

# RNPA

# CONTRAILS

**ISSUE NO. 164**

**NOVEMBER 2007**



© Steve Morris-AirTeamImages

**RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION**



EDITOR

**Gary Ferguson**  
1664 Paloma Street  
Pasadena CA 91104  
H (626) 529-5323  
C (323) 351-9231  
[contrailseditor@mac.com](mailto:contrailseditor@mac.com)

OBITUARY EDITOR

**Vic Britt**

PROOFING EDITOR

**Romelle Lemley**

CONTRIBUTING COLUMNISTS

**Bob Root**  
**Sue Duxbury**

PHOTOGRAPHERS

**Dick Carl**  
**Fran DeVoll**  
**Phil Hallin**

REPORTERS

**Each Member!**

The newsletter *RNPA Contrails* is published quarterly in February, May, August and November by the Retired Northwest Airlines Pilots' Association, a non-profit organization whose purpose is to maintain the friendships and associations of the members, to promote their general welfare, and assist those active pilots who are approaching retirement with the problems relating thereto. Membership is \$35 annually for Regular Members (NWA pilots, active or retired) and \$25 for Affiliate Members.

ADDRESS CHANGES:

**Dino Oliva**  
**3701 Bayou Louise Lane**  
**Sarasota FL 34242**  
[doliva2@comcast.net](mailto:doliva2@comcast.net)

# CONTENTS

## november 2007



- 6** RNPA Mailbox  
Take a minute to include a note when you pay your dues!



- 14** The Root Cellar  
Ol' Bob invites a guest columnist to converse with IKEA Anna



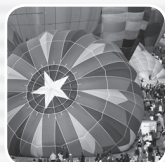
- 16** Getting To Know You  
Sue Duxbury ventures to New Prague, MN to visit Ann Jegers



- 20** SEA Summer Picnic  
Another big crowd for the annual favorite get-together



- 28** Ask The Pilot  
Patrick Smith returns to flying after a five-year "vacation"



- 32** RENO REUNION 2007  
A new name for an old standby – the convention



- 48** She's a Winner!  
Julia Curry is the winner of the '07 Paul Soderlind Scholarship



- 50** Volunteers Answer the Call  
You may find the range of our volunteer activities interesting

- 4** Officers' Reports  
**62** Flown West  
**67** Membership and Address form



# COMING ATTRACTIONS

## MAIN FEATURES

**Dec. 6**

**Seattle Christmas Party**  
Starring Mary Gauthier and Doug Peterson

Review on page 66

**Dec. 9**

**MINNEAPOLIS CHRISTMAS PARTY**  
Starring Doug Wenborg & a cast of six

Review on page 60

**Feb. 26**

**Phoenix Picnic at Falcon Field**  
Starring Gary Pisel · From 10am 'til ?

Information at (623) 582-4701

**Mar. 13**

**S.W. Florida Spring Luncheon**  
Starring Dino & Karen Oliva

Review on page 49

**Jun. 10**

**MINNEAPOLIS SUMMER CRUISE**  
Starring Vic Kleinstueber & Judy Summers

Review on page 61

**Aug. 21**

**Seattle Summer Picnic**  
Starring Mary Gauthier and Doug Peterson

Review coming soon

**Sep. 11**

**! EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT !**  
**HARTFORD RNPA REUNION**  
Starring Dick "Dux" Duxbury

**thru 13**

Review on page 13

## RECURRING SHORT SUBJECTS

**2nd & 4th Thursdays**

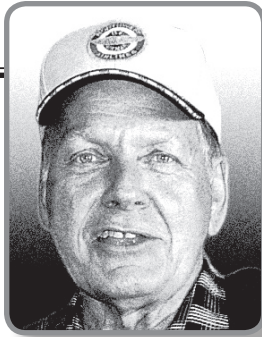
**Minneapolis for Lunch Bunch**  
Ft. Snelling Officers' Club 11:30 a.m.

Conflicts with other RNPA events excepted

**3rd Thurs. Monthly**

**North Puget Sound Gang**  
Starring Bill Day, (360) 933-1312, La Connor, WA · 12:30

Probably not in Dec.



## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

### ***No More Conventions?*** After all these years there are changes afoot

Well, you missed a good one... no, a GREAT one! Our recent convention/reunion held in Reno was a huge success. We had 168 attendees show up early for the Balloon Breakfast. A total of 246 were registered, however due to medical problems a final attendance of 239 was recorded. The extra days proved fruitful for those wanting to meet with old friends. Thank you all for attending. Looking forward to seeing you next year at HARTFORD. Again, sign up early and earn the chance to win either a free room or a free convention.

CONVENTION? REUNION? Semantics! What we have at RNPA is actually a REUNION. We do not hold meetings daily or stress a theme or product. We do meet and talk over old and new times. We want to learn what is happening in the lives of our friends and colleagues. We want to keep our old friends and develop new ones. When using the word CONVENTION, we are able to gain the attention of the various cities that host us. It gives us leverage when negotiating prices. The Board of Directors has decided that internally we will now hold RNPA REUNIONS. We may still use the term convention when dealing with various cities.

There were several new faces in Reno. I urge each of you to encourage your friends to attend our reunions. From past experience, once you have attended, you want to attend more functions and reunions. I also urge each of you to encourage friends to join RNPA. If they are reluctant, give them a year's membership, I am sure they will renew.

I would like to speak to the Scholarship Fund. We currently are awarding one scholarship of \$2,000.00. It is our goal to increase that to two awards of \$2,000.00. It is also our goal to make the fund self sustaining. The past recipients of this scholarship have been outstanding academically and socially. Our applications have increased greatly since its inception. Please consider a pledge to the Fund. Remember, it is open to ANY dependent of a NWA employee, active or retired. The recipient does not need to be going into aviation. Forms are available from Tom Schellinger.

Again, thank you for allowing me to serve as President.

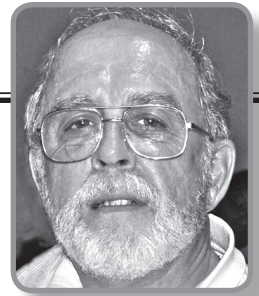
*Gary Pisel*



## TREASURER'S \$ REPORT

My wife and I finally returned from a three month odyssey of the USA, including the RNPA convention in Reno. Needless to say, upon our return the RNPA mail and my computer emails were crammed full. I have spent two days getting back up to speed with both. For those of you that had corresponded with me I apologize for the delay in processing your requests.

Some time in December you will receive our annual RNPA greetings in the form of dues notice. This past year we have had an increase in the cost of publishing and mailing the newsletter. As a result we had a deficit of about \$4000 for the year. At the board meeting in Reno



## Contributions

Here in the editorial offices my desk is a mess, due mostly to material some of you have contributed. After the August issue I wondered if I even had enough material for another issue. I needn't have worried—there's plenty that will have to wait for next issue.

*That doesn't mean I want you to stop contributing!*

Very specifically, I need letters when you send in your dues. The "Mailbox" remains completely empty.

(The "editorial offices" part was meant as a joke. It doesn't even amount to one full office—just a desk, a computer and some file cabinets that serve mostly to support a printer and scanner. And piles of paper that belong in those file cabinets!)

## Volunteering

Fourteen contributors fill ten pages of this issue with some inspiration for us all. I have first-hand knowledge, though, that there are others who give of their time volunteering which we didn't hear from. If you missed the deadline, or were too busy with those activities to respond, please feel free to do so at any time.

I make my own rules here about deadlines, so I can break them without any retribution. Maybe reading some of the stories herein will inspire you to tell us about the volunteer activities that are important to you.

## A goal almost achieved at the Reno Reunion

With the help of Dick Carl and Phil Hallin I tried very hard to get a photo of every person in attendance at Reno. I suppose it's possible that some of our group may be in the witness protection program, but it's probably more likely that they just got wrapped up in conversation until it was too late.

That's what happens at these things—it's just hard to get around to talking to everyone you want to. Besides that, getting a group of pilots all doing the same thing is a bit like trying to herd cats.

(Which reminds me of one of my favorite quotes: Many years ago, while telling a gruff retired Eastern Airlines captain friend of mine the troubles we were having agreeing on contractual issues, he opined, "Hell, you can't get three pilots to agree on when to raise the gear, how you gonna get fifteen hundred of 'em to agree on a contract?")

And please, will someone try to remind me in Hartford to get a group shot of all the "first-timers?" We always have a substantial group of those first-timers whose presence is only acknowledged by being asked to stand at the banquet to be recognized.

History tells us that most first-timers have such a good time that they keep coming back for more. If Hartford proves to be your first Reunion I'll try to get a picture of you this time.

## About the cover photo

I think most will agree that a really good photo is one that tells a story. This one tells me about the interaction of the atmosphere and the airplane—not something that's easy to do taking a picture of an airplane.

This is another gem from our retired UK pilot friend Steve Morris. Some of you have most likely seen it before, since it has been viewed online by something like a million viewers who visit the planespotters websites.

Remember, please, that each of you is a *Staff Reporter*. This endeavor is nothing without your participation! Whatchabeenupto?

*Gary Ferguson*

it was decided to raise the dues by \$5 to \$35 for pilot members and \$25 for affiliate members. The board felt that a dues increase was a better choice than to cut back on Contrails. When you receive your dues notice read it carefully:

- 1) If you have a credit, pay only the amount shown as your dues.
- 2) Please do not send in several years' payments. While that may be convenient for you it creates a problem for me.
- 3) Do not send in any dues until you receive your dues notice.

For those of you that did not attend the Reno convention you missed a really great one. Start planning on Hartford right now.

*Dino Oliva*

# THE MAILBOX

 Dick DUXBURY

Hi RNPA

Just back from a great convention in Reno. Excellent turnout (perhaps a record?), and a lot of fun with a great variety of things to do with our friends.

OK, we got up a bit too early for the balloon stuff on Sunday, but had a great time driving a bit later to watch them land in peoples driveways and front yards.

It was reassuring to hear the report of our Guarantee Group. Yes, it's not officially any part of RNPA, but it certainly sounds like our retired pension situation is in a better position than during the last 2 years. It was just a year ago that I joined a group of other retired folks, active union representatives, and the company, for a major visit to DCA. It was a great success as far as I can determine (at least for a few retired groups and NWA).

Sue and I enjoyed the Reno Air Races, except for the jet crash directly in front of our viewing stand. Racing airplanes is still exciting to watch and, yes, there is some risk involved.

So we are back to our Tucson migration the end of October from Bloomington. We will return to our school reading program volunteer assignments at that time. It's an excellent program for grades 1-4, helping kids that are falling behind in reading. One-on-one stuff, and it's fun to see our students get back on the reading track.

Again it was a great RNPA convention. Thanks to all the volunteers.

I'll be off to Hartford soon to firm up the 2008 details. That should

also be a great convention with an excellent program. Hartford is a new international departure location for NWA, non-stop to Europe in a B757-300, every day. It's been a great success so far. (Hmmm, if the load factors get too large we will drop the route because of no room for expansion?)

Back to MSP for the RNPA Christmas party. Then return to Tucson for the rest of winter.

Warm regards to all our RNPA friends,

Dick and Sue Duxbury

 Bill DAY

Dear Retired NWA Pilots,

Yesterday's gathering in LaConner was a test run for a potential new location and I think we have a winner. Klaus Dassel provided the backside shove that resulted in yesterday's new location at the Nell Thorn Restaurant in LaConner, WA. Thanks to Klaus, Gil Baker, Bill Knutsen all twenty-one participants had a terrific time yesterday. The food was excellent, the wines and beer first class, and the staff helpful and courteous. Doesn't sound like something involving NWA pilots does it?

If yesterday's luncheon lacked for anything it was boredom. See what you missed?

We plan to reconvene at the Nell Thorn in LaConner again on the 10th of October. Fear not, you will receive a couple of my long winded diatribes to serve as a reminder.

Bill Day

*Excerpted from an article by Don Cox in the Reno Gazette-Journal on 9/13/2007.*

Gary Dickinson not only watches airplanes, he also hears them.

"All those 'recips' are music to my ears," said Dickinson, a retired airline pilot, as he listened to the engines warming on several World War II-era fighters at the 44th annual Reno National Championship Air Races that started Wednesday. "Those reciprocating engines. When I started flying, that's what they had."

The sound of pistons is one reason why Dickinson and dozens of other fans like him forsake the grandstands at Reno Stead Airport, standing in a long row behind temporary barriers along the runway where they can hear and see the planes up close.

"I have an appreciation for all airplanes," said Dickinson, a Marine Corps flier in the late 1950s. "Even the small ones."

But it's the modified P-51 Mustangs, Hawker Sea Furies and Grumman F-8F Bearcats that Dickinson and the other "rail birds" stand for hours to see and hear. Along with airplanes, the birds like shade. Most of them stand along a barrier that's positioned next to a large truck belonging to one of the aircraft crews. The truck blocks the sun.

"People respect them," Frank Taylor, one of the birds, said as he pointed to planes sitting on the runway. "If a guy invited me out there, I wouldn't touch the plane. I wouldn't get on it. You never get on it."

Taylor, like Dickinson is an old pilot. They're in Reno attending a convention of the Retired Northwest Airlines Pilots. The guys decided to spend a day at the air races. Their wives went on a tour of Virginia City.

"When we have the girls with us, we talk about airplanes," Taylor said. "They didn't want to hear another airplane story."



Allan Freed of St. Augustine tells his story of the gigantic lock he made of many smaller locks during the object's unveiling, May 31, 2007, at Ripley's Believe it or Not! Museum.

Originally published by Douglas Jordan in the St. Augustine Record. Photo by Daron Dean

Many people take a few mementos from the workplace with them when they retire. In St. Augustine resident [and RNPA member] Allan Freed's case, it was quite a bit more than most.

Freed, no relation to the pioneer D.J. Alan Freed, accumulated more than 11,000 tiny locks in his 39-year career in the airline industry, all from luggage that had passed through airport baggage loaders.

"It kind of tells you that those suitcase locks aren't very secure," Freed, 65, said. "They basically got knocked loose when going through the baggage handling machines.

"And you can't leave them lying on the ground near the planes, because any foreign object can be sucked up into one of the jet engines."

Freed put all those locks together, forming one giant lock.

His creation was recently acquired by Ripley's Believe It Or Not! in St. Augustine and is now on display alongside the work of another local resident, Jim Shore, whose "Million Dollar Man" statue made from shredded U.S. currency has been at the oddities museum since 1989.

Freed, a retired jet mechanic who has a youthful, creative spirit and the look of a riverboat captain, retired three years ago from Washington, D.C.'s National Airport, where he had worked for Northwest Airlines since 1964.

But what would possess somebody to save all those locks in the first place?

"I'm not sure, really," Freed said, laughing as he stood next to his odd masterpiece. "I guess I just love collecting things. And I wanted to make something interesting out

of it, something people could enjoy."

It wasn't originally going to be a lock, he said.

"My original plan was to make a scaled-down model of a Lockheed Electra, which is the first plane I ever worked on," he said. "But after I retired, I didn't have access to a welder, which I would have needed to make the plane."

He said he thought about it for a while, and then his son, Jacksonville attorney Michael Freed, came up with the idea to fashion the lock into, well, a giant lock.

"That was a perfect idea," he said. "And it was easier to do."

Freed said it didn't take him long to make the lock, once he had a basic plan.

"Thirty-nine years to collect them, and three weeks to put it all together," he said. "I built it in my basement of our house in Rockville, Md."

Freed and his wife moved to World Golf Village in St. Augustine in 2005 and brought the mammoth lock with them.

"I know a lot of people thought I was loony over the years, saving those locks," Freed said. "It took some work moving it."

At that, Audrey Freed could not help but laugh.

"I have to say, I'm glad it's found a good home here at Ripley's," she said. "To be honest, if it hadn't been donated, it was just going to quietly disappear."

Mrs. Freed, who describes herself as a "serious minimalist," has put up with her husband's proclivity for accumulation for 45 years.

"But I'm very much an organized person," Freed said. "I keep everything neat."

Freed collects lots of other things, including autographs acquired from working at a major airport.

"I've got more than 200 autographs," he said. "I saw a lot of famous faces coming through."

Some of the signatures he's collected include Michael Jackson, Kirk Douglas, Tom Selleck, Muhammad Ali, Hubert Humphrey, Neil Armstrong and Robert F. Kennedy.

"Bobby used to come through a lot, of course, being the D.C. airport," he said. "And every Friday, Ethel would pull up in a big station wagon loaded with kids to pick him up."

Freed takes particular pleasure watching children's reactions to his work.

"I'm really just a big kid," he said. "And I love to make people happy."

Freed's lock is located on the second floor of the museum, right next to the erector set Ferris Wheel, under the watchful eye of the giant prehistoric shark jaws and the life-sized soda can manatee.



I am writing this story the way I remember it, and I hope that I don't offend any of the other crew members, whose names I cannot remember.

This trip took place around 1990. We had completed the merger with Republic, and the 727 fleet was being flown by both pilot groups. Republic had a few 727s that were equipped with a direct navigation system (not inertial). I believe that it was called "Delta." Anyway, these aircraft were going to be used to fly the trip from Tampa to Cancun and back.

It was the last day of a four day trip. This was at a time in our airline's history where NWA was hiring as fast as possible. I was the Captain, my co-pilot was fairly new, but one of the older pilots that was hired during that period. The S/O was new, as all were at that time. The schedule for the day was TPA-CAN-TPA-MSP.

Since none of the "Red Book" pilots had any idea how to operate the navigation system, one of the "Green Book" IPs that lived in the Tampa area was assigned to give a two hour briefing before the trip, and then to accompany us on the first trip of the month. Naturally, NWA expected us to gladly give up our time with no extra pay to take this training, and extend our duty day.

Somewhat reluctantly, we reported two hours early and learned what we could about the navigation system. It was then time to flight plan. It was one of those days where there were two long lines of thunderstorms in the Gulf of Mexico. One was in the Tampa area, and the other was in the Cancun area. These were solid lines of heavy thunderstorms that were hundreds of miles long. None of us with the exception of the IP had ever been to Cancun, but, like all pilots, I had completed the route qualification.

Our alternate for Cancun was



Runway 30, Cancun, Mexico International Airport (MMUM)

Cozumel, an island about 30 miles from Cancun. I was concerned with the fuel load, so I called dispatch. They felt that the line would be past Cancun on our arrival. The fuel load was restricted by landing weight, so the extra holding fuel was limited.

Take-off was rather bumpy, but once we broke out on top the trip was fairly pleasant, that was until we arrived in the Cancun area. We could see by the radar that the line of thunderstorms was directly over Cancun and extended for miles over the Yucatan Peninsula and out over the water. Mexican ATC came onto the radio. Their opening statement was, "Cancun is closed and below minimums, Cozumel is at minimums, but will not accept you since they have no room on the ramp. You can go to Merida."

Merida is about 150NM west of Cancun. I asked for their current weather, which was at ILS minimums, but the line of thunderstorms extended directly toward Merida. At that time the IP began to insist that we immediately depart for Navy Key West. My quick fuel calculations told me that we would arrive at Key West with about 2,000 lbs of fuel (15 minutes holding in the old 727), and that was only if we got direct clearance through Cuban airspace--which

was certainly not a good bet. The IP continued to insist on Key West, so at that point I asked him what his authority was on the aircraft? He responded that I was in charge.

Luckily, Mexican ATC came on the air again and stated that Cozumel would take us now, and that their weather was at VOR minimums: 500 ft, with 3 miles visibility below the overcast. We were right at the Cozumel approach fix, so at that time I decided to throw out all of the cockpit crew coordination training and stated that we were going into Cozumel. The only problem now was that they were using a VOR approach that we did not have the approach plate for, and Cozumel didn't have radar. One more time around the holding pattern while Mexican ATC explained the approach plate and we copied it in the cockpit.

It was my leg. I flew the approach with the needles centered, but when we broke out we were off-set to the right, and really too close to make a safe landing. I told the crew that I wanted to maneuver a little, and to ask the tower if we could circle, since the visibility was good. The tower then told us that there was VFR traffic heading for us, so I executed the missed approach. I flew the next approach with the needle off-set one



 Sandy MAZZU

Dear Gary,

That was the best reunion that we have attended. Thank you to all the staff and planners. It was wonderful to have had the chance to attend the Reno Air Races. The site for the races was excellent.

We were also able to meet up with some of our family who also attended the races. Our oldest son lives in Bishop, California. Some of you in years past might have noticed the town as you passed Mono Lake off to the left heading west between the White Mountains and the Sierras. The area is one of the top sail plane flying location in the USA. Some of you that attended the Kicks Soccer Games in the past might have remembered Kevin. He had a company that did what he called high visibility advertisement—a parachute team with McDonald logos painted on their chutes. Kevin was the first to jump into Met Stadium. During the Christmas Season into St Paul as Santa Claus and at the opening of the baseball season in downtown MSP. Kevin worked for McDonalds for 20 years in sales and ad and now owns three stores in California. After a hot summer in North Carolina it was a welcome change on the edge of the mountains and desert. Again, the best part of the reunion was seeing many young and old friends.

Best Regards to All,  
Sandy and Lu Mazzu

dot, which brought us right down the runway centerline for the landing.

The next wonderful part of our day was that we sat on the runway for the next three hours waiting for the ramp to clear out. I have never seen so many aircraft on a rather small airport. We almost ran out of fuel running the APU. Finally, we got to the ramp, and then had to find a way to communicate with dispatch and get some fuel. Naturally NWA had made no plans for a Cozumel operation. Finally, an American Airlines worker took pity on us and got us in contact with dispatch, who insisted that we find a fax machine so that they could send us a flight plan. It is 30 miles to Cancun. I convinced the dispatcher to release the flight on the phone, since I didn't know if I could ever get a call through again. The next battle was to convince the fuel company to sell us some gas. We finally were able to convince them and after about another two hours we took off for Cancun. The Cancun flight and the flight back to Tampa were relatively uneventful. The IP went to the rear and left us alone.

We arrived in Tampa around 9:00 PM. We had been on duty for over 12 hours at that time. The crew wanted to go on to Mecca (MSP). I told them that they would have to do it with another captain, I was going to the hotel.

Don Hunt

 Larry RAKUNAS

Hi Gary,

My big brother Fred and I would like to compliment all the hard working folks that put on the RNPA Reno convention. Since this was our first convention we did not know what to expect but we felt very welcomed and appreciated getting to make new friends and renew old acquaintances. We will encourage our fellow North Central/ Republic Airlines colleagues to join RNPA. Have you ever considered sending a complimentary copy of CONTRAILS

to all the recently retired NWA pilots? I would be happy to contribute to fund the cost of distributing these complimentary issues with a membership application on the back page. Thanks again and hope to see everyone next year in Hartford, Ct.

Larry Rakunas

PS. Please find attached a picture of four retired NWA pilots at the Reno Air Races: They are **Larry Rakunas, Gary Baglien, Fred Rakunas and Duane Edelman.**



*We have, indeed, sent recent retirees copies of Contrails as well as boxes of them to the various Chief Pilots' offices for distribution to the crew lounges. However, the most effective recruitment tool seems to be individual personal contact. ALL Northwest pilots are welcome and encouraged to join RNPA. -Ed.*



Gary,

Jackie O'Reilly was kind enough to take the pictures at our 7th Annual RNPA Western Lake Region Rendezvous at the Blue Heron Restaurant in Cold Springs, Minnesota, on Thursday, August 16.

Chuck Geisler was also scheduled to attend, but broke his collar bone just a couple days before our annual gathering.

Bill Rataczak has attended in the past, but is now faced with a long recovery period from the accident in which he was involved. Our prayers go out to him and his family.

Thanks for the great job that you are doing as editor of the RNPA Contrails.

Sincerely,  
Paul Ringer



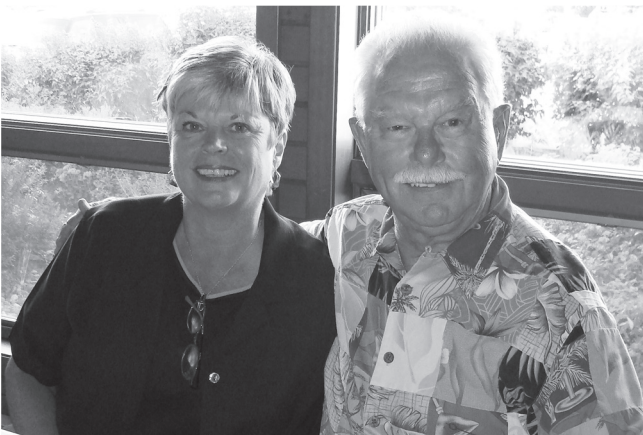
Paul & Carolyn Ringer, Dennis & Margo Bertness, Kathy Hogan



Jim & Cindy Dandrea, Don & Lois Abbott



Bob Lund, Jackie & Jim O'Reilly



Judy Summers & Vic Kleinsteuber



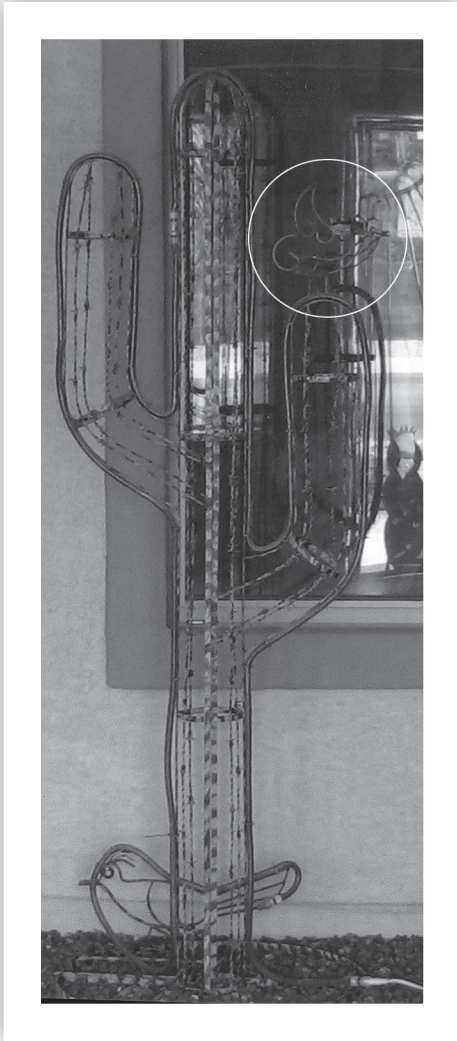
Dan & Jane Neuman



At first, we thought she might be a new first time mom! But, in the end she knew what she was doing!

The green colored, wrought-iron saguaro cactus that stands in our courtyard entry has a decorative quail on top of one arm. It is ½” wide! This is where this mother chose to build her nest. After 4-5 days of making it big enough, she perched herself on it and continued to settle in for several days. One day she left the nest and upon checking it we found one egg—about the size of an M & M—and two days later she had laid the second one. This is fairly common to lay two eggs about 24-36 hours apart. Now she spent many hours sitting on her eggs, in about 105 degree weather, but out of the direct sunlight in the courtyard right outside our dining room window so we could watch the progress!!

Two weeks after the first egg was laid....the first baby bird hatched. She became known as June... born June 1st. The second egg hatched June 2nd... and this little bird was named Sonny. So now Birdie’s family was



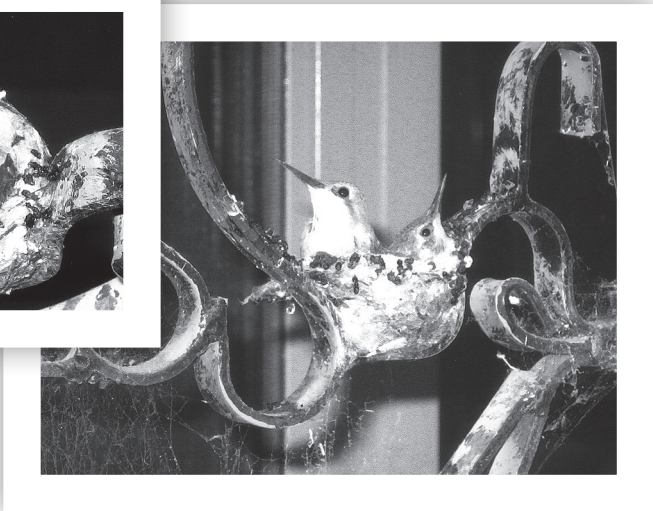
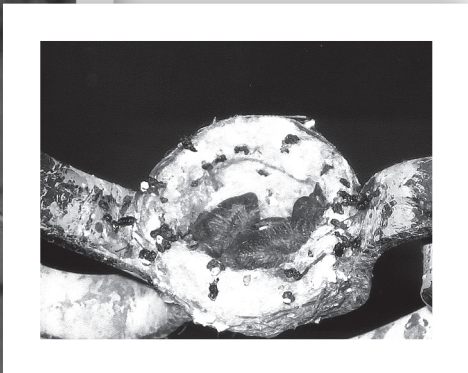
hungry! She stayed close to her nest but left several times each hour to get food for her young. Upon returning she would stick her long beak down their wide open mouths and push the food in with jack hammer-like action. This continued all day long until finally after dark she just sat on her nest all night!

The birds continued to grow and filled out the nest quickly. The first to fly out of the nest on day 18 was June... the first born! She hung around the courtyard all day clinging to a wall hanging with Birdie flying to her to continue feeding her. Four days later, Sonny finally flew out of the nest after having it all to himself with Birdie making many trips to feed him also. They all ended up in the Palo Verde tree in the front yard and continued to ‘hang out’ there for several days.

Birdie continued to come back and sit on the rung of the courtyard gate for a day or two... a place she sat for 5-10 minutes each time she would leave to find food for her babies.

Birdie’s nest is still mostly intact on the decorative quail that sits on the cactus. It is said that hummingbirds do not return to a previous nest...but we’re hoping she will be an exception. The several hummingbirds we see in our yard in Arizona tend to sit or perch on plants or objects instead of flying all the time.

Could it be the heat?!!



## PAUL SODERLIND MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Dear Contrails Readers,

As Secretary/Treasurer of the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund I felt that I must just drop a note to all of you regarding the recent success of our fund drive through offerings at the Reno convention. Those in attendance were most generous in their giving to the Fund through the auctions, donations and raffle tickets. I am really proud to be associated with the Fund and especially a member of RNPA.

When we first set up the scholarship, our goal was to make the Fund self-sustaining through contributions from RNPA members and other donations. To date we have been very successful in receiving donations from the RNPA social function attendees, but have received very few donations from members who do not attend the social functions.

As we approach the end of the year, let me suggest that if you haven't donated to this most worthwhile cause, you consider a tax-deductible donation to the Fund before year's end. You will receive an acknowledgment from the Fund so that you can claim the benefits of our 501c3 status. It is an easy way to give back a little and provide a worthy student with a small portion of the expense of a post high school education. Each year the \$2000 scholarship is awarded to a student within the Northwest family, and to me this is one of the Fund's strongest points. We are all members of that family and what better way to show our support.

Please give my plea your consideration. No donation is too small and all will be welcome. Thanks in advance for whatever you may wish to contribute.

Sincerely,  
Tom Schellinger PO Box 240928 Apple Valley, MN 55124

*Ed Note: You can read about this year's awardee on page 48.*

**“Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress... But then I repeat myself.”**

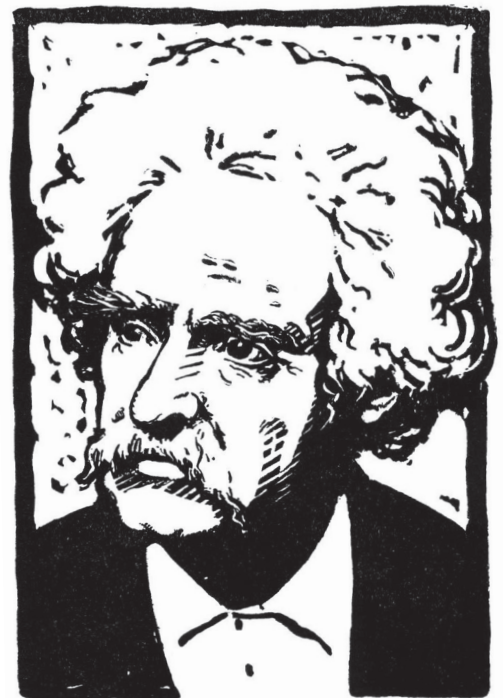
**“The only difference between a tax man and a taxidermist is that the taxidermist leaves the skin.”**

**“If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed, if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed.”**

**“No man's life, liberty, or property is safe while the legislature is in session.”**

**“There is no distinctly Native American criminal class... save Congress.”**

*– Mark Twain*





# REUNION

“Of all the beautiful towns it has been my fortune to see, this is the chief.” -Mark Twain

## SEPTEMBER 11, 12 & 13, 2008

As this issue of Contrails goes to press the exact scheduling details are being worked out. It's definitely not too early to start making plans, though, since everyone registering before January 1st, 2008 will have TWO chances for a free room stay and/or free reunion fee.

REUNION FEE \$175/PERSON  
(After June 1st, fee increases to \$190)

In addition to the “standard” first evening's reception with heavy hors d'oeuvres and the last evening's banquet there will be a visit to the Naval Submarine Base New London in Groton, Mystic Seaport and a visit to the U. S. Coast Guard Academy.

The Hartford Marriott Downtown rises alongside the Connecticut River.

Price is \$138 +tax/night. Reservations: (860) 249-8000.

*This rate is only good for the three nights of the Reunion and one day either side (10th thru the 14th).* All rooms have been recently updated and are nonsmoking, wireless internet service, cable TV, hair dryers, coffee maker and tea service. There is an indoor rooftop pool. The hotel has the highest AAA/Mobil ranking of any Hartford hotel. ([hartfordmarriott.com](http://hartfordmarriott.com))

Hartford Convention and Visitors Bureau: [enjoyhartford.com](http://enjoyhartford.com)

Don't forget the incentives for registering early:

**\*\*\* Freebie room stay or reunion fee \*\*\***

Before **January 1st** gets you **TWO** chances. Before **June 1st** gets you **ONE** chance.

We'll be there:

Member \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse/Guest \_\_\_\_\_

Amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Checks payable to “RNPA”

Mail to:

Terry Confer

9670 E Little Further Way

Gold Canyon AZ 85218

**!! REGISTRATION DEADLINE AUG. 1st, 2008 !!**

# Contributing Columnist Bob Root

This time, The Root Cellar is quite proud to present a guest column. The regular columnist's input to what appears below was limited to some DNA.

## IKEA ANNA

by Elizabeth Root

A couple of weeks ago. My husband and I had no kids for the weekend. They were at their various other parents' homes in different parts of the Minneapolis/St. Paul area. We decided to go where thousands or perhaps millions have gone before—to Ikea at the Mall of America. (If you don't know what Ikea is, find out before proceeding and then join the 21st century.) I mentally prepared myself by doing several hours of meditation and yoga. Our quest was to purchase a tall, thin dresser for our daughter Ellie's 13th birthday to go along with the many, many clothes she would also receive from American Eagle and Aeropostale. My aggressive mental preparation was an attempt to combat the effects of the trauma I knew would accompany the experience of the large crowd and chaos at Ikea.

Chris and I entered Ikea after quickly visiting Hom Furniture where the dressers are \$500, not tall, and the company misspells its name. In Ikea, we were like mice in a maze, following arrows and signs, with people from all walks of life, being led to parts unknown. We found the dresser we wanted. We wrote down the secret special code for the dresser. We continued on our way, following arrows that literally took us through the entire store knowing full well that the geniuses behind the scenes have cunningly schemed for you to pick up unnecessary items as you go and put them in the provided blue and yellow bag. We mostly resisted their evil plan. (The fake Tupperware was only \$2.99 and nowhere are little candles cheaper!) We were led to a gargantuan warehouse, located our item and proceeded to the self check out. Did I mention we still had not actually seen an employee at Ikea? Off we went back to Spring Lake Township with Ellie's new dresser. Or, I should say with the 9,573,642 pieces of Ellie's new dresser squished into a skinny box.

I have a pretty good husband. He doesn't like to put stuff together, but he loves his kids and puts stuff together for them rather frequently. Chris involuntarily volunteered to assemble the dresser—for five hours. I know that I can be prone to exaggeration. But I kid you not when I say that Chris got down to the last three parts of this dresser and discovered that the evil Ikea schemers had placed two left sided pieces in the box instead of one left and one right sided piece. I am proud to tell you that I didn't hear much swearing. There was no yelling. There was a calm voice that said, "Do we still have the receipt?" The receipt, which I had placed in a file called "Receipts," had a phone number for Ikea.

This started a chain of events the likes of which I have never seen. "If you would like the Northeast region of the United States, press 1. If you would like the Southeast region, press 2. If you would like the Midwest region, press 3." Bingo! Chris pressed 3. "If you would like the store in Whoville, Indiana, press 1. If you would like the store in Yonder, Illinois, press 2. If you would like the store in Minneapolis, Minnesota, press 3." Bingo! Chris pressed 3. This went on and on and on some more until Plankton's Computer Wife's voice said "Please hold until a customer service representative can be with you." (Now that one I don't expect you to get unless you have children under the age of 10.) The problem is, there are no customer service representatives for Ikea waiting at the other end of the line. They don't exist, and they certainly don't answer phones. There is one lone phone ringing in the night in a far off land known only to the mysterious Ikea gods. I can almost hear the wind whistling in the distance. But a voice did say, "Or you can try us at [www.Ikea.com](http://www.Ikea.com)."

Chris gave up on the phone and logged on. "Anna", the computer animated Ikea represen-



tative, appeared on our screen. She was a drawing, and she smiled. “Hi, I’m Anna. How can I help you?” Chris typed, “Hi Anna. I need to talk with someone about a missing part to the dresser we purchased.” Anna said with a smile, “You can go to your friendly neighborhood Ikea store, and a customer service representative will help you.” Chris answered, “I’d rather talk with someone to find out if they have the missing part.” Anna responded, “I’m sorry. You will have to go to your neighborhood Ikea store and speak with a representative there.” Chris - “I was hoping someone could first let me know if they have the part before I drive there.” Anna - “I’m sure a customer service representative will be happy to help you at your neighborhood Ikea store.”

Sadly, I must report that Chris used an unsavory word or two with “Anna.” Computerized Anna’s smile turned to a grimace. “I’m sorry, I can’t discuss such things.” I was in the background screaming, “STOP STOP YOU CAN’T SWEAR AT HER!!!!” Chris said, “She’s a computer! She isn’t a real person!” “HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?????” “Watch!”

Chris typed, “I’m sorry.”

Anna - “Thank you.”

Chris - “I’m lonely.”

Me - “HON!”

Anna - “You should come to your friendly neighborhood Ikea. There are lots of people here to talk to.”

Chris - “What are you wearing?”

Me - doubled over

Anna - “I am an animated figure. These clothes were designed for me.”

Chris - “My father was an alcoholic.”

Anna - “Family is important. You should come to your local Ikea and bring your family. We have a children’s play area.”

Chris - “No one listens to me.”

Me - in hysterics, running down the hall to the bathroom.

Anna - “I don’t understand the meaning of the word “no.”

Chris - “Do you have the number to the suicide hotline?”

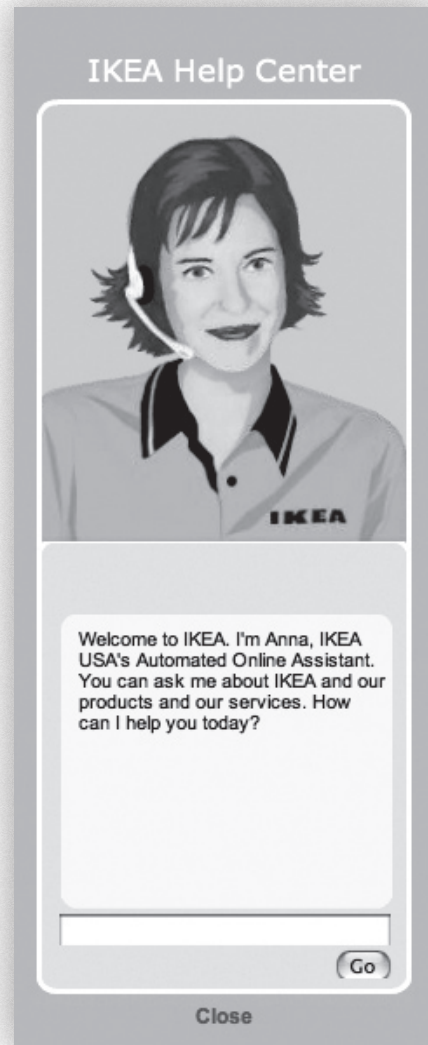
Anna - “I don’t recognize that item, but if you go to your local Ikea, a customer service representative can help you.”

Chris - “Thanks, Anna. You’ve been a real help.”

Anna - “You’re welcome and thank you for shopping at Ikea.”

The next day we went back to Ikea. It took Chris only 30 minutes to come up with the missing part, and only five minutes to finish the assembly. The tall, thin dresser is stocked with Ellie’s new clothes and awaiting her arrival home from her August escapades. I still giggle from time to time about the incident. Chris has proclaimed that he will never assemble something from Ikea again. And “Anna”? I’m sure her latest customer is driving to a local liquor store.

During all of this excitement, my police detective husband received a phone call from a detective in a far away Minnesota county. He told Chris that a Level Three was about to move into to his jurisdiction. A level system is used to categorize predatory sex offenders. Three is the worst and most likely to re-offend. Having a Level



Three move into a neighborhood causes quite a stir and requires a Community Meeting. This meeting will be the first if its kind in our county. As I am sure you can imagine, Chris’s phone has been continually ringing, not unlike the Ikea customer service phone. Everyone is calling—from bawling and sobbing mothers to angry fathers to nosy reporters. Plans for the Community Meeting are underway, and neighbors of the Level Three are in a frenzy. The PD is like, well, Ikea. Anyway, the day after the Ikea Anna incident, while I was still chuckling, I sent Chris an email at work:

Me - “I’m lonely.”

Chris - “You should come to your Friendly Neighborhood Predatory Offender Community Meeting. There will be lots of people there to talk to.” ✨

# Sue Duxbury's Getting to Know You



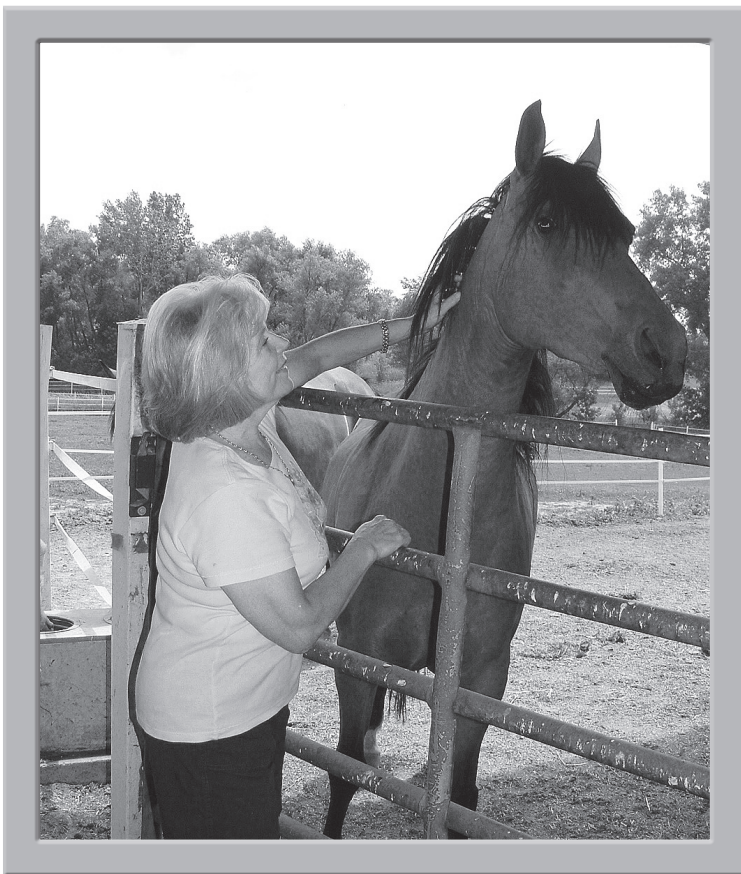
## ...Ann Jegers

"Her grandmother... raced trains on horseback as a girl, so horses seem to be a part of the genetic makeup of Ann and her daughter."

**M**orning arrives early over the rolling hills of Hidden Hollow Farm outside of New Prague, Minnesota, whether summer or winter. By five A.M. Ann Jegers rolls out of bed and starts her day with a bowl of oatmeal, a cup of tea and a quick look at the newspaper before heading out to the barn to feed the thirteen Arabian and Half Arabian horses on her

farm. The horses are not stabled. Rather, they spend their time in the pastures surrounding Ann's nineteenth century farm house. As one pasture is grazed down, the horses are moved to another and the original pasture reseeded. After tending the horses, Ann goes next door to her daughter Jennifer's home where she spends the morning, sometimes well into the afternoon, supervising the activities of her granddaughter Annie. Jennifer now takes over horse duty, driving to a local stable equipped with both an indoor and outdoor arena where she exercises and trains the three horses presently in Hidden Hollow Farms show string.

The farm is a business partnership between Ann and her daughter and son-in-law, Jennifer and Todd Glomski. The show horses are bred on the farm and are for sale. Ann tends to the physical needs of the horse; purchasing the feed, and handling the feeding duties, cleaning the barn yards, reseeding the pastures and attending to the vet bills and breeding. Hauling hay and large bags of feed are part of everyday life for Ann Jegers. Jennifer, for her part, trains and shows the horses, attending eight to ten shows each year. The preparation for each show is intense. Three horses must be meticulously groomed; entailing shaving their faces and legs, clipping nose hairs, bathing and brushing each horse with extra care given to the manes and long flowing tails. The tack must be cleaned and polished; and of course, Jennifer's riding habit must be fastidious as well, her boots polished to a high luster. As the show approaches, the four-horse trailer, complete with dressing room, is hitched to the truck and the horses and supplies loaded and the tack hung in place. Ann, Jennifer, and Annie drive this rig to whatever location is on the schedule at the time, be it Tulsa, Iowa, Albuquerque or Canada. Ar-



*Ann with Jaguar*

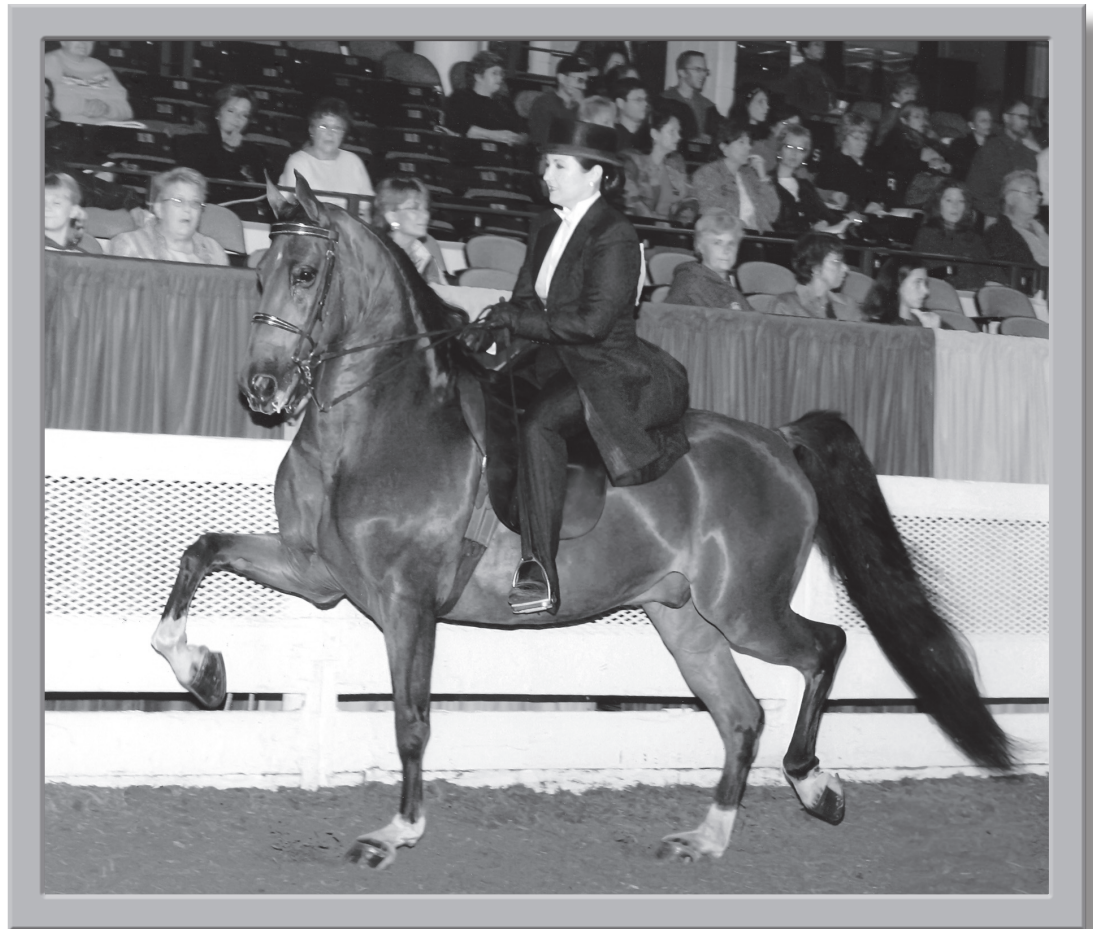


riding at their destination, the stall curtains must be hung, wood shavings dispersed in the stalls for the horses, and feed distributed. A final grooming takes place before Jennifer dresses in her handsome, tailored riding habit with its long black jacket and derby hat. She will, during the course of the show ride three horses, showing them in various classes. Jennifer rides her high stepping Arabians with an English Saddle Seat. Her favorite horse, Cat Prowler, has finished in the Top Ten of the U.S. Nationals in three years. Jen, a fearless rider, loves riding Cat Prowler because of his indomitable spirit and athletic prowess.

Annie, at the age of three, follows in her mother's path. Dressed in her long black jacket and derby hat riding astride her tall horse she is a handsome presence in the show ring. Because of her young age, by regulation, she must ride with her horse on a lead line. The wall of her bedroom, adorned with blue ribbons she has won in her class, demonstrates her early talent and fearless demeanor.

It has not always been thus for Ann Jegers who grew up in the Lynnhaven area of Virginia Beach, Virginia where the smell of sea air and sandy beaches informed her youth rather than the rolling farm lands of the Midwest. A love of animals was, however, always a part of Ann's makeup; although her horse back riding experience was limited to occasionally going to a local stable and riding for an afternoon. Her grandmother, who grew up in Danville, Virginia, raced trains on horseback as a girl, so horses seem to be a part of the genetic makeup of Ann and her daughter.

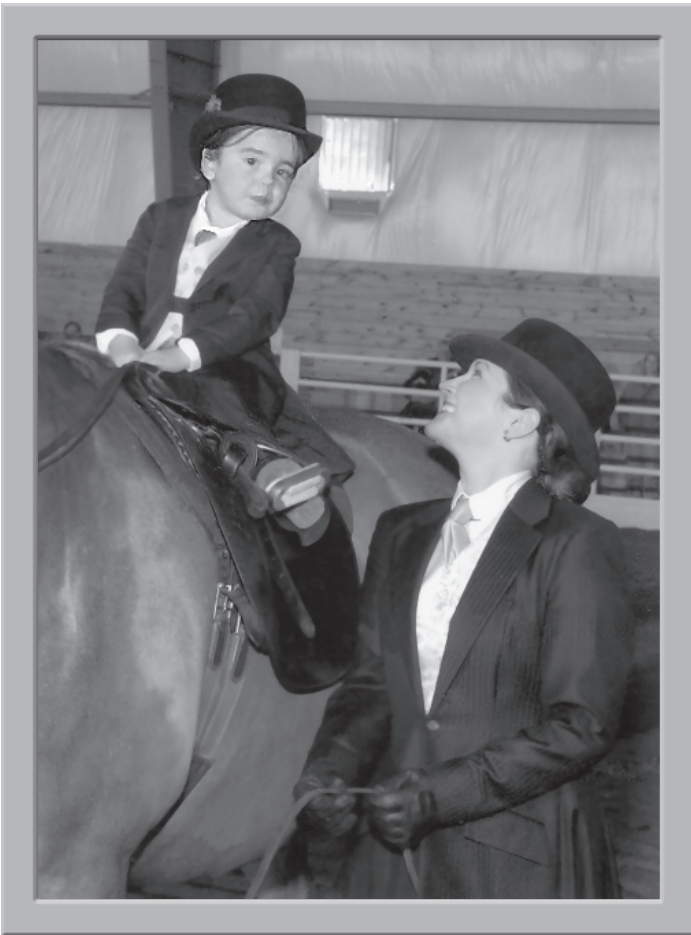
Ann attended Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia, graduating with a degree in Education. After graduation she taught first grade.



*Daughter Jennifer riding Cat Prowler at a show*

**a**s Norfolk is a large Navy town, meeting a young Navy officer was almost inevitable. And so it was that Ann met the young, brash fighter pilot, John Jegers. John was assigned to NAS Norfolk as a nuclear weapons delivery instructor. After meeting, John and Ann dated for a year before they were married. Ann was a Navy wife for all of one month, as John had resigned his commission in the Navy and had accepted a slot in a pilot training class with Northwest Airlines in 1968.

John Jegers was born in Latvia in 1938 and was given the name Janis Juris Jegers, his father a surgeon and his mother a pharmacist. The disruptions and devastations of World War II caused the Jegers family to take up residence in a Displaced Persons (DP) camp where they waited for a sponsor so they might come to the United States. In 1946, John's eighth year and in the third grade, the Jeger's were paired with a sponsor and migrated to Port Washington, Long Island, New York where they made their home. Through the stresses of war and displacement, John's parents separated and divorced and John's mother remarried another Latvian from a wealthy family. In his new



*Annie at a show with her mom Jennifer*

Long Island community, he built houses.

From the time John Jegers arrived in Port Washington he strived to be an All American Boy. Fortunately for him, their sponsor advised his mother to dress him in tee shirts and jeans for school rather than the short pants boys typically wore to school in Latvia.

John graduated Salutatorian in his high school class



*Chris, Jason (Ann's son) and Mathew Jegers*

and went to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute on an ROTC Scholarship. After college he went to flight training where he was trained as a fighter pilot. He was assigned to fly A4 attack planes off an aircraft carrier in Vietnam in the 1960s. His call sign was "Triple Hook" owing to his triple "J" names.



*John returns to flying, Dec. 1994*

Twenty months after starting his career with Northwest, John was furloughed from the airline owing to the BRAC strike. Unlike some of his classmates, he did not return to the Navy since he had resigned his commission in 1968. He worked several jobs during the furlough, but the one that offered the most stability was as a Ford salesman in Farmington, Minnesota; a job he excelled at and which paid the bills.

After the strike, the Jegers' life progressed in the suburbs of Minneapolis with two children, Jennifer and Jason and their various activities. John became an instructor pilot for the airline. He was greatly respected by his colleagues. Ann volunteered at Ridges Hospital in Burnsville. She helped to decorate and set up the neonatal nursery when the hospital opened. For fifteen years Ann gave of her time regularly to Ridges Hospital.

Life was good and active; that was until 1994, twenty-six years into John's career as a Northwest Pilot. On February 7, 1994, while preparing to go out on a trip, John was overcome with severe pain which sent him to the hospital. He was diagnosed with colon cancer and was subjected to extensive surgery followed by chemotherapy. He was off of flight status until, miraculously, in December 1994 he was able to return to flying. But his return was short-lived for in August of 1995 his cancer grounded him once again, this time permanently. In February 1996, on a bitter cold day, John was taken to the hospital at five A.M. He died that night at eleven P.M.

Ann Jegers was a widow. After John's death Ann made a valiant effort to continue her suburban life in Apple Valley, selling the family home and purchasing a town home.

She continued her volunteer work at the hospital. But suburban life without John was not working for Ann. After living with John's unbounded energy and the trials of his prolonged illness, Ann felt spent out. She would take long drives into the surrounding countryside to gather her thoughts and find her center.

Gradually Ann came to the realization she would like to try country life, become a hermit and raise horses. She found a farm within her financial comfort point with ten acres of rolling hills surrounding a farm house built in 1888. There had been a fire in the house in the 1970s and when rebuilt, the house had been reconfigured to be more accommodating to a twentieth century life style. The farm had been a dairy farm with pastures in abundance. With fierce independence, Ann sold her town house and moved to the country, away from neighbors, malls and entertainment.

One year later, drawn to the rural life and particularly the horses, Ann's daughter Jennifer gave up her teaching job and she and husband Todd built a house on the lot adjoining Ann's farm. As a teen, Jennifer had started riding horses. She made a proposal to her father that because she had perfect teeth and did not require braces he should use the money that might have been spent for braces and buy her a horse. John accepted the proposal and Jennifer began her abiding love of horses.

When Ann moved out to the country she believed she could manage the farm on her own. She is daily thankful, however, for her son-in-law Todd's help and the companionship of family next door. Todd, who sells lumber futures as a profession, is handy around the farm. He has installed fences and helps Ann with a wide variety of chores around the place. Like the rest of the family he enjoys the rural life.

Initially neighbors were scarce around the farm. But in the ensuing years, new homes have sprung up around Hidden Hollow, although there remains ample space to still retain a rural character. Ann owns ten acres, Jen and Todd thirteen. Fortunately the neighbors are compatible and a nice blend of those who are close in age to Ann and young families to satisfy the companionship needs for Jen, Todd and Annie. Ann is no hermit as she imagined she would be and loves her life in the country as do Jennifer and Todd.

After being widowed at a young age, Ann has found a life that works for her. It is a physically demanding life and improvements to the house have to be weighed against the demands of the horses. But,

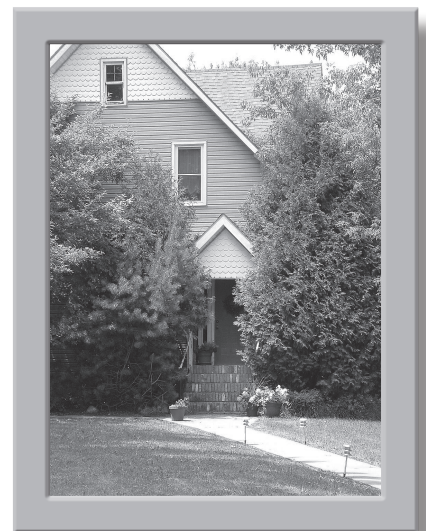


*Todd Glomski holds daughter Annie on Baby Chris*

she has friends and family surrounding her. Her son Jason and his wife Chris, both music majors from St. Cloud State University, have recently added a second grandchild, Matthew, to the family circle. They live in Sartel, Minnesota where Jason builds houses, following in the tradition of his paternal step-grandfather. Chris teaches music in the elementary schools in the Cold Spring-Rocori school district.

In July 2005 Ann's family surprised her with a celebration of her sixtieth birthday at Canterbury Park. Over eighty guests were on hand to help Ann usher in a new decade. It was a testament to how rich and full Ann's life is. John is a constant presence for her and she loves to talk of him. She feels his spirit guiding the decisions and choices made in the family.

The end of the day on Hidden Hollow Farm comes after Ann has fed the horses their evening ration and cleaned out the barn yards. She then retires to her farm house where she prepares herself a bit of a snack that serves for dinner, pours herself a glass of wine and heads upstairs to her favorite lounge chair, which had been John's. It is not long before she falls into a deep sleep, awakening around ten to haul herself to bed, a day well spent. It is with admirable courage that Ann Jegers sought and found a life that works well for her. ★







▼ Gary Pisel, Meredith & Dean Sunde



▲ Darlene Jevne, Rheba Daniels, Alice McCabe

This year's **Seattle Summer Picnic**, August 16th, was attended by 169 RNPA members and guests. It was hosted again by Mary Gauthier, who was assisted by her family and some of the neighbors at Evergreen Sky Ranch. There were fifteen fly-ins, including Bill and Joyce Barrott shown arriving in the photo at left.

All photos thanks to staff photographer Fran DeVoll



David & Andrea Schneebeck



Jim Palmer, Harold Thorson, Howie Hammond,  
Harry Detwiler



Jim & Jean Freeburg



Gayla Bredahl, Pat Reiman, Barbara Pisel,  
Kathleen Eglet



Dan Dumas, Myron Bredahl



Francine Elliot, Kathee Nelick



Doug & Barbara Peterson, Ray & Phyllis Schier



Larry Patrick, Fran Schriock, Wayne Stark



Rhea Dow, Pat Gary



Willis & Savannah Sorum



Eileen Waller, John Grimm, Kathy Carpenter



Mary & Rodger Sorenson



Pam Beckman, Chuck Nelson, Ruthie Dumas, Marilyn Nelson



Ken Morley, Bill Hendrick



Jan & Walter Mills



Jim Mathews, Ken & Linday Morley, Gail Mathews



Rae & Montie Leffel



Jerry Burton, Larry Patrick, Chuck Carlson, B. J. Molé



Mitch & Emmett Hohen



Celeste Fox, Abby Lanman



Dave, Roz, & Gary McLeod





Pat Reiman, John & Shirley Paquet



Alayne & Jack Hudspeth



Cliff Howell



Nansea & Charlie Welsh, Evie Antilla



Harry Bedrossian, Rex Nelick



Dean & Meredith Sunde, Faye & Wes Schierman



Nadine & Sterling Bentsen, Myron Bredahl



Joe Kimm, Cy Cole



Bill Stocker, Jerry Burton, Howie & Joen Parks



Lorraine & Fran DeVoll



Warren & Dorothy Avenson, Mel Suggett, Bob Chernich



Louise Brewer, Nancy Bates



Nancy & Harry Detwiler



Creighton Trapp, Cy Cole, Rodger Sorenson



◀ Rich Alldredge



▲ Marty & Joyce Foy



◀ Joyce & Bill Barrott





# Ask the Pilot

Readers may recall Capt. Smith's tale of the exploding toilet in the May, 2006 issue. He has written the successful book *Ask the Pilot*, and writes a popular column by the same name for Salon.com.

I have reprinted, with permission, this recent Salon.com column of his mostly because it's a great read, but it will also bring back many memories of your own training and "safety time." We've all been there, but probably not on the first trip out of the box. I still think he does the best job of explaining this stuff of any aviation author out there.  
— Ed.

## *It's trial by fire in the author's long-awaited return to the cockpit. Can you say "barf bag"?*

By Patrick Smith

**A**ug. 31, 2007 | So much training, so little time. For those who've complained because this column has been shorter of late and the schedule somewhat erratic, cut your author some slack. Over the past six months or so, since returning to my day job after five-plus years of layoff, I've endured two complete training programs on two different aircraft. The end result works to the reader's benefit. For the first time in my repeatedly hiccupped career I'm assigned to a wide-body aircraft flying exclusively on international routes. Think of the fodder.

Five years of involuntary leave was a long time. During that stretch, despite being broke, I traveled to more than 40 countries, started a popular online column and wrote a semi-successful book. That was, I suppose, making creative and rewarding use of a bad situation. Certainly it beat selling real estate or turning to a life of crime. On the other hand, such pursuits left me ill-prepared for a return. A majority of laid-off pilots find one or more flying jobs in the interim. For me, living the thrill vicariously was interesting, was enjoyable and made me an extremely famous celebrity (at least in Italy). But it also made for a stressful and challenging readjustment period once I was called back.

In the end, retraining went smoothly and was on schedule. But it was long and tiring, and none of it was easy. That would explain the tenor of frustration in last week's column, in which I pooh-poohed the notion that pilotless planes are just around the corner; I'm a bit touchy when it comes to the mythology of cockpit automation. It's the belief of too many people that a pilot's job involves little more than watching the aircraft "fly itself." In some not-too-distant future, the wisdom goes, we'll be engineered out of the picture altogether.

Especially irritating is how often the pilotless-planes conversation turns up—in magazines, on television, in the science section of the papers. You'd think the world couldn't get rid of its pilots fast enough. Why the rush? Nobody's pushing for doctor-

less hospitals or for courtrooms with computerized juries (to cite two other environments in which human errors often result in tragedy). We understand the limitations of such proposals, and why, at least in our age, the task would be far too great. Perhaps that's it: The public has a more intuitive understanding of basic medicine and jurisprudence than it does of flying 747s across oceans. People are gullible because they don't know better. It sounds good. If the "experts" say it's possible, then why not?

Almost always the idea is presented in a purely technical sense that ignores the day-to-day practicalities of commercial flight. A flight is a very organic thing—complex, always in motion, always changing—in which subjective decision making is constant and critical. You'd be surprised how busy the most automated cockpit can become during a critical phase of flight, even with the two required crew members.

**C**ase in point; my inaugural return to the cockpit this past spring ...

"For all intents and purposes, it's the real thing," I wrote a week ago, describing the experience of training in a full-motion flight simulator. "Real enough that, assuming you pass your final check ride, you proceed fully qualified from the box and directly to an actual aircraft, full of paying passengers, without any sort of practice flight."

For me that would happen on a Saturday in April. For the first time in over five years, I button up my polyester pilot shirt, zipper up my phony zipper tie, throw a few packets of ramen noodles into my black leather case and head for the airport. (I'm not at liberty to reveal which airport, exactly, but let's just say it's in a reasonably large city east of the Mississippi River.)

It's a pleasant and calm morning, a nice day to fly—so long as you're not flying to the Northeast, where a spring storm is scheduled to arrive with gale-force winds and driving rain. Earlier, I'd seen New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg on CNN, advising residents to stock up on water and spare batteries. In the van from the hotel I hear two women talking. Says one to the other, "I'm glad I'm not headed to New York."

Naturally, I'm headed to New York.

When I arrive at the terminal, I see that many of the day's departures, those later on, have already been canceled. I'm hoping mine is next. How to put this, but I really don't feel like going. Everything is

new, difficult, overwhelming. There's a storm brewing, and I'm just not in the mood.

But that's not reason enough. The forecasts are acceptable through early afternoon—winds, ceilings and visibilities all within legal parameters. Crew and aircraft are qualified and capable. We're going.

I'll be flying under the tutelage of a so-called check airman, a training captain, as do all pilots who are new to a particular aircraft. We meet downstairs in the cavernous and dingy crew lounge. He's an agreeable guy with one of those stereotypical Western drawls. Let's call him Clay. We shake hands and make small talk. Clay's a firebrand libertarian with a house and a small ranch out past Phoenix. He collects old books and enjoys astronomy. He tells me how much he loves the privacy of rural Arizona. "I can take a piss in my own backyard" is how he puts it. "And ain't nobody gonna know or care."

Clay asks what I did during furlough. I tell him that I wrote a book and traveled to Timbuktu. I'd been waiting five years to say that. We grab our stuff and head for the plane.

Unpacking my gear, it strikes me how filthy the cockpit is. Even the most modern cockpits are often layered with dust and grime—one of flying's odd little nuances that I'd forgotten about. I remember how the first "Alien" movie (1979) was revolutionary in its portrayal of spacecraft as industrial machines, greasy and unkempt, a departure from the antiseptic order of "Star Trek" and the like. It's much the same with an airplane—no longer a novelty of transport but just another bus. The cabins are swept and straightened because they need to be, lest people make certain, not-quite-accurate inferences involving cleanliness and safety. Flight decks, though, can be nasty.

I mention this to Clay, more or less verbatim as it appears above. He looks at me for a long moment, chews his lip a couple of times. His expression is one of amused, somewhat pained empathy. "How about I take this leg," he says. "You just relax, help me out, work the radios, get a sense of everything."

Captains and First Officers typically take turns at the controls. One pilot flies and works the autoflight systems, while the other takes care of communications and a host of other duties. On the next leg, they switch. I'd been wondering whether Clay or I would fly first, but it seems my dissertation on cleanliness and set design took care of that.

We depart on time. The flight is full.

**T**he first hour or so passes without incident, but we're checking the weather at Kennedy every few minutes. The trend is bad. I'm doing double takes with the printouts. Gusts hitting 35 knots, hail, icing, moderate to severe turbulence. It's all out there, waiting. "Better pull up the latest for our alternates too," advises Clay. I type in Philadelphia, Bradley, Boston and Providence, checking the ceilings and running fuel calculations. Should Kennedy fall into a hole, we'll need legal weather and fuel for a diversion.

Out the window, the contours of the storm are clearly visible—a canyon face of ragged cloud, thousands of feet high and immeasurably wide. The sky turns from blue to white to an oily, gunmetal gray. Then the turbulence starts. Our descent is, to put it one way, aggressively bumpy. We're tossed and heaved as intermittent downpours pelt the windshield. The intensity of the rain has a certain tropical strangeness—the sheets of water starting and stopping, starting and stopping. It's eerily smooth and silent for a few seconds, then brutally turbulent. The noise is so loud that Clay and I can hardly hear each other.

The approach queue is a long one, meaning lots of low-level vectors and maneuvering. As we're banking and bumping, speeding up and slowing down, the flight attendants chime in, asking if we could please cool the cabin because "people in the back are throwing up."

Finally we're cleared for the ILS approach to Runway 31L. At 2,000 feet, we're showing winds at an astonishing 80 knots. On the ground, the gusts are topping 40, with braking action "fair" along the rain-swept tarmac. Braking reports are normally a snow and ice thing. I'm not sure I'd ever heard one pertaining only to rain.

The ride down final approach is horrendous, with the airspeed fluctuating so rapidly it's impossible to call out the changes. Plus or minus 10, 15... who can tell?

We're at a thousand feet when the plane in front of us breaks off his approach, reporting a 30-knot shear. That's just crazy, and Capt. Clay opts for a go-around. "Missed approach," he says, hitting the go-around switches. The switches command the proper climb angle and simultaneously drive the engines to target power.

We're bouncing around, the altimeters staggering upward. I'm making my callouts, dialing in speeds and altitudes, raising the landing gear, adjusting the flaps, making sure I get the sequence right.

The controllers offer a second approach. Thanks anyway. "Let's go to Bradley," says Clay. I'm good with that.

**B**radley International Airport, halfway between Hartford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., is only about 15 minutes away, and now things become even busier. I feel like I need six hands and three brains. I'm retracting the flaps and slats; resetting the autopilot and flight directors; readjusting the bank limiter, dialing in more airspeed and altitudes—all this while coordinating the diversion with air traffic control.

Climbing through 5,000 feet comes the next slew of tasks: digging out the charts and maps for Bradley; reprogramming the flight management system for the new destination and appropriate instrument approach; double-checking the weather; running the checklists; talking to the passengers; talking to the flight attendants; sending an ACARS (Aircraft Communication Addressing and Reporting System) message to company dispatch. Mind you, the plane continues slamming through some of the worst imaginable weather—maybe the harshest low-level stuff I've ever experienced.

"Yeah, I'll take this leg," I say to myself, mocking Clay's earlier decision. "You just relax." I manage to get everything done without him screaming at me, but I wonder if he would rather have somebody else—anybody else—in the right seat instead of a rube like me.

Shortly thereafter, we're on the ILS into Bradley, where the weather is deteriorating rapidly toward minimums. The storm is moving in over Connecticut. We've got fuel and weather for Boston, if need be, but the prospect of a double diversion is something we'd like to avoid. We touch down on Runway 6, breaking out at about 300 feet. A few minutes later the heavy winds blow in, bringing ice pellets and freezing rain.

Welcome back. Reinitiation by fire.

---

---

**"To me, a landing is little more than the final punctuation mark in a much greater body of work."**

---

---

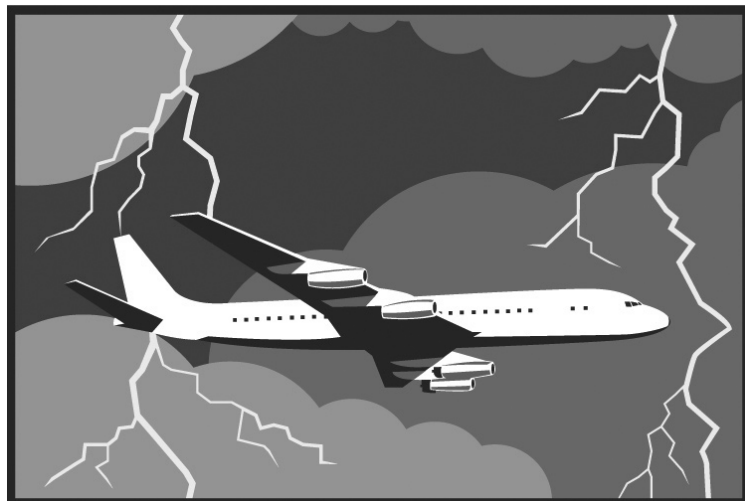
Flights like this are frustrating for a couple of reasons. Aside from the obvious challenges, it can be difficult to console the passengers. They're frightened, airsick and not easily convinced that they weren't in mortal danger. The turbulence was uncomfortable, we admit to a handful of rattled customers outside the jetway at Bradley, but nothing a jetliner can't handle. And the go-around, although noisy, jostling and unexpected, was routine. An abrupt transition from descent to ascent, while dramatic to the senses, is perfectly natural for an airplane. We did the right thing not in direct response to danger but to avoid it.

Some of the people are grateful to hear this. Others look on skeptically. Mostly, though, everybody is eager to get going again. Call it a day? Heck no. After a 90-minute wait, recatered, refueled and restocked with barf bags, the weather having somewhat improved, we're ready to launch again for New York.

First, however, we need to be deiced—a procedure that's a bit more complicated than simply spraying the plane with fluid. The guidelines in our manual go on for several pages. There are precipitation intensities to consider, "holdover times" and so on. Then, just as we're ready to taxi, we're hit with a malfunction. There's an overheat indication in one of the cargo compartments. The indication turns out to be false, but in order to proceed with the balky light, the book tells us that maintenance staff must go into the cargo compartment and manually close a particular valve. This means returning to the gate and unloading the entire compartment. It also entails rerunning all of the checklists and getting a fresh weight-and-balance report and a new takeoff performance sheet. By the time this is all complete, another hour will pass.

Capt. Clay does his best with a lengthy P.A. announcement, the response to which is a collective, angry groan from the cabin. As you'd expect, the passengers are miserable. It's probable that many are connecting the cargo light problem with the terrible weather. At this point, right or wrong, there's an unshakable presumption of danger enveloping the entire operation. People are edgy and distrustful—even more so than normal. It becomes important that we communicate carefully and honestly.

At long last we're airborne, headed for another wind-whipped approach into Kennedy. Clay's at the controls again, and conditions are still awful—just not as awful. Second time's a charm; we land. Still no reprieve. Two hours later we lift off again with a new contingent of customers, none of whom realize that their crew has already endured two trips through a



virtual hurricane.

But this time our destination is Florida, where things are balmy and calm—almost jarringly peaceful by comparison.

It's my turn to fly, and my sunset landing will be the first nonsimulator touchdown I've made since 2001. "Switch off the autopilot once we pick up the glide slope," coaches Clay. "And the auto-throttles at a thousand feet. Hand-fly the approach. It's good practice."

Coming down finally, adjusting the power, I picture the engines—the big forward fans of the Pratt and Whitney motors—spinning faster as I nudge the levers. I listen for the sounds of acceleration, many feet behind me. And maybe that's a bad idea. Pilot Psychology 101: You never fly the aircraft, you fly the instrument panel. Too much awareness of the ship itself—its size and tonnage—is unhelpful, not to mention intimidating. The aircraft should exist only in abstraction, as the values and settings displayed by the instrument panel. There is no aluminum, no flesh or fuel; only numbers.

From a pilot's point of view, the smoothness of landing doesn't mean a whole lot. Some touchdowns are intentionally rough or "crooked," as dictated by crosswinds and other factors. To me, a landing is little more than the final punctuation mark in a much greater body of work. Most passengers don't see it this way, and have a tendency to judge the entire flight by the sensations of this one small moment. Better make it a good one.

My touchdown, if less than sensational, is smooth enough to avoid dirty looks from our riders as they disembark.

Well, in truth there are loads of dirty looks—the usual grunts and snarls of disgruntled fliers. But I try not to take them personally. ✈

**re-u-nite** |,rēyoō'nīt|

verb

come together or cause to come together again after a period of separation or disunity

In early September about ten percent of the RNPA membership gathered for our annual convention, hereafter to be known as a *Reunion*. Hey, that's the kind of momentous decisions your RNPA Board has to make at our semi-annual meetings.

But that's really what these get-togethers are—a chance to reunite with some old friends and compatriots, if only for a brief three days.

There was extra time this year, though, with three days of balloon races prior to, and five days of air races after, the reunion. With good weather, good food and good friends it was another successful annual event, whatever it's called.

This year we made a concentrated effort to get a formal photo of each and every person attending. No matter how hard we tried, it proved an elusive goal—but we gave it our best.

And, as always, there are far more photographs than we have space for, but the formal photos took precedence this time.



# RENO REUNION 2007





Can you imagine getting up before 5 am *intentionally* to have breakfast on the top of a parking garage in the desert morning chill? Many of us did—to watch the balloons lift about a mile away. Dick Carl took the best balloon pictures (on the facing page) while at the launch site the day before.



On Day 2 we all piled into buses for a trip to Virginia City (right) for lunch (above) and shopping and sightseeing. That afternoon we “toured” Carson City and the Nevada State Museum (below).



Sheri Ball led us all in song to kick off the banquet on Day 3.



## CONTRAILS CENTERFOLD

### **ALL THE LOVELY LADIES OF RNPA**

*(And two guys)*

We think all the ladies present at Reno are shown in these two photos.

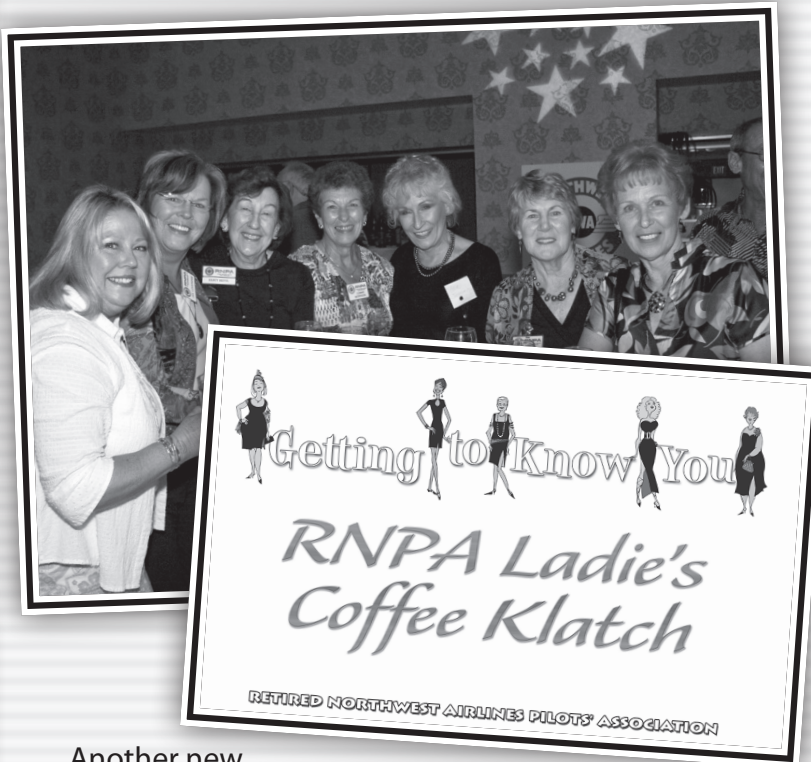
In keeping with our long-standing tradition, the current and former NWA flight attendants are shown on the right. (Suzy Armstrong couldn't stay up that late.)

For the first time ever, we think, all the rest of our lovely wives are shown below. With apologies to all of them for past neglect, this will also become part of the new reunion tradition.





Jackie O'Reilly, Georgia Johnson, Sue Horning, Suzy Armstrong, Ina Sovereign, Lynne Confer



Another new feature this year gave the ladies a chance to escape all the airplane talk and sea stories while the guys were at the general membership meeting. From all reports it was a resounding success. (We'll have to take their word for it, since they wouldn't let us in there! We couldn't even get a photo.) Some suggestions were generated in their get-together that will be addressed in the next Membership Directory.



*STANDING:*  
Myron Bredahl,  
Gary Pisel,  
Gayla Bredahl,  
Dave Pethia

*SEATED:*  
Barbara Pisel,  
Katie Pethia

All of these photos with this type caption were taken at the Reception on Day 1.



When they said "heavy hors d'oeuvres" they meant it!



*STANDING:*  
Jim & Jackie  
O'Reilly,  
Bruce Armstrong,  
Bob Johnson,  
Bob Horning

*SEATED:*  
Georgeia Johnson,  
Suzy Armstrong,  
Sue Horning



So much food, such little plates!



*STANDING:*  
Barry James,  
Lois & Dick  
Haglund,  
Rex Nelick

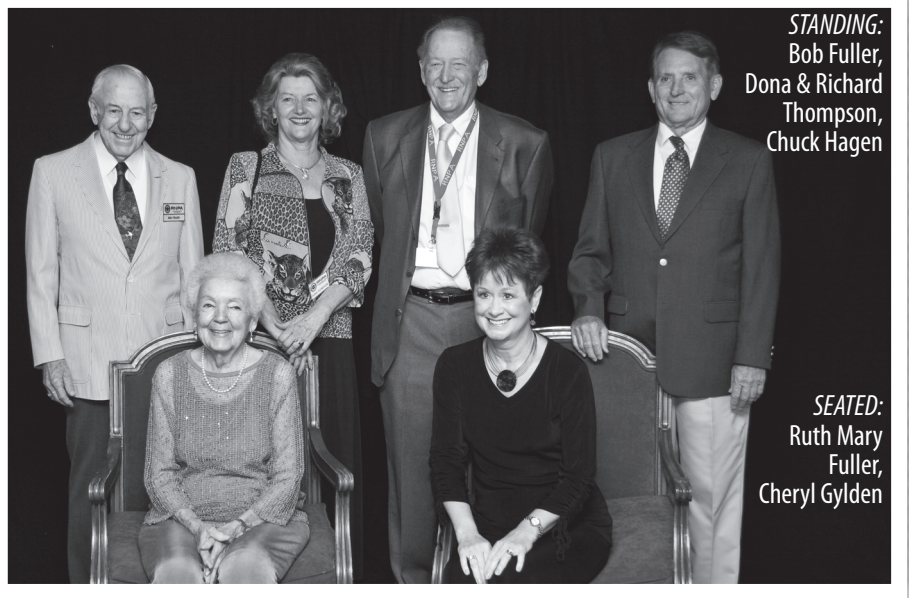
*SEATED:*  
Treva James,  
Kathee Nelick



Doug and Barbara Peterson playing in the chocolate fountain.



Doug & Shirley Parrott



*STANDING:*  
Bob Fuller,  
Dona & Richard  
Thompson,  
Chuck Hagen

*SEATED:*  
Ruth Mary  
Fuller,  
Cheryl Glyden



Ruthie Dumas with her admittance stamp on her cheek instead of on her hand?



*STANDING:*  
Montie Leffel,  
Dutch Wellman,  
Bob Royer,  
Ron Wilkinson

*SEATED:*  
Andrea Wellman,  
Barbara Wilkinson



Boki & Denny Olden



*STANDING:*  
John Dittberner,  
Patricia & Gene  
Glenn,  
Larry Dorau

*SEATED:*  
Mary Jane  
Dittberner,  
Marcy Dorau



*STANDING:*  
Jim Driver,  
Tom & Judy  
Schellinger,  
Rich Drzal

*SEATED:*  
Norma Driver,  
Barbara Drzal



Milo Phillips, Frank Taylor,  
Dick Schlader



*STANDING:*  
Jack Rattigan,  
Bill Green,  
Barbara & Doug  
Peterson,  
Jack Cornforth

*SEATED:*  
Linda Green,  
Betty Cornforth



Kathee Nelick, Bill & Joyce Barrott



*STANDING:*  
Sterling & Nadine  
Bentsen,  
Jan & Walt Mills

*SEATED:*  
Ruthie & Dan  
Dumas



Bob Horning, Bob Royer



Just hangin' out on the stage.



*STANDING:*  
Dino Oliva,  
Carolyn & Neal  
Henderson,  
Wayne Stark

*SEATED:*  
Karen Oliva,  
Kathy Stark



Carolyn & Neal Henderson, Andy  
Anderson, Doni Jo & Dick Schlader



*STANDING:*  
Ron Murdock,  
Mary & Fred  
Raiche,  
John Badger

*SEATED:*  
Bonnie Murdock,  
Candy Badger



Nate & Sandra Cobb



*STANDING:*  
Al Sovereign,  
Dianne & Jim Kary,  
Hans Waldenstrom

*SEATED:*  
Ina Sovereign,  
Mary Waldenstrom



*STANDING:*  
Dick Haddon,  
Dona Schessler,  
Sheri Ball,  
Chane Howard

*SEATED:*  
Marge Haddon,  
Judith Howard



Dick Thompson, Francine Elliot,  
Joanne Aitken



*STANDING:*  
Dennis Burton,  
Merle & Kathleen  
Eglit,  
Jim Bestul

*SEATED:*  
Georganne  
Burton,  
Nancy Bestul



Paul & Jan Sahler,  
Fred & Jean Williams



*STANDING:*  
Norm Deshon,  
Barbara & Jerry  
Burton,  
Vic Kleinstauber

*SEATED:*  
Lee Deshon,  
Judy Summers



Jan Loveridge, Bob Royer





Maureen & Larry Hacker,  
Dick Duxbury



*STANDING:*  
Dick Bihler,  
Lynne & Terry  
Confer,  
Larry Hacker

*SEATED:*  
Cookie Bihler,  
Maureen Hacker



Gene & Pat Ehlers,  
Barb & Ron Wilkinson



*STANDING:*  
Gordon Wotherspoon,  
Larry Patrick &  
Francine Elliot,  
Wayne Camp

*SEATED:*  
Mary Ann  
Wotherspoon,  
Winona Camp



Kathy & Skip Eglit, Chris Iams



*STANDING:*  
Dave & Angie  
Lundin,  
Fred Williams,  
Adrian Jenkins

*SEATED:*  
Jean Williams,  
Barbara Miller



*STANDING:*  
Dave Schneebeck,  
Lynn & Joan Hall,  
Phil Hallin

*SEATED:*  
Andrea Schneebeck,  
Eileen Hallin



Winona Camp, Al Sovereign,  
Wayne Camp



*STANDING:*  
Erling Madsen,  
Roger & Rosie  
Grotbo,  
Tom Ebner

*SEATED:*  
Ardie Madsen,  
Sue Ebner



Bob Johnson, Jean & Jim Freeburg,  
Jim Bestul



*STANDING:*  
George Lachinski,  
Joe Kimm,  
Don Schrope

*SEATED:*  
Bobbi Lachinski,  
Edith Schrope



Eileen Hallin, Judy Summers



Judy & Chane Howard,  
Monica Keim



*STANDING:*  
Ivars & Beverly  
Skuja,  
Jack & Alayne  
Hudspeth

*SEATED:*  
Jean & Jim  
Freeburg



Norma Driver, Jane Partridge,  
Dave Pethia, Art Partridge



*STANDING:*  
Jim Mancini,  
Jim Hancock,  
Andy Anderson,  
Dick Dodge

*SEATED:*  
Vikki Hancock,  
Gail Dodge



Sterling Bentson, Ruthie Dumas,  
Walt Mills, Nadine Bentson, Jan Mills,  
Dan Dumas



*STANDING:*  
Dick Duxbury,  
Kathy Neary &  
Pete Johnson,  
Gary Baldwin

*SEATED:*  
Sue Duxbury,  
Joan Baldwin



*STANDING:*  
Jack Herbst,  
Jim Stroup,  
George Bucks

*SEATED:*  
Camille Herbst,  
Carolyn Stroup



Montie Leffel, Joanne Aitken,  
Joyce Barrott, Gayla Bredahl



*STANDING:*  
George Morrison,  
Bob Loveridge,  
Marilyn & Howie  
Leland

*SEATED:*  
Connie Morrison,  
Jan Loveridge



Dick Haddon, Sheri Ball, John McAlpin



*STANDING:*  
Wayne Ward,  
Jeff & Carol Bock,  
Ned Stephens

*SEATED:*  
Rita Ward,  
Ellen Stephens



Nick Modders, George Lachinski



Edith & Don Schrope,  
Ron & Barb Wilkinson



*STANDING:*  
John Bates,  
Fred Rakunas,  
Karen  
Pennington,  
Larry Rakunas,  
John Pennington  
  
*SEATED:*  
Loni Chapman,  
Jan Bates



Lee & Norm Deshon, Harry & Nancy  
Detwiler, Chuck Hagen, Fred Williams



*STANDING:*  
John Syverson,  
Jan & Paul Sahler,  
Sandy Mazzu  
  
*SEATED:*  
Dianne Syverson,  
Lu Mazzu



Joan Baldwin, Katie Pethia,  
Karen Oliva, Jean Williams



*STANDING:*  
Dick & Donna Carl,  
Mona & Gary Ferguson  
  
*SEATED:*  
Doni Jo & Dick  
Schlader

with assistance from Phil Hallin

*STANDING:*  
Lee Bradshaw,  
Nate Cobb

*SEATED:*  
Darlene  
Conway,  
Saundra  
Cobb



*STANDING:*  
Chris Iams,  
Milo Phillips

*SEATED:*  
Monica Keim,  
Case Thomas



*STANDING:*  
Joe Fouraker,  
Gary Dickinson

*SEATED:*  
Gale Fouraker



*SEATED:*  
Joyce & Bill Barrott,  
Patricia & Gene Ehlers

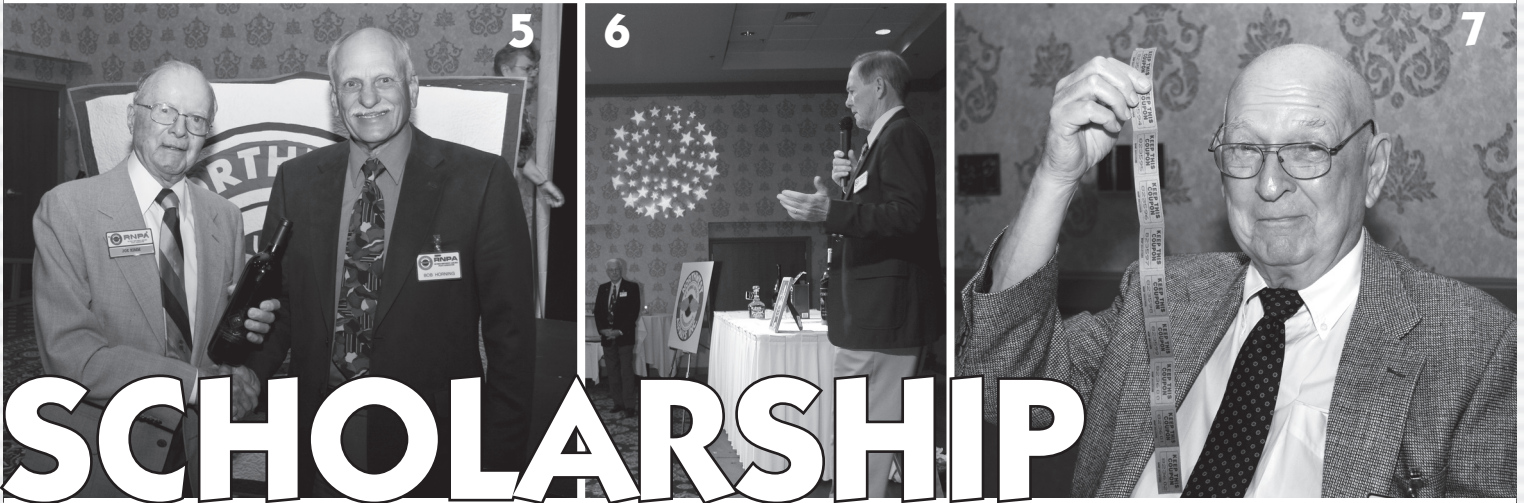


Darl McAllister, Joe Kimm, Montie Leffel, Dick Dodge

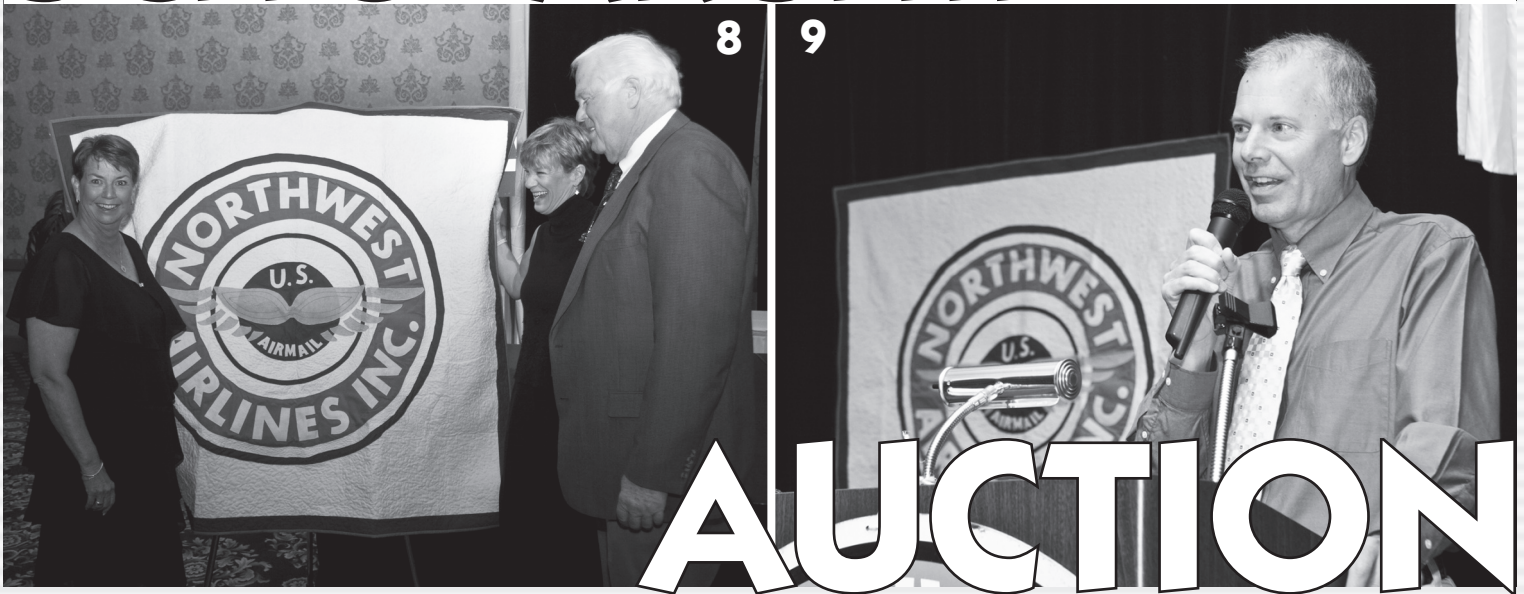
The following were at the banquet, but whether they were just camera-shy, didn't get the word or were just too involved in conversation, we failed to snare them for the formal photos: (Those in bold can be found in the "casual" pix.)

Stan & Amy Baumwald  
George Bond  
Bob & Sharon Brentnall  
George & Judy Bucks  
Chuck Carlson  
& JoAnne Aitken  
Paul Geiger  
Eileen Halverson  
Charlie & Janice Leeuw  
Terry & Susan Marsh  
**Darl McAllister**

**John McAlpin**  
**Nick & Sara Modders**  
Dave & Holly Nelson  
**Dennis & Boki Olden**  
Larry Owen  
**Doug & Shirley Parrott**  
**Art & Jane Partridge**  
**Frank Taylor**  
Steve Towle  
& Stevie Gilbert



# SCHOLARSHIP



# AUCTION

RNPA President Gary Pisel (1) kicks off one of the more satisfying accomplishments of every reunion—the auction to fill the coffers of the **Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund**. A little *more than \$10,260* was raised from all sources—*auction, raffle tickets and outright donations*—at this reunion alone. Bill Barrott (2,6) was “volunteered” as auctioneer, and did a most remarkable job of coaxing out the checkbooks, as well as having some fun. As they have for the last six years, Jack Daniels contributed a personalized bottle of Single Barrel (3). Sterling Bentson (4 right) won a special bottle of Nelson Estates wine, contributed by Dave (4 left) & Holly Nelson. The Nelsons also contributed several bottles of wine for door prizes. Senior RNPA member Joe Kimm (5 left) won a bottle of Eola Hills 1996 Reserve Merlot contributed by Bob Horning (5 right). Many attendees bought \$10 raffle tickets for chances to win many prizes such as free airline travel. Dick Schlader (7) displays his tickets, none of which were winners. Candy Kane-Badger (8) made and contributed this quilt, which was won by Eileen and Phil Hallin. Charlie Curry (9) addressing the banquet to explain why his daughter Julia wasn’t able to accept her scholarship in person. More about the Currys and the scholarship on the following page.

# Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund



The Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Award for 2007 in the amount of \$2000 was presented to Julia C. Curry at the Retired Northwest Pilots Association convention in Reno, NV. There were 110 requests for applications, and Julia's application was selected from the 33 that were completed and returned to the committee. The choice was unanimous, and we are all very proud of her and her accomplishments.

Julia is an outstanding young lady, excellent student, maintaining a 4.0 GPA throughout her Woodbury High School (Woodbury, Minnesota) years, and also is an outstanding athlete, participating in cross country running and Nordic Skiing. She played in the Symphonic Band and Wind Ensemble where she was awarded Highest Honor Soloist. Julia contributes to her community as a member of the Kiwanis Key Club and volunteers at Regions Hospital, Ramsey County Homeless Shelter, Panera food donation program and the Woodbury Earth Day. She is now attending the College of St. Scholastica in Duluth, MN where she is a freshman beginning her studies to become a medical doctor.

Julia was unable to attend the Convention, but she was well represented by her parents Charlie and Mary Curry. Charlie is a NW Captain as was his father, Chuck Curry, and Mary is a former NW Flight Attendant.



*Julia C. Curry*



Charlie and Mary Curry accepting Julia's scholarship from RNPA President Gary Pisel

Again, for the year 2008, criteria and applications are available by sending an email to [tpschellinger@prodigy.net](mailto:tpschellinger@prodigy.net) with your request. The competition closes June 30th with selection in early August of 2008. If you are or have been and employee of Northwest Airlines attending an accredited college or trade school, you are encouraged to apply or pass on the information to your eligible children and grandchildren.

Thanks to all who have contributed to the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund and made this scholarship possible. We are well on our way to being able to add a second scholarship award each year and encourage anyone interested in including the Fund in his or her charitable, tax deductible giving, to send a donation to the Fund, c/o Tom Schellinger, PO Box 240928, Apple Valley, MN, 55124. You will receive a letter acknowledging the donation.

*Although the Fund has the strong support of RNPA and its membership, it is a separate non-profit charitable organization managed by a separate Board of Directors, and is supported by other interested contributors as well.*



# Southwest Florida Spring Luncheon

March 13th  
2008



## Marina Jack's Restaurant • Sarasota, Florida

**Briefing 1100 • Lunch 1230 • Debriefing until 1500**

### MENU CHOICES:

- ❶ Herb Crusted Baked Grouper
  - ❷ London Broil
  - ❸ 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 calendar for March 13th at 1100 hours.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

SPOUSE/GUEST \_\_\_\_\_

\$24 X \_\_\_\_\_ = \_\_\_\_\_ INCLUDED

### MENU CHOICE:

❶ \_\_\_\_\_ ❷ \_\_\_\_\_ ❸ \_\_\_\_\_

❶ \_\_\_\_\_ ❷ \_\_\_\_\_ ❸ \_\_\_\_\_

# VOLUNTEERING

## Jerry & Mary Ann Krueger

**W**e live in the outback of South Dakota and savor every day of our twi-light years here on the prairies. With life as good-as-it-gets for us, we both feel we are in the “helping-out” mode of life and are very happy doing some very satisfying volunteering.

So here is what one old Zoomie and his life’s mate do to offer themselves to their fellow man.

We actively participate in our Church’s activities. We recently teamed up to chair the drive from our parish for the raising of funds to build two new schools and two new parish halls for our Catholic Community. It was a lengthy endeavor over a few years, but it turned out very successful and all 4 structures are up and running. What pride we have in these structures as we reflect back on the efforts of so many for such a huge undertaking.

In addition, Mary Ann helps run a “Nearly New” shop that helps support our Catholic Schools.

It is a unique endeavor in that the workers are all volunteer and 100% donated items. The ladies that work with Mary Ann sort, clean, price, and display items for sale in their shop. They have low costs to operate, are open for business just 4 hours a day for 4 days per week, and still contribute a sizeable amount to the coffers of our Catholic school system.

Since I am the ‘retired’ one of this household my role at the Nearly New shop is “support”. We have to constantly haul discarded items not suitable for re-sale, so my pickup is entered into service for this chore. We do some pickup of donated items also. We also give support by doing very minor “fix’n” of the establishment. And a sort-of-“grounds-keeper” to keep the place looking suitable. We rarely make a trip to Aberdeen without a pass-by the Shop to see if donated items have been left outside the door and we usually stop and put them away inside the building.

Mary Ann being the principle of this business continually brings clothing home to repair, clean and prepare for sale. Our laundry room is a constant array of piles of clothing that need attention, are washed and fixed and then put into big bags to be hauled back to the Nearly New shop to be displayed for sale. Our washer and dryer receive heavy use throughout the year.

Mary Ann’s efforts at this Nearly New shop resulted in the Catholic Schools honoring her by inducting her into the Catholic School’s “Hall-of-Fame” recently. It is

of interest to note that of the 30-some ladies who work at this Shop they range in age from the youngest at 59 to the oldest at 94.

It is our hope that we can continue helping out as long as our bodies are able. We find that doing this kind of work is a wonderful elixir to making these twilight years exciting and fulfilling.

In addition to this volunteer activity we have been called to duty “parenting” again to our grandchildren in Missouri in the aftermath of their father having a massive stroke at age 42 and is now paralyzed. Once again this was an energy-draining undertaking but one so fulfilling to do something to help a family in need.

We heartily note that volunteering has benefits to it never before thought of.

Warmest Greetings to all of our “Old” (well, you know what we mean---??) Zoomie friends.

Jerry and Mary Ann Krueger

## Ray & Dee Dolny

**B**een retired over 22 years and still in pretty good health. Dee and I are still active with golf, tennis, grandkids and volunteer work. I’m also playing in a senior softball league twice a week Mon.& Wed. mornings. Best part is the brats & beer for the debriefing.

I volunteer about nine hours a month at the NWA History Center watching the store so to speak. Get some interesting visitors and retirees with lots of stories about the good old days. One day Mr. Nyrop brought in some things to donate to the center, so he stayed for about a half hour swapping stories with me about the good old days. (All slightly embellished of course, but fun.)

Dee is still active in tennis and volunteers her time fund raising for the inner city tennis program and teaching inner city kids. She was inducted into the USTA (Northern Region) Hall of Fame in June because of her accomplishments in tennis. Tournament wins—one National, coached the McAlister College girls team, taught tennis at Lyldale, and volunteer work with inner city kids program.

Note: She beats me in tennis, I beat her in golf. Keeps peace in the family.

Sorry we missed the Reno Convention, maybe the next one.

Ray and Dee Dolny

I've been a volunteer Angel Flight pilot for the past 12 years or more. As Barbara said to me once, after one of the many news blurbs about millions of charitably donated dollars being stolen and scammed, "When you fly an Angel Flight, we know where the money went!" Angel Flight pilots bear all the costs with no reimbursement for fuel or operating expenses, and most flights involve long days, usually in the twelve to fourteen hour range.

There is always that moment of truth as I watch a young mother and her baby get in my airplane. And it just never goes away. I watch... and I think... "There was once a time she could never have trusted me, but today she is putting her life and her baby's in my hands."

As with everything I've done, I fully disclosed my history to the Angel Flight organization when I volunteered to fly with them, and they warmly welcomed me aboard.

Seventeen years ago can be a long time, or it can be a blink of the eye and a few heartbeats away. For a recovering alcoholic pilot who became a national disgrace, was fired from Northwest, and publicly stripped of all licenses and certificates, watching a young mother and baby get in the plane is an indelible moment each time it occurs. For a convicted felon, a former inmate in a federal prison, to be able to take two horribly burned and disfigured Chinese orphans to a Shiner's Burn Hospital is a gift beyond words. I feel the tugs of gratitude inside me, they're palpable, and I hope they never go away.

I've flown two people who were desperately hoping for liver transplants. Both told me their condition was due to excessive drinking and I made no reply. At the eleventh hour of life they had finally ceased drinking, but it may well have been too little too late. Sitting a foot away from them I knew it could have been me as easily as them. A mere arm's length away, they had no idea that I had been given the gift of recovery while they had not. Who knows why? In my seventeen years of sobriety I've bade farewell to thirty-eight personal friends who never survived the disease I have. Their names blur in my memory now, and only the most recent ones remain fresh and clear. I am fortunate indeed.

Some of my Angel Flights have been without problems and free of challenge; others have required a lot of work, a lot of judgment, and a lot of experience to complete. Safety always comes first and I will cancel a mission if I judge flying conditions to be unsafe. I never allow my desire to complete the mission to override that. Experience levels vary widely inside the Angel Flight organization and I'm able to complete some flights that others might not. Fortunately, I've had to cancel very few.

I've flown a wide variety of people with a wide variety

of health challenges. As I say goodbye to them they are always profusely grateful and appreciative. Sometimes a personal card will arrive later at my home and each is an unexpected and touching gesture for Barbara and me. What none of those people know or realize is that I always walk away knowing I've received far more than I've given.

Sadly, a number of patients I've flown have eventually succumbed and Angel Flight usually notifies the pilots of those occasions. There's always a sense of personal loss as I recall specific flights with those folks and the conversations that took place over the course of the day as we made our way to or from the hospital facility. Some of those have been young children, and those situations always hurt the most.

My typical Angel Flight involves an early morning leg from my airport to pick the people up, a long leg usually to get them where they're going, and a final leg back home as the sun eases its way into the evening. The final leg home is where the impact usually is. The last segment is quiet and I'm alone as I reflect on the day, the people I've just been with, and their struggles. I gaze at the sky, listen to the smooth sound of the engine, look down at the beauty of the earth beneath me, and I just know I'm the luckiest guy on the face of the earth at that very moment.

I'm always tired as I land and taxi in. The airport is in a quiet country grass strip setting and I'm usually the only one there as I put the plane in the hangar and prepare to head home. I'll call Barb and let her know I'm back down safely, pour the last of my coffee from the thermos I took that morning, and drive home surrounded by a warm peace and a tiredness that feels good.

In reality, I've done very little to affect the grim struggles of the people I just spent the day with, but it was all I could do today and I was glad to do it.

I'm always surprised at how few retired pilots seem attracted to the Angel Flight cause. Certainly, it's costly, especially with today's fuel prices, and even my own activities have slowed due to that. But I try to do what I can when I can and I find the rewards beyond any dollar costs.

I love to fly—and what a way to put that to use.

I still maintain my FAA first class medical and someday that will slip away from me. We all get older and we all eventually wear out. But until it's time for me to quit flying, I hope to be able to continue the Angel Flights. Every person I meet impacts me in a meaningful way, and it's just an awfully nice way to use an airplane I really shouldn't have after all Barbara and I went through a few years back.

Blue skies,  
Lyle Prouse

# VOLUNTEERING

## Bob Horning

Hi Everyone,  
In 1991, Sue and I decided to do something a little different, so we brought 16 members of our church along with us on our honeymoon. Our group officially was known as Mission Jamaica.

We traveled to Kingston in 1991 and 1992 and remodeled the kitchen and painted a good portion of Mona Rehab Center and a local school. Our group moved to Port Antonio in 1993 and worked with the Salvation Army to remodel one home and build another. For three years I had always bid trips to Montego Bay so I could transport needed supplies for upcoming mission trips. When we arrived in Montego Bay prior to the arrival of the other members in our group (yes, we could fly S/A at that time, even to Jamaica!) our NWA station manager, Diana Powers, asked where I was going every year with all those supplies. When I told her, she said there was a need for our work right there in Montego Bay, and she would set up a meeting with an orphanage upon our return. Little did I know at that time what this meeting would turn out to be.

Thus began our involvement with the Westhaven Home for Handicapped Children in Copse, Jamaica, in the hills above Montego Bay. In addition to working with different groups on construction/cement work every year, I also served on the Board of Directors of the orphanage for 6 years. That's right...a captain, a German, an engineer, and a man used to getting things done NOW along with 9 Jamaicans who had the attitude of No Problem... Soon Come. Believe me, it was a learning experience for all of us.

By 1999 our group had grown to over 300 members, so Sue and I took off on our own to seek out other mission projects in Jamaica. Not only for our church, but for other churches as well. You can't believe how rewarding it was to see other churches adopt the projects we had found!

We became involved with a program called "Feed My Starving Children" in 2000. We once again traveled to Montego Bay and found charities and schools who were in need of fortified rice. In 2001 we returned to these sites to make sure the distribution of 3 ton of rice had gone as planned and to explain to everyone that they should not wash the rice because it had dried vegetables and vitamins already in each package. I guess we were successful, because this program is still gong on today. We took 10 people with us in 2002 and 2003 to double the size of a school in Mt. Carey, Jamaica, also outside of Montego Bay.

Since then, we've sheet-rocked and painted three homes that were destroyed by Hurricane Katrina. We currently volunteer at Lovers Key State Park in Florida during the winter months. We are anxiously awaiting our next mission project, wherever it may be.

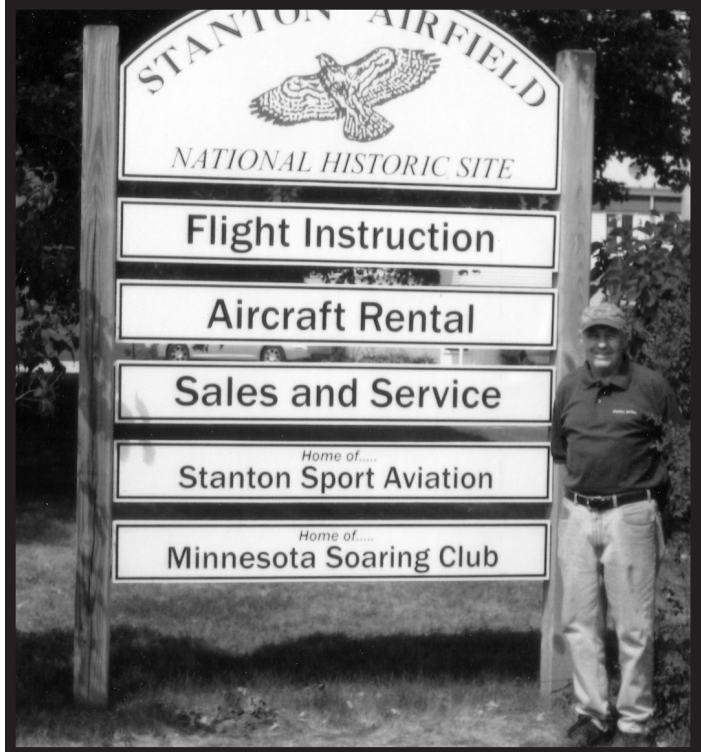
The Good Lord has richly blessed us. This has been our way of saying "thank you."  
Bob Horning

# VOLUNTEERING

## Pat Watson

Greetings Gary,  
Thanks for your interest in RNPA members volunteer activities, I truly enjoyed my career with NWA and I miss the many interesting, dedicated and fun men and women I had the privilege to associate with. However retirement does give one the time and flexibility to really get involved in some other very rewarding efforts, learn some new skills and not have to worry about being late for check in.

I live in Minnesota most of the year and spend the winters in San Diego, so I am involved at two volunteer venues. In Minnesota I am at the Stanton Airfield east of Northfield three days a week. My wife Beverly and I researched and documented the history of the Airfield which was built by Carlton College to provide initial flight training for WWII cadets. We were successful in getting the Airfield designated as a National Historic Site for it's involvement in WWII training activities. The property

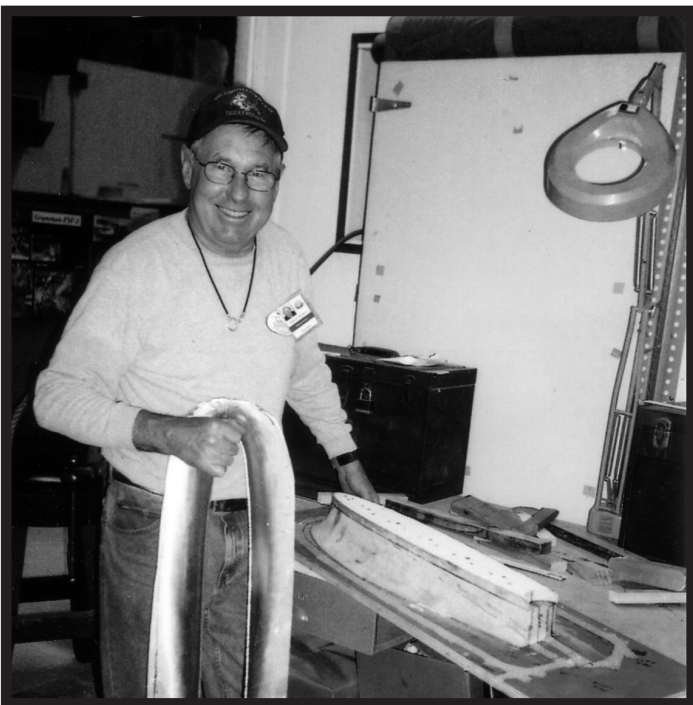




**Gee Bee restoration**

was purchased by a group of aviation enthusiasts to preserve its unique characteristics and to maintain it for the use of sport pilots. I serve on the Board of Directors and am involved with everything from strategic planning, aircraft maintenance and scheduling to helping crew the glider operation. I work with a wonderful group of volunteers, and we do find time occasionally to launch a four or five ship fly-out for the \$100 hamburger.

During the winter months in San Diego I volunteer in the restoration shop at the Air and Space Museum three days a week. We have just completed building an early 1930s Gee Bee racing plane from copies of the original Granville Brothers plans. The Gee Bee will go on display at the Museum this fall. We are currently working on a Boeing P-26 Pursuit Plane which was the last open



**Elevator fairing for the Gee Bee**

cockpit fighter plane produced for the Army Air Force. I have learned a lot about metal working from some very talented craftsmen.

Bev and I are also involved with a Pepperdine University and Scripps Oceanic Research Center sponsored study of the Grunion population along the California beaches. Grunion are small smelt-like fish which come to the beach to spawn during the highest tides after the full and new moons of Spring. We estimate their numbers to try to determine what effect beach grooming has on their population.

Also for the past eight years we have worked at the Carlsbad, California 5K race awards booth. This major race hosts thousands of participants and requires hundreds of volunteers.

We feel fortunate to be able to work with a lot of very nice people with similar interests, and are enjoying our retirement as much as we did our working years.

The very best to you all,  
Pat Watson

## VOLUNTEERING

### Dennis Olden

As I approached my retirement in the late 90's, I was wondering what type of transition I would be going through with a lot more time on my hands. I had volunteered for most of my career working on behalf of my fellow pilots for their retirement and insurance benefits so I was used to doing volunteer work. As pilots, I felt that we were somewhat detached from the community that we lived in due to the nature of our being gone from home so much.

I wanted to do some form of community service work so I began to search out as to what organizations I would like to dedicate some time with. My Mother has been fighting Arthritis all her life so I decided that I would like to check out the Arthritis Foundation to see what they did and what impact I would have on other people's lives and what kind of commitment they expected of me. After a deliberating for several months and also looking at several other volunteer opportunities, I decided to offer my time and services to the Arthritis Foundation.

I joined the foundation in 1997 and immediately began to find out about how those who are afflicted with this disease suffer and are treated. Due to the demographics of the population of the State of Florida, one out of three people suffer from some form of Arthritis. The national average is one out of five, and Arthritis is the number one cause of disability in the United States. Over 300,000 children are afflicted with juvenile Arthritis and will face a lifetime of operations and pain. *(Continued)*

The mission of the foundation is to improve lives through leadership in the prevention, control and cure of arthritis and related diseases. With this in mind I then began to work with several other volunteers and staff members in the Tampa Bay area. We offered aquatic exercise programs, support groups, personal appearances to promote the organization, and setting up continuing education seminars for the medical community. Of course the basis of the Foundation is to provide monies for research to find a cure for this disease and we are the sole largest funding source for Arthritis research in the US. Some of our income comes from bequests from donors, but a lot of it comes from special events that we sponsor such as walks, runs, golf tournaments, and dinners.

After about three years I became Chairman of the Board of the Gulfcoast Region which comprises the Tampa Bay area and seven surrounding counties. I stayed in this position until this spring when I took over as Chairman of the Arthritis Foundation for the State of Florida. Along with this came a seat as a member of the Board of Trustees of the National Arthritis Foundation. It certainly is gratifying and an honor to be an integral governing part of an organization such as this.

Here are a few of the accomplishments we have attained in the ten years that I have been affiliated with the Foundation. We have endowed two perpetual research endowment chairs, one at the University of Florida School of Medicine and the other at the University of South Florida School of Aging. The grant at USF was the largest in the School of Aging's history. We instituted a summer grant for medical school students where we offered 25 grants for senior students to work with research scientists on related research studies to expose them to research opportunities. This is the only type of program of this nature in existence in the US today and we offer it to all medical students in the State of Florida. We gave a state of the art electronic microscope to All Children's Hospital in Saint Petersburg, Florida to aid in their research. The Scripps's Foundation established a research campus in Jupiter, Florida and we gave them their first official grant to fund a research project. Our best community project is when we established a program to send 125 children with juvenile arthritis to a weeklong program at Paul Newman's Boggy Creek Camp north of Orlando, Florida. We now have expanded that to a camp in Miami and another in the Pensacola area.

So it has and continues to be very gratifying to be able to do what we do and have a positive impact on the lives of Americans who are afflicted with this disease. We have been blessed with a great career that has provided us with a good pension and the financial ability to do something for the good of someone else. We always welcome new volunteers and I think our group certainly has a number

of us that could offer their time and talents to volunteer in this or some other area. I can get you in contact with someone in the Arthritis Foundation no matter where you live in the United States if you are interested. All you have to do is look in the faces of the kids with Juvenile Arthritis or our crippled senior citizens that we help to make this all worthwhile. It feels great to give, because you get it back in so many other ways.

Denny Olden

## Volunteering Sterling Bentsen

### Bentsen Earns Angel Wings



**S**terling Bentsen, who retired in June of 2005, reports that retirement has taken him down an entirely new path of community service. Trading his pilot wings for angel wings, he has assumed an ever-increasing role with a local charitable organization, Congregations for the Homeless.

The organization operates an emergency shelter for single homeless men east of Seattle. They provide safe sleeping arrangements, three meals per day, medical assistance and full case management for their residents. The transitional shelter is housed in local churches, moving to a new location every month.

With the encouragement of his wife, Nadine, a long time shelter volunteer, Sterling trained to be a life coach for the men passing through the program. It exposed him to new challenges as all of his assigned men were dealing with some type of life crisis; job loss, divorce, sickness, etc.

"I encountered some interesting situations during my flying career but nothing prepared me for some of the heartbreaking stories I heard from the men I counseled," reports Sterling. "Though, I will say, some of the people skills I learned over the years have come in very handy."

Recently Sterling moved from his role as a life coach to a position as Director of Housing. He works with other housing groups to find permanent homes for men in the transitional program.

"It is interesting and, often, frustrating work but it gives you a real sense of accomplishment when you can place a guy in the first permanent home they have had for years. That is the payback. Moreover, my wife loves the program. It keeps me out of the house."

## Dick Carl

Yes, I volunteer. I am a volunteer in two organizations. The first one is the US Coast Guard Auxiliary. The USGCAUX, as we refer to it, is a chartered arm of the US Coast Guard. Its members are all volunteers from all walks of life. We operate under the direct supervision of the US Coast Guard, wear the same uniform and do many of the same operations as they do. The only things we do not take part in are law enforcement or military operations. Some of the duties we are responsible for are, public education activities such as boating safety classes, vessel inspections, both for the recreational boater and for certain small commercial operators. The Auxiliary is also operational both on the water and in the air.

I am a fully qualified boat crewman and participate in regular surface safety patrols and on SAR missions if we are needed. I am also the Aids to Navigation staff officer in our flotilla. In that capacity I am responsible for inspecting and reporting on all of the federal and private Aids to Navigation in our area of responsibility. That area covers about 250 square miles and has 497 aids to navigation and 5 bridges to keep track of. In all, I spend an average of 30 hours a month doing Auxiliary work in addition to the 8 to 10 hours spent on the water. I have found it to be a challenging and rewarding experience.

The other organization I volunteer with is the Punta Gorda, Florida Police Department's marine patrol. We volunteers have our own police patrol boat and with it we patrol the riverfront, canals and marinas that are within the boundaries of the city of Punta Gorda. While we have no law enforcement authority, we are able to write citations if necessary for certain city code violations. These are things such as excessive speed or wake within the canals etc. Our main emphasis however is just being on the water and being seen by the residents. The marked police boat draws a lot of attention. We are an extra set of eyes and ears out in the community and we have a police radio with us in case we need assistance. We also assist in search and rescue operations and act as dive assistants to the police divers in the event they are called upon. In this position I spend about 8 hours a month plus an occasional training session to keep us up to date on things. This also has been a very educational and rewarding experience.

As a volunteer in both of these organizations I have the opportunity to contribute something positive to the community and help make it a better place to live.

So if you are looking for something to do but don't know where to look here are two challenging and rewarding things you might consider.

Dick Carl

## Richard Kincanon

Thank you for the opportunity to write about volunteer opportunities. A worthy organization with which I and a number of my colleagues are involved is called the Naval Sea Cadets.

This is for thirteen to seventeen year old youth, and its purpose is to "teach patriotism, courage, self-reliance, and kindred virtues." This is a wonderful opportunity for adults who want to make a difference in our youth.

Please refer to [seacadets.org](http://seacadets.org) for more information.

Richard Kincanon

## Jim Mancini

When I retired in October 2002, I was of the belief that flying in the future would be very limited. My focus was on boating with the intent of Florida waters in the winter and New England waters in the summer. In the late spring of 2003, I was introduced to the Coast Guard Auxiliary and was about to join a local Flotilla, active at the Marina my boat was in for the summer. Plans rapidly changed when a pilot friend convinced me to join the Flotilla that he and several others had just formed. The interesting part was the new Flotilla's focus was flying and so began my volunteering in the Coast Guard Auxiliary.

The Coast Guard under Home Land Security expanded its roll after 9-11, especially in the North East. The airborne patrol missions were significantly increased, and to cover the increase the Auxiliary was encouraged to grow in the aviation sector. Although I did not have an aircraft of my own to put into service as an Auxiliary facility, I was offered the opportunity to qualify as an Aircraft Commander on a Twin Comanche.

I am now flying patrol missions one or more days per week along with an occasional Logistics mission, primarily in the Twin Comanche. Within the district that the flotilla is a part of there are approximately 25 aircraft designated as facilities. The opportunity to fly a variety of aircraft the largest a Cessna 414, several Piper singles, and a Cessna 182, adds a bonus to my volunteer experience.

On a daily bases the Auxiliary is flying a minimum of five missions. The missions cover an area from the Canadian Border on Lake Champlain, to the Manasquan inlet along the New Jersey Coast and out to Block Island, Rhode Island. Occasionally we cover some flying for the Northern District which includes Cape Cod and the Canal. Logistics range from Maine to Virginia. (Cont.)

Mission duration is generally about four hours of flying broken by a fuel stop and lunch. All missions are flown under visual conditions while logistics can be conducted in IMC, but require two rated pilots.

Another segment I hope to get involved in, after renewing my instructors rating, is the flight training being offered to Cadets at the Coast Guard Academy. On week-ends, during the spring and fall, Auxiliary aircraft use Groton airport in Connecticut, where up to 25 hours of flight training per Cadet is offered. The program has proven to be a plus for the Coast Guard by creating an interest in flying that is now carrying through to a larger number expressing interest in the slots that are available in Pensacola each year.

The impressive part is the level of professionalism and the required ongoing training. Spatial disorientation training in Pensacola, annual CRM courses, swim tests and Egress training are just a few of the requirements. The best part is that it is an all volunteer organization with a flexible schedule and the opportunity to share the experience with a great group of fellow volunteers. It's actually the best of both worlds, I get to fly and continue to boat without trying to throw dollars into that hole in the sky like the one in the water.

Jim Mancini

## Bill Barrott

**H**i Gary:  
It's a scramble to meet your Oct. 1 deadline for "volunteer" info but here goes.

I joined the American Red Cross through the local chapter in 1999. After a few classes I was on the DAT (disaster action team). The DAT responds to disasters locally which are usually house fires or flooding. We provide clothing, food, and shelter on an as needed basis as well as provide for firefighters and other emergency workers on the scene.

If you want to go "national" you need to pick a "career" path and take more classes in your specialty. Some of the options are logistics, mass care, damage assessment, mental health, communications, public relations, and client services. I started out in damage assessment and my first national was the Seattle earthquake in 2001. That was an eye-opener and I enjoyed working with a group recording and documenting damage throughout the Seattle area. I soon learned that all the hot chicks were in client services so upon my return home I immediately changed my career path and started taking new classes. Client services consists of interviewing disaster victims and helping them with aid according to their losses.

The big one of course was 911 when I went to New York and worked for my soon to be wife, Joyce. Since then we have been to Houma, Louisiana for hurricane Lily; Okeechobee and Orlando, Florida for hurricane Charley; Mobile Alabama and Laurel, Mississippi for hurricane Katrina; and Everett, Washington for flooding. As I gained experience I became a supervisor, and Joyce is now a director, so she's still the boss! Katrina was quite a challenge for me. Joyce went to Mobile Alabama and I went to Laurel, Mississippi. We split up because of a severe shortage of trained volunteers. I opened a small service center with six interviewers and three weeks later I had a staff of sixty and we passed out fourteen million dollars. I was responsible for the whole operation including training, housing for the volunteers, dealing with the local police in curbing fraud which is always present, working with the assigned Army National Guard in riot control, and public relations with the local radio and TV. I worked twelve hour days and was exhausted. I got an OJT crash course in delegation 101. I have decided to return to the trenches and just interview next time!

The Red Cross International is separate but can be joined locally, however, assignments are world wide and commitments can be up to three months, often in third world countries, and often lacking sanitation, suitable accommodations, and having disease problems. We do not do the International. Sleeping for three weeks on the floor in the Ramada Inn conference room in Laurel MS with thirty others and one shower is hardship enough for me. To join the American Red Cross just go to your local chapter which should be in the yellow pages. Travel (no "R"), lodging (which could be a tent), and food allowances are provided for when on disaster service. The ARC is not a part of the government, but has a government charter. It is entirely financed by the donated dollar and is very efficient in getting the money to the victims of disasters, with low overhead, and staffed mostly with volunteers.

**A**nother area we have enjoyed is mission trips. We have been to Estonia, Mexico, Austria, and France in the last few years. I have become a roofer, electrician, carpenter, cement worker, and ceramic tile layer. My Habitat for Humanity learned skills from years ago were put to good use. In Estonia I drilled a hole through a two foot masonry wall to pull a 220 volt line through and inquired about code requirements for a protective conduit and the "permit"? Neither existed. Mission trips are not religious pilgrimages, but rather work parties. You go for ten days to two weeks and may be teamed up with others from the US or other countries. The job is restoring old buildings (like 400 years old!) for future use as a retreat, residence, or school. They are usually huge buildings and the projects last for years. The cost is \$75-\$100 per day per person



which includes room and board with the balance going to the project. Meals have ranged from gourmet to potato soup with weiners every night. One day a week your host takes you sightseeing. You are usually in a small village or suburb and really see the country from a different perspective. I prefer that to visiting with a wheat farmer from Kansas at the Budapest Hilton. Two organizations we have used with great success are Word of Life and Lutheran Brotherhood, both on the web.

Lastly I would like to mention the Ombudsman program which is federally funded and state operated. The purpose of the program is to oversee the care of the frail and elderly living in licensed facilities. You are assigned a facility to visit at least once a week for a couple of hours. Joyce and I were assigned a one-hundred-bed Alzheimer's assisted living residence. We visited the facility and talked to the residents and staff and observed the ongoing care and treatment of the residents. Most care givers are entry level low paid positions with minimal training and rapid burnout. If we saw shortcomings we reported to the facility manager and it was normally taken care of. In some cases continued and repeated care problems are reported to social services which has fine and/or license revocation authority. We would talk for hours with the residents, usually with no sensible words of reply, and a stare off in the distance. Then once in a while they would make eye contact and smile and you knew they had been comforted. We did the Ombudsman program for three and one half years but with all our personal travel could not do the job justice. Once again the yellow pages under state government will lead you to the contact information.

I hope this will provide some insight into opportunities for those who might be interested in volunteer activities. As always thank you Gary for all you and your staff do in making Contrails the outstanding class act that it is.

Bill Barrott

## Jack Hudspeth

My life as a volunteer began shortly after I was diagnosed with Prostate Cancer in 1997. While reading about my disease I found a recurring theme that men with PCa who attended support groups lived longer and rated their quality of life better than those who did not attend. So I joined a Prostate Cancer support group. Probably because I was one of the more vocal members, when our leader died of an aneurysm in 2000, I was asked to become the facilitator. The Tacoma Prostate Cancer Support Group ([www.TPCSG.info](http://www.TPCSG.info)) has twice-monthly

meetings for support of previously diagnosed and newly diagnosed men and their families. We often invite health professionals to discuss the latest information on various treatments and research. We participate in several community outreach events during the year such as health fairs and Prostate Health symposiums. Our group is a chapter of the American Cancer Society's Man to Man Prostate Cancer Support Group network and UsToo International, an organization formed by survivors for PCa support, education and advocacy.

The weekend prior to the RNPA convention in Reno, I facilitated support group sessions at the Prostate Cancer Research Institute's Conference in Los Angeles. I have been asked to be a keynote speaker at a Bellevue based Med-Tech firm employee dinner. Confirma Inc. is introducing Computer Aided MRI for PCa diagnosis.

I am a member of the SPORE (Special Program of Research Excellence) patient advocacy committee at the U of Washington Medical Center. We learn of PCa clinical trials and ongoing research and share that info with our community through support groups and service organizations.

I am also a member of the Washington State DOH CCCP (Comprehensive Cancer Control Plan) Prostate Cancer Task Force Committee. The committee plans and implements programs to reach the minority and underserved populations to encourage informed decision making about PCa screening and treatment options.

Being involved with these organizations takes up a good deal of my time. I also average 6 or more calls a month from men and their families from various US cities and once even Germany. These referrals are from ACS, UsTOO, NW hospitals, Cancer Care clinics and of course word of mouth. As a mentor I do not give medical advice, but I can offer reliable sources of information and share my own prostate cancer journey.

The satisfaction and emotional reward of my volunteer work is sometimes beyond description.

Jack Hudspeth





There I was, fat, dumb and happy. Well, about 5 pounds overweight, not paying full attention to what was about to be asked of me and thinking that retirement was the best job I ever had. Our place in North Idaho is quite scenic and peaceful but the peaceful part was about to change.

My observant and ever so thoughtful wife, Carol, feeling that I was a little out of sorts suggested that I go out and find a part-time job. Feeling up to the challenge, I headed into town assuming that with a population of roughly 500 souls I would surely gain meaningful part-time employment. I ran into a fellow seaplane pilot friend in town who happens to be the Fire Chief and my new adventure was about to begin.

After I got through all the excuses about being too old, I had no reasons left to say “NO” to a job as a “volunteer firefighter.”

Within a few months, I had the opportunity to attend the fire academy where I completed course work in “Essentials of Fire Fighting” and attend my first couple of “live burns.” What a rush! Not long afterwards, I graduated from “Strategy and Tactics of Initial Company Response” followed by “Fire Operations in the Wildland/Urban Interface.”

After two years with the fire department, there was a bit of a shakeup and I was approached about filling the position of “Training Captain.” The sales pitch went something like this... As long as I had 12-years of experience training pilots and I had very minimal but acceptable experience as a firefighter, I was highly suited to the position. Freely translated to mean, I was the only one in town willing to risk my life for no compensation and take on a large amount of additional work.

When one is on Social Security there really shouldn't be any excuse for running into burning buildings with 75# of gear on, climbing into overturned vehicles with gasoline dripping on you, fighting wildland fires, recovering drowning victims, attempting ice rescues on the

lake or doing delicate extrications of people involved in head-on crashes. However, there seems to be a certain adrenaline rush to having the pager go off and arriving on scene to face the “enemy”—a fire or accident.

The training and skills learned at NWA have served me well and have been quite valuable in my new “Training Captain” position at the fire house. I have been using CRM methods for action on the fire ground as well as debriefings.

I must give half, or more, of the credit for my accomplishments to my wonderful spouse Carol. Carol pretty much developed our system to implement subscription fire service to the outlying rural areas, developed an operations manual, created an improved working environment with the mayor and city council members, has helped the chief write grants, as well as has developed a framework for all administrative workings. Apparently, her plan to get me out from underfoot backfired.

What I am doing is not all that unusual, as almost 75% of all fire departments across the country are volunteer organizations. Fire departments across the nation are constantly fighting for their financial existence and need all the support you can give them, but these are issues I was unaware of until getting involved. It constantly amazes us how hard we have to fight just to get the funds needed to run and maintain a very basic one engine fire department.

Remember when you were bidding and had to choose between R3 and R4 because you needed a certain day off? This is like reserve with no days off and I can't yet figure out how the pager always seems to go off just when you take the first bite of dinner and always when you have company. Do I still enjoy retirement? Absolutely. Do I miss the peacefulness? Sometimes. But, the satisfaction of “giving something of great value back to our community” more than makes up for it. We've had a wonderful, rewarding life and feel it is time to “give a bit of ourselves” back. We still have a lot of peaceful times at home but being a volunteer fire fighter has given me somewhat of a sense of fulfillment.

Would I do it again? You bet!



# TYRONE BEASON VOLUNTEERING

## Tyrone Beason



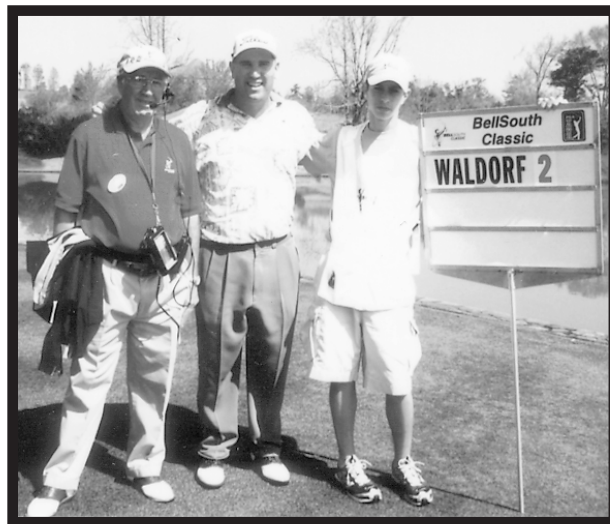
With Pro Hal Sutton

The Bell South Classic is held each year in Atlanta, Georgia and is one of the many golf tournaments on the PGA Tour. This tournament has been renamed the AT&T Classic and is held each year for the benefit of Childrens Health Care of Atlanta. There are approximately 1800 volunteers that give their time and energy to this worthy cause each year, and I am proud to say I have been a part of this group for the past nine years.

June of 1998 was my retirement date, and in April of 1997, I met a volunteer at this tournament whose job was to walk with the professionals and record their scores. Since I had always been interested in golf, I asked him whom I should contact. He gave me the phone number of the lady in charge of the walking markers, and in the spring of 1998 I became a part of this volunteer group.

I made a decision in 1977, with the consent of my family, to move from Minneapolis to Atlanta, Our family had expanded from two daughters to four, and thus the beginning of many trips to the doctor's office and occasionally a trip to Scottish Rite Childrens Hospital. After a couple of trips to Scottish Rite for two of my own daughters, I decided if the opportunity presented itself to me to help these children, I would jump at the chance. The connection was made for me, this golf tournament, and the millions of dollars that are donated to childrens health care through the AT&T Classic Foundation.

2008 will be my tenth year as a walking marker and what a wonderful experience it has been. Our organization has advanced from paper and pencil scoring, to high tech use of palm pilots and the shotlink system the PGA has implemented during the past four years. I have had the opportunity to score for many of the worlds best golfers including Masters Champions Larry Mize, Zach Johnson, and Phil Mickelson. I worked with Australian Greg Norman, who designed the Sugarloaf Golf and Country Club in Atlanta which is physically a tough golf course

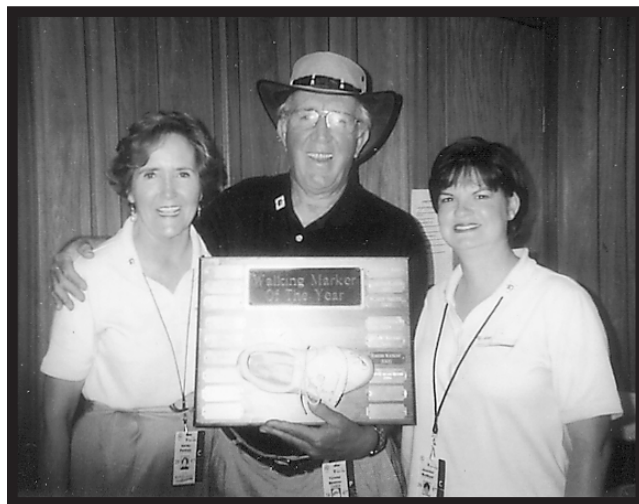


With Pro Duffy Waldorf

to walk. Sugarloaf is an eight to nine mile walk for each round of golf, and requires one to be in good physical condition.

I have enjoyed working with and meeting the Tour Professionals, being inside the ropes recording each and every shot they hit, and as an added benefit, most of these Pros give the walking markers an autographed golf ball. This all pales in comparison to knowing that all of this is for the wonderful cause for childrens hospitals and childrens healthcare in Atlanta. Without this tournament and its 1800 volunteers, these children would not receive the care they need and deserve. I will continue to give my time and effort to this worthy cause for as many years as I am able. I was honored by our leader, Sandy Perkins, and my peers this year as Walking Marker of The Year, for 2006.

Ty "Blue Arm" Beason



Receiving "Walking Marker of the Year" award from Sandy Perkins (left) and her assistant Jennifer.

# MINNEAPOLIS CHRISTMAS PARTY



SUNDAY  
DECEMBER  
9th

**Chart House Restaurant**  
**11287 Klamath Trail**  
**Lakeville, Minnesota**

Social Hour 5pm  
Dinner 6:30pm

\$38 per entrée

Choice of:

*Champagne Chicken*  
*Baked Salmon Fillet*  
*Prime Rib*

Questions? Call...

|                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| Doug Wenborg    | 952.447.5441 |
| Pete Brown      | 952.892.6987 |
| Jim Kary        | 952.226.5279 |
| Ken Kreutzmann  | 952.432.0520 |
| Steve Lillyblad | 952.431.6658 |
| Terry Marsh     | 763.682.4516 |
| Ray Alexander   | 952.890.5798 |

Please make checks payable to: **Doug Wenborg**  
Mail this section to: **4300 Hickory Hills Trail, Prior Lake MN 55372**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Entrée: \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse/Guest: \_\_\_\_\_

Entrée: \_\_\_\_\_

**2007 RNPA Minneapolis  
Christmas Party**

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

**RSVP by Saturday, Dec. 1st**



"He told me he was like 49, and asked me, you know, if I wanted to go on a cruise with him to St. Croix. He goes, 'It's just a short cruise, it'll be fun.' I guess I wasn't, like, listening too carefully 'cause I never heard him say, like, he meant the St. Croix **River!** He told me, you know, that we'd be going as part of a group, but he didn't tell me we'd be like going with a bunch of **retired people!** Like I'm not that stupid, you know... he's not 49."

*But you may enjoy the company of a bunch of retired people at the annual*

# Minneapolis Summer Cruise

*aboard the good ship Avalon sailing promptly at 11:30 am*

# Thursday June 12th

Price:

**\$29**

**per person**

**CASH BAR  
ON BOARD**

Congregate  
dockside  
just south of  
downtown  
Stillwater at  
11:00 am

Boat sails  
**PROMPTLY**  
at 11:30 am

Send check payable to: "Vic Kleinsteuber"  
15258 Curtis Ave NW  
Monticello MN 55362  
Phone: (763) 878-2534

Names, too!

Got a better "quote" for our young lady? Let me hear it. I'll publish it next issue. -Ed.

St. Croix Cruisin'

**Daniel F. Neuman** was truly one of our aviation pioneers and a pilot for 73 years. His aeronautical interests spanned the realm from commercial pilot of modern jumbo jets to expert restorer of antique aircraft. he was currently restoring the original Curtiss OX-5 engine out of the Jenny that Charles Lindbergh learned to fly in.

Dan's aviation interests began when he was a small child in his native Detroit, Michigan. He was the youngest of five children of Daniel and Wanda Neuman, German immigrants. The family had a house in Detroit and a farm in St. Clair, Michigan. The numerous car trips from the city to the farm went past Packard Airport in Fraser, Michigan. Young Daniel saw the Curtiss Jenny and Packard Lepere biplanes parked or occasionally flying. He was hooked on aviation by the age of nine.

Even though his parents were opposed to flying ( which they considered suicidal), Daniel saved his money and started flying lessons in 1935 at age 16. He flew a Taylor E-2 Cub sometimes 15 minutes at a time because he could not afford a full hour of instruction. He soloed on August 14, 1935, after eight hours of dual instruction. His private license followed a year later on August 18, 1936.

After attending a private Lutheran grade school, he enrolled at Cass Tech Vocational High School where he earned his aircraft and engine mechanics licenses on November 20, 1937. While in tenth grade at Cass Tech, his chemistry teacher was Evangeline Lindbergh, Charles Lindbergh's mother.

While in ninth grade at Cass Tech, Daniel traded an accordion for his first airplane, an OX-5-powered Overcashier monoplane which he found in the back of a barbershop. The wings were stored in the Neuman family garage and, to make space, his father eventually chopped them up. Daniel sold the fuselage to another boy who turned it into an iceboat.

His second airplane followed in the tenth grade, an



**Daniel Neuman**  
1918 ~ 2007

OX-5-powered Fairchild KR-31, which he bought in partnership with another boy. Daniel had already checked out in another KR-31 on August 1, 1937. After obtaining his private license, the KR-31 was used to build up his time and experience.

After high school, Daniel got a job at Stinson Aircraft in Wayne, Michigan, working in final assembly. When Stinson moved to Nashville, Tennessee, in 1939, he got a job at Warner Aircraft Engine in Detroit in the engine test department. In late 1939, he was hired as a mechanic by Floyd Foren Flyers, a fixed base operation at Detroit City Airport.

With the steady income and his entire savings account, Daniel purchased a 1929 Buhl CA-6A air sedan June 1940. On July 5, 1940, at age 22 he started operations as Great Lakes Airlines. Daniel was still too young to have a commercial license (minimum age was 24 then), so he hired a pilot. The first flight of the new airline ended about 250 miles from

Detroit when fog and low ceilings forced the pilot, Walter Carr, to land. Passengers were placed on a bus for the completion of their journey to Houghton, Michigan. The next day the Buhl was ferried back to Detroit. This episode depleted the last of Daniel's operating capital. The Buhl was sold and Great Lakes Airlines ended operations after one flight.

Daniel continued to build his flying time and earned his commercial license in February, 1941. He was then employed as a pilot at Floyd Foren. After getting his flight instructor's rating on Dec. 12, 1941, he instructed CPT (Civilian Pilot Training, a government program to train pilots) secondary students in Fairchild 22s. He worked his way up to become Chief Pilot at Floyd Foren Flyers where he flew a Stinson Model (U) Trimotor, a Sikorsky S-38 amphibian and numerous other aircraft. At the time Floyd Foren had 11 aircraft and six pilots. Daniel, then 24 years old, was the only pilot to fly all of the aircraft commercially in pilot training, charter, sightseeing, etc. A seaplane rating had been attained on October 1, 1941,

and an instrument rating on August 20, 1942. Before Daniel resigned his position at Floyd Foren to go to work for Northwest Airlines in the fall of 1942, he owned and flew many different aircraft, among them were a Curtiss Junior CW-1 and three different Stinsons, a SM-8m a SM-8a and an SR-5-E.

He moved to Minneapolis in 1942, where he soon met and married Vona Jean Junkman, and they had one son, Daniel F., Jr. He was a resident of Minneapolis for 65 years.

At Northwest Airlines, he flew as co-pilot for only one month before being promoted to captain. He began flying propeller-driven DC-3 and CW-46 aircraft and ended his airline career flying B-747 jumbo jets.

With World War II cranking up, Northwest Airlines assigned him to Billings, Montana, where he trained Air Force crews to fly the "hump" from India to China.

From late 1943 until the end of World War II, Daniel was assigned to the Air Transport Command, and was based in Edmonton, Canada. He flew C-47s and C-46s from U.S. cities to Alaska and also to Attu and other Aleutian Islands.

When the war ended, he returned to Minneapolis, and resumed his career as a Northwest instructor and check pilot. By 1960, he was appointed director of cockpit crew training. His responsibilities included developing the procedures and instructions for all Northwest crews during the difficult transition from piston engines to the new jet aircraft. The entire program required FAA approval and all Northwest captains, co-pilots and engineers had to successfully complete the training in order to fly jets in scheduled service. The success of Daniel's program became a model for the entire airline industry and stands out as a great contribution to flight safety.

Daniel retired at age 60 in April 1978, as an instructor and check pilot on the Boeing 747. During his 36 years at Northwest Airlines, he was type rated on the following 12 aircraft: DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-7, B-377, B-707, B-720, B-747, CW-46, L-188, M-202, M-404.

Daniel's lifelong love of flying, aircraft and aviation extended into his leisure time as he spent almost all his free time working with small aircraft, particularly antiques. He always owned at least one airplane and when one restoration project was completed, it was sold to finance the next project. The long list of aircraft he owned includes: Fairchild PT-19, Grumman F82 Bearcat, Stinson V-77, Beechcraft D-17S Staggerwing, Waco-125, Spartan 7-W Executive, Howard DGA-



*Capt. Dan Neuman*

15, Buhl Pup LA-1, Curtiss JN 4-D, Stinson SR-10G, Monocoupe 90, as well as several Pipers, Cessnas and Beechcrafts.

Daniel's expertise as an aircraft mechanic was recognized by the FAA in 2001 with the Charles Taylor award, their highest award given to mechanics. His excellence as an antiques restorer resulted in three Grand Champion awards (Curtiss Jenny in 1961, Buhl Pup in 1980, Stinson SR-10G in 1977) as well as numerous other awards.

Dan built one of the first individual hangars at Anoka Airport and it still stands. He also ran an aircraft parts store at the field, Midland Aviation, helping many people on their projects with hard to find parts and much appreciated words of encouragement and expert advice. Many people visited his Midland Aviation Museum, too.

Although "retired" for over 25 years, he could be found every day at his Anoka Airport hangar working on another aircraft restoration. He was currently finishing up a Waco 10 with a Curtiss OXX-6 engine.

He is survived by his son, Daniel F., Jr. of Annandale, Minnesota, four grandchildren, five great grandchildren and nine nieces and nephews.

A fine example of his work is the Waco 125 which now hangs on display in the Minneapolis-St. Paul Airport Lindbergh Terminal. The Waco has Northwest Airlines in its history and bears the original Northwest Airlines emblem. Dan and his late wife, Vona, restored the craft to like-new condition and Dan donated it to the company in 1985 after her death. ✪



## **Gordon Bartsh** 1921 ~ 2007

### **In Loving Memory of Our Father**

**Gordon H. Bartsh**, age 86, retired Northwest Captain of Arkansaw, WI and Bloomington, MN flew west on his final check on August 6, 2007.

Gordy was born on July 15th, 1921 on the farm which he grew up on in Elba, MN. As a young boy while he was plowing the fields with a horse drawn plow he would look up at the planes flying above him. He told himself that "there had to be a better life than walking behind this plow" as the sweat was rolling down his face. At age 16 he graduated early from high school in June of 1938, he soon found himself at the Winona airport watching the planes. That's where Max Conrad had taken Gordy under his wings and started to give him flying lessons. Gordy didn't have any money so Max would give him odd jobs around the airport to pay for his flying lessons. He would live in a tent near the airport. Upon completing his private license at the age of 17 in 1939, Max Conrad convinced Gordy to continue on and get his commercial license. Gordy pursued his commercial license and went on to managing airports in Green Bay, Red Wing and Winona. He joined Northwest Airlines in March of 1943 at the age of 22. At the same time he and three other pilots co-founded Hiawatha Charter Service, which was based in Winona, MN. They purchased a DC-3 and a C-47, and basically catered to actors and film crews flying them to shoot-

ing locations in their spare time. As Northwest Airlines grew, Gordy and his partner dissolved Hiawatha Charter Services and they flew exclusively with Northwest. During World War II, Gordy trained the glider pilots for the Normandy invasion and chartered the troops to Alaska and the Aleutian Islands in the flying boxcars, while flying with Northwest. As part of his career with Northwest Airlines, he was Captain of the crew that flew the first commencement non-stop flight that flew from Chicago to Tokyo. He was always very proud and honored to have the opportunity to fly with Northwest Airlines for 38 years. He grew as Northwest Airlines grew and retired at the age 60 in 1981. He loved every minute that he was in the air. Throughout his flying career he always said, "he never worked a day in his life".

Gordy had two main passions in life, one passion was for the love of flying and the other passion was for the love of his family. Upon retiring from flying he did not slow down, he always wanted to return to his roots of farming. He bought a little "hobby farm" in Arkansaw, Wisconsin which quickly grew to a full-fledged Black Angus beef operation. He enjoyed farming, and farmed full time up until a couple of years ago.

Survived by two sons, four daughters, seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Preceded in death by his mother and father, two brothers, and in 2005, wife of 59 years Ruby Bartsh and grandson Joshua Allison.

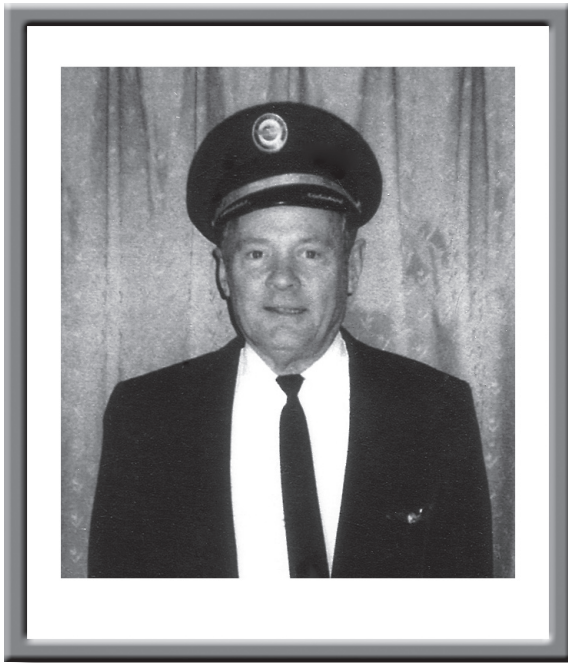
Dad, may the air beneath your wings be that of the early morning dawn, soft as silk, your skies be bluer than blue and your stars shine even brighter. Keep your wings level with the horizon and the wind on your tail. Your contrails may have faded but your legend and your memories will live on forever.

Your loving family

*If any old fellow pilots and/or crew members have any special memories and/or stories of our father and would like to share them with our family. We would greatly appreciate it if you would take a few minutes and write them down and send them to us. You can email them to us at [vpbartsh@cannon.net](mailto:vpbartsh@cannon.net) or mail them to us c/o Vance Bartsh, W969 110th Avenue Plum City, WI 54761.*

*On behalf of the Bartsh Family, Thank You;  
Vance "Scooter" Bartsh*





## John Hastings 1924 ~ 2007

**John B. Hastings**, age 83, of Wyoming, Minnesota, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, flew west for a final check on Friday August 31, 2007, following a courageous battle with Alzheimer's. John was the second of four generations of family members to earn his wings in an airplane. His father Morris Ogden Hastings was 28 years old in 1917 when he joined the United States effort in World War I as a pilot in the Army Air Corps.

M.O. Hastings spent 1917 and 1918 flying open cockpit bi-planes training as a bomber pilot for duty in Europe. He was still training in the south when the First World War ended.

John B. Hastings followed his father's tradition by joining the Army Air Corps in 1942 with the United States deeply involved in World War II. Like his father, he served his WW II duty stateside. He was training for air rescue missions in China to bring home downed pilots when the war ended in 1945.

His love for flying never flickered, however, and he spent the next five years working as a flight instructor,

as a crop duster, and ferrying Piper Cubs from Oklahoma to the Twin Cities to gain valuable flying time. In 1950 his efforts paid off when Northwest Airlines hired him as a commercial pilot. John's first job at Northwest was flying between the Twin Cities and Chicago's Midway Airport. When his commercial career came to an end on his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1984, Hastings had logged nearly 37,000 hours of flight time. Co-pilots, second officers and flight attendants enjoyed flying with John as he was competent, professional, and treated crewmembers with respect. His son, Johnny Hastings and grandson, John J. Hastings, the third and fourth generations, have both gone on to become licensed pilots.

John and his wife Barbara Hastings founded Pinehaven Farm after their move to Wyoming, Minnesota. The farm, located west of I-35 and one mile north of CR-22, served for many years as a Christmas tree farm. John kept a little single engine two-place tail dragger at the farm. A couple of the "roads" between the fields of trees were kept smooth and the grass cut so they could be used as runways. Northwest employees who shopped at Pinehaven for their Christmas tree often ran into friends from Northwest doing the same. The business is now operated by Johnny Hastings and his wife Sue and their family.

Survived by his wife of 57 years, Barbara; son and daughter-in-law, John and Sue Hastings, five grandchildren; other family and many friends.

The following Northwest pilots left these comments in the guest book:

"May your flight west lead you to the land of your dreams." *Thomond O'Brien*

"John, God bless you on your final flight west. Memories will be with me." *Jay Jorgensen*

"Flying the mountains of Montana and enjoying John's company, that is how I remember John Hastings." *Jim Lindley*

"Memories back to the 60's in the days of the Electra. The memories are still there - Good memories of 'the good old days!'" *Fred Raiche*

"John was always a pleasure to fly with." *Fred Breitling*

*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.*



# Make plans for...

## Seattle Christmas Party

Thursday  
December  
6th



Emerald Downs Race Track  
Auburn, Washington  
10 am to 2 pm

\$35/person w/reservation · \$50/person at the door

Make checks payable to  
"Sunshine Club" and mail  
the form below to:

**Mary Gauthier**  
36850 204th Ave SE  
Auburn WA 98092

#### INFORMATION

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

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



*Our Plans are Made:*

NAME

SPOUSE/GUEST

People @ \$35 each =

*No refunds after reservation deadline of Dec. 3rd*



# 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) \$35**  
Limited to pilots no longer on NWA pilot payroll

**NWA ACTIVE (NA) \$35**  
Limited to pilots currently on NWA pilot payroll

**AFFILIATE (AF) \$25**  
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](http://www.rnpa.org)), which is password protected. You must send any change to Phil Hallin: [pehallin@blackhole.com](mailto:pehallin@blackhole.com)



### SUZY AND THE BALDIES (NO, IT'S NOT A ROCK BAND!)

It's doubtful that anyone had more fun in Reno than Suzy Armstrong. Since March she has been battling a brain tumor with chemo and radiation. Her doctors tell her she'll be back to normal in three months. There isn't a question in the minds of any of us who were there that her wonderful attitude won't make that a reality. She is truly an inspiration. We heard more than one person wonder aloud if they would be able to fight such devastation with as much zest and spirit as she has.

Along with all your other friends, us baldies are pulling for you Suzy.

**RNPA CONTRAILS**

Presorted  
First Class Mail  
U.S. Postage Paid  
City of Industry, CA  
Permit No. 4127



**FIRST CLASS**

TREASURER:  
**DINO OLIVA**  
3701 BAYOU LOUISE LANE  
SARASOTA FL 34242