "Stick and Rudder" pilot.

Tall, athletic and a former football (team captain and two-year All Conference), track and wrestling standout at University High School (Minneapolis), Richard Stanley Ohrbeck, known as Dick, was born and grew up in Minneapolis and St. Paul. In 1955, he moved to Excelsior (Smithtown Bay, Lake Minnetonka) where he coached youth football, hockey and baseball, an organizer of early Lake Minnetonka water skiing clubs/competition and participated in competitive sailboat racing in several classes of yachts as a member of the Upper Minnetonka Yacht Club.

Preceded in death by his wife Margaret and son David, he is survived by four children, Christine, Colleen, Cathleen and Thomas, three grandchildren Jackie, Jennifer and John, and a great grandchild, Arya.

(– Tim Browne, son-in-law)

Membership Application and Change of Address Form

NAME

SPOUSE'S NAME

PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS

STREET

CITY

STATE | ZIP+4 | PHONE

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

SECOND OR SEASONAL ADDRESS (for RNPA annual directory only)

STREET

CITY

STATE | ZIP+4 | PHONE

DATE OF BIRTH (Optional for affiliate member)

DATE OF FIRST EMPLOYMENT WITH ☐ NWA ☐ DELTA AS:

AN EMPLOYEE | A PILOT

DATE OF RETIREMENT FROM ☐NWA ☐DELTA AS:

AN EMPLOYEE | A PILOT

IF CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY DELTA INDICATE:

BASE | POSITION

IF RETIRED, WAS IT "NORMAL" (Age 60/65 for pilots)**? YES** ____ **NO** ____

IF NOT, INDICATE TYPE OF RETIREMANT: MEDICAL ___ **EARLY** ___ **RESIGNED** ___

APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF HOURS LOGGED

AIRLINE AIRCRAFT TYPES FLOWN AS PILOT

REMARKS: Affiliates please include information as to profession, employer, department, positions held, and other relevant info:

☐ **CHANGE: This is a change of address or status only**

MEMBERSHIP TYPE

☐ **REGULAR (NR) $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

PAYMENT

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

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Board of Directors Meeting
Albuquerque 2016

Clockwise from Left: **Dino Oliva** *Treasurer*, **Terry Confer** *Vice President*, **Myron Bredahl** *Vice President,* **Tony Polgar** *Board of Advisors*, **Gary Pisel** *President*, **Tom Ebner** *Secretary*, **K. C. Kohlbrand** *Board of Advosors*, **Phil Hallin** *Retiring Executive Vice President*, **Howie Leland** *Board of Advisors*, **Sterling Bentsen** *Vice President;* **Gary Ferguson** *Contrails Editor (behind the camera);* Not present: **Dick Dodge** *Webmaster,* **Tom Schellinger** *Board of Advisors,* **Robert Horning** *Board of Advisors.*

Two days later at our General Meeting **Tom Ebner** was elected *Executive Vice President,* **Ron Vandervort** was elected *Secretary*, **Bruce Armstrong** and **Les McNamee** were appointed to the *Board of Advisors.* These positions are effective January 1, 2017.