

RNPA

CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 163

AUGUST 2007



How many of these have you flown?

For the first time ever, as part of the Boeing 787 Dreamliner premier festivities on July 7th (7/7/07), all of the 7-Series family of airliners were lined up in the order of their model numbers to have their family picture taken in front of the Museum of Flight. Each of the aircraft took off from Paine Field (Everett, WA) and landed at Boeing Field in sequence every ten minutes, beginning with the B707 at 7:07 pm PDT.

RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION

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August 2007

RNPA CONTRAILS

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Each Member!

The newsletter *RNPA Contrails* is published quarterly 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 \$30 annually for Regular Members (NWA pilots, active or retired) and \$20 for Affiliate Members.

ADDRESS CHANGES:

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A LOOK AT SOME OF THE LATEST INFORMATION FIRST

NORTHWEST RETIRED PILOTS' BENEFIT GUARDIAN ASSOCIATION

With the implementation of the pension legislation and the emergence of Northwest from bankruptcy we can all rest a little easier.

The guardian board held a meeting in Minneapolis on June the 13th. We received briefings from our legal council Daryle Uphoff, our 1114 committee representative Bill Cameron and our pension advisor Denny Olden. After discussion the board decided upon our future course of action. While the prospect of our pension plan looks bright we felt that it would be prudent to remain vigilant in the event of some unexpected occurrence.

With that in mind the board will continue in force for at least one more year at which time we will again make a determination as to our future. We believe that we have two volunteers to serve as replacements on our board members. They will be seated to replace two of our present members.

Thanks to all that helped in the success of our efforts in the protection of our pension both by your lobbying efforts with congress and your financial assistance by joining as members of the guardian.

Together we all made it happen.

Also thanks again to RNPA for allowing us space in Contrails. So as to not over stay our welcome, we will not post any further articles in Contrails unless there is some unexpected development.

Dino



www.captnwa.com/forum/index.php

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Fellow Members,

Below is the schedule of events for this year's RNPA Convention in Reno. The highlighted **BOLD** items are official events, the others are events of interest.

SATURDAY SEPT. 8 Balloon Festivities (Early)
 SUNDAY SEPT. 9 Balloon Festivities. Reserve a seat at the buffet breakfast on the parking structure roof. We plan to have several tables for RNPA

MONDAY	SEPT. 10	0900-1500	RNPA REGISTRATION • ITEMS FOR SILENT AUCTION READY FOR BID
		0900-1100	RNPA BOARD MEETING
		1700-	NO HOST HAPPY HOUR FOLLOWED BY HEAVY HORS D'OEUVRES
TUESDAY	SEPT. 11	0900-1500	BUS TOUR OF VIRGINIA CITY AND SURROUNDING AREA • LUNCH INCLUDED
WEDNESDAY	SEPT. 12	0900-1030	GENERAL RNPA MEMBERSHIP MEETING
		0900- ?	SUE DUXBURY'S "GETTING TO KNOW YOU" LADIES ONLY COFFEE KLATCH
		1700-	BANQUET • INTRODUCTION OF SCHOLARSHIP WINNER • LIVE AUCTION • RESULTS OF SILENT AUCTION • DRAWING OF NAMES FOR FREE ROOM AND CONVENTION

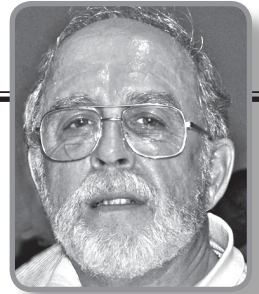
THURSDAY SEPT. 13 INITIAL AIR RACES
 FRIDAY SEPT. 14 AIR RACES
 SATURDAY SEPT. 15 AIR RACES
 SUNDAY SEPT. 16 AIR RACES

*See you in Reno,
Gary Pisel*



TREASURER'S REPORT

Shortly after we mail out a newsletter, directory or any other mail to our members we receive 4 or 5 returned for either "Moved with no forwarding address" or that the time for forwarding has expired. We then have to determine the individual's correct address if possible and forward the returned item. Please, if you move try to remember to notify RNPA of your address change. While on the subject of addresses, about ten years ago RNPA started sending all our correspondence via first class mail. Those of you having



Some Notes about ~~Werds~~ Words

SUMMERTIME, AND THE LIVIN' IS EASY

And LAZY! Me too. But the point of mentioning it is that the RNPA Mailbag is empty. Not almost empty, or close to empty, but zero, zilch, nada—EMPTY! If I don't hear from some of you between now and early October the November issue will be missing the RNPA Mailbox section. That would be a first.

At the risk of sounding like a public-broadcast pledge drive, let me suggest that those of you who enjoy reading what others are up to have some responsibility to do your part to reciprocate. Those who contribute more or less regularly would like to hear what *you* are up to.

It's easy, it's painless, and best of all, it doesn't cost anything if you email me and not very much even if you enrich the post office by 41 cents. Tell us about your hobby, or that last trip to the interior of Booga Mooga, or about those wonderful, darling grandkids who have accomplished so much. Tell us a nice story about one of your friends who may have recently flown west. Do you; Participate in competitions? Races? Tournaments? Collect things? Imagine that guy you flew a six-day trip with 25 years ago saying, "I didn't know he was into *that!*"

And how about volunteering your time and effort for the benefit of others?

(OK, that's just a cheesy segue into this next note.)

DO YOU? ...VOLUNTEER, THAT IS

Depending on what I hear back from all of you, I am planning a whole section in the November issue on how our members volunteer for things. My assumption is quite simple: If you care enough to volunteer your time for some cause, then it must be important enough to you that you may want to tell others about that favorite cause.

This idea came to my summer-hazed brain while I was putting together the article Bob Higgins sent (page 42). It almost made me wish I lived close enough to answer his call for volunteers.

I don't think of this as about tooting your own horn. It's about letting others know what you think is important and meaningful in your life. I really hope you will take some time to tell us about it. There is no limit on the size of your input; and photos, either electronic (high-res) or hard-copy, would be most welcome. They will be returned promptly unless you tell me otherwise.

I'M A WURSE SPELER THAN I WAS IN SKOOL

And that's the trooth. If you're hesitant to write because you've lost confidence in spelling or grammatical correctness, please don't let that be an excuse. I'm not kidding when I tell you that I am constantly having to look up words that were once second nature—I guess it just goes along with all the other minutiae that gets lost in the crevices of our once sharp-as-tacks brains.

Don't worry about it. The message, the note, the article, the communication—that's what's important. We'll correct all that other stuff. If I (or you) get the grammar wrong our proofreader *par excellence* will straighten us out. After all, this ain't literature we're writing here—and we ain't handing out grades.

Please... let us hear from you.

All of my contact info is listed on the inside of the front cover—the Table of Contents page. And page 13.

Whatchabeenupto?

Gary Ferguson

two residences should have your mail forwarded from your primary residence to your secondary home. There is no need to change your address with RNPA when you move to your secondary home.

I have finally retired from coaching football and my wife and I will be traveling from mid July until mid October. Any RNPA business sent to me via mail or e-mail will lie dormant until our return in October. If you send something and do not hear from me, it's because I'm away and out of touch. My apologies in advance for any inconvenience this may cause.

Dino Oliva

THE MAILBOX

Milton "Andy" ANDERSON

Dear all RNPA people,

I have difficulty typing these days because my eyesight is very bad. I will be 92 in March and the old body is falling apart.

My memory is also failing, but I do recall some memories of names back in the "early days." In about 1928 Walt Bullock flew the old Ford Trimotor up to Brainerd, Minnesota for an air show on a farm field near town. And at the end of the show he took some of the boy scouts who had been directing traffic for a ride around the town. I was lucky at my age of about 14 to be included. About 10 years later I was to meet Bullock again. I was working in NWA Flight Dispatch and of course we assisted working with the pilots, preparing flight plans, etc.

I hesitate to name names because I miss so many: Mal Freeberg, "Pinky" Paselk, Dick Allen, Spence Marsh, etc., to name a few. The good old days! I hope to be around another year and remember a few of the more junior names.

Milton "Andy" Anderson

Tom KLEIN

Hi Dino,

Thanks for the reminder on dues. Where does all the time go? Terry and I are busy with grandbabies and Terry's parents. We also run our real estate business here on Bainbridge Island in the Seattle area. We also enjoy skiing, boating and traveling (full fare). Enclosed please find my check and accept my thanks for all that you and the group do for RNPA.

Tom Klein

Elaine MIELKE

Dino,

Thanks to those who volunteer to keep RNPA and Contrails going. It's been a little over a year since Bob had the stroke. Our lives changed overnight. He remains about the same, unable to speak, still on the feeding tube and remains paralyzed on his right side. I can't imagine what it is like to be trapped in one's own body. He is aware of what is going on and likes visitors and cards. I am with him every day and we mutually appreciate the time we have together. If Bob could speak I know he would like to thank you. I share his sentiments with endless thanks for your continued thoughts and prayers.

Elaine Mielke

Howard BECKWITH

Dear Dino and the entire Contrails staff,

Thanks to all you do to make each issue a special reading experience.

The Beckwiths

Don VIMR

Hi-

LATE AGAIN!

With apologies—stacking system failure. Main event 2006—celebrated my 90th—still vertical.

Not email or computer equipped nor literate. Gave up on that way back with Apple IIE. Kept me broke—upgrades and add-ons took my discretionary spending money. Good word processor. Can't run a note sheet like this [4"x7"] through it like a conventional typewriter, tho.

Hang in there,
Don Vimr

Mike RISTOW

Dino,

Thanks for taking the time to forward the letter. I was away from Scottsdale for 8 months and the Post Office quit forwarding mail. I have been trying to guess what mail had been returned, and realized that my dues were in arrears. My apologies. Please use my Kirkland address as the primary from now on.

Mike Ristow

Siri POEHLS

Hello Dino,

I do apologize for being late with my dues. Somehow, I managed to misplace the original letter and envelope. I hope all is well in Florida.

Thanks for the reminder; next year I'll make sure I pay in a timely manner!

Sincerely,
Siri Poehls

Bill HOCHBRUN

Dino,

Enclosed are dues checks for Beth and myself. This should cover 2007.

We understood before mailing payment we should await billing notice. However, neither of us received such notice. We are having problems with the Post Office here.

Hope this finds you and yours well.

Regards,
Bill Hochbrun

Dee RANHEIM

Dear Dino Et Al!

Forgive my delay in paying dues. I was certain they were paid. Sorry, in checking it, I found good intentions only.

I love Contrails—read every word! The new [column] by Sue Duxbury is just delightful. Please accept my thanks for a job well done—all of you!

Fondly,
Dee Ranheim

 Betty THAYER

Dear Dino,

Not much is new here in Edina. I've taken a couple of trips—China and the Scandinavian countries, but otherwise everything is quite quiet. I see Jean Hadfield quite regularly. And I do enjoy reading about former colleagues. You guys do a great job.

Thanks so much.

Betty Thayer

 Mary RENDER

I have enjoyed the RNPA magazine so much. A slight change for me—I have sold my lake place in Annandale and reside in Arizona.

Mary Render (Mrs. Ralph)

 Dave WILLIAMS

Dino,

I still tell stories of my flights with the infamous Dino. Especially when NWA began its Inflight Supervisor program. On one flight a supervisor wandered into our cockpit and threatened a flight engineer for not being alert. When you discovered what had occurred, you climbed over your seat, you didn't step around the seat you went over, and went after the supervisor. Five minutes later you came back with the supervisor's cockpit key and her assurance she understood she was not to go beyond the coach/first class boundary or climb the stairs to the upper deck.

And the time you, Bill Cameron and I were eating at a Thai restaurant in Hawaii when supermodel Cheryl Tiegs walked up to our table and said, "Hello." The three of us sat like dummies and said nothing. We sat stupefied, speechless (and it was the only time I ever saw you speechless) while she walked away and joined some friends.

I enjoyed every flight and learned a lot from you.

Thanks for the memories.

Dave Williams

 Bill SORUM

Dear Dino,

I'm mailing my dues from Arizona 'cause I don't want to be late and be put on your s---list. Took my clubs down here to introduce 'em to the sunshine. Will email you later.

Thanks for the memories.

Bill Sorum

 Bob KEHS

Dino,

Thanks again for all you guys do for RNPA and for the pension. We are all appreciative, except perhaps Cecil. I guess he doesn't know you and love you like we do.

Our best to you and Karen.

Bob Kehs

 Rolan "Andy" ANDERSON

Hi Guys,

I see it's time to get my dues in the mail if I want to keep getting the only publication I read from cover to cover! Thanks to all who put in time to make Contrails a great read.

Thanks too to all who worked on the Portland convention. It was a great time. I enjoyed catching up with friends from our flying days and especially meeting one special new friend.

I found out the week before Christmas that I had prostate cancer. I couldn't believe it, because my PSA was only 3.7. The doctor wanted to do a biopsy which I thought would be negative. I had the whole thing removed the first of January. The reports said it was all contained so if there is any good news, I guess that's it.

Since the doctor said not to do much (which I don't do anyway) for six weeks, I have been trying to get away from winter driving my motor home around the Southwest.

I hope to see you in Reno if I can.

Have a good year,
Rolan W. "Andy" Anderson

 Diane ANSELMO-LACY

Hi Dino,

I am one of those who "thinks" I sent my check to you in a timely manner, when in reality I have not. Sorry you had to send a reminder. Life is so good and time goes by way too quickly.

The magazine is as good as they get. I so enjoy receiving all the news and the pictures of events. Keep up the good work. My appreciation to all involved.

Diane Anselmo-Lacy
MSP F. A. Retired



 Dave NELSON

Hi Dino-

Happy New Year! We are still living in Seattle and trying to keep our heads above water after this past winter... not an easy task I might add! We have discovered the beauty of sunny Baja, and are having great fun and excitement building a fun house on the beach—about an hour north of the airport. It's a great RV destination for those of you looking for a new adventure.

We sure love hearing from everyone in Contrails—what a great magazine! Also we are always happy to contribute to the Retiree Fund.

Have a great year!
Dave and Holly Nelson

 Paul LUDWIG

Hello Dino,

It was sad seeing so many familiar names in the obituary section, particularly that of Luther Peterson. It is normal to think some people expect certain others to go on forever, those whom one has relied upon or has helped advance one's career in the flying profession. Luther gave me a boost back in 1966 and I didn't get the chance to thank him.

Back when NWA got the Florida route our class was the first of a long list of pilots hired in 1958 and 1959. Our qualifications were high enough so that Winnie Fenstermaker called us "the Superman Class." We weren't, but as a condition of hiring we had to sign a form requiring us to get an ATR on our own expense within our probationary year or get fired.

One of my classmates flew multi-engine in the Navy and he told me it was easy for him to get his ATR so I tried it, but I had flown single-engine and did not do well in an R4D. ALPA got the company to rescind the document we signed after my try in the R4D but by then I was spooked.

NWA expanded so fast that within eight years of my hiring I was up for Captain on a 727 and Luther gave me my pre-rating ride. When we came down he asked if I was ready for my ATR and type rating, and when I looked a little spooked he talked to me about the upcoming ride and I was calm the day Mr. Dale Peterson, FAA examiner, and the check instructor and Second Officer rode with me on my four-hour check ride to Fargo and back. I owed some of that ride to Luther.

Not many pilots flying with NWA today know we were hired as co-pilots and in 1961 had to train in the third seat and fly Second Officer then wait to be copilots again. As Terry Marsh put it, those years were good years.

We had Paul Soderlind, Dan

Sowa, Spence Marsh, Ralph Render and the greatest dispatch and meteorological staffs in the business and our mechanics did a wonderful job keeping us flying.

Getting the Florida runs allowed NWA to buy the Lockheed Electras and a lot of senior copilots laid in the weeds awaiting the list of who would bid. I bid and was flying with the most senior captains on the best cross-country runs until the senior boys bid and shoved me off the bottom of the list back onto the DC-4 and -6. The Electra was a great airplane.

Paul A. Ludwig



 Ted HODGE

Dino,

Thanks for the reminder. Did not have a clue that I had not paid my dues! Will try to work on this in the future. Enjoy very much what you do for us!

Ted Hodge
(Purser/FA)

 Doug TREMBLAY

Dino,

I appreciate all the work you do for the retired pilots.

Nothing much has changed in Las Vegas except Pat and I prefer trips by auto rather than plane.

Doug Tremblay

 Art ANTILLA

Hi Gary:

We recently noticed that Art Antilla was eliminated from the last directory. He is very much alive and will be 90 in January, 2008.

Art began his career with NWA in 1939 and retired off the 747 in 1978. He was quite surprised when he saw he was missing from the directory. We have not moved, still at 15003 134th Ave. E., Puyallup, WA. 98374, phone 253-848-0550. He enjoys going to our 120 acre farm nearly every day to check things out. We built our current home beginning the day after he retired January 15, 1978. It took us nearly a year to finish building but it was worth it as we have a sweeping view of the Orting Valley and our Mountain. Each day we see wildlife—mostly deer, but we have seen a black bear and Art came face to face with a cougar out back a few years ago.

After we finished building our home, Art went back to work with Sealand as a Radio Operator—a career he began when he was 18 years old on the Great Lakes. Art sailed out of Tacoma to Alaska, and the Orient, taking a couple trips to Panama. He finally gave the sea life up after he had a heart bypass surgery. I began as a "Stewardess" with United in 1957 and in 1969, Art's son, also Art, introduced us and we were married in June 1970. I remember spending our honeymoon in Salina, Kansas while the pilots were learning about the new 747. So that's about it since Art retired 29 years ago.

We hope to be in the 2008 edition [of] the Directory.

Thank you.

Very Sincerely,
Evie and Art Antilla

Another case of tardy dues causing an unwanted problem. Happily though, Art and Evie are back in the fold. -Editor

 **Lou SHUMWAY**

Hello Gary,

My dues go into the mail today, even before the deadline. That is somewhat of a miracle in that we just returned from 6 weeks in Hawaii and California, so the sorting of our mail has taken quite an effort. Surprisingly my dues notice came through unscathed and only got lost a couple of times.

To add to the confusion, last September we made a major move, leaving the wine country of Northern California, for the wilds of northern Illinois. After many months of discussion we decided that the time had come to move nearer to one of our children. With one son in Hawaii and one in Illinois it was a tough decision, but our son in Illinois drew the short straw. We purchased a townhouse in the village of Inverness, about 20 minutes northwest of ORD, almost directly under the approach path to 14R. Our plan is that a townhouse will allow us to close the door and travel to Hawaii, or elsewhere, for longer periods of time. Which is what we did in December, heading to Hawaii for a month. We were hoping to miss the bulk of Chicago's winter, but no such luck, so far February has been a lot like Minnesota winter. While we were in Kona we had dinner with Harry Welch, Bill Kish, Peter Conklin and Bud Cheney. Many words were spoken about NWA and the airline industry. Amazingly none of us looked any older, well maybe just a little.

Keep up the good work on Contrails. The last issue is really great. We all appreciate your hard work.

Lou Shumway

 **Larry WEIDKAMP**

Hello Dino,

Thanks for the dues reminder. Sometimes the mail confusion between our winter address and the summer address plays havoc with keeping up with the rest of the world.

We have enjoyed a great fall, winter, and beginning of spring in St. George. My golf game is improving slowly, and any rationalization for a high handicap is due to starting "old" ... and getting older. Linda (SEA and HNL 35 years with NWA) is enjoying our "over 55" community called Sun River St. George immensely. She's active all the time with a variety of projects, clubs, dancing, etc. She is teaching a group of ladies hula, and she'll perform for a luau soon.

We will pull up stakes here around May 1st and return to the Seattle area for the place we call home ... Hansville. The summer will be spent mostly fishing and getting the place back in shape from a six month absence.

Thanks for taking time out of your life keeping track of all of us, and running the administration!

"Check is in the mail."

Best regards,
Larry Weidkamp

 **Monica SULLIVAN**

Dear Dino,

What a wonderful surprise! Thank you so much for the four [Feb., '07] Contrails magazines that had John's obituary notice, as our children all wanted a copy. It was very thoughtful of you and appreciated so much.

I've always enjoyed reading Contrails—it gets better every year, if that's possible. Thanks to all of you for your hard work and for your support.

Sincerely,
Monica Sullivan

 **Editor's HOT TIP**

Now here's a good deal. Since I was not aware of it, I can only assume that some of you may not be either. For only ten bucks for your lifetime you, and up to 3 others, can access all National Parks and all other Federal lands. Hard to beat this for a "pilot deal."

Senior Pass: \$10

The Senior Pass replaces the Golden Age Passport. This is a lifetime pass for U.S. citizens or permanent residents age 62 or over and must be obtained in person. The pass is non-transferable and non-replaceable if lost or stolen.

It provides access to Federal recreation sites that charge an entrance or standard amenity fee and admits the pass holder and accompanying passengers in a private, non-commercial vehicle. In those areas where a per-person fee is charged, the pass admits the pass holder and three additional adults.

In addition, the Senior Pass provides a 50 percent discount on some expanded amenity fees such as camping and specialized interpretive services. In some cases, only the pass holder will be given the 50 percent price reduction.

 **John FIRIS**

Dear Dino,

My wife Mary and I are OK here in our 7th floor condo [Kailua, HI]. We like it here since we're located near stores, gas station, medical building, doctors, etc. Plus fast food McDonald's just across the street.

Year '06 started out just fine and then later on August 10th wife Mary broke her hip and fell onto the bedroom floor. To make matters worse was that I was not home but 16 miles away working on our rental cottage located near Waikiki off Diamond Head lower slope. She was on the floor for most of two hours until I arrived and phoned for an ambulance. Also, gash on her forehead looked bad from all the blood, but healed OK. She was in the hospital 34 days and after that numerous sessions to the therapist.

Presently she is doing fine but takes no chances on a repeat and uses a cane or pushes a walker ahead of her.

Then on October 10th, Sunday at 7:15 AM the earthquake, lasting 15 seconds at 6.5 on Richter scale. I'm tossed around like a rag doll until hanging onto a dresser—Mary still in bed and was OK. I'm sure she would not be able to be on her feet. The quake was followed by a power outage lasting over 17 hours—not just the condo or Kailua, but the en-

tire island. No elevators working and so two times during the day, down and up the 96 steps to 2nd floor garage and ramp to the street. Strolled around Kailua town and find all stores, gas stations, traffic lights, restaurants and fast food spots shut down. No radio or TV to give info of happenings. My little battery powered radio couldn't pick up anything since all radio stations not working.

I believe that Hawaii Electric Co. still trying to explain why it took so long to correct the power problem. At night those who had candles or flashlights used them. Placed bedroom light switch to "on" position and just after midnight the light came on.

During our troubled times after Mary's left hip fracture our youngest son, Mike, from Seattle arrived and was with us for two months to help out and greatly eased the situation. After he left the eldest son, John, then arrived to assist until he felt we'd be OK.

I try to stay healthy and active—take three long walks per day, plus exercise and stay thin. Mary also keeps moving the best she can. At my age 92 and she at 88 we'll do our best to stay happy and healthy.

Kindest regards,
John Firis

 **Ed ZIMDARS**

Dear Dino,

On checking all my 2006 checks and my RNPA file, I noticed that no check had been issued in 2006 for RNPA. Also no dues notice for 2007. I sincerely apologize for getting my dues to you this late. I hope they are still \$30.

Just finished the February issue of Contrails. What a great job you and your colleagues are doing. Thanks again and again.

Sincerely,
Ed Zimdars

 **Joe BARON**

Hi Gary,

I hope all is well with you and Mona.

I just finished reading the last issue of Contrails. All I can think of is WOW. It is a pleasure. Great job.

Regards,
Joe Baron

 **Bev SKUJA**

Hi!

Both Ivars and I enjoyed the convention in Portland very much, and are already signed up for the one in Reno.

Since the convention in Portland, I have been spending a lot of time in the San Francisco Bay area visiting my mother who has been seriously ill and is in a nursing home there.

In between, Ivars and I still are taking classes in Tai Chi.

Bev Skuja

changemyaddress@here.net

Need to change your **email** address? Or list it for the first time? It will be published **on the RNPA website**, which is password protected, and added **to the RNPA News email listing** managed by Phil Hallin. It will not be used for any other purpose.

It's not hard—just send your email address to Phil Hallin:

pehallin@blackhole.com

Ralph KISOR

Dear Dino,

We are so sorry: That's what we get for being NOMADS. We have been travelling in our RV since October and guess our mail forwarding missed the first notice. We've had a few problems like that.

We spent the last week with Royal and Lynn Cherry and Chane and Judy Howard in beautiful Palm Desert/La Quinta. Great time and everyone doing well.

Thanks so much,
Ralph & Ann Kisor

Al FELDSEIN

Hi Dino,

What a great magazine! Phil Hallin contacted me about RNPA. Sure grateful for that. It's great to read and see what some of the fellows are up to, but also sorry to find some have gone on.

I'm going to get this in the mail right away. Last time Terry Mortenson gave me your address and I kept putting it off till that got lost.

Thanks again for all the work you guys do in putting this together.

Your old 5-minute bidder,
Al Feldsein

Milt EITREIM

Thanks to all you workers in RNPA. Been going to send this for some time but you know how busy we retirees are. 2006 was an eventful year for us. Mary and I celebrated 50 years. I've got to hand it to her for sticking it out that long. Our oldest granddaughter got married. Sold our home in CO and bought one in MN... Alzheimer's? Went elk hunting by horseback. Mary took the girls to Vegas. We still spend the cold time in AZ. Going on the river outing in June... know I'll see some "old" familiar faces. It's been a fun ride.

Milt Eitreim



Posted without comment

Vic KLEINSTEUBER

RNPA Summer Cruise on the St. Croix:

About 3 weeks before the cruise I found out that I needed to have bypass surgery so I called the following for help while in the hospital: Gary & Joan Baldwin, Don & Jane Chadwick and Phil & Eileen Hallin. As usual they all stepped up to the plate to make sure the cruise was successful.

Our RNPA members are incredible! Thank you!

I also thank my surgical team, the hospital staff, Judy & my family and of course God. They all made it possible to make the cruise.

It was great to see and visit with 193 of my NWA family of friends. We all enjoyed a very nice lunch & cruise on the St. Croix River.

Once again we had some door prizes. We had two sets of round-trip domestic F-3 (no "R"), passes donated by Denise Mapston from NWA Pass Bureau. We also had 42 bottles of wine, two cases of which were generously donated by Dave & Holly Nelson of "Nelson's Estates"

Thanks to all,

Vic Kleinstueber
& Judy Summers

P. S. I have been overwhelmed by the phone calls & cards from our RNPA members while in the hospital & at home recovering.

I can't thank you all enough.

Judy & I look forward to seeing all of you in Reno for another wonderful RNPA Convention.

Ben BROWN

Dino,

What a great magazine! I don't know how I got so far out of the loop that I didn't know about Contrails. Tim VanVoorhis gave me the May issue with a note that Bob Peasley had an article. Bob got me started in pistol competition many years ago when that was his first shooting love. You might not know that Bob is Distinguished Expert with both pistol and rifle.

I retired a couple of years early after doing the snowbird thing for five years, and Beth and I built our retirement home in Lehigh Acres. By pure luck Tim VanVoorhis and Gloria built a home nearby in Alva and I got Tim into my longtime love of archery. In just a few years Tim became a top longbow archer with State, National, and North American Championships. In December Tim lost Gloria, his wife of forty-three years, to an aortic aneurysm.

Beth plays tennis almost every day and I try to shoot at least one hundred arrows a day. This retirement thing is tough! The family is spread out, with Wendy, Mike and granddaughters in Minneapolis (Wendy is a Northwest pilot), and Robin in Southern California. We make a point of getting together at least once a year for a hiking or biking adventure. Last year was the Grand Canyon and that hike out of the canyon about did me in. The toughest thing was seeing how easily the rest of the family was making it while I was in severe overload!

Thanks to everyone who make RNPA and Contrails so special.

Ben Brown



Neal HENDERSON

Hello Gary,

We were building the 'Atkins Anti-Collision Light'—I was doing the design engineering drawings and ordering parts from local suppliers. (I was on one of many furloughs.) Jim Borden and John Kelly also worked on the project at different times too.

Earl has a new power supply in radio rack form factor. We would finalize some parts and drawings and Bill Atkins would invent a better way of doing the job, meaning some parts we had purchased were obsolete.

We learned that at 3M they took the idea guys and put them in a different building so the product could be frozen, produced, and LATER a newer version produced.

Bill loved inventing more than making money and was a lot of fun to work with. He was a great friend. He had an agile mind.

Bill would buy a new radio or tape recorder and in no time it had holes drilled in it and parts cut off until you could barely recognize it. It was a good lesson for me that a product is never finished or customized completely and it is great fun to cut them up and improve on them.

As you probably know Bill used the O2 hose, connected to the astrolabe port, to vacuum the airplane cockpit.

Another of Bill's ideas was a very small (1/4") silvered



Left to right: Myself, Bill Atkins, Irene Borden (wife of Jim Borden), Bill Pickell and Earl ??

lens mirror ground into the inside of his glasses near the outer frame that because of the closeness to the eye gave a full 'wide screen' view to the rear... and of course the Dairy Queen valve that mixed flavors at one port was his patent too.

Cheers,
Neal Henderson

Vic BRITT

Hi Gary,

I flew up to Minnehopeless (full fare, literally the only way to fly) in February for the DC-10 retirement festivities at Ft. Snelling, where I discovered that the DC-10 must have arrived on the NWA campus sometime around 1989. But that's another story. While in the land of ice fishing (which I don't), I made it a point to run out to Minnetonka and visit with Bob and Elaine Mielke. Bob had a stroke about 18 months ago, and it goes without saying that their lives changed over-night. Bob's condition hasn't changed much. He is unable to speak, one side is paralyzed, and though he is on a feeding tube he looks great. I had been in the cities since his stroke and had not paid a visit, probably a selfish decision on my part. Shortly after I got there (Bob and Elaine were both glad to see me) it dawned on me that Bobby was all there mentally, very much aware of everything past and present, just trapped in his body and not able to communicate except by squeezing your hand. Since he couldn't talk or ask questions I just started filling him in on what I had been doing, and what some of the other reprobates who worked for him and haven't been by either have been doing. Naturally since I got there first with my story, I'm doing much better than any of the rest of the "BPSSOIFYG" (Benevolent Protective Society of Second Officer Instructors with Fifteen Years in Grade"). The group home Bob is in is the best I have ever visited,

and it will not give you the willies that you have felt visiting friends in other homes. If Bob Mielke ever gave you support when you needed it, or chased down questions you had and got back to you with the answers, stop by and see him. He and Elaine are appreciative of the many cards, letters, calls and especially the visits that they have received. Elaine usually arrives before 1:00 PM every day and is there until 5 or 6 PM. Call her before coming for directions and best time to visit. Home (952) 944-2613 Cell (612) 867-2814. I promise you will be glad that you did.

Mike Schlax flew west in January 2007. Mike retired as NWA Manager of Instrument Procedures March 11, 2005 after 36 years service, 1969-2005, in the Instrument Procedures section of Flight Operations. He received a BA in Journalism from the University of North Dakota in 1965, and was on active duty in the U. S. Army 1965-67 including Viet Nam service prior to joining Northwest. Mike held Private, Commercial, Instrument and Ground Instructor certificates. He served 10 years on the Eagan Airport Relations Commission (3 years Chair), and 2 years on the Metropolitan Airports Commission Joint Zoning Board. Mike was a good guy and always made himself available to pilots with questions on ATC, instrument procedures and route qualifications.

Vic Britt

 Art DEBERNARDE

Hey Dino,

Sorry my dues are late, but it seems that I've been late ever since I retired. I thought we were supposed to slow down. I guess still being active parents keeps Carla and I on the run most of the time. Our daughter Lindsay graduates from high school in June and we've been busy with the process of applying to and visiting campuses all over the country. We're very proud of her as she has been a standout student and has been accepted to all eight of the universities she applied to. The problem now is deciding which one to attend. Who would have ever thought that at 65 I'd be worrying about that? We will shortly be heading off to Texas A&M for what hopefully will be our last campus visit.

I'm happy to say that Carla and I are enjoying good health, for which we thank God daily, but are sad to see so many old friends pass. We ran into B.J. Mole at an RV Park in the desert who told us how sick Chuck Stacy was and that he was heading off to meet up with him in AZ, then soon after we learned of Chuck's passing. Life is fragile and friends are precious. Weren't we all blessed to count Virginia Nelson among our friends too. We should treasure our friendships while we still can.

Thanks for all you folks do for RNPA. Keep up the good work.

Art Debernarde

 Sally CROWELL

Hi There,

Sorry I'm late. Sure enjoy getting the magazine and all the news from everyone. Boring winter in Minnesota this year—hardly any snow. Had a knee replacement this Fall so rehab, etc. keeps me busy. Will try to make the summer outing.

Sally Crowell



CALLING ALL VOLUNTEERS GIVING IT BACK

We hear little fragments now and then in the *Mailbox* about our members' volunteer efforts. We'd like to hear more. Your editor is planning a special section of the November *RNPA Mailbox* to highlight what you're doing to help make a difference. Could we get you to take a little time in your busy schedule to tell us how you contribute?

This is more than just tooting your own horn. It's about telling us how you volunteer for your community, or the whole world for that matter, and why it's important to you. Who knows, it may inspire others to join in your efforts—a chance to expand your influence.

DO IT NOW, PLEASE, WHILE YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT IT
DEADLINE OCTOBER 1st

Email is preferred, but any method will work, send it here:

Gary Ferguson
1664 Paloma Street
Pasadena CA 91104
contrailseditor@mac.com

Serving up some photos with your letter would be great!





The war was at my feet. Literally. It was right between my flight boots. It was metal. It was black. It was shaped like a can of flaked tuna one might find at Safeway, except that this can had a handle attached to its middle. The handle resembled a baton one might see passed during a relay race. The thing was obviously a grenade and it was hissing. I do not really know if grenades of this type hiss, but these are my memoirs and I remember that it was hissing. My location at the time was a place called DaNang and it was some 40 years ago.

Last evening, with friends and neighbors, my wife and I attended the annual Variety Show performed by residents of our winter community, Sun City Grand. For several hours, we were entertained by senior citizens who danced, sang, joked and impersonated. The theme was music from the '50s and '60s. We were treated to memories of Dean Martin, The Beatles, Dinah Shore, Patsy Cline and even Elvis. Some in the audience

were grateful that Jane Fonda did not rate an impersonation.

Following the show, four couples gathered for dessert in a friend's home. Our review of the show was quite favorable. In fact, most of us found the entertainment incredibly enjoyable. Senior citizens with clear voices, proper tempo and bodies that actually move without looking too stiff can make other senior citizens feel good. I commented, not for the first time, that living here had altered my outlook on the aging process.

All of us who can claim a "senior citizen discount" have suffered in some manner or another. We take daily medications for various ailments many of us never dreamed of in our youth. Yet there they (we?) were, up on that stage, obviously enjoying themselves and providing quality entertainment.

As we conversed, my wife commented that folk music of the 50's and 60's had not been represented in the show. Shortly thereafter, something took place that reminded one



lady in our group of things less pleasant. She is a generally cheerful friend with a quick smile and “perky” personality. She has suffered—having only recently returned from her home state where she underwent reconstructive surgery following a mastectomy. It was not her condition that had saddened her this night. She even joked about “new” cleavage. However, in a tearful manner, she told of meeting a friend and co-worker while on her trip home whose son had been killed in Iraq. A soldier, he and others had been killed when a roadside bomb had destroyed their Humvee. In letters home prior to his death, he had complained about a need for fly swatters and Imodium. He had complained also about the lack of armor on the vehicles in which he rode. He had lived only long enough to father one grandchild for his grieving mother.

The story reminded me of the grenade at my feet in 1964. I don’t think about it often. In fact, I hadn’t thought about it in a long while. In this case, I was struck by some similarities in the two events.

What I write here has no hero. It has no politics. It has no religion and points no fingers.

The young man who died wore a military uniform of the United States of America. He was sent to Iraq by his president, a member of the Republican Party. There are individuals in this country who are questioning the honesty of the reasons this president gave for military action in Iraq. The young man died when someone attacked a truck in which he was riding with an explosive device.

In 1964, I wore a military uniform of the United States of America. I was sent to Vietnam by my president, a member of the Democratic Party. There were people in this country who questioned the honesty of the reasons the president gave for military action in Vietnam. Someone attacked the truck in which I was riding with an explosive device. I did not die. I did not even get hurt.

Somewhere in my Minnesota home is a photograph taken in DaNang in 1964. In the photograph are four officers in Navy flight suits, the officers of my flight crew. I am the one on the left as we face the camera. Behind us is a military truck which, for reasons long forgotten, we called a “Six-by.” For armor, the truck had canvas over the back. Shortly after the picture was taken, we climbed into the back of that truck in order to be

driven to the air base outside DaNang for a tactical mission. The photograph shows each of us armed with a holstered pistol, issued by the U. S. Navy. None of us had ever fired our pistol. Though armed, the men in this picture do not appear to be very dangerous. However, someone decided to kill us as we rode down the dusty street toward the airfield. Suddenly, into the back of our truck came the grenade, stopping squarely between my feet.

I have been told that when an individual faces death, his life passes before his eyes. I am neither ashamed or embarrassed that the faces of my wife and two young children did not appear to me. In movies, some hero in our truck would have thrown himself upon the grenade in order to save others. No one in our truck pounced upon this thing. Rather, I sat and watched someone’s right hand appear between my boots, pick up the device and throw it back out from whence it had come. Then we all ducked, expecting a devastating BOOM. Only later, after there was no BOOM, did I discover that the hand that threw the thing out was my own. My action was not that of a hero. Rather, it was a simple reflex. I now suspect that the hissing noise I recall was, in fact, the grenade’s feeble attempt to explode.

I have only one explanation as to why I, and my fellow crewmen, lived and the young man and his mates in Iraq did not. Several years ago, the aviator and author Ernest K. Gann expressed it quite well in a novel, *Fate is the Hunter*. We lived because there was a malfunction. The men in Iraq died because there was not. It troubles me that 40 years later, men and women all over this planet are still using explosive devices to cause death and destruction to themselves and others.

In my opinion, it is good that folk music was not included in last evening’s performance. Had there been folk music, we surely would have heard three talented seniors, two males and a female, performing *Where Have All The Flowers Gone?* A man named Pete Seeger wrote that piece in 1956. The trio Peter, Paul and Mary produced a big hit with it in 1962. The lyrics include the words... “when will they ever learn?”—TEN TIMES!

Earlier herein, I wrote that I would not point fingers. I do not think that I have. I do not know which way to point.

Bob Root, February, 2004



Suakin to Tel Aviv

We got up early for our departure from Suakin, so early we had to wait for enough light to safely navigate the narrow channel leading out of the small inner harbor where we were anchored. Our next goal was Egypt, several stops ahead, and we wanted an early start – before the winds began in earnest. We were able to make it to Marsa Fijab (20°01'N; 37°12'E) by late afternoon, and with some difficulty and some help from a cruiser already anchored, found our way into the lagoon. The difficulty was in the form of coral heads, (bommies) that were hard to see with the sun so low, and being a little disoriented, we came very close to hitting one. Another boat coming in right behind us, did hit one, damaging his centerboard. Early again the next AM, we headed north again, this time stopping behind the Taila Islands (20°38'N; 37°13'E) for a night before heading towards the center of the Red Sea to a reef complex called Jazirat Bayer. (20°15'N; 37°23'E) This was a short mileage day, and a good thing, as we encountered 25 kts. of headwind for the last hour. Once inside this amazing reef, the seas were flat calm, even while the wind was blowing, and we could see the seas breaking just a few yards away. The snorkeling was exceptional, and we wished we could spend an extra day there to more fully explore the reef, but we had a weather window, and we weren't about to waste it! The winds are the driving force that dictates our schedule, leaving us with painful decisions as whether to stay or go. To miss an opportunity to head north with less headwinds or favorable winds may mean a weeks delay. So, up again the next AM, the destination being Khor Shinab. (21°21'N; 37°03'E)

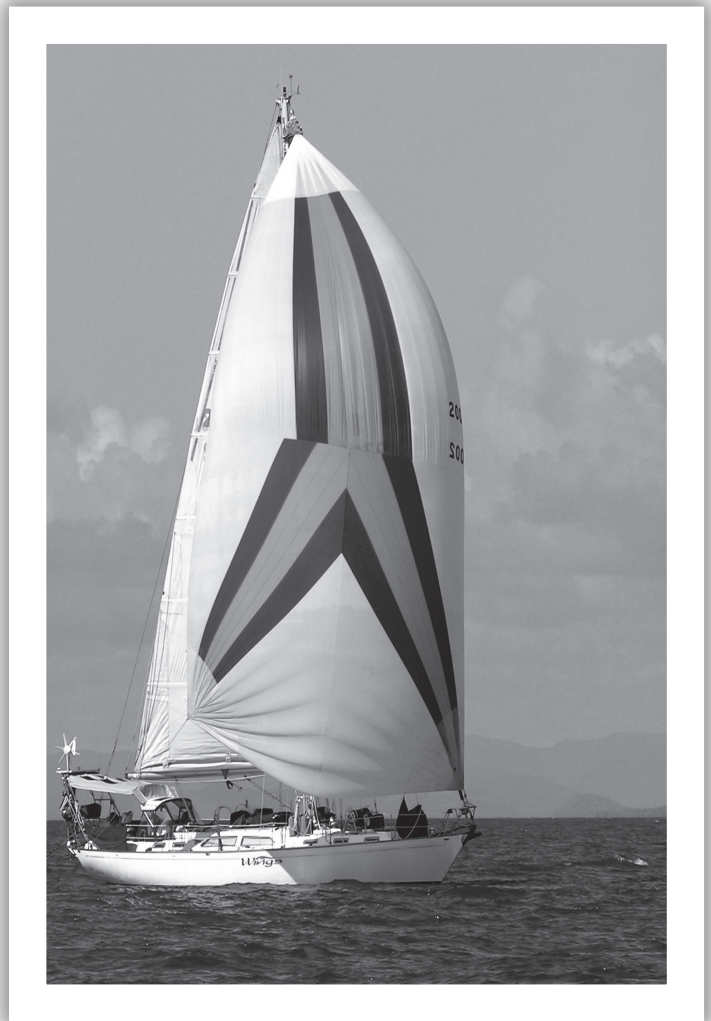
S/V WINGS is a 48 ft. sloop, designed by German Frers, and built in Taiwan in 1984. She is crewed by her owners, Terry Browne and Deb Gillespie. We left Anacortes, WA in July 2002, heading down the US west coast to San Diego, where we departed for French Polynesia, Suvaroff, Nuie, Tonga, New Zealand, Fiji, Vanuatu, Australia, New Caledonia, Vanuatu Solomons, Papua New Guinea, Australia, Indonesia, and Malaysia. Next is Thailand, the Red Sea and the Med. Stay Tuned.

The entrance to Kohr Shinab

Shinab is a very protected anchorage, being several miles inland through a torturous channel whose banks resemble a moonscape. Once inside, the channel opens to reveal a large lagoon, where we anchored with several other boats. We were just in time, as the next AM the winds blew 30 kts. for two days while we sat comfortably at anchor. Three days at anchor and with another favorable weather window, we headed north once again, this time stopping at Elba Reef (21°59N; 36°59E) for a short overnight before heading out for a 2 night sail past Foul Bay to our check in point in Egypt, Pt. Galib. (25°32N; 34°38E) Pt. Galib is a brand new, just being built, resort town that caters to European tourists looking for a place to enjoy the weather and do some scuba diving while staying in a modern hotel or condo. Reportedly, a Kuwaiti company is pouring several billion \$'s into the project. For us, it meant 4 days to clear customs as they sorted out a new clearing in system with unmoving bureaucrats in Hurghada. When the resort is complete, it will be very nice. Right now, it is largely dust and construction. We did enjoy being side tied to a wharf, with electricity, for the first time since Thailand. We were annoyed with the delay in our clearance, and ready to leave, so after a short wait for yet another of those elusive weather windows, we eagerly got underway for Abu Tig, a marina a few miles north of Hurghada, where we planned to stop for awhile to do some land travel. Once into our assigned space, and tied securely stern to the quay, with electric, water and WI-FI, Deb set about researching how to best see the interior of Egypt. We ended up using a local travel agent, who planned everything from taxis to guides, for an 8 day trip for four of us to Luxor, up the Nile on a cruise ship to Aswan, airplane tickets to see Abu Symbol, then, back to Aswan for an overnight train ride to Cairo to see the pyramids and the Cairo museum. In Luxor, we visited the Valley of the Kings, (fascinating) and more temples and statues than I have the patience to list. I really enjoyed the cruise ship. Cruises have come a long way since Moses took the first recorded trip down the Nile! Having someone else in charge while I ordered a beer while sitting in the pool and watching the Nile go by was a real treat!

While we were out cruising the Nile, a little drama was being played out with our mail, which we had ordered from our mail service in Seattle. Upon checking in to the Marina, we had been informed that, since we had some "boat parts", 8 small screws and another small part for our head, we had to hire an agent to get the package cleared in thru customs. We did, and supplied them with the documents they needed. After several days of delays, we started calling DHL, our Seattle mail service,

and bugged the Marina office daily. While we were in Cairo, where the package was being held, I went to a DHL office to try to solve the problem and was promised a next day delivery – a promise they made daily for the next two days as well, without any progress. Back in Abu Tig, we contacted our agent, and were again promised a next day delivery, and on the third day he delivered! All was there – all our mail which contained all our income tax statements, and our head parts. We asked to settle the bill. \$300! "Insurance" they said for the \$28 worth of parts, and storage because "we" had been so long in getting the package out of customs. That was on top of the \$180 charge DHL charged! The agent dropped his \$60 fee. Our Seattle mail service is going to absorb most of the charge, but Egyptian customs still extorted their money. Now, for the rest of the story: The screws were too long. We thought the Thais were the consummate scam artists, and they are very good, but the Egyptians are really the masters. They give you a little "gift" of some sort, then, having created an obligation, ask you into their store for some tea, and to look around, no obligation, of course. If you find something you want, you make them an offer,





at which point niceties vanish. The amount of the offer seems to be irrelevant. They will loudly accuse you of trying to cut their throat, all this after they have given you “gifts” and tea. You know your offer is good if they follow you out the door, all the while loudly complaining. Deb and friend offered to buy some small jars, which the salesman said were genuine hammerstone. Our guide told her to make her first offer at 10% of the asking price. Thinking that too much of an insult, she offered 1/3 of the price. She got the above treatment, and the bowls, which turned out to be plastic.

Anxious to be out of Abu Tig, and with 160 miles to go to the Suez Canal, we left with another of those all important weather windows for the port of Suez, located on the south approach to the canal. We took two long days, overnighing in El Tor harbor one night and behind a reef just short of Suez the next. We lucked out with the weather, motoring most of the way. It was a relief to have the Red Sea behind us! That night, the wind gusted to thirty knots. Our agent, known as the “Prince of the Red Sea” and reputed to be the “least dishonest” of all the agents, met us on arrival, arranged to have our boat measured, filed all the required documents and got us on the list to move through the canal. The Suez Canal is not like the Panama Canal in that there are no locks. It is simply a large ditch through the desert. It is not wide enough for ships to pass safely, so two one way convoys are set up each day. The north bound convoy leaves in the morning, with the yachts, being slower, at the back. The transit for boats as slow as us, takes two days, stopping in

the middle, at a lake wide enough to accommodate two way traffic. A pilot aboard is mandatory. Pilots are another rich source of stories about the scams they concoct. On another boat, their pilot told them that if they did not speed up, they would not make a bridge opening and they would have to overnight in the canal. They ran their engine as hard as they dared. There was no bridge. Most will complain loudly about their “present”, saying it’s not enough. It doesn’t seem to matter what you give them. We didn’t give them their present until the last minute, trying to avoid the verbal lashing, but I think we lucked out. We had two competent and polite gentlemen on board, and I don’t believe either would have complained. We were generous to both, and they would not have had any excuse to complain in any case. Neither pushed me to make better speed. We spent one lay day in the middle, at Ismalia. As we arrived, a fellow cruisers 60th birthday party was in full swing, so we joined the rest of the “transients” for an evening’s celebration. The next day we spent wandering around the city and picking up a few groceries. We had planned on leaving the boat here and traveling by land to Petra, in Jordan, but our desire to be done with Egypt and to arrive in the Med led to the decision to visit Israel, from which we could visit Petra easier, and see lots more as well! With that plan, we left with our second pilot for the rest of the trip up the canal, dropping him to a pilot boat at Pt. Said and continuing on into the Med for the overnight sail/motor to Tel Aviv, where we are now. We are very happy to have the Red Sea behind us. Mostly. We will miss those many exchanges, “Hey mister, where you from?” And when we tell them, the answer was usually “America good, Bush bad”, followed by smiles and high fives all around! Without exception, everyone we have met has been friendly, enthusiastically welcoming us to their country with smiles and hand shakes. Here, we do not stand out, (well, maybe a little) so we are paid no notice. Until we open our mouth. It is good to be in a first world country. Immediate plans are to visit Petra, take an overnight 4 wheel/camel ride in the desert, and to see more of the surrounding area. Then, were off to Greece? Turkey? We will see which way the winds blow. Indecision may, or may not, be our problem!

Cheers!
Terry & Deb

Many of you “Armchair Adventurers” sit and dream of what Terry and Deb are doing, and then many of you probably think how happy you are that anyone but you is actually doing it. In either case, Terry’s blog, of which this article is simply a single entry, is interesting reading. There are many beautiful high-res photographs in color, which we aren’t able to duplicate here. To read more go to (<http://www.sailingwings.blogspot.com/>). Once their odyssey has ended and normal communications are possible, we hope to hear more about their experiences. Just as we were going to press, Terry advised that he has an improved way to view photos—highly recommended. –Ed.

Southwest Florida Spring Luncheon

March 13th
2008



Marina Jack's Restaurant • Sarasota, Florida

Briefing 1100 • Lunch 1230 • Debriefing until 1500

MENU CHOICES:

- ① Herb Crusted Baked Grouper
 - ② London Broil
 - ③ Chicken Marsala
- Entree's include Salad, Vegetable, Potato, Dessert and Coffee or Tea

**PRICE \$24 PER PERSON
GRATUITY INCLUDED**

**LIMITED TO 150 GUESTS
REGISTER EARLY**

DIRECTIONS:

From I-75 N or S take Exit 210.
Go West on Fruitville Road about 5 miles to US 41.
Turn Left on US 41 to second signal.
Turn Right into Marina Jack's.
(Valet parking available - not included in price.)

Make checks payable to **"Dino Oliva"**
and mail to:

**Dino & Karen Oliva
3701 Bayou Louise Lane
Sarasota FL 34242**

REGISTRATION DEADLINE MARCH 6, 2008

I've marked the calender for March 13th at 1100 hours.

NAME _____

SPOUSE/GUEST _____

\$24 X ____ = _____ INCLUDED

MENU CHOICE:

① ____ ② ____ ③ ____

① ____ ② ____ ③ ____

TRUCKERS

Once again from the far reaches of cyberspace comes a story from an unknown author as big as the grain fields of the West

*"If this doesn't light your fire...
your wood is wet!"*



I try not to be biased, but I had my doubts about hiring Stevie. His placement counselor assured me that he would be a good, reliable busboy. But I had never had a mentally handicapped employee and wasn't sure I wanted one. I wasn't sure how my customers would react to Stevie.

He was short, a little dumpy, with the smooth facial features and thick-tongued speech of Downs Syndrome. I wasn't worried about most of my trucker customers because truckers don't generally care who buses tables as long as the meatloaf platter is good and the pies are homemade.

The four-wheeler drivers were the ones who concerned me; the mouthy college kids traveling to school; the yuppie snobs who secretly polish their silverware with their napkins for fear of catching some dreaded "truck stop germ;" the pairs of white-shirted business men on expense accounts who think every truck stop waitress wants to be flirted with. I knew those people would be uncomfortable around Stevie so I closely watched him for the first few weeks.

I shouldn't have worried. After the first week, Stevie had my staff wrapped around his stubby little finger, and within a month my truck regulars had adopted him as their official truck stop mascot.

After that, I really didn't care what the rest of the customers thought of him. He was like a 21-year-old in blue jeans and Nikes, eager to laugh and eager to please, but fierce in his attention to his duties. Every salt and pepper shaker was exactly in its place, not a bread crumb or coffee spill was visible when Stevie got done with the table. Our only problem was persuading him to wait to clean a table until after the customers were finished. He would hover in the background, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, scanning the dining room until a table was empty.

Then he would scurry to the empty table and carefully bus dishes and glasses onto his cart and meticulously wipe the table up with a practiced flourish of his rag.

If he thought a customer was watching, his brow would pucker with added concentration. He took pride in doing his job exactly right, and you had to love how hard he tried to please each and every person he met.

Over time, we learned that he lived with his mother, a widow who was disabled after repeated surgeries for cancer. They lived on their Social Security benefits in public housing two miles from the truck stop. Their social worker, who stopped to check on him every so often, admitted they had fallen bet-

ween the cracks. Money was tight, and what I paid him was probably the difference between them being able to live together and Stevie being sent to a group home. That's why the restaurant was a gloomy place that morning last August, the first morning in three years that Stevie missed work.

He was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester getting a new valve or something put in his heart. His social worker said that people with Downs Syndrome often have heart problems at an early age so this wasn't unexpected, and there was a good chance he would come through the surgery in good shape and be back at work in a few months.

A ripple of excitement ran through the staff later that morning when word came that he was out of surgery, in recovery, and doing fine.

Frannie, the head waitress, let out a war whoop and did a little dance in the aisle when she heard the good news.

Belle Ringer, one of our regular trucker customers, stared at the sight of this 50-year-old grandmother of four doing a victory shimmy beside his table.

Frannie blushed, smoothed her apron and shot Belle Ringer a withering look. He grinned. "OK, Frannie, what was that all about?" he asked.

"We just got word that Stevie is out of surgery and going to be okay."

"I was wondering where he was. I had a new joke to tell him. What was the surgery about?"

Frannie quickly told Belle Ringer and the other two drivers sitting at his booth about Stevie's surgery, then sighed. "Yeah, I'm glad he is going to be OK," she said.

"But I don't know how he and his Mom are going to handle all the bills. From what I hear, they're barely getting by as it is."

Belle Ringer nodded thoughtfully, and Frannie hurried off to wait on the rest of her tables. Since I hadn't had time to round up a busboy to replace Stevie and really didn't want to replace him, the girls were busing their own tables that day until we decided what to do.

After the morning rush, Frannie walked into my office. She had a couple of paper napkins in her hand and a funny look on her face. "What's up?" I asked.

"I didn't get that table where Belle Ringer and his friends were sitting cleared off after they left, and Pony Pete and Tony Tipper were sitting there when I got back to clean it off," she said. "This was folded and tucked under a coffee cup."

She handed the napkin to me, and three 20-dollar bills fell onto my desk when I opened it. On the outside, in big, bold letters, was printed, "Something For Stevie."

"Pony Pete asked me what that was all about," she said, "So I told him about Stevie and his Mom and everything, and Pete looked at Tony and Tony looked at Pete, and

they ended up giving me this." She handed me another paper napkin that had "Something For Stevie" scrawled on its outside. Two 50-dollar bills were tucked within its folds. Frannie looked at me with wet, shiny eyes, shook her head and said simply, "Truckers."

That was three months ago. Today is Thanksgiving, the first day Stevie is supposed to be back to work. His placement worker said he's been counting the days until the doctor said he could work, and it didn't matter at all that it was a holiday. He called ten times in the past week, making sure we knew he was coming, fearful that we had forgotten him or that his job was in jeopardy. I arranged to have his mother bring him to work. I then met them in the parking lot and invited them both to celebrate his day back.

Stevie was thinner and paler, but couldn't stop grinning as he pushed through the doors and headed for the back room where his apron and busing cart were waiting.

"Hold up there, Stevie, not so fast," I said. I took him and his mother by their arms.

"Work can wait for a minute. To celebrate you coming back, breakfast for you and your mother is on me!" I led them toward a large corner booth at the rear of the room.

I could feel and hear the rest of the staff following behind as we marched through the dining room. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw booth after booth of grinning truckers empty and join the procession. We stopped in front of the big table. Its surface was covered with coffee cups, saucers and dinner plates, all sitting slightly crooked on dozens of folded paper napkins.

"First thing you have to do, Stevie, is clean up this mess," I said. I tried to sound stern.

Stevie looked at me, and then at his mother, then pulled out one of the napkins. It had "Something for Stevie" printed on the outside.

As he picked it up, two \$10 bills fell onto the table.

Stevie stared at the money, then at all the napkins peeking from beneath the tableware, each with his name printed or scrawled on it. I turned to his mother, "There's more than \$10,000 in cash and checks on that table, all from truckers and trucking companies that heard about your problems. Happy Thanksgiving."

Well, it got real noisy about that time, with everybody hollering and shouting, and there were a few tears, as well.

But you know what's funny? While everybody else was busy shaking hands and hugging each other, Stevie, with a big, big smile on his face, was busy clearing all the cups and dishes from the table.

Best worker I ever hired.

Plant a seed and watch it grow. ✨

REMARKS BY DONNA CORBETT

At the Dinner Given in Honor of Donald W. Nyrop, Wednesday, June 6, 2007

It is an honor to be here with you tonight, and to be included within the ever-growing ranks of the Don Nyrop “admiration society.”

As Mr. Nyrop’s unofficial biographer, I feel compelled to remind everyone that, even if he had never moved to Minnesota in 1954 and taken charge at Northwest Airlines, he would still have to be counted as a significant figure in the development of American civil aviation. As you may remember, he was President Truman’s appointee as Administrator of Civil Aeronautics (which we now call head of the FAA), and as Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board. I think the best evidence for considering Harry Truman to be a truly “great” president is that he had the good sense to employ Don Nyrop as his top advisor on civil aviation.

I am convinced that Mr. Nyrop’s tenure in Washington had a lasting impact. I have my own special reason for believing this, which I’ve never discussed with him. In the early 1990s I was a federal employee in Washington, and one day, one of my colleagues went to a meeting at the Department of Commerce building. That’s the same building where the CAB met during Mr. Nyrop’s Chairmanship. My colleague came back to the office and said, “It was the damndest thing! I was over at the Commerce Department and I went into the men’s room and there were no doors on the stalls!”

(I said nothing, but there were reports that a little light bulb lit up over my head.)

Our Master of Ceremonies, Norm Midthun, tells me that, in agreeing to this party, Mr. Nyrop stipulated that he wanted no one to get up and say nice things about him. So I am going to try to follow orders. I will say nothing nice about him.

So let’s talk about the rest of you, shall we?

When future historians look back upon the 20th century, they will define it as the time when aviation changed the world, shrinking it in unimaginable ways. Many of you grew up in small towns or on Midwestern farms. Others among you developed the youthful habit of walking miles in St. Paul or Minneapolis, just to save the streetcar fare. Look at your own life, and

how different it became from your parents’ and grandparents’. Think of it: The nonchalant way you

view a trip to Tampa or Seattle as just a quick hop. The ease with which you say “*Konnichi wa*” or “*Arigato*.” The way you feel as comfortable in a cockpit or a passenger cabin, miles high in the air, as you would in your own living room. Think of how you can’t help but look up at a red-tailed jet and feel a cozy, warm familiarity that other people can never imagine.

The British businessman Richard Branson once said that the quickest way to become a millionaire is first to be a billionaire, and then start an airline. The fact is, an airline has never been an easy place to make money. Yet *Flight International* magazine, in 1978, described Northwest—your Northwest—as “known worldwide not only for its belt-tightening and profits but also for its technical and operational wizardry.” The Wizard-in-Chief, of course, was Don Nyrop. No other airline has ever demonstrated so clearly that fiscal discipline does not have to mean cutting corners and taking chances.

Now I happen to live in Massachusetts, about 15 miles away from an institution that has, I think, perpetrated its share of harm to the airline industry: Harvard Business School. I wish its students, and those of every other modern school of business could be here tonight, to see what a real airline, not a “virtual” airline, looks like. I wish they could see that there was once a time when people entered the airline industry without an “exit strategy”—unless you call protecting pension funds that would provide a safe retirement for all an “exit strategy”! I wish they could see that there was a time when the industry’s top talent didn’t need enormous “retention bonuses” to be persuaded—please, oh please!—to stay at one company for decades. I wish they could see the abiding strength of a virtue never taught in the business curriculum today—an old-fashioned notion called loyalty.



Several years ago, at the end of a long day of asking Mr. Nyrop about the ins and outs and ups and downs of running an airline, he told me, by way of summary, “We had a lot of fun.” When you think of your own years at Northwest, “fun” might not be the first adjective that immediately springs to mind. You undoubtedly remember the long hours, the pre-Nyrop era furloughs, the strikes, the tough times of all varieties. But admit it—even if you don’t choose to call it fun, wasn’t it a privilege to wake up every morning and know that, when you went to work, you were doing something important, something that mattered? And wasn’t it a privilege to have, as your boss, someone who worked every bit as hard—and cared every bit as much—about the airline as you did?

Having examined the history of Northwest Airlines, from its very unstable beginnings to the only slightly more stable present day, I truly believe that the Golden Age of Northwest Airlines encompassed the years when all of you were there, working hard every day, and so was Don Nyrop. You were all wizards. At the time, it may not have seemed like a Camelot. But—

Don’t let it be forgot,
That once there was a spot,
For one brief shining moment
Called “Northwest Orient.”

Thank you.

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Master of Ceremonies, Norm Midthun



The old dog
is still lookin' good
after 95 years!

Mr. Nyrop's birthday bash was attended by some 310 people. Norm Midthun furnished Contrails with more than 450 photos from which to choose. These few represent just some of the many smiling faces who enjoyed the evening of reminiscing.

▶
With his daughter Kathy



◀
With Carol and Fred Breitling

▶
With Shirley and Doug Parrott



▶
With Art Daniel



◀
With Bob and Marilyn
Matta

▶
With Joe Kimm

There is more than
just a little pioneering
represented by each of
these two gentlemen, both
age 95.





TWELVE THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT DON NYROP

By Donna Corbett

Aviation historian Donna Corbett has been a veteran “Nyrop watcher” for years. She is the author of two published biographies of him, the most recent being “Don Nyrop: Airline Regulator, Airline Executive” in *Airline Executives and Federal Regulation* (Ohio State University Press, 2000). In commemoration of his 95th birthday, she presents some facts about Don Nyrop you might not know. How many are new to you?

1. Don Nyrop is a lawyer—the good kind of lawyer.

Don Nyrop received his law degree from George Washington University Law School in Washington, D.C. in 1939. He attended law school at night, while working at the U.S. General Accounting Office by day. Intrigued by the up-and-coming field of aviation law, he sought his first legal job at the new U.S. Civil Aeronautics Authority, and was hired quickly, according to his first boss, as “someone who was young but bright and capable and able to learn the job.” Among his first assignments, he handled the multiple legal issues involved in the establishment of Washington National Airport.

2. Don Nyrop is probably a better basketball player than you.

His knees won't allow him to demonstrate now, but in his youth Nyrop played basketball. After graduating from Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, he spent a year teaching at a Nebraska high school and coaching its basketball team. In more recent years, he has been known to enjoy watching college basketball's “March Madness”

3. Don Nyrop would be an important figure in aviation, even if he hadn't joined Northwest.

From his first job in the General Counsel's office at the old Civil Aeronautics Authority, Nyrop quickly moved up the ranks of government aviation regulators. He became the number-two official at the Civil Aeronautics Administration (predecessor to the FAA), the Administrator of Civil Aeronautics, and finally Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board. During World War II, Lieutenant Colonel Nyrop was an international troubleshooter for the Air Transport Command. He also spent a few years in a successful Washington, D.C. aviation law practice. All this he ac-

complished before joining Northwest—at the young age of 42.

4. Don Nyrop was President Truman's top aviation adviser.

Probably no U.S. President has taken a keener interest in civil aviation than Harry Truman. He decorated his White House Oval Office with prints and models of civil aircraft. He took special pride in his role in passing the Civil Aeronautics Act while a U.S. Senator. Don Nyrop was President Truman's “go-to guy” when it came to civil aviation. They met frequently and Truman sought Don Nyrop's views and advice. President Truman also demonstrated a personal regard for his young official, giving Nyrop an impromptu tour of the White House living quarters, and sending flowers to Mrs. Nyrop on the birth of one of their children. Years later, Nyrop visited the retired Truman at his Presidential Library in Independence, Missouri. These two native Midwesterners got along splendidly.

5. Don Nyrop could have joined Northwest two years earlier—but he didn't.

As President Truman's administration was winding down, Don Nyrop made plans to leave government service. Some Northwest Airlines Board members urged Nyrop to take charge at Northwest. But Nyrop refused. He characteristically felt it would be bad precedent to move directly from government official to the president of a regulated company. Which brings us to the next point:

6. Don Nyrop has extremely high ethical standards.

If you ever worked directly with Mr. Nyrop, you already know this. So did his government colleagues. He detests anything resembling a conflict of interest. For example, during his Northwest years, when other

airlines tried to influence Civil Aeronautics Board decision-makers with lavish cocktail parties (or worse), Nyrop wouldn't even consider such a thing. When Northwest won a route case, it could only be, unquestionably, on the merits.

7. Don Nyrop has always cared deeply about aviation safety.

You already know that Northwest developed the highest safety standards under Don Nyrop. But Nyrop's interest in safety dates back to his early career, when, as a young attorney, he would tag along with Frank Caldwell, a famously gruff but brilliant accident investigator who had started his career as an operations manager with Boeing Air Transport in the 1920s. Later, Don Nyrop became the first Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board to visit an accident investigation site. When a series of airline accidents in the New York area set the national news media buzzing in 1951-52, Nyrop was the CAB chairman who handled the pressure, advising President Truman and enforcing strict safety regulation of unscheduled "irregular" airlines.

8. Don Nyrop has never been afraid to get his hands dirty to get the job done.

Don Nyrop is not a "big shot." No matter what his official title says, he has never been one to sit behind a big desk and watch others do the work. We already know about his early morning airport inspections at Northwest...

In 1951, as Civil Aeronautics Administrator, Nyrop led a special safety inspection team to Minnesota to investigate Northwest's ongoing problems with the Martin 2-0-2 aircraft. Northwest pilots had a long list of technical problems with the airplane and were refusing to fly them. Among many concerns, there was an area under the cockpit where leaking fluids would pool without any provision for drainage. Years later, a CAA safety official, remembered how his boss, Civil Aeronautics Administrator Nyrop, inspecting one of Northwest's Martins, had stuck his arm into the suspect area; when Nyrop pulled his arm out, it was covered with hydraulic fluid.

As president of Northwest, Nyrop's workaday experiences included serving as a last-minute replacement flight attendant on a Boeing Stratocruiser. When it was subsequently discovered that he was \$1 short in his liquor receipts, he invited the young bookkeeper who discovered the shortfall to have lunch with him.

9. Don Nyrop thinks long-term. He built an airline for the future.

If there's one thing that separates Don Nyrop from latter-day airline executives, it's surely this. He

never managed for next quarter's results—he managed the airline for the next decade's results. When he came to Northwest, the airline had many problems. It relied on government subsidies to solve its financial problems. Its airplanes had metal plaques on the cockpit doors, reading "Mortgaged to Bankers Trust Company." But Nyrop very quickly began to turn things around. Within a year, he and Chairman Croil Hunter ceremoniously destroyed the offending mortgage plaques by melting them with acid. And so the Northwest fleet remained, owned free and clear, from 1955 until the 1990s—when, largely courtesy of a leveraged buyout, notices began to reappear on the inside of cockpit doors: "This aircraft is under lien ... held by Bankers Trust Company..."

10. Don Nyrop doesn't take professional disputes personally.

Maybe it's part of his legal training. We all know how heated things can get in the midst of a tough negotiation. But Don Nyrop was able to maintain friendships with adversaries, such as some of the same union reps who pilloried him in the newspapers during the 1970s. When I attended my first RNPA gathering years ago, I was naively astonished to hear an ALPA MEC member from the strike era tell me "You gotta go see Don Nyrop—he's a great guy!" I later watched as another pilot thanked Paul Soderlind for "standing up to Nyrop!" Minutes later, Soderlind took me aside and said "Have you met Don Nyrop? Don Nyrop is the greatest man I've ever known."

The strength of these relationships demonstrates an important fact: No matter how heated the dispute, or how tense the negotiation, respect could remain mutual. Nyrop could always find common ground with his erstwhile opponents in their shared love for Northwest Airlines.

11. Don Nyrop doesn't boast—except about Northwest employees.

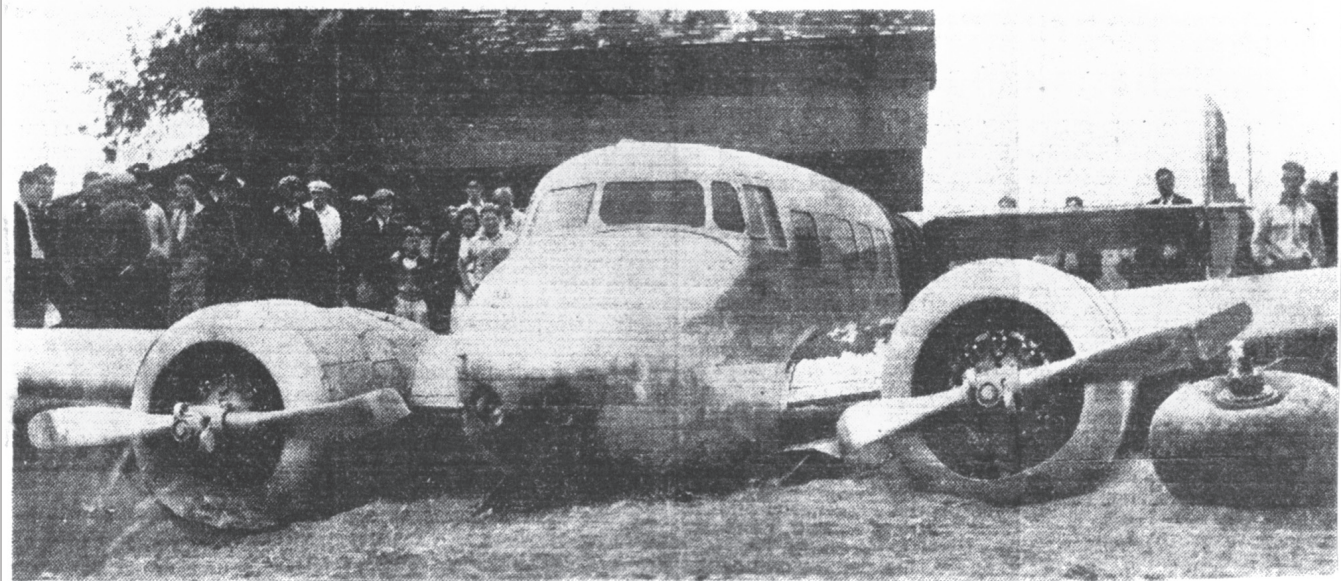
It's true. He always attributes Northwest's success to its staff and crews. When he came to Northwest in 1954, he didn't bring a team of cronies with him, as some new executives are wont to do. Instead he focused on identifying the talent that already existed in company ranks.

But Don Nyrop does have one thing he is proud to point out: In all the years he ran Northwest, he says, the company never asked its employees to give anything back. Contrast that with today's airline industry, where drastic salary give-backs are a way of life.

12. Don Nyrop would have been a success anywhere. Aren't you glad it was at Northwest?

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NONE HURT AS EAST-BOUND PLANE GROUNDED



WHERE DO WE FIND MEN LIKE THESE?

PILOT FORCED TO BRING PLANE DOWN IN SANDY LOT NEAR BOEING NO PASSENGERS HURT

SEATTLE, August 17 1935

A Northwest Air Lines plane loaded with passengers made a spectacular emergency landing yesterday afternoon in a sandy lot near Boeing Field after limping back to safety when one motor died as the plane was about to cross the Cascades.

None of the passengers, including five helpless women, or the pilots was injured and not even a window was cracked as the mighty liner slid 200 yards across the sand on the bottom of its fuselage.

Pilot Ralph Daniel had pulled up his landing gear to avoid the danger of nosing the ship over in the soft sand. As the plane bumped across the field, Daniel threw it into a ground loop to avoid crashing into a nearby barn.

Pilot praised

Damage to the plane will probably total about \$2000 according to A.G. Kingman, division traffic manager of the line, who was warm in his praise of Daniel for his manner of handling the emergency.

According to officials of the Northwest Air Lines, the plane bound for Chicago with ten passengers and two pilots, was about fifty miles out of Seattle and flying blind through the fog when the right motor died.

Daniel notified the field at once and was instructed to return. He was at an altitude of 8,000 feet and succeeded in crossing the northwest corner of the field but was unable to circle on the remaining motor which was also threatening to die.

Gas line blamed

Forced to make an emergency landing quickly, Daniel selected a field between West Marginal Way and 4th Ave. South, cut off his remaining motor and slid safely to rest.

With Daniels at the controls



Ralph Daniel



Gordon Moore

was Co-pilot Gordon Moore. The passengers, all of whom declared they would continue East by the next plane available, were in high praise of the brave and skilled airmanship exhibited by the steely nerved pilots.

The damaged plane was one of eleven twin-motored Lockheed Electras the line put in service on May 1st. Kingman said that a clogged gas line was probably the cause of the trouble although it would require an investigation to make certain.

Originally appeared in the Seattle Post Intelligencer. Submitted by James Lindley.

2007 RNPA Summer Picnic

Thursday, August 16th, 11am

Come Early · Stay Late · Special Catered Food

Furnished: Soft Drinks, Wine, Non-alcoholic Beer

Convenient Airplane Parking · Cost \$25 per person

Evergreen Sky Ranch, 36850 204th Ave SE, Auburn WA

DIRECTIONS:

- From I-5** • east on Hwy #18
 • exit onto Auburn Way South (Hwy #164)
 • turn left on SE 380th Place (Cooper's Corner)
 • turn right onto 160th Place SE
 • left onto SE 384th St.
 • left turn at 212th Ave SE
 • left turn at SE 376th St
 • right turn onto 204th Ave SE
 • right turn at end of road.

OR

- From I-5** • east on Hwy #18
 • exit at Auburn-Black Diamond exit
 • turn right to Green Valley Road
 • turn right at 212th Ave SE (218th ave SE andf 212th Ave SE intersection - green metal bridge at side of road)
 • turn right at 376th St
 • right onto 204th Ave SE
 • right turn at end of road.

- From Bellevue:** Hwy #405
 • exit south on Hwy #167
 • exit to Hwy #18 to either Auburn or Auburn-Black Diamond exit as described above.

Fly-in instruction:

- Evergreen Sky Ranch
- Runway 16-34
- 2600 feet grass
- Elev. 580 feet
- GPS to 51WA
- Radio 122.9MH
- 122.92 five clicks to turn on light & VASI
- Left traffic



INFORMATION

Doug Peterson
 (360) 893-6960
 db-peterson@comcast.net

Mary Gauthier
 (360) 825-3515
 redbaron@skynetbb.com



Make checks payable to "Sunshine Club" and mail to:

Mary Gauthier
36850 204th Avenue SE
Auburn WA 98092

NAME(S) _____

(Printed, please) _____

_____ @ \$25 = \$ _____

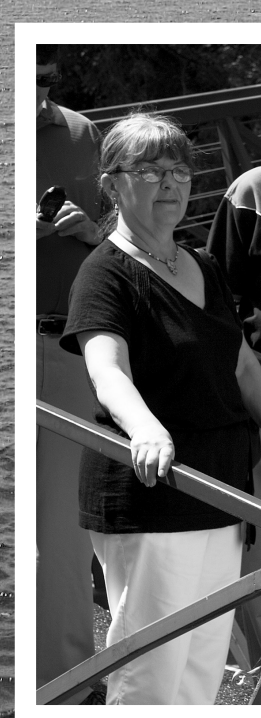
Cost: \$25 per person before August 13, 2007 • \$35 at the door
 (No refunds after reservation deadline of August 13, 2007)



SEA SUMMER PICNIC



*Winona & Wayne
Camp (left),
John & Mary Jane
Dittberner*



*Mary M
Jack He*



Jim Bestul, Keith Frøseth, Andy Anderson, Neal Henderson, John & Monica Sullivan



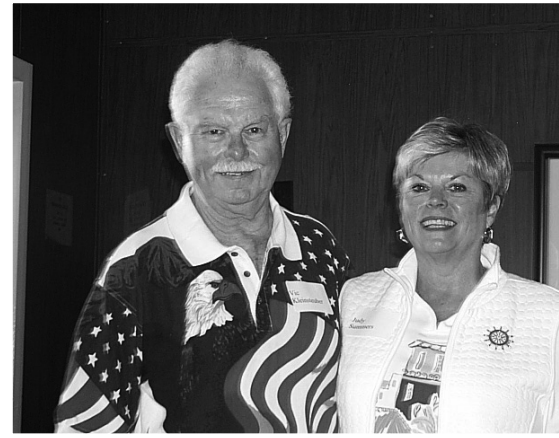
Mar & Dennis Johnson, Jody Bartlett, Reidman



Continuing the tradition of great weather for the summer gathering in Stillwater, a good crowd got together June 14th for what is never enough time.



*Gary & Sandy Roelofs,
Dick & Eva Smith*



*Tom & Judy Schellinger,
Vickie Hancock*



*Neil & Kay Elliott,
Janet & Steve Lillyblad*



John Dittberner, Barb Boldenow

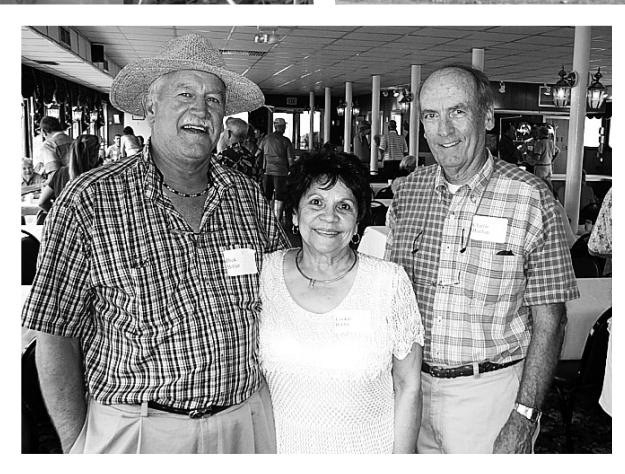
DER BOATENFUHRER
IS ON THE MEND
Vic Kleinsteuber &
Judy Summers



Calvin Dahl, Dave & Holly Nelson,
Neal Henderson, Chuck Hinz



Lorraine & Neil Potts, Jean Teasley



Dick & Cookie Bihler, Charlie Horihan



Larry Daudt,
Kathy Palmén



Jim & Nancy Bestul, Darlene Conway & Lee Bradshaw, Steve Towle

Audrey & Lowell Stafford,
K P & Nancy Haram



Linda Simmett, Marie & Jerry Jurgens, Joan Baldwin



Wayne & Rita Ward,
Judy & Tom King-Ellison



Jim Driver, Steve Towle, Rich Jacobs, John Syverson



Eileen Hallin, Ron & Lynn Heitritter, Joan Thompson



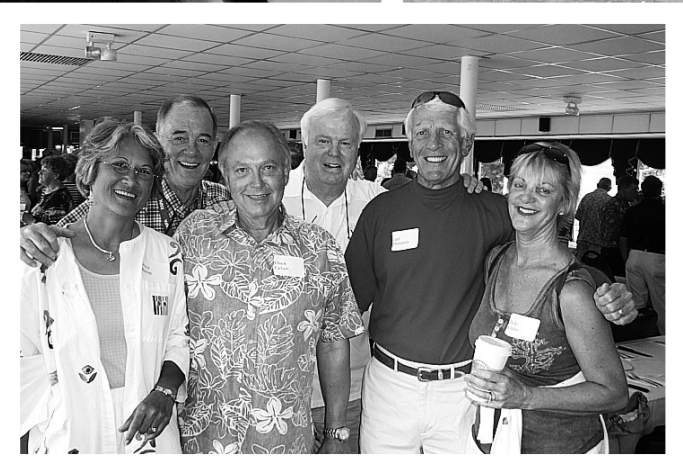
Neil & Kay Elliott, Bob & Lorna Higgins, Don & Edith Schrope



Monica Sullivan, Judy Miller, Kathy Zelig, Norma Driver, Jody Bartlett, Nancy Waterbury



Susan & Terry Marsh



Joyce & Bill Barrott, Nick Modders, Phil Hallin, Gary Thompson, Boki Marshall



Terry Confer, Bob Root, Chuck Hinz, Doug Wenborg

John
Syverson,
Calvin Dahl,
John
Dittberner



Barbara & Gary Pisel, Den



Kathy
Palmes,
Doni Jo
Schlader



Nick Piszczek, Briget Cleary,
Darlene Conway & Lee Bradshaw



Pete Campbell, Phi

ise & Ron Mapston



*SISTER ACT
Judy Huff and
Joanne Aitken
think that
their 81 years
of combined
service is a
record for
FA sisters at
NWA.*



*Dick Schlader, Elaine Mielke,
Doni Jo Schlader*



l Hallin, Ron Heitritter



*Joanne Aitken, Barbara Pisel, Gary Ferguson,
Holly Nelson, Gayla Bredahl*



*Steve Lillyblad,
Jim Hancock*



*^ Don & Lois
Abbott, Bob
Root, Rita Ward,
Elaine Mielke,
Jane Chadwick*



*Tom King-Ellison, Joan & Gary
Baldwin, Bert & Barb Sisler (front),
Hal Hockett*



*Bill & Ann Robb
Joyce & Bill Ba*



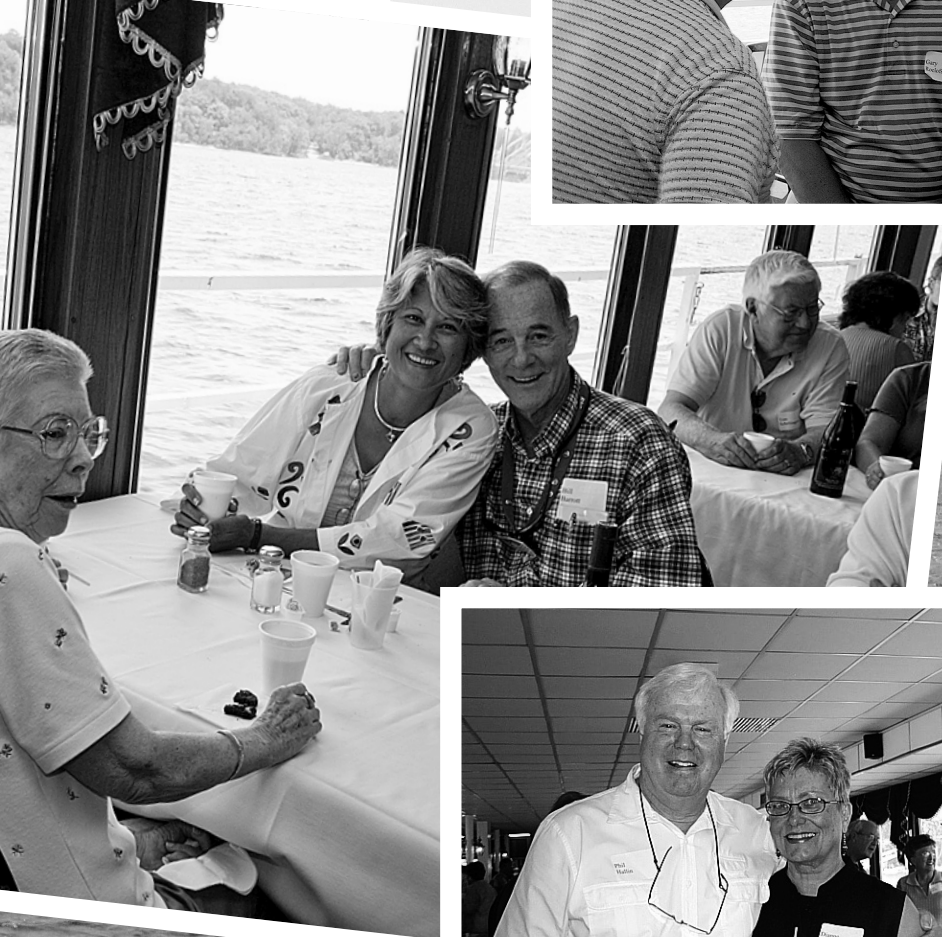
*Dianne Heglund, Karen Oliva, Boki Marshall,
Kirk Mogren, Mary Jane Dittberner*



Sandy Roelofs,
Sara & Nick
Modders,
Tom Roberts



Wayne Camp,
Gary Roelofs,
Tom Roberts



Phil Hallin, Dianne Heglund



ATTENDEES: Don & Lois Abbott, Jan Ahlgren, Glenn Anderson, Arlen Anderson & Claudia Delzoppo, John & Diane Andres, Gary & Joan Baldwin, Bill & Joyce Barrott, Chuck & Jody Bartlett, Marlys Benshoof, Jim & Nancy Bestul, Dick & Cookie Bihler, Barb Boldenow, Lee Bradshaw & Darlene Conway, Myron & Gayla Bredahl, Pete & Ann Brown, Arnie Calvert, Wayne & Winona Camp, Chuck Carlson & Joanne Aitken, Carol Grewing, Don & Jane Chadwick, Terry & Lynne Confer, Jack Cutler, Calvin & Arlene Dahl, Lenice & Larry Daudt, John & Mary Jane Dittberner, Larry & Marcy Dorau, Jim & Norma Driver, Dick & Sue Duxbury, Milt & Mary Eitreim. Neil & Kay Elliott, Al Feldsien, Gary Ferguson, Keith & Verna Finneseth, Marty Ginzi, Shirley Groff, Phil & Eileen Hallin, Jim & Vikki Hancock, KP & Nancy Haram, Audrey Hastings, Dianne Heglund, Jack & Joanne Heidman, Ron & Lynn Heitritter, Neal Henderson, Bob & Lorna Higgins, Chuck Hinz, Hal Hockett, Charlie & Kathy Horihan, Judy Huff, Don & Evy Hunt, Rich & Ann Jacobs, Jeff Johnson, Dennis Johnson & Mary Millar, Pete Johnson & Kathy Neary, Les Johnson, Jerry & Marie Jurgens, Ron Kenmir, Tom & Judy King-Ellison, Vic Kleinsteuber & Judy Summers, Ken & Sharon Kreuzmann, Steve & Janet Lillyblad, Dan & Barbara Lindsey, Joel Long, Todd Long, Jim & Geri Mages, Ron & Denise Mapston, Terry & Susan Marsh, Keith Maxwell & Kathy Zielie, Elaine Mielke, D K & Judy Miller, Nick & Sara Modders, Kirk Mogren, Dale Nadon, Dave & Holly Nelson, Denny & Boki Olden, Dino & Karen Oliva & her Mom, Sylvia Kubes, Jim & Jackie O'Reilly, Kathy Palmen, John & Evangeline Peikert, Gary & Barbara Pisel, Janet Post, Neil & Lorraine Potts, Bill Rataczack, Bill & Ann Roberts, Berit Roberts, Gary & Sandy Roelofs, Bob & Lee Root, Tom & Judy Schellinger, Richard & Doni Jo Schlader, John Scholl, Don & Edith Schrope, Richard & Linda Siimmet, Carl & Marilyn Simmons, Bert & Barb Sisler, Dick & Eva Smith, Lowell & Audrey Stafford, ned & Ellen Stephens, John & Monica Sullivan, Joe Sutilla, John & Diane Syverson, Al & Jean Teasley, Gary & Joan Thompson, Steve Towle, Cheryl Ullyot, Wayne & Rita Ward, Bill & Nancy Waterbury, Doug & Sherry Wenborg, Bob & Penny White, Don & Jeanne Wiedner, Lowell & Kathy Williams, Doug & Dianne Wulff, Linda Zwolensky



...and, in keeping with

*Kneeling: Judy King-Ellison, Barb
Seated: Joanne Aitken, Kathy Pal
Standing: Marty Ginzi, Kathy Nea
Nancy Waterbury, Cheryl Ullyot
Mary Jane Dittberner, Karen Oliva*

tradition, some of the ladies of NWA.



Photography: Phil Hallin, Gary Ferguson

*Boldenow, Jody Bartlett, Holly Nelson,
men, Doni Jo Schlader, Gayla Bredahl,
ry, Audrey Hastings, Shirley Groff, Judy Summers, Kirk Mogren,
, Dianne Heglund, Lynne Confer, Lee Root, Barb Pisel, Linda Zwolensky,
a.*

A NOTE FROM BOB HIGGINS

There I was... FL370, a few days before retirement, enroute NRT-HNL around 0300, in the dark, thinking, "Are any of these words—trips, skeds, training, knots, crew, PA's—gonna be in my vocabulary?" That stuff we were talking about at Narita breakfast table; "Golf? Grandkids? the Good Life, something about Giving Back. Does that mean volunteer school crossing guard? And, what kind of activity is going to fill the flying void?" All of this was not particularly scary, just no real answers. As it turned out, my personal life went slightly sideways for a couple years, but I got an unforeseen opportunity to do some really great boat stuff, like Maui to Seattle in a 37' sailboat and other offshore adventures.

most of all a real reward in having people love what you are doing, and telling you so.

That's the why. The what, is a genuine 100 year-old steam-driven ferry which operates as a museum piece on Lake Minnetonka. Many folks from the western MSP suburbs know generally the story of how Minnehaha was raised from the depths of the lake and restored. Anyone who has been out on Minnetonka on a summer weekend has most likely spotted the bright yellow and red antique-looking vessel with the large smokestack. However, there is a much greater, grander tale to be told about the history and the uniqueness of this boat and its home. Getting that story out to the masses and supporting the operation of the Minnehaha is the heartfelt mission of the volunteers, those folks from very different backgrounds and experiences who work aboard the boat and in the background. Some have been involved from the very beginning of the restoration, almost 20 years ago; some have given a few years and moved on.

This is where my "Help Wanted" ad comes in and, hopefully, where you might consider joining in. There is currently a significant need for more operating crewmembers and support staff. The boat is operated by a minimum crew of three: a Captain, an Engineer, and a Purser. Currently there are about seven or eight qualified crew in each position. Summer 2007 schedules consist of six 1-hour trips on weekends, split into two shifts and 2 trips on Wednesday evening. A quick count leads to the unavoidable conclusion... there may be some "understaffing."

The Pilot, Engineer, etc. in my "ad," of course refer to steamboat pilot (who will become a qualified Captain), steamboat engineer, steamboat purser, and so on. The Captain is licensed as a Master of a Steam Vessel, the Engineer as an operator of a steam boiler, both only on a vessel within the State of Minnesota. Although U.S. Coast Guard regulations are followed, Coast Guard licenses are not required. Training consists almost wholly of OJT, and our previous experience as airline pilots transfers very well.

The job of the Captain is to drive the 55-ton, 70-foot long Minnehaha upon Lake Minnetonka, generally in the vicinity of Excelsior and Wayzata,



OK. So, now you're saying, "So what, Bob, what does it mean for me?" Well, the answer is, as you can see from the accompanying photos, the experiences led to the Steamboat Minnehaha on Lake Minnetonka. There I was again doing trips, having a schedule, working with crew, conducting training (and being trained), giving PA's, and zipping along at 6 knots. I found out there is a real value in volunteering and

Minnehaha on visual approach



with up to 100 souls on board. He talks on the PA, giving passengers fun facts about the boat, its resurrection from the bottom, and the people and history of the area that brought it to life. He actually only steers the boat; speed is signalled to the Engineer via bells (read—no throttle for the Captain). There are some electronics and instruments aboard—depth, GPS, VHF, RPM—but his work is visual. The Engineer must tend to the wondrous 3-cylinder, triple expansion, closed-cycle steam engine and respond to the Captain's bell signals by operating a steam throttle valve and shift lever to a standard RPM for half ahead or full astern, etc. He operates a very modern, eco-friendly, #2 fuel oil burning boiler, instead of the original coal burner, as well as numbers of other valves, pumps, tanks and so on. Like a Second Officer, a good part of his work is either before or after.

The Purser, of course must tend to the passengers. However, there is no food or drink on board, so the job becomes more of tickets, questions and answers, and good-natured schmoozing. The most important Purser function is tossing lines to the dock to snag a bollard and bring the Minnehaha gently and securely to rest. The maneuver is definitely a teamwork exercise. The Captain makes the approach, the Engineer handles the power, and the Purser “makes” the landing... hopefully.

The Agents sell tickets and paraphernalia, count money, and generally support the operation. For Mechanics, there is light ongoing maintenance during summer and overhaul, rebuild, paint, carpentry, etc.

in the heated boat barn November through May. Year-round there is need for fund-raising, community contact, and outreach.

Operating the Minnehaha requires well-trained people. This very heavy vessel, with no direct connection between the the driver and the engine, requires crew coordination. There are Safety concerns, Emergency Equipments, and normal/abnormal procedures. The Captain and Purser need a good sense of their environs and the Engineer needs to talk about “his” engine.



Three Captains at the wheel. (l-r) Tom Roberts, Wally Krake (non-NWA), Bob Higgins.

The lake certainly has a spirited and storied history, with fortunes made and lost and made again along its shores. Minnetonka gets its name from the Dakota Sioux Indian word for "big waters," and indeed this glacial lake is one of the largest in the state. Officially measuring at 110 miles of shoreline, it holds so many coves, inlets and bays that locals swear the real number is closer to 300. Legend tells that two 14-year-old boys stumbled across Lake Minnetonka, long a Dakota Sioux settlement, back in 1822 after they had traveled up Minnehaha Creek by canoe. In 1851, the Sioux were forced off the land under the Treaty of Mendota, shortly after which the St. Paul and Pacific Company completed a railroad through the area, so that by the 1870s Minnetonka had become a preeminent luxury tourist destination, boasting stately Victorian hotels, first-class steamships and grand casinos, all the way until the time of the Great Depression. You can still see vestiges of its former grandeur in the historic buildings that grace the shoreline, or in the steamship Minnehaha, which cruises Minnetonka just as it did in the Roaring '20s.



Genuine Brass & Glass gauges from 100 years ago

Retired pilot Tom Roberts is a Captain and handles Captain's schedules and Emergency Equipment, Safety and Familiarization training. I serve as a Captain, occasionally as Purser, and ran Purser Training and Skeds till last year. Both of us think the parallels between our airline jobs and these steamboat jobs are natural and many. The training for Captain is 15 hours operating the boat, supervised by a licensed Captain in order to take the written State license exam, and then probably another 40 to 60 hours operating and talking experience. Senior Captains decide qualification by observation; there is no formal checkride. Engineer training is similar, requiring 25 hours supervised by a licensed Engineer to take the

State-administered boiler exam, then operating experience. All knowledge could be gained on-board, but there is also a very interesting and fun steam engine school available. Purser training is approximately 20 hours. All others learn by doing.

Looking back, one of the great things about flying was the opportunity to learn of the varied interests of pilots outside the cockpit. Many of those interests combined with our skills as pilots are just what is needed at the Minnehaha. You do not have to be a heavily experienced boat driver or machinery operator, and if you can pick up a rope you can learn to toss it. By the way, wives, husbands, significant others, older kids, all are welcome; there is a place for them. Both Tom and I would love to hear from you and answer any questions. My earnest hope is that many of you will see the need and answer this call.

Bob Higgins

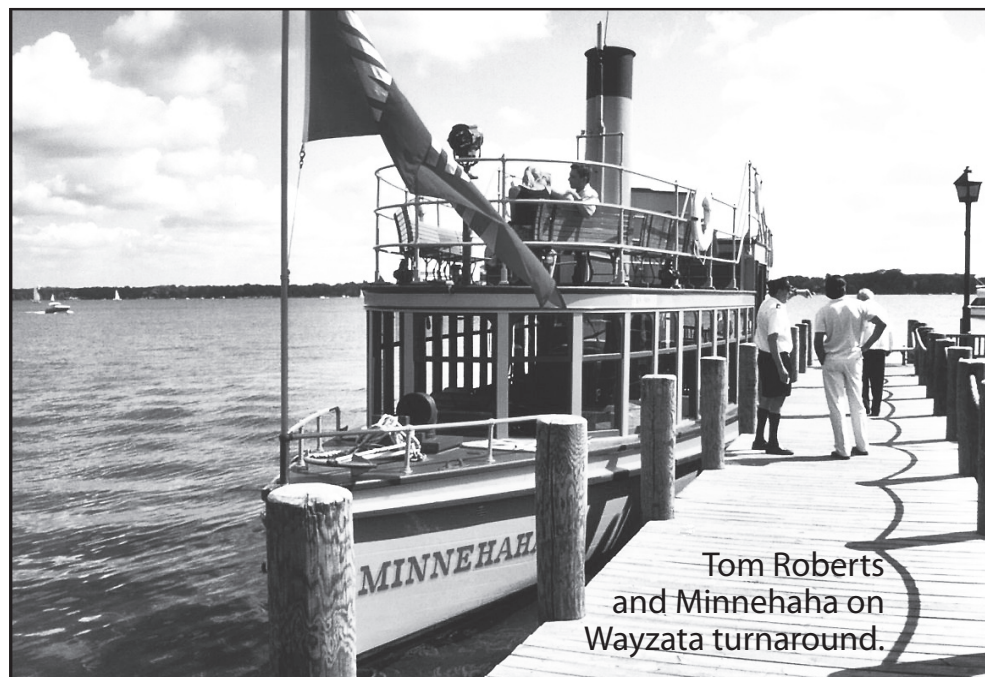
715.549.9149 /651.338.1846

doone200@aol.com

Tom Roberts

952.854.2247/612.281.3265

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**Tom Roberts
and Minnehaha on
Wayzata turnaround.**

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Please make checks payable to: **Doug Wenborg**
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Christmas Party**

_____ People @ \$38 ea. = \$ _____

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From the History Centre

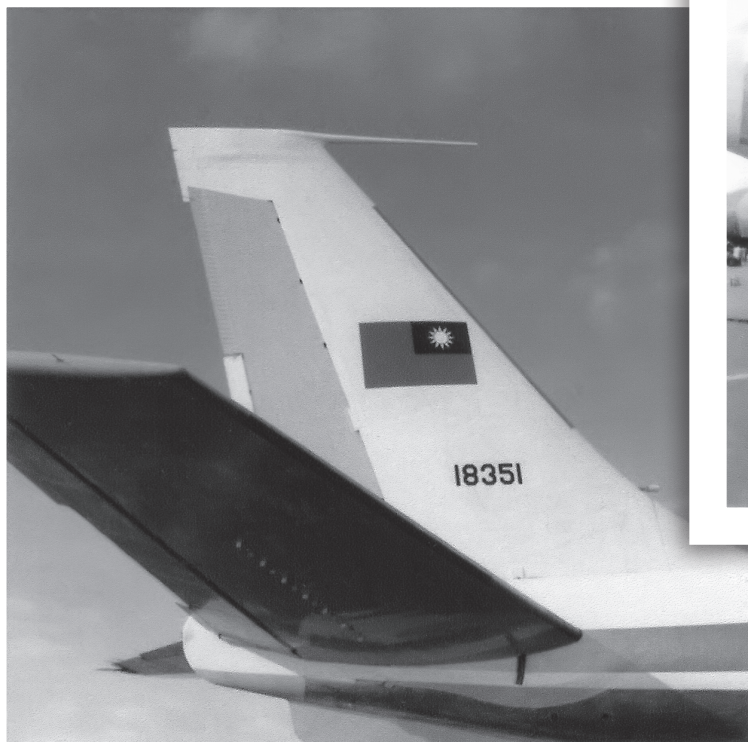
CHIANG'S AIRPLANE

Nationalist Chinese Leader Opts for a Northwest Airlines Boeing 720-B. Training His Flight Crew Was Fun

After the prop-jet Lockheed Electras, Northwest entered the pure-jet age in 1960, briefly operating five Douglas DC-8s. They were replaced by Boeing 720-Bs, 17 of them eventually, in 1961. Northwest began accumulating its fleet of 41 Boeing 707-320 fan jets in 1963. It was a superb plane. The airline operated them for 15 years before the advent of the Boeing 747.

The 720s were sold off (at good prices) to several airlines including Monarch out of Luton, England, Olympic out of Athens and to Cathay Pacific in The Orient. And one was sold to Chinese Nationalist leader Chiang Kai-shek as his personal airplane when he was on Taiwan. And herein lies our tale.

Northwest Captain Dick Brown at the time was supervisor of the airline's 707 pilot training program and he and his group also trained the new crews for the 720s—ground school, simulator time and then actual flight training. At Wold-Chamberlain Field, Minneapolis-St. Paul.



All photos courtesy Dick Brown

Above: Captain Brown and Colonel Chang, December, 1971.

Left and above: Chiang Kai-shek's B720 in Chinese Nationalist livery.

Dick tells the story:

Chiang sent over two colonels, three lieutenant colonels and two majors for flight training—pilots, co-pilots and flight engineers. The two pilots were Col. Chang, Chinese Air force, Deputy Commissioner of Sungshan Air force base, Taiwan, his personal pilot, and Col Wu-Hung, Chief of the Air Force Presidential Flight Section.

They brought along an entourage of mechanics—Northwest trained them, too—and others. For living quarters they rented a generous amount of space in a multi-story apartment building off Freeway 494 near the airport. Among the four were some cooks, I know that because when I stopped by there now and then I was always greeted by the pungent fragrance of soya sauce.

These men were friendly, capable, intelligent men. They were easy to work with, no tensions, no problems. No problem but one. We never knew when they were going to show up for training. A culture gap, I guess. We're mostly on time folks. The Chinese tradition, as some interpret it, is patience, not hurry, there's plenty of time out there.

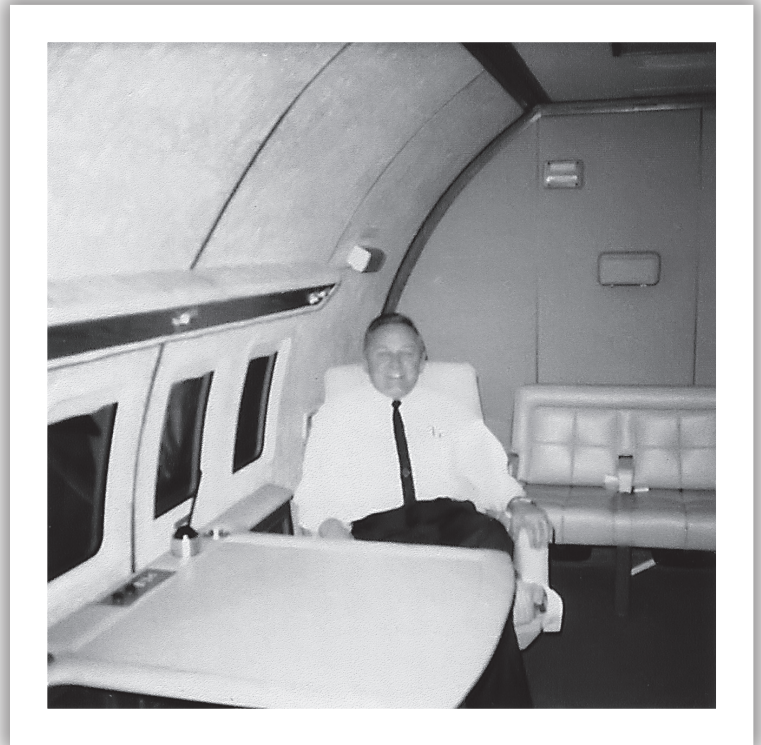
Other crews were trained in a month or so. With the Chinese it was four or five months. Actually, I wasn't slated to do much of the training, but I ended up working with them personally most of the time because I was always there. Along with Don Abbott and Bob Mielke we were always "on call." Because they had purchased only so many training hours, I had to concentrate my effort on Col. Chang and one of his co-pilots.

One problem was that when Col. Chang was in the left seat he didn't want his co-pilots with him. Normally we train the pilot and co-pilot together. I guess he was afraid they'd see him make a mistake.

I'm not sure what they did in all their spare time but I think they did a lot of traveling. One day Col. Chang came in and said he wanted to take the plane and fly his gang to Florida for a few days. I said no way, not without me, you're not qualified to fly the plane yet. He was insistent and I said, "If you do I'll call the State Department and have you grounded." He backed off. He knew darn well I meant it. They went someplace, but not in the airplane.

One day I took two co-pilots and the two flight engineers up to Fargo for touch-and-go takeoffs and landings. Fargo is a good place because it has a long runway and not much traffic.

We did several in succession where you take off, pull the gear up for the right sensation, and put the gear down again as you go around to cool off the tires.



Dick Brown in the custom private quarters.

They get pretty hot on multiple touch-and-goes. Well in this instance the tires didn't cool off enough and we blew all four left gear tires on landing.

So we were in Fargo awhile. They didn't have any 720 tires, they had to be flown up from the Twin Cities. I called my dad and my brother (I'm from Fargo) and said, "Where can we eat?" "The Fargo Country Club," they said, "We'll pick you up." You can imagine walking in there with four uniformed Chinese officers. They turned some heads. "What's going on?"

One of the people there was a reporter from our newspaper, the *Fargo Forum*. She interviewed us. We took her to the airport for a look-see at the plane. It had been refurbished down in Texas and had the Chinese Nationalist flag on the vertical fin and Chinese characters on its nose. The interior was pretty plush and it had a separate forward compartment for the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang. The result was a story in our Fargo paper.

Col. Chang was not in Fargo with us, as I mentioned, he didn't want to train with his co-pilots. The next day he walked in my office and said, "I understand you bought dinner. How much was it?" I said, "No problem." He then quoted from Confucius: "The teacher brings knowledge to the student, the student brings food to the teacher. How much was the dinner?" he asked again. I didn't know because my dad and brother paid for it. "Twenty-five dollars," I said.

He peeled off twenty-five dollars. I sent it to Fargo.

The day finally came when it was time to say farewell. Before takeoff, our Northwest people wanted to check the cargo hold. Col. Chang said no way. He had a padlock on it and he wouldn't open it. A stalemate occurred and I told him he had an hour. If he didn't open the cargo hold I was going home.

I guess there were other factors to consider, though, and 45 minutes later we took off for San Francisco and Honolulu—the cargo hold still sealed. I'm sure it was full of purchases and more than likely their mechanics had stashed a collection of our Northwest tools. They're probably still out there in Taiwan someplace.

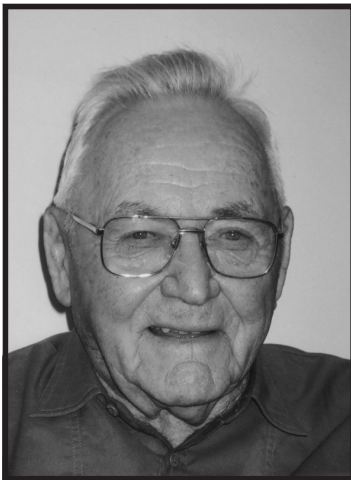
Jerry Fredrickson and I flew with them to Honolulu, me as safety pilot—a final check on their skills to make sure in my own mind they were qualified to fly the aircraft, and Jerry monitoring the navigators.

We overnighted at a military base in San Francisco, then on to Hickham Field. Some farewell handshakes, they took off, we returned to the Twin Cities.

That's not quite the end of the story.

Three weeks later I received a letter from Col. Wu-Hung asking me to bring Mrs. Brown and come to Taiwan for a while to continue his training. As I said earlier, it had become necessary for us to concentrate our Minneapolis training on Col. Chang and one co-pilot. Col. Wu-Hung said Col. Chang is no longer with us. There was no explanation.

I couldn't go, of course. I wrote him back thanking him for his invitation, complimenting him on his abilities, and urging him to keep flying takeoffs, landings and instrument time with a good co-pilot. I never heard anything more, so I guess it worked out all right. As I said, they were good men and I still think about them often. ✪



Captain Dick Brown joined Northwest April 7, 1941 as a Fargo ticket agent. He worked a split shift; four hours at the downtown ticket office on Northern Pacific avenue, a break, then four hours at the airport.

He enlisted in the Army Air Corps in March, 1942 and soon found himself in England where he piloted B-26 Martin Marauder

bombers on 66 missions over Europe. (The Martin Marauder was sire of the Martin 202.) He bombed German fortifications on and around Utah Beach on D-Day, June 6, 1944.

"We were much luckier than the boys on some of the big bombers," Dick recalls. "The Marauder was relatively short-range and we had fighter cover with us the entire war. We only lost a few planes to flak. They could really take a beating."

In the winter of 1944-45 Dick flew stripped-down B-26s towing targets over the Gulf of Mexico for B-24s stationed at Harlington, Texas. "There were seven Women's Airforce Service Pilots (WASPs) in our outfit and I flew co-pilot for a few of them," Dick remembers. "I still see some of them at different air shows around the country."

Dick re-joined Northwest as a pilot, in August, 1945. One of Dick's very best friends was Northwest pilot Joe Farrell. They flew 25 Marauder missions to-

gether until Joe got his own crew. Joe ended up with 67 missions, one more than Dick.

"Joe joined Northwest in September, 1945, one month after I did," Dick says. "So I was always 'that senior bastard'." Dick's Northwest career spanned 36 years with about 24,000 flying hours. He flew 12 different types of planes, seven props and five jets.

Dick and his wife Jean have been married more than 61 years. They had four children—one passed away in 2005—and have five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. "Jean took the brunt of bringing up the kids," Dick says, "While I was out flying."

Retired in Wayzata, Minnesota, Dick stays busy with a variety of endeavors. One of his favorite pastimes is co-hosting a B-26 martin Marauder booth at the yearly "Air Expo" extravaganza sponsored by Wings of the North at Flying cloud airport in nearby Eden Prairie. It draws participants and onlookers from throughout the country.

Dick's booth partner is Earle Luikens, retired Northwest Airlines mechanic-flight engineer-pilot. Earle was a Marauder crew chief in North Africa during World War II.

"We talk about the Marauder to anybody who'll listen," says Dick. "We even tell a few lies," he smiles. "We got a lot of 'em." ✪

Submitted by Bob L. Johnson for the NWA History Centre.

When I asked Dick for some photos to accompany this article he sent much more information about his and Joe Farrell's wartime service that will prove interesting for a follow-up article next issue.
- Editor

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Our World

You see us at airport terminals around the world. You see us in the early morning, sometimes at night. We come neatly uniformed and hatted, sleeves striped; wings over our left pocket; we show up looking fresh.

There's a brisk, young-old look of efficiency about us. We arrive fresh from home, from hotels, carrying suitcases, battered briefcases, bulging, with a wealth of technical information and filled with rules and regulations.

For many of us, we have defended our country in a variety of military aircraft. We've lost dear friends in combat or in training accidents. The memories of those friends will stay with us till we join up again on the other side.

We know the new, harsh sheen of Chicago's O'Hare. We know the cluttered approaches to Newark; we know, but do not relish the intricate instrument approaches to various foreign airports; we know the volcanoes all around Guatemala.

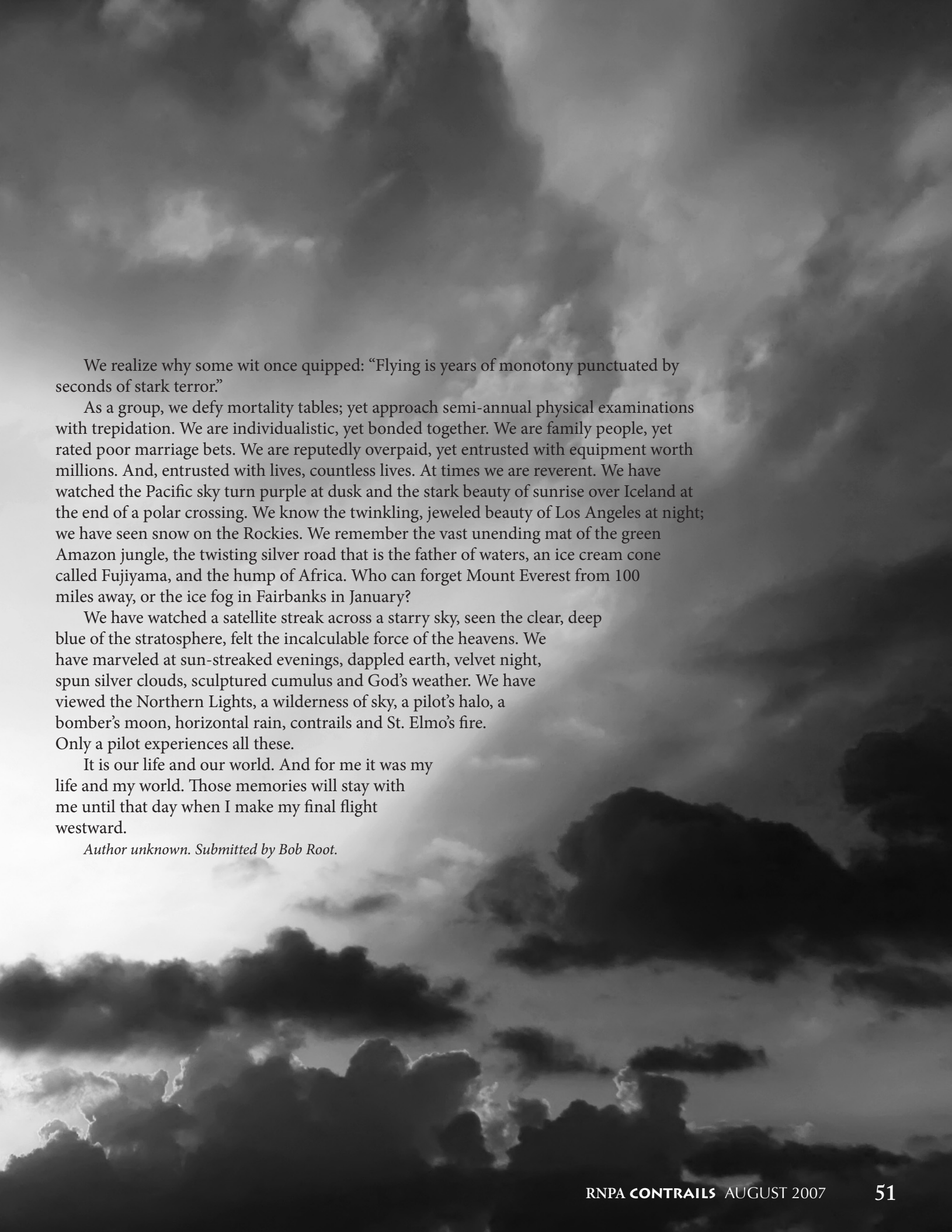
We respect foggy San Francisco. We know the up-and-down walk to the gates at Dallas, the Texas sparseness of Abilene, the very narrow Berlin Corridor, New Orleans' sparkling terminal, the milling crowds at Washington. We know Butte, Boston, and Beirut. We appreciate Miami's perfect weather. We recognize the danger of an ice-slick runway at JFK.

We understand short runways, antiquated fire equipment, inadequate approach lighting, but there is one thing we will never comprehend: complacency.

We marvel at the exquisite good taste of hot coffee in Anchorage and a cold beer in Guam. We vaguely remember the workhorse efficiency of the DC-3s, the reliability of the DC-4s and DC-6s, the trouble with the DC-7 and the propellers on the Boeing 377s. We discuss the Convair, the beauty of an old gal named Connie. We recognize the high shrill whine of a Viscount, the rumbling thrust of a DC-8 or B707 on a clearway takeoff from Haneda, the stability of the B727, the fun of the B757, B767, DC-9s, MD-80s and the remoteness of the B747 cockpit, the roominess of the DC10 and the snug fit of a B737. We speak a language unknown to Webster. We discuss ALPA, EPRs, fans, mach and bogies. And, strangely, such things as bugs, SIMs, HUDs, DHs and CATs, but we are inclined to change the subject when the uninitiated approach.

We have tasted the characteristic loneliness of the sky, and occasionally the adrenaline of danger. We respect the unseen thing called turbulence; we know what it means to fight for self-control, to discipline one's senses.

We buy life insurance, but make no concession to the possibility of complete disaster, for we have uncommon faith in ourselves and what we are doing. We concede the glamour is gone from commercial flying. We deny a pilot is through at sixty. We know tomorrow, or the following night, something will come along we have never met before; we know flying requires perseverance and vigilance. We know we must practice, lest we lose the edge.



We realize why some wit once quipped: “Flying is years of monotony punctuated by seconds of stark terror.”

As a group, we defy mortality tables; yet approach semi-annual physical examinations with trepidation. We are individualistic, yet bonded together. We are family people, yet rated poor marriage bets. We are reputedly overpaid, yet entrusted with equipment worth millions. And, entrusted with lives, countless lives. At times we are reverent. We have watched the Pacific sky turn purple at dusk and the stark beauty of sunrise over Iceland at the end of a polar crossing. We know the twinkling, jeweled beauty of Los Angeles at night; we have seen snow on the Rockies. We remember the vast unending mat of the green Amazon jungle, the twisting silver road that is the father of waters, an ice cream cone called Fujiyama, and the hump of Africa. Who can forget Mount Everest from 100 miles away, or the ice fog in Fairbanks in January?

We have watched a satellite streak across a starry sky, seen the clear, deep blue of the stratosphere, felt the incalculable force of the heavens. We have marveled at sun-streaked evenings, dappled earth, velvet night, spun silver clouds, sculptured cumulus and God’s weather. We have viewed the Northern Lights, a wilderness of sky, a pilot’s halo, a bomber’s moon, horizontal rain, contrails and St. Elmo’s fire. Only a pilot experiences all these.

It is our life and our world. And for me it was my life and my world. Those memories will stay with me until that day when I make my final flight westward.

Author unknown. Submitted by Bob Root.



You Just Have to Love Seniors!

This is an actual letter that was sent to a bank by an 86 year old woman. The bank manager thought it amusing enough to have it published in the New York Times.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to thank you for bouncing my check with which I endeavoured to pay my plumber last month.

By my calculations, three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honour it.

I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire pension, an arrangement which, I admit, has been in place for only eight years.

You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account \$30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank.

My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways.

I noticed that whereas I personally answer your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you, I am confronted by the impersonal, overcharging, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become

From now on, I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh-and-blood person.

My mortgage and loan repayments will therefore and hereafter no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank, by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee at your bank whom you must nominate.

Be aware that it is an offence under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope. Please find attached an Application Contact which I require

your chosen employee to complete.

I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative.

Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Notary Public, and the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course, at MY convenience, I will issue your employee with a PIN number which he/she must quote in dealings with me.

I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modeled it on the number of button presses required of me to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Let me level the playing field even further:

When you call me, press buttons as follows:
IMMEDIATELY AFTER DIALING, PRESS THE STAR "*" BUTTON FOR ENGLISH

#1 To make an appointment to see me.

#2 To query a missing payment.

#3 To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.

#4 To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping.

#5 To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.

#6 To transfer the call to my mobile phone if I am not at home.

#7 To leave a message on my computer, a password to access my computer is required. Password will be communicated to you at a later date to that Authorized Contact mentioned earlier.

#8 To return to the main menu and to listen to options 1 through 7.

#9 To make a general complaint or inquiry. The contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service.

#10 This is a second reminder to press "*" for English.

While this may, on occasion, involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration of the call.

Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement.

May I wish you a happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous New Year?

Your Humble Client



I have come to realize when someone you love dies the continuity of life is a difficult surprise. The birds still sing, the flowers bloom, people are in love and the one thing that skips a beat is the heart of the broken-hearted...

– Mary Rethlake, NWA Flight Attendant, commenting on the passing of her friend Cindy Bruss.



Ken Bremer
1922 ~ 2007

Kenneth W. “Ken” Bremer, age 85, of Edina, passed away peacefully and flew west for a final check Tuesday morning, April 10th, 2007. Preceded in death by his mother, Emma Schmidt Bremer, father, Theodore Bremer and beloved spouse of 53 years, Lois. Ken was born on a farm near Annandale, MN in 1921 and grew up in South Haven. After his Mom passed away in 1934, he moved to a boarding house and

graduated from St. Cloud Tech HS. After graduation he borrowed \$100 and moved east to enroll in the new Civilian Pilot Training program.

After WWII broke out, he joined the service with the US Naval Air Transport Service, Squadron Five. After the war he was a pilot instructor in Carrington, ND, where he met and married Lois. He joined TWA and North Central Airlines before joining Northwest Airlines where he flew 37 years. Ken and Lois moved to Edina in 1958 where they raised four boys.

Pilots at Northwest who worked with Ken have good memories of flying with him as he always showed up with a friendly greeting, a good sense of humor, and an easy laugh. Ken set high standards in personal behavior and in flight operations. Many of his former co-pilots used Ken’s example as a benchmark when they became captains. He was a real gentleman and a fine airman.

The family is proud of Ken’s service to his country. His faith in our Lord was abiding and he was entirely devoted to his family, friends and flying. He especially enjoyed family gatherings and playing with the grandchildren. We will always remember our father for his love, faith, determination and generosity—above all. Survived by four sons, grandchildren, family and friends.



Earle Luikens
1920 ~ 2007

Earle H. Luikens, age 87, a retired Northwest Captain of Edina, Minnesota flew west for a final check on June 12, 2007. Although he forever remained a farm boy at heart, Earle loved airplanes and spent more than 65 years of his life involved in aviation. He was proud of his military service in the Army Air Corps during WWII and talked about it often. Earle served as a crew chief on B26 Bombers with the 320th Bomb Group in North Africa, Corsica, and France, and always attended the 320th reunions every year.

Earle was hired as a mechanic by Northwest Airlines in 1948, and he later became a flight engineer (a wrench—a close knit group), and then a line pilot in 1963. He retired as a Boeing 727 captain in January of 1980 with over 20,000 hours, and flew on the Boeing 747 as a second officer until 1990. He bought N8327X, a bright yellow and brown Cessna, to fly for fun in retirement. It was Earle's baby. He loved that airplane and after flying it he would wash off every single bug, fill it up with gas and throw a blanket over the cowling. His future son-in law Jeff Link got his first airplane ride in N8327X, and now flies DC-9's for Northwest.

Earle Luikens always had a smile on his face and a positive outlook on life. He was never at a loss for words and could make anybody feel comfortable with his friendly demeanor and extraordinary personality!

"A man has a good start at understanding the meaning of human life when he plants shade trees under which he knows he will never sit."

— Earle Luikens

Some of the Northwest pilots who knew Earle had this to say about him:

Ed Johnson; "Having worked together for many years I always had the greatest respect for Earle and all his accomplishments. To me he was the class example of the 'greatest generation'"

Dick Smith; "Luke, you were the indestructible guy who could come through any misfortune with a smile and a wisecrack. We'll miss your good nature and great sense of humor."

Larry Owen; "So Long Earle. Have a great flight. I'll miss seeing your hat cocked back on your head. It was fun to fly with you. You were a good pilot and good guy. Blue side up! Warmest Regards."

Earle Scott; "I'll miss the always double greeting, "Hello Earle - Hello Earle". It went on for about 50 years of knowing each other and working together. So Long Earle. Have a great trip"

Fred & Mary Raiche; "Sincere sympathies to Earle's family. Many memories, remembered forever! Until next trip... (Both having been on Earle's crew)."

Warren Avenson; Remember you as a colleague at work, hope you enjoyed being with me as I enjoyed knowing and working with you.

Jeff Link (Son-in Law and Northwest pilot); We will miss you so much! Keep the dirty side down and may you always have tailwinds... until we meet again.

Papa - I find myself feeling like I'm missing something, and then I realize that it's you! I'll miss the kisses, the naps in the recliner, snowmobiling at the cabin and how I love the popcorn you would make me. I will help everyone make Grandma smile, laugh and remember your love for her and the family. I love you and miss you deeply. Thank you for your passion for everything you did and taught me. I know you were with me during my test because I don't think I could have passed without the love and support you always gave to me! I will look up at the planes above to be reminded that you are watching over all of us! I love you and will miss you always!

Love,
Brianna Luikens



Margaret Ohrbeck
1924 ~ 2007

Margaret Virginia Ohrbeck, age 83, of Naples, FL and formerly of Excelsior, MN passed away April 19, 2007. Margaret was a Northwest Airlines Flight Attendant from 1945-1948, in the first class of non-nurses and trained under Camille "Rosie" Stein, Northwest Airlines director of passenger services and chief of cabin attendants. Margaret retired in 1948 to get married to Richard S. Ohrbeck, a Northwest Airlines pilot and captain from 1942-1991, and who still lives in Naples. Her salary was \$140 a month. She served 21 passengers on DC-4s from Minneapolis to New York City and Seattle and her DC-3 routes from Minneapolis to Billings, Chicago and New York City. Due to flying

at low altitudes, many passengers became sick and stewardesses like Margaret were highly trained in emergency care. At that time, stewardesses also were schooled at Zell McConnel Modeling Agency in Minneapolis. Her fellow flight attendants were Carol Calrey Blake, Mary Render and Gladys Carlson. Women stewardesses first came aboard Northwest's new DC-3s in 1939, when Rosie Stein hired the first four from the ranks of the local nursing community.

Margaret is preceded in death by parents, Emma and Henry Peterson, sisters, Elsie, Burnette and Grace. Survived by her husband of 58 years, Richard S. Ohrbeck and sister Lillian Larson; children Christine L. Ohrbeck (Richard Fretland), Colleen M. Ohrbeck (Timothy Browne) of Excelsior, MN, Cathy S. Ohrbeck (Ted Hartwig) of Eden Prairie, MN, Thomas J. Ohrbeck (Chris) of Kansas City and David R. Ohrbeck (Olga) of Fargo, ND; grandchildren, Jackelyn Hartwig, Jennifer Hartwig and John David Browne.

Margaret graduated from Minneapolis Roosevelt High School (1941), was employed by the Soo Line Railroad in Minneapolis (1942-45), prior to Northwest Airlines. She spent her winters in Marco Island, FL starting in 1980 and moved from Excelsior to Marco Island in 1990 where she was a dedicated volunteer of the Marco Island Chamber of Commerce. In 2000, she moved to Naples, FL.



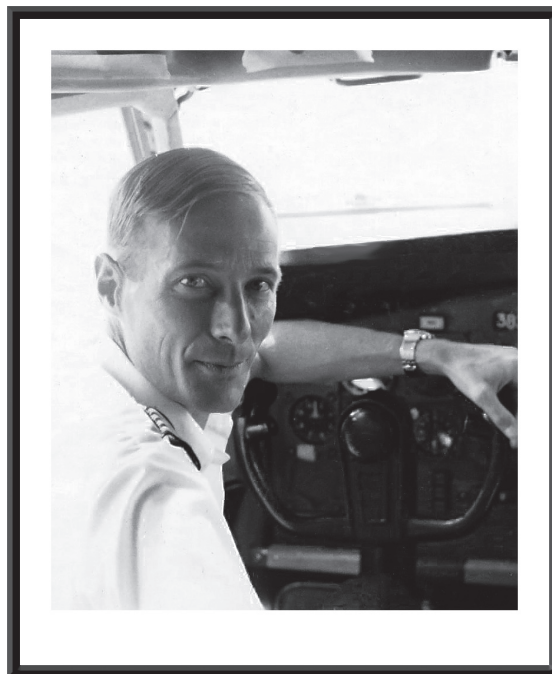
John F. Carr, age 82, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, died of a stroke on March 19th, 2007 in Seattle, Washington where he made his home. He had a stroke previously, and had been in extended care for some time. John was born in Brewster, Ohio on March 4th, 1925. When he was in high school everyone in Brewster knew the players on the Brewster High School football team, and they especially knew one of the best players, John Carr—“Snowball”. John entered St. Louis University during World War II before joining the Navy and becoming a Lieutenant, and a fighter pilot. After the war John had a choice to fly with the Blue Angels or be a commercial pilot with Northwest Orient Air Lines. John chose Northwest Orient. He made his home in Seattle, a place he dearly loved, until he retired. John leaves a brother Joseph Carr, of Canton, Ohio; and a sister Anna at Amelia Island, Florida. His nieces and nephews will sorely miss Uncle Johnnie’s visits to Ohio.

Some of the comments from the guest book written about John Carr follow:

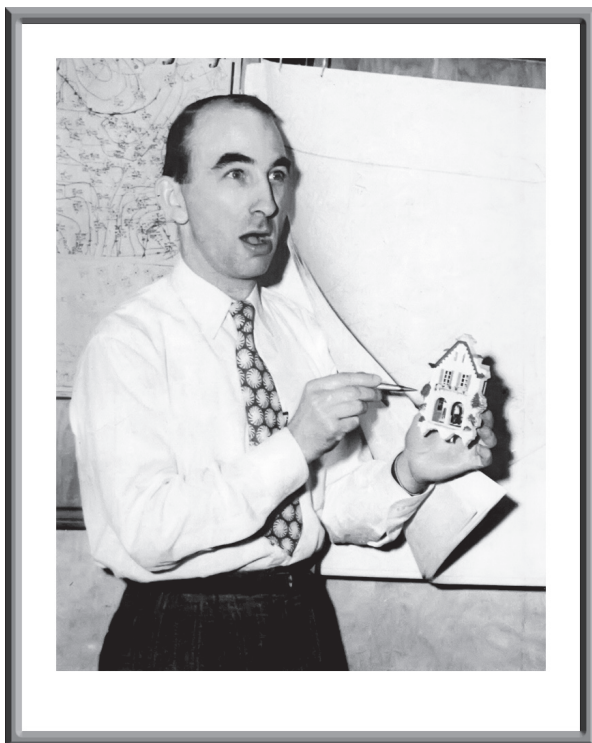
- “Snowball “ was an aggressive football player, quiet, friendly and helpful to classmates. We graduated together and I Admired the way he always talked to fellow students...
- I played guard beside “Snowball” at tackle for 3 years as a Brewster Railroader. During WWII, John went to Naval Aviation and I to the Army Air Corps. Every time we were in Ohio at the same time, we made it a point to catch up with each other’s lives. One could not ask for a better friend...
- He was one of the most gracious, giving, and caring guys one would ever have the pleasure of knowing. One could easily say that his life-long generosity gave us pilots a better image...
- I had the opportunity to work with this gentle giant named John Carr in my early years at Northwest Orient, late 60’s. Sometimes his ideas and methods were different from a few of us, but he had a great outlook on life...
- Thanks John for all your friendship and help, I was greatly honored and proud that you were my son Larry’s Godfather...
- One of the finest individuals and pilots I had the honor to know as a friend, and fly with and learn from as a Captain. Thank you for the guidance and wisdom you took time to share...

- A genuine pleasure knowing and working with John, an excellent pilot and true gentleman...
- He was a living example of humility and compassion, an excellent pilot and an intelligent, loving human being...
- John was a true gentleman and always a pleasure to fly with...
- John got me started as a SO instructor in 1964. He became my mentor, but more importantly a great friend for my wife and I for years. What a wonderful man...
- A good friend and a real pal when you needed him...
- I worked with John, flew with John, and enjoyed discussions of life’s phases with John. My feeling is he had mapped out where he hoped to go and how to get there. No reason to doubt he will have succeeded...
- John’s life was dedicated to his creator, family, friends and aviation. His kindness and generosity were beyond compare...
- John was my first instructor on the L-188 Electra, and was responsible for making me a captain for the rest of my 35-year career. Thanks forever John...
- I’ve known few people with a commitment to a life of principle and faith as strong as yours. God Bless you John. If there is a special place for fliers you must be close to #1 on the list...
- Thank you for encouraging my daughter as she studied to be a pilot. I know you will be watching her...
- I had the pleasure of flying copilot for John on the DC-6 and Electra. My wife and I both flew with John on the DC-4. John was always a special kind of guy. We will miss you John...
- Uncle John, my dear Uncle John, thank you for your forever gift of the guitar and being your nephew. You gave everything, now rest and smile at those you helped...
- Uncle Johnnie had to be the most generous and religious person I have ever met. The world would be a better place if there were more people like him. Rest in peace Uncle Johnnie...
- And the last entry: After reading all the other comments about John, I can only say “All of the above”—John was truly a great guy. May God be good to John Carr.”

Paul A. Littlefield, a retired Northwest Captain of Excelsior, Minnesota and Bradenton, Florida flew west for a final check on Saturday morning, May 26, 2007 in Florida. Paul was an excellent aviator, a decent guy to fly with who treated his fellow flight crew members with respect, and he was known to give a second officer an occasional leg. That made him a favorite with those stuck in the second officer seat for a few years. He is to be cremated, and other details will be published when they become available.



Paul Littlefield
~ 2007



Donnel Springer
1916 ~ 2007

Donnel R. Springer was a meteorologist for Northwest Airlines beginning in MSP, 1943. The family moved to SEA in '45 and then back to MSP when dispatch and metro were consolidated in 1962. He worked on many projects that have set NWA meteorology apart from any other airline including the turbulence plots and windshear avoidance research. He loved airplanes, the airline industry and even Northwest Airlines. I'm sure that was because of all the wonderful people that he met and became dear friends with over the 35 years he was at the company. When I was hired at NWA he sent a note to RNPA which was printed in a 1998 issue about the fact that flying for Northwest Airlines was my childhood dream. I believe it was a dream of his to have one of his children fly for NWA. He followed the company and the industry closely from his retirement in 1978 until he passed away May 27, 2007. His wife of 72 years preceded him in death November 13, 2006. He was 91 years old. He is survived by his daughter Gene and oldest son Larry residing in Seattle and the recently retired Northwest Airlines pilot is me, Steve, living in Illinois near St Louis. The most honest gentleman I have ever known. He will be missed.

Ira Bortles, 97 year old pioneering aviator, folded his wings Sunday, 6th May, 2007, to join his loving wife Evelyn, who departed just under two years ago.

Ira grew up as a hard working farm boy in the tough, unforgiving dry-land farming region of NE Colorado. Inspired by Lindberg's historic cross-Atlantic flight, Ira determined to become a pilot as well. A gifted mechanic, he wired this father's iron-wheeled Fordson tractor with lights—perhaps the first ever—so he could cultivate and plant 320 acres of wheat at night, the only time that the tractor was available. This was to pay for his \$2,000 tuition at the Curtiss Wright Flying School in Denver, Colorado.

The day before harvest, his crop was hailed out and his flying hopes were dashed with it. Believing in his dream, his father borrowed the funds Ira needed, and he soloed in October 1929, in a Challenger Fledgling. His dream, his transformation from farm boy to aviator, had been accomplished. Soon he was with the Clinesmith Flying Circus, barnstormed in Colorado, Nebraska and Kansas in his OX-5 Robin; and was a contract aviator until he joined Northwest Airlines in 1939.

He was later to be the first to fly a jet airliner into Japan, Korea, and the Philippines for NWA. Later, he established a record that stands today: the fastest Honolulu-Portland time in a 707. His 1969 mandatory retirement at 60 from Northwest allowed him to fulfill another dream, to slooowly sail to Hawaii with his youngest son Lynel.

In 1950 he, Evelyn and two oldest sons Larry and Dan, moved into his new home on West Mercer Way, in which he lived to the last.



Ira Bortles
1910 ~ 2007

He is survived by his three sons, 9 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren.

A service celebrating Ira's earthly arrival and departure to new heights was held at the Mercer Island Emmanuel Eposcopal Church on Tuesday, 15th May, with a reception following the service. You may also view highlights of Ira's life—and make your own blog comments—at <http://lbortles.wordpress.com/>

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PHX PICNIC:

Because of the consistent inclement weather for the January picnic, it has been decided to only hold one (1) picnic in Phoenix. This picnic will occur **THE LAST TUESDAY IN FEBRUARY**. The location and format remains the same. Meet at Falcon Field, 1000am, eat at 1200, talk till ?? Bring your meat to cook and a dish to pass. Bring your own drink, dishes and stories.



Membership Application and Change of Address Form

NAME

SPOUSE'S NAME

PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS

STREET

CITY

STATE ZIP+4 PHONE

EMAIL* (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 AIRLINE AS:

AN EMPLOYEE A PILOT

DATE OF RETIREMENT FROM AIRLINE AS:

AN EMPLOYEE A PILOT

IF CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY NWA INDICATE:

BASE POSITION

IF RETIRED, WAS IT "NORMAL" (Age 60 for pilots)? YES ___ NO ___

IF NOT, INDICATE TYPE OF RETIREMENT: MEDICAL ___ EARLY ___ RESIGNED ___

APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF HOURS LOGGED

AIRLINE AIRCRAFT TYPES FLOWN AS PILOT

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

CHANGE: This is a change of address or status only

MEMBERSHIP TYPE

REGULAR (NR) \$30
Limited to pilots no longer on NWA pilot payroll

NWA ACTIVE (NA) \$30
Limited to pilots currently on NWA pilot payroll

AFFILIATE (AF) \$20
Spouse or widow of RNPA member, a friend, former colleague, 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

MAILING NOTES

U. S. POSTAL SERVICE: We are unable to change mailing addresses seasonally. Instead, Contrails and all other mail is sent First Class to your permanent mailing address, which provides for forwarding, unlike our previous mailing system. If desired, please arrange forwarding through the U. S. Postal Service.

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



Joe Koskovich and Don Nyrop share a laugh at Mr. Nyrop's ninety-fifth birthday celebration on June 6th, even though his actual birthday was April 5th. (Page 22.)

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