

RNPA

CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 165

FEBRUARY 2008



"As I pulled into his six..."

FIVE BRONZE NAVAL AVIATORS CONDUCT A PERMANENT DEBRIEFING IN THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NAVAL AVIATION IN PENSACOLA

RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION



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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.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

MAIN FEATURES

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 62

JUN 12 ▶

Review on
page 52

MINNEAPOLIS SUMMER CRUISE
Starring Vic Kleinstueber & Judy Summers

AUG 21 ▶

Seattle Summer Picnic
Starring Mary Gauthier and Doug Peterson

Review
coming soon

SEP 11 ▶
THRU 13

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

Review on
page 53

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

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Greetings in 2008!

As I am writing this we have several members that are suffering medically. I am asking each of you to keep these fellow pilots, flight attendants and spouses in mind. Send them cards, emails or make phone calls. Ours is a small and specific family, people we have worked with for many years.

Hartford and the REUNION plans are taking shape nicely. Dick Duxbury is working hard to make this again one of the best. Sign up and make your hotel reservations today. Again we are sorry for the increase in price, but the East Coast is much more expensive than the Midwest. The registration form is in this issue of Contrails [on page 53]. Elections will be taking place at Hartford. If you would like to run for one of the offices please contact a Board Member with your desires. It is important we have a good turnout in Hartford, please sign up NOW.

Reunions plans for the future are also taking shape. Albuquerque will be on September 28,29,30, 2009. From there we head to several possible sites including Rapid City, Oklahoma City, Pensacola, and Omaha. Order and times have not been established at this point.

I can't say enough about recruiting new members. We are holding steady at about 1300 members. There are several more retirees that we need to encourage to join. If nothing else, give a retired or an active pilot a years membership as a gift. Once they belong they realize what they have missed.

Again I speak to the Scholarship. Each year we struggle to raise money to fund the scholarship. If each member would pledge and pay \$100 we would be able to have self sustaining funds. We could either increase the scholarship or offer more than one. To pledge, contact Tom Schellinger.

Have a great Spring!

Gary Disel

TREASURER'S REPORT

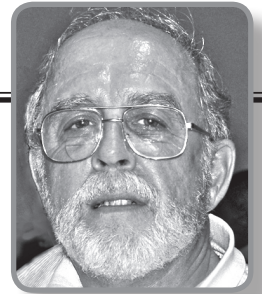


Well, as of today, Jan 15th, I'm 12 days into receiving and posting your dues renewal checks. We are well ahead of last year's renewal pace with 771 of you already having responded. Thanks to all of you that have responded so promptly. Sorting and posting your renewals is time consuming, but I would rather do it over a short period of time as opposed to dragging it out over several months.

When you read this, if you have not already done so, please remit your dues. Doing so will save me a considerable amount of the time and grief of removing you from membership and mailing of dues delinquency notices as well as **saving you the \$5 penalty** for late payment renewal. If for some reason you do not want to continue your membership please notify me. My e-mail is **doliva2@comcast.net** or my telephone is **941 349-4960**.

Once again thanks for your promptness.

Dino Oliva



ABOUT THE COVER PHOTO

I took that shot while at a mini reunion of my NAVCAD Preflight Class (19-62) in Pensacola, Florida in early November. What a kick! None of us had seen each other since then—forty five years!

One of my classmates, Rick “Bulb” Adams, was the first to be shot down twice in Viet Nam, so I got to get the straight story from him during our visit to the Museum. What’s important about his story, though, is that they shipped him back from the war and made him the PIO (Public Information Officer—Number 7—flying F11s, and later, F4s) of the Blue Angels. Why is that important?

Here’s why: We had planned this reunion to coincide with the last Blues show of the season. Since he was an ex team member he arranged for us to travel on a bus just for ex-Blue Angels from downtown Pensacola directly to the field and then to sit in the VIP section, center front, with all the ex- and current Blue Angels and their families. What a show—up close and personal.



Up *this close* and personal!

Rick learned after the show that the air was so smooth that Saturday that they flew what was normally an 18 inch wingtip to canopy clearance at 12 inches! ...slightly more than the height of this page!

I have to tell you what a moving experience that was for this old fighter pilot, especially in the company of some of the once-young men with whom I began this adventure of flying airplanes. Imagine that. Flying airplanes!

Sometimes, somehow, we manage to choose the right fork in the road.

THE NAVAL AVIATION MUSEUM

The others had to leave early, but Rick and I were able to spend a few hours in the museum on Sunday. We spent as much time telling each other sea stories, prompted of course by all the wonderful airplanes and memorabilia, as we did looking at the airplanes and displays.

I doubt you could “do” this museum in a day.

I am a little embarrassed to tell you that this was my first visit to this wonderful museum, especially since I had lived not too far from it for several years.

In retrospect I’m not sure what I expected, but the museum exceeded by far whatever those expectations were. I first thought that it seemed special because everything was so familiar to me, but I think it’s more than that. It has a “warmth” to it that seems missing in most museums. It’s comfortable. I particularly liked that they had cockpit sections that the kids could sit in. Have a look around here: www.navalaviationmuseum.org/

So... I have put my pitch in to the Board for a RNPA Reunion in Pensacola. I think it would be a great one. They even have an area to have “Dinner Under the Wings” as we did in Dayton. And did I mention how beautiful all that sugar-white sand and blue water is?

Trader Jon’s isn’t there anymore, but that’s probably just as well. I’m just guessing that we couldn’t do the joint justice at our age.

OK, EQUAL TIME FOR THE LESSER SERVICES

Yes, I realize that the cover and these notes are a little heavy on the Navy stuff. It should be noted, too, that the Marines have more than just a little history in Pensacola. But hey, “I’m the decider” (sorry to remind you of that reference) here that gets to choose the content.

If any of you from any of the other services would like to contribute a cover photo and/or other military remembrance I’m here and I’m willing.

And, of course, civilians know a thing or two about flying, too. Send me your stories and photos!

Whatchabeenupto?

Gary Ferguson

THE MAILBOX

 Jack CORNFORTH

Hello Gary,

I was going to write you as soon as I got home, but time seems to get away. First, what a wonderful get together. Betty and I enjoyed seeing everyone. We thought we “thanked” everyone responsible for all the work but if we did not thanks again for all the work everyone did.

We took a different way home, through Jackson Hole and part of Yellowstone Park. Again at the Com Palace at Mitchel S.D. and Wall. It was a very pleasant trip.

The past weekend we spent at the Oktoberfest in New Ulm, MN. Ten couples were in our group. We had a wonderful time listening to old time and German music. All bands were very good, we visited the Schell Brewery, sampled lots of their beer. A very nice time. On the way back to Prior Lake we experienced a very different hospitality. Friends and childhood neighbors of one of the couples that were with us in New Ulm, have a party every year at their converted barn. The lower floor is a beautiful home, complete with a music room and a grand piano. The top floor has a huge dance area, a stage, tables and chairs for several hundred people. The family has a band. Mother, father and three sons all play several instruments in their band. So from 1PM to 5PM was “Old” time music, dancing or just listening, your beer glass never got empty, nor the snacks on the table, and at 5PM it stopped and the catered meal started. They fed probably 400 people - 90% seniors. Several were handicapped in wheelchairs but with a ramp next to

the stairs and lots of help, everyone felt welcome. They have this party every year. No one can give a penny toward the expenses. We were guests and when we went to thank them before we left they were very gracious and said, “And you are invited next year”. Isn’t it nice that there are still people like that.

Again, thanks to all who worked at the reunion. Everyone we talked with also enjoyed everything. I have my Jenny airplane hanging above my computer so I see it everyday.

Sincerely,
Betty and Jack Cornforth

 Ken REDETZKE

Dino,

I’m happy to enclose my check for annual dues to RNPA....the best 35 bucks I spend each year. A big thanks to all who work so hard to keep the NWA brother/sister-hood informed, amused, and remembered.

I’ve re-retired after my stint as VP Ops for Champion and Sue and I are enjoying our leisurely lifestyle. We spend summers at our lake home on Woman Lake, Minnesota. After South Dakota pheasant opening weekend, we head south to Sandestin, Florida for the winter where we play lots of golf and enjoy many good friends.

Anyone transiting our area will find us in the phone book. Give us a call and we’ll meet you at the door with a cool one!

Best Regards to all,
Ken Redetzke

 Gloria POPE

Dino,

Enclosed is a check for two more affiliate memberships—a great gift for fellow retired flight attendants.

Gary Ferguson says he needs letters—so will update you on my better half—Jerry Pope.

June 1, 2007 while we were in Indianapolis, Indiana for a tennis tournament, he had a stroke affecting his right side. Very puzzling, since his blood pressure is normal, cholesterol normal, weight the same as college days and plays tennis three to six hours a day.

Thirteen days in Indianapolis hospital and rehab before we could bring him back to Minneapolis Sister Kenney Rehab for another ten days. June 23rd he finally came home, no walker nor cane—scary as _ell because his balance was terrible. He continues to improve with therapy three times per week at Sister Kenney. He is very disappointed to miss the tennis season. He was ranked 8th in the nation in senior 75 age group. He always said flying interfered with playing tennis.

Best to you & Keep Healthy,
Gloria Pope

 Rhea DOW

Hi from my corner of the world—Spokane. I really like everything about it but especially my “Golden Pond” on Twin Lakes, Idaho. I’m still doing lots of traveling and being retired I don’t have to worry whether I have vacation, leaves, or bidding correctly. I just returned from a great cruise around South America and an extension trip into Patagonia which was a real adventure. I even saw rheas, a South American bird, up close and personal enough to get nipped. Here’s to a good 2008 for all of us and the world—an interesting political year ahead!

Rhea Dow

 **Dave ALBRECHT**

Dino:

My family and I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the folks that supported the Guardian via contributions and personal effort.

A special thanks to the leadership for yet another job 'well done'. The foresight and integrity of all these individuals will keep them forever in our thoughts and prayers.

Happy New Year and God Bless,
Dave Albrecht

 **Jack GRAH**

Just a short note on what I've been doing since I retired. I retired from the SEA Base in 1990. About a year later I took on a part time job working for a local funeral home as a driver and assistant funeral director. I did this for about ten years before giving it up.

Up until about three years ago I was heavily involved in my church, serving in various positions including about 35 years on our Church Properties Board. I'm presently on the Board of Elders.

I'm also very involved in Kiwanis where I've been president twice and on just about every board we have, along with attending several district and international conventions. I'm presently the editor of our newsletter.

For recreation, I've done the usual golf and fishing along with Rving. In 2005 we decided to forego towing fifth-wheelers and bought a motorhome which was stolen around the first part of November of last year. We got back the empty shell about a month later, and are in the process of having it put back together so we can sell it. No way do we want to keep it.

My wife and I are in fair health and hope we can keep it going that way for the next few years, then our kids can worry about us.

Jack Grah

 **Dan STACK**

Hi Gary!

How are things in SoCal? Glad that the fire problems are under control. Looking out the window at a light rain and 45 here in central NH. It will be white stuff before too long. The pace has really slowed with the end of Summer and the leaf peeping seasons.

I just finished the latest edition of Contrails; as usual, Kudos for another terrific job well done. All of you really excel. Particularly noteworthy is the promo ad for the next MSP/St. Croix Summer Cruise—"He told me he was 49..." Maybe the Avalon mistakenly double-booked the boat for the next Ms. Minnesota Pageant along with the RNPA Cruise...

Keep up the good work and hope to see some of the folks at Sarasota in March and next June's Cruise on the St. Croix.

Cheers!
Dan Stack

 **Doug McAninch**

Dear Dino,

I'm going to write you a letter because you asked me to. [Don't we wish everyone would! -Ed.]

That is the least I could do to show the respect I have for your group that publish this magazine. I think I'm a charter member. At least I'm old enough—88.

My wife of sixty three years and myself are doing fine. We live in a senior apartment complex where we can be promoted to assisted living when the time arrives. I still drive the car.

I could tell you about my plowing the field with a walking plow and a team of horses. I would stop and watch the old timers flying across the Bitterroot Valley towards Spokane in the mid thirties.

Many thanks to everyone,
Doug McAninch

 **Jo JOHNSON**

Dear Dino,

I thought you might enjoy this article for the RNPA magazine. [See page 37.]

When our grandson, Erik, graduated from U. N. D. in May and was hired by Mesaba 6-11-07, I wanted a picture with Herb, our son Scott, and Erik. This was the result. [Back cover.]

Herb could still fit in his uniform! I was a stewardess 1947-51 and I could only fit into my hat!!

We always enjoy the RNPA magazine. We did attend Mr. Nyrops party, but can't go to reunions any more. All is well here in Minnesota.

Jo Johnson



 **Wally WAITE**

Dear Dino,

Thanks for all the work on the RNPA front. It's nice to hear from those who take time to write a note. I took a trip on Nov. 10, 2007 to Quito, Ecuador and then up to Cali, Columbia and Cartagena. Then I went to Panama and spent four days in Panama City. I am trying to cover some of the spots Dave Peterson used to talk about 25 years ago.

Next November I'll go to Asuncion, Paraguay and Iguacu Falls, then I'll hang around Central America between Panama and Mexico. If I still have some energy left, I may visit Chaco Canyon in Northwest New Mexico to look at the ruins there.

Wally Waite



To the Bartsh Family:

What follows comes with my sincere sympathy for your loss.

My name is Bob Root and I flew with Gordy on only two trips. Both became significant experiences which prompt memoirs. Had we met one another at some later date following these two trips, I doubt that he would have remembered me. However, because you asked, here is what I recall.

I was one of the first Northwest pilots to learn to operate as second officer on the 747. This happened because I was to become an instructor for others who followed.

When the 747 first arrived on the property, we had no simulators. All training was therefore accomplished in a real aircraft. I was trained quickly in order to commence acting as an instructor. Some readers already know this, but for clarity purposes, I will report that the second officer is actually the third member of the cockpit crew of "generic" airliners—responsible for the duties once assigned to a "flight engineer." Regrettably, that position has mostly been replaced by computers on modern aircraft.

And so it was that I was assigned to be the second officer on the very first 747 trip to operate out of Detroit's Metropolitan Airport. Our mission was a charter flight non-stop from Detroit to Honolulu. The captain of this crew was one Gordon Bartsh. The first officer (copilot) was Dave Napier. In addition, we had with us an instructor captain whose name and/or face I am unable to recall as I write this. He was there because all of us were new on the aircraft and part of this trip would be safety time for the pilots as well as line checks.

During this early time of the life of the 747 fleet, many airports were

unable to handle the aircraft, primarily because boarding facilities (jet ways) had yet to be constructed which would reach high enough to approach the cabin doors. On this particular occasion, one jet way had been completed at Detroit and we would be the first to use it for boarding.

Initially, we ferried the aircraft from Minneapolis/St. Paul to Detroit, early in the morning. I do not remember the season, but it was not winter. Our scheduled departure time, with a full charter flight of vacationing passengers was 9:00 a.m. It will come as no surprise that the problems encountered by the ground crews in Detroit were difficult to surmount as they dealt with this very large airplane for the first time. Our departure time came and went and we were nowhere near ready to depart. The delay dragged into hours. Passengers began to lose patience. One problem would be solved, only to be followed by another. During the delay, I was in the cockpit nervously computing weight limitations for takeoff. Several things contributed to my nervousness. First, these numbers were larger than any I had ever seen. This aircraft was REALLY BIG! I was reading gross weight limitations more than double any I had ever encountered previously. Next, the outside air temperature was rising as time passed. Every degree of increased temperature reduced the amount of weight we could carry on takeoff. Finally, while I had satisfied the FAA with my ability to safely perform the duties of second officer on a 747, I was actually working with real numbers for the first time.

Eventually, we were loaded and ready to depart. Although I am aware that one's memory is not always accurate, I "feel" that the number I came up with for our takeoff limita-

tion on Runway 21 Right at Detroit was 697,xxx pounds and was within THREE pounds of maximum. There is not a soul in the world who would believe that these weights are accurate within three pounds. I was worried. I discussed the situation with the dispatcher in Minneapolis. He came up with the same number. So—we went. I recall the far end of Runway 21 Right leaving my view before we were halfway down the runway, but when Gordy pulled back on the yoke, up we went! We were at least three hours late with a full house of unhappy customers.

Our cabin crew went to work with the intent to cheer up our passengers. Over Colorado, they began to be successful. As I sat at my second-officer's table, the cockpit door opened and I was handed a small stack of notes. The first one I read said something like: "Mr. and Mrs. Traveller in section C are celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary." The next read: "Mr. and Mrs. Jones in section D are celebrating the birth of their fifth grandchild." I showed these to Gordy. As we cruised along, he activated the cabin PA system and announced:

"We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Traveller in section C are celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary. Congratulations." Then he waited a few minutes, and repeated an announcement from note two.

Gordy Bartsh possessed a voice. I would not say it was a "booming" voice, but, rather, a "big" voice, the kind one might hear on Minnesota Public Radio. The kind of voice to which one likes to listen. As we flew further toward Hawaii, it developed that nearly everyone on board was celebrating something. Gordy just kept congratulating everyone for anything celebratory. Eventually, I received a note saying that

“Joe Someone in section D was celebrating his seventh year of divorce.” Gordy put that out. The next note said that “Jane Passenger in section C would like to meet Joe Someone in section D.” Suddenly, our passengers were no longer angry with us and were having a great time. And I was impressed with Captain Bartsh. One final note arrived in the cockpit: “Mrs. Johnson in first class has fallen in love with the captain’s voice and is wondering if he has plans upon arrival in Honolulu?” Gordy actually blushed when I showed him this one, but it did not become a cabin announcement. After we completed our parking chores, many of our previously disgruntled passengers waited in line to thank us for a great trip.



I have one more memory from this trip which really has nothing to do with Captain Bartsh, but I have been wanting to relate this for many years and this seem a perfect time.

In the early days of the 747, in-flight movies were actually movies. It was a time before video tapes. During preparation for a departure, someone would show up with a very large reel of movie film and the knowledge to make it disappear into the ceiling above the heads of passengers on the main deck. Those of us who worked in the cockpit had absolutely no knowledge of how the movie system operated. The flight attendants knew only how to start and stop a movie. At some point enroute to Honolulu, the lead flight attendant entered the cockpit and explained that the movie in first class was out of focus and asked if there was anything I could do to remedy the situation. I decided to make an attempt, although I did not even know where the movie reel was located. With permission from Gordy, I donned my coat and hat

and prepared to descend the circular stairs. At this point, Dave Napier decided that he would like to help even though he also did not have knowledge of the movie system. Dave therefore climbed out of the co-pilot’s seat and the check captain took his place. Then both of us, wearing coats and hats, went down to the first class cabin. The movie was on and it was definitely out of focus.

The lead flight attendant pointed out to us a place in the ceiling above the last row of seats forward of the stairs where the reel could be found, provided we could open the cover. In order to reach the ceiling, I would have to stand on the back of the seat directly below the correct spot. A gentleman in that seat agreed to stand out of the way and up I went, with Dave supporting me from below. I determined how to open the cabinet and, with my trusty flashlight, peeked up and inside. Sure enough, right where I would have put it, I found a toggle switch labeled “focus.” While reaching way up to toggle the switch, I felt a tug on the cuff of my pants. I looked down to see a small lady of senior citizen age, seated in the adjacent seat to the one on which I was standing, obviously alternating her gaze between Dave and me.

“Who’s flying this f---r?” she asked. Choking with laughter, I completed my mission while Dave explained that we had left two competent captains at the controls.



It was a long time until I flew with Gordy again. This time it was on one of those nine or eleven-day Orient trips which began with Flight Three, nonstop from O’Hare to Narita. I was still a second officer and Gordy, of course, was still captain. Once we were underway from Chicago and settled in for the long haul,

I learned that this was to be Gordy’s last trip. His days as a Northwest captain would be over upon completion of the trip.

After learning this, I sat for a few minutes and thought about the meaning of a captain’s last trip. Certainly this was a significant event in the whole of one’s life. And so, for the next several days, as we flew to Tokyo, south of Tokyo, back and forth as those trips went, I quizzed Gordy about his life and career. I don’t believe he knew I was taking notes. Then, during our last layover in Narita prior to returning to Chicago, I spent some time compiling my notes into a synopsis of Gordy’s flying career. When completed, it was three pages long. We carried an interpreter in the cabin on those flights. I made a copy for him. My intention was to read my creation to the passengers sometime during the last portion of our flight to Chicago. I also called the flight kitchen in Narita to request a retirement cake for Captain Bartsh on Flight Four the following day.

“Ahhsoo, Missah Loot--aleady done!”

I do not recall the content of my synopsis of Gordy’s career. I do recall that the last words were:

“This will be his last landing.” The interpreter, excited, reported to me that he had managed to translate my speech into seven languages! Once again, while acting as Gordy’s second officer, I began to receive notes from the cabin. One of them read something like:

“Captain Bartsh, congratulations on the completion of your flying career and best wishes in retirement.” It was signed—Chris Evert Lloyd.

I showed it to Gordy.

“Who’s that?” he said. Then he made a perfect, and final landing.

Bob Root

 Dick SCHLADER

Gary,

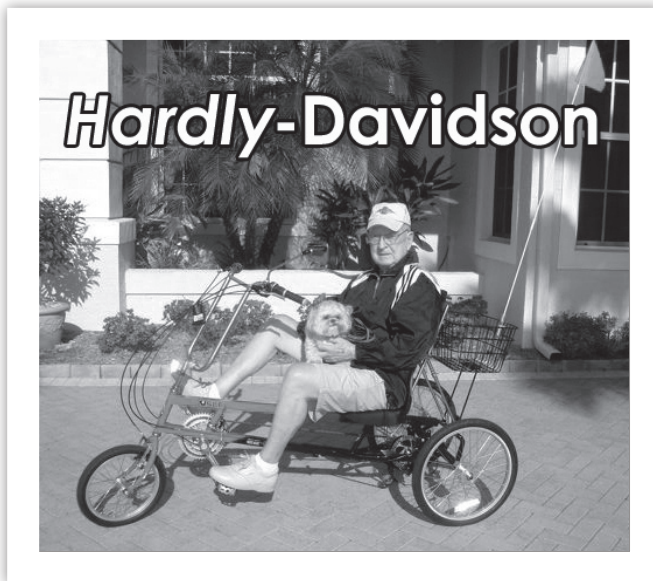
The picture is of my new Hardly-Davidson which we purchased to provide me with a little exercise. The balance problems I have from Parkinsons preclude me from riding a 2-wheeler, i.e. a possible broken neck or fractured skull, or damage to my pretty face.

The machine has 21 speeds and is well made. I have ridden every day save one since I got it 6 weeks ago. I feel it is improving my leg strength and general health. Doni Jo goes with me on her 2 wheeler. As you can see from the small wheels, the "barber pole" is about 15-20 mph. I haven't gotten there yet, but I am really having fun with it.

Doni Jo won a 20 lb tom turkey at our tennis center Turkey Bowl tournament. We are going to enjoy it on Christmas Day, dinner with 12 of our neighbors. We call ourselves the Christmas orphans, meaning no family members available to celebrate with this Christmas. This is about the 8th or 9th year we have done this. Everyone brings a white elephant type gift; that is one you would not normally be caught dead with. We happen to have a lot of those.

Had lunch a while back with Dick & Eve Smith, Romelle, Dick Ohrbeck, John and Barb Wood plus Doni Jo and myself. All seemed ok and ready for the winter season.

Relatives and friends begin arriving to visit in January. Anne and David Bray have rented a place close by for the month of February and will have their grandchildren come for a time. (Bray's are Monarch Air-



lines folks from the UK.) A number of the local RNPA members will be heading to Sarasota in March for the Spring luncheon. Dino and Karen Oliva are running that show, so it will be top notch.

The November Contrails was great as usual. If I were you, I would ask the Board for a raise.

Our best to Mona.

Have a great Holiday season.
Dick & Doni Jo Schlader

 Paul HAGLUND

Dino:

I want to thank all of you who give of your time to make RNPA the success we enjoy.

After a very interesting year with a few family tragedies, we are looking forward to 2008 and the blessings it will bring. We are still in Destin for nine months of the year and in the mountains of North Carolina for the other three.

Our schedules remain busy with golf, choir, volunteer work and spending time with friends. Good health and the ability to enjoy it is a wonderful thing.

My best to all of you this coming year,
Paul Haglund

 Jim MACKENZIE

Hi,

In response to the dues statement request, thought I would update the group.

Previously flew as Airbus captain and retired 10/1/06. Spent my last two years with NWA as R&I Chairman working on the pension plan. Fortunately, with a lot of hard work by a lot of people, we lobbied Congress successfully to pass the Pension Protection Act of 2006 that saved our plan and 1.7 billion dollars in benefits for our pilots. Several of us went to Washington D.C. for the August 17, 2006 signing ceremony with the President.

Still living in San Antonio with my wife Sharal and do not miss the commutes but do miss the good people who I have worked with throughout the years.

Happy New Year to everyone!
Jim Mackenzie

 Don KEATING

I look forward to each edition of Contrails and enjoy catching up on everyone, but not much time for events as I have been flying a GV and Challenger 604 for Costco Wholesale since I retired in late '04. Our flying is world-wide and I've been to more than 200 different airports in less than 2 years.

For you former A-4 drivers - I'm restoring a TA-4F to flight condition. We've been at it 2-1/2 years and are 90% complete. Our facility is located at Marana Regional Airport (KAVQ) 14 miles NW of Tucson off I-10.

Visitors are always welcome, but please email me first so I can set up your visit with our maintenance staff. You will recognize our hangar by the F-8 parked alongside, together with an A-4L and another TA-4.

My email: dwk747@comcast.net
Best to all and Happy New Year!
Don Keating

 Paul LUDWIG

Dear Editor,

The Contrails magazine is very professionally done! Congratulations to all who are involved. My dues go in the regular mail and thanks.

JoAnne finished most of her first year of having become Vice Principal and Dean of Academics at her high school and she still teaches one class of French. Because she volunteers for Seattle's summer festival Seafair, and since the Navy is involved with the festival, we get invited to many Seafair and Navy functions; we attend receptions I never imagined being part of when I was a Navy puke. Who knew? I rubbed elbows with Admiral Symonds at the recent winter reception and JoAnne and I talked with the Marines in charge of the Toys For Tots donation stand, out in the cold in front of the Admiral's house at Bremerton. Funny how most people buy toys for boys and forget the girls' toys. Some of you who were in the military probably recall when we were new guys we did not want to get near an Admiral or General unless called upon, for fear of making a mistake. If we did get near, we were apprehensive. So, aside from the occasional rubber chicken dinner we have (I'm joking) at a few of the Seafair banquets, my life has been improved by JoAnne's associations. The Navy puts on a great table for receptions; I meet people and JoAnne loves free Navy shrimp. We get to dress up.

My daughter Shannon's twin baby girls are nearing age two and are really cute and have learned a few words; they walk and run and play with their brother and with my son Erich's daughter who is age seven when the family gets together for an occasion.

Stan Lindskog and his wife Bronwen travel quite often; they have been our friends for years but it was not until a few months ago that

I agreed to travel with them. We will go to Egypt next May and cruise up the Nile. I'm looking forward to seeing the pyramids and the country.

The writing is proceeding. Putting a story on paper takes a very long time the way I do it, but I can't do anything else. At my age I need to see what I wrote to know what to say next.

I was one of John Carr's first students back in the early 1960s when NWA got its first Boeing 720 and he taught us new Second Officers the panel. John was a great asset to NWA and to the Training Department; he was a fine gentleman. It was only in his later years that I discovered he flew the great Grumman F8F Bearcat and there was more about him I learned that I did not know in the 1960s. For those of you who have never run an aircraft piston engine, who are unfamiliar with propellers, do not know what a mixture control is, have not seen a prop fighter or landed using a tailwheel instead of a nosewheel, let me refresh your memory: the F8F was the fastest and highest climbing prop fighter type ever, and after the first jets came along, it still beat them to 10,000 feet. I envied John.

Thanks again for Contrails.
Paul Ludwig



 Nick MODDERS

Greetings All,

Step 1, pay dues.
Step 2, tell story.
Here goes.

Another great retirement year. Continue to not miss Northwest Airlines but do miss the people. Unfortunately will not be at the Hartford convention due to my high school class holding its 50th year reunion on the same date.

I'm in my second year as Chairman of the Board of the Minnesota Transportation Museum. Be interesting to see if I get elected for a third and final term. So far we have had two good years and hoping for many more for the Museum but I'm term limited out after one more year on the board of directors. I'd really rather run trains than be the Chair. Check out Minnesota Transportation Museum's new website at trainride.org. Come on out and take a train ride in Osceola, Wisconsin or visit our roundhouse in St. Paul.

Our two fire trucks continue to run well. We do a lot of parades, birthday parties and sometimes just take them out to squirt water and blow the siren.

Thanks to the RNPA staff for their great efforts in keeping this organization running smoothly with a great magazine and great events all year long.

Nick Modders

 Jim DRIVER

Thanks Dino and Gary,

We finally sold the condo in Naples. Three places is definitely at least one too many. However, a minus 7 degrees in Northfield this morning made us think about someplace else.

Health is fairly good. Life is good.

Thanks again,
Jim and Norma Driver

2007 was a good but busy year for Andrea & me. The year started out with a drive from San Diego down to Cabo San Lucas on the tip of the Baha Peninsula. We found it interesting that the mileage from San Diego to Cabo is the same as San Diego to Seattle, 1050 miles. Since we made this trek in January it was cool along the way until we got to the southern part of our journey. Both of us were pleasantly surprised with the scenery and took our time driving so we could enjoy ourselves. Usually it takes about 3 days to travel the distance, but we enjoyed 7 days along the way. There were no bandidos, but we understand no one should drive at night for fear of being stopped.

March took us to another of our favorite places, Maui. We were there for 2 weeks and enjoyed another type of beauty set apart from Cabo. Both places are expensive but fun! In Cabo and Maui our time shares are, on the beach so we can watch the humpback whales pass by. However, Maui seems to have more whales than Cabo while we are there.

Once a year we try to plan a big scuba dive trip & last April we went to an Island Country south of India called the Maldives. For a 3rd World Country it is very expensive. Andrea and I were with friends on a chartered boat for 12 days and found the marine life very exciting. During one day we dove down to about 55' in a strong current and held on to the bottom at a Manta Ray feeding station. The rush of water wanted to tumble us away as we watched these 14' giants glide in around us. Effortlessly they would flap their wings and remain in one position just over our heads. As you know, the



As you know, the

Out of the email ether...

Fi yuo cna raed tihs, yuo hvae a sgtrane mnid too.

Cna yuo raed tihs? Olny 55 plepoe out of 100 can.

I cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacly uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid, aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it dseno't mtaetr in waht oerdr the ltteres in a wrod are, the olny iproamtnt tihng is taht the frsit and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it whotuit a pboerlm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Azanmig huh? Yaeh and I awlyas tghuhot slpeling was ipmorantt!

flights to/from the States are long so we managed to stay overnight in Singapore going to the Maldives and for 3 nights during our return to break up the hours.

Another highlight of the year was the Pilot's Reunion in Reno. It's always great to see so many friends and catch up on what they have been doing. Following that we drove around Southern California and along the coast back to Seattle visiting with friends and family.

Thanksgiving is always celebrated in Cabo and this year we were there for 4 weeks. We don't know where the time went, because we get to do everything we wanted to accomplish. Next year when our time share beckons we'll be looking forward to enjoying what we missed.

The best part of the year was that Andrea retired from NWA as a Flight Attendant so we could do all of these adventures. Also, we could change our plans as we wanted to suit the time.

Thanks to all of the members that make our reunions and organization such a success. Hopefully everyone has a GREAT NEW YEAR.

Dave Schneebeck

 Vic MANUSSIER

Dino,

Still charging along. Was held up in Minneapolis due to Iowa snow storms. Seven inches through Iowa City. Had to push it in 2 days to make the Dec. 31st game in Atlanta. They won and all ways quiet on New Years for the drive back to Auburn.

Now the next season. Big?

Hope all is well. Say hi to Karen.

Happy New Year,
Vic Manussier

 Tom DUMMER

Dino,

I don't know if you ever met my wife, Rita, but we learned one week before Christmas that she has lung cancer!

She had an operation for a mass on her skull on Thursday, Dec. 21st and got out of the hospital on Christmas day. She is doing fine for now. We will take her to Mayo Clinic on the 7th of January for further testing. I certainly hope she gets better because, as you can see, I don't write very well anymore.

Tom Dummer



Karen SCHMIDT

Dino,

I enjoy Contrails so much. Very well done, fun and informative. Sign me up again.

Karen Schmidt

Karen is the editor/publisher of the flight attendants web site Bits And Pieces:

<http://web.mac.com/karenschmit>

If you send Karen your email address she will put you on the list to receive Bits And Pieces.

karenschmidt@dishup.US



Harry BEDROSSIAN

Happy New Year, Dino!

Hope all is well for you and family. We're doing OK with the usual medical check-ups and procedures. Still get out a couple of times a week for a round of golf.

We'll take a short break in February and March to visit our daughter's family in Glendale, California then go down to Palm Desert. Take care and thanks again to you and all those who make RNPA a great organization.

Sincerely,

Harry Bedrossian



Pat ELLIOTT OLSON

Dear Dino,

I'm enclosing my check for the yearly dues—what a bargain.

I and two other ex-stews decided to attend the Minneapolis Christmas Party. We had no idea if we would see anybody we knew. We had all flown in the '50s. What a great time we had. We felt so welcomed and we did know some of the pilots and ex-stews. All three of us commented on how much fun we had.

Just a note to Joe Koskovich: What a lovely wife you have and what a treat it was to see you.

Pat Elliott Olson



Brent WENGER

Linda and I are doing great. I had laser surgery that fixed my back problem that I had for 20 years.

I am still playing with little airplanes, currently restoring an old Mooney

We share our time between Wisconsin and Arizona—loving every minute of retirement. Always interested in see and NWA folks passing through.

Brent Wenger

The Wife from Hell

A police officer pulls over a speeding car. The officer says, "I clocked you at 80 miles per hour, sir."

The driver says, "Gee, officer, I had it on cruise control at 60, perhaps your radar gun needs calibrating."

Not looking up from her knitting the wife says: "Now don't be silly dear, you know that this car doesn't have cruise control."

As the officer writes out the ticket, the driver looks over at his wife and growls, "Can't you please keep your mouth shut for once?"

The wife smiles demurely and says, "You should be thankful your radar detector went off when it did."

As the officer makes out the second ticket for the illegal radar detector unit, the man glowers at his wife and says through clenched teeth, "Dammit, woman, can't you keep your mouth shut?"

The officer frowns and says, "And I notice that you're not wearing your seat belt, sir. That's an automatic \$75 fine."

The driver says, "Yeah, well, you see officer, I had it on, but took it off when you pulled me over so that I could get my license out of my back pocket."

The wife says, "Now, dear, you know very well that you didn't have your seat belt on. You never wear your seat belt when you're driving."

And as the police officer is writing out the third ticket the driver turns to his wife and barks, "WHY DON'T YOU PLEASE SHUT UP??"

The officer looks over at the woman and asks, "Does your husband always talk to you this way, Ma'am?"

"Only when he's been drinking."

One of the things I'd always meant to do but never got around to was to take European delivery on a German car, and scare myself on the autobahn. So last February, while I was recovering from my second knee replacement. I ordered one. I had a Porsche in mind, but Laraine reminded me that my midlife crisis had already come and gone, they don't hold much luggage, even with two new knees they're hard to get in and out of, and there was no way she was going on the autobahn with me driving one of those things. I ordered a BMW.

Fortunately, I was almost fully recovered from the knee surgery by St. Patrick's Day when Laraine fell off a barstool at F Street Station. If you've had an Anchorage layover, you've probably been there. All the seats are barstools, and her fleece jacket slid off the vinyl top as she was trying to sit down. Unfortunately, she hadn't had enough to drink to prevent serious injury. She sustained a compression fracture of a lumbar vertebra and fractured her left radius. She also got a lot of harassment at the ER.

Condor flies ANC-FRA non-stops in the summer, and it's by far the most convenient way to get from Alaska to Europe. By May Laraine was well enough to travel, so we picked up the BMW in Munich and spent a month driving around Italy, France, and Germany. We got to visit Fano, Italy where my maternal grandparents were born, and spend some time in Tuscany, Cote D'Azur, Provence, Alsace, and visit my relatives in Germany. Our older son met us in Ickelheim, my dad's hometown. He's fluent in German, we're not, and my relatives don't speak a lot of English.

After the family reunion we flew back to Anchorage for our 44th anniversary. I didn't scare myself on

the autobahn but the speed governor in the right seat got a little edgy on occasion, especially in Italy.

Shortly after we got home, Laraine fell again and re injured her back. We were told it would heal with time, and surgery to repair the damage would be risky and could make her condition worse. She spent the summer recuperating. We decided that since she'd done so well on the trip in May, maybe we should go somewhere. So, in October we went back to Europe. This time we went to Normandy, Brittany, and The Loire

Valley.

This year Laraine has her 50th high school reunion in Virginia in May, and one of the Marine units I was in is having a reunion in the D.C. area in early June. We're going to try to make both of those. If we do, it will be our first trip to the lower 48 in almost five years except for passing through SEA and DTW on our way to Europe in 2005.

Retirement is great. I think I've finally found a job I can handle.

Regards to all from both of us.

John and Laraine Stummer

 Frank TAYLOR

Thanks Dino,
And all the other hard working folks at RNPA!

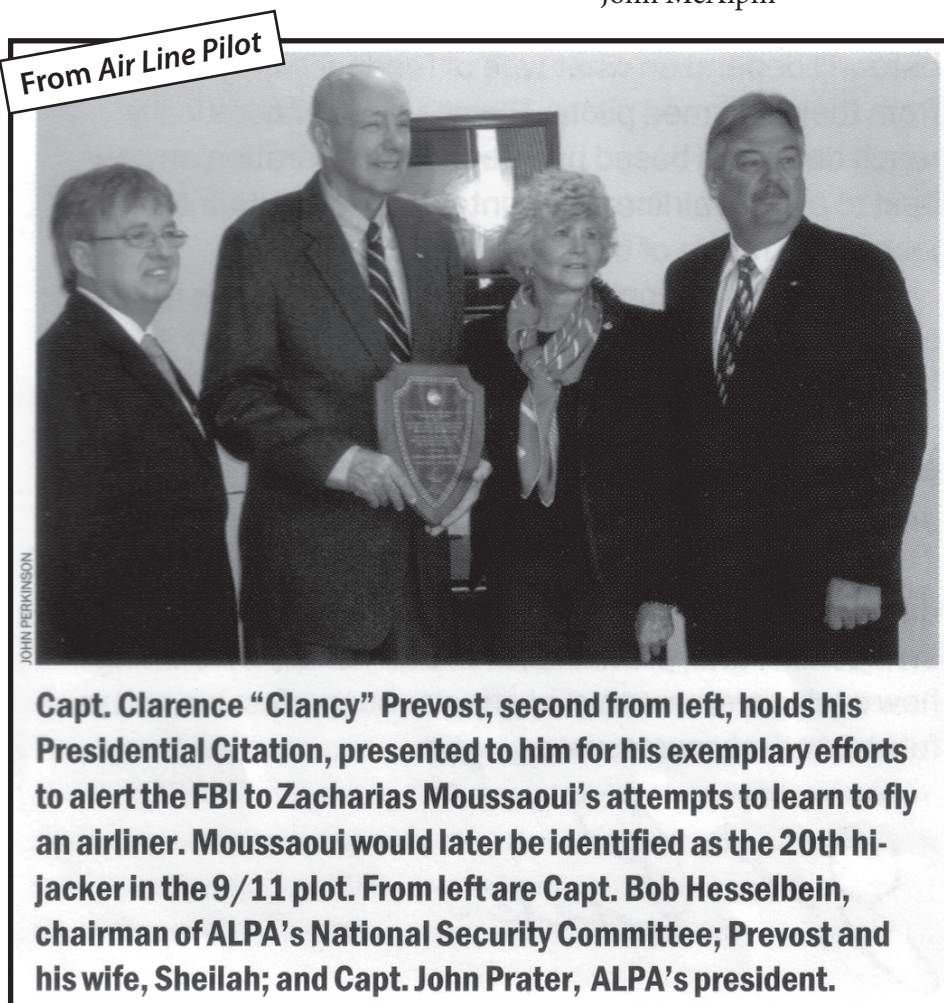
Frank Taylor

 John McALPIN

Dino,

Thanks for all you do for RNPA!
Good to see you in Reno. Come visit us next summer!

John McAlpin



Capt. Clarence "Clancy" Prevoost, second from left, holds his Presidential Citation, presented to him for his exemplary efforts to alert the FBI to Zacharias Moussaoui's attempts to learn to fly an airliner. Moussaoui would later be identified as the 20th hijacker in the 9/11 plot. From left are Capt. Bob Hesselbein, chairman of ALPA's National Security Committee; Prevoost and his wife, Sheilah; and Capt. John Prater, ALPA's president.

Wayne SEGULIA

Hi to all,

I've been in RNPA for a little over seventeen years and retired for the same period. Have appreciated and enjoyed all facets of RNPA and certainly send my thanks to all who've worked so hard to make it a success.

Haven't been involved much, over the years but try to keep track of those I know through Contrails. Especially the photos from the various get togethers. I'd like to take the liberty of saying Hi to all.

I'm still in Prior Lake and also have a place in the Brainerd area. It creates a lot of grass cutting and other "fun" chores but I'm as healthy as the proverbial. I always make time for Bass Fishing and Golf and an occasional trip to Butte and other exotic places. Who knows, I may surprise even myself and see you all at one (or more) of the RNPA Functions.

Take care,
Wayne Segulia

Rich JACOBSON

Hi Dino and NWA friends,

Long summer. I had a bone marrow transplant at Mayo (Phoenix) in July. (Non Hodgkins Lymph.) Starting to feel better now (denial is a wonderful thing!)

V. A. says agent orange exposure in Southeast Asia '71-'73. Hi to all. Thanks for the RNPA mag. Good to see what everyone is up to.

Rich Jacobson

Howard HAMMOND

Hi Dino,

I sold my condo in Arizona. So I will not be going down anymore. You can make my address only in Kent, Washington.

I did get to the RNPA Christmas Party, which was nice to see all the people that I used to work with.

Thanks for all the work you guys do.

Howard Hammond

Bill HELFRICH

2007 was a good year for me. Only eye cataract surgery (right).

Enjoying the retirement in Arizona a lot. Hope sometime to make reunion/convention in the future. Accolades to all who are doing such excellent work for RNPA, and also for pension work during NWA bankruptcy. And pray that it does not happen in the future.

Bill Helfrich

Bill WAECHTER

Still living it up in South Florida.

Manage to play tennis daily and ride my bike. Ruthie and I bought a vacation home in Beech Mountain, North Carolina (to get away for summer heat and hurricanes). Give a call if in the neighborhood 305-865-7715.

Bill Waechter

Lee BRADSHAW

Fun "hanging out" at the air races with you and Karen. I did enjoy the "whole" show—convention and races.

Lee Bradshaw

Larry PHELAN

Dino,

I go back to the '50s at IDL/JFK ops. Transferred to DCA then back to JFK. Bid TPA when we were given the rights. Went on leave to the clerks union and from them and NWA in '75.

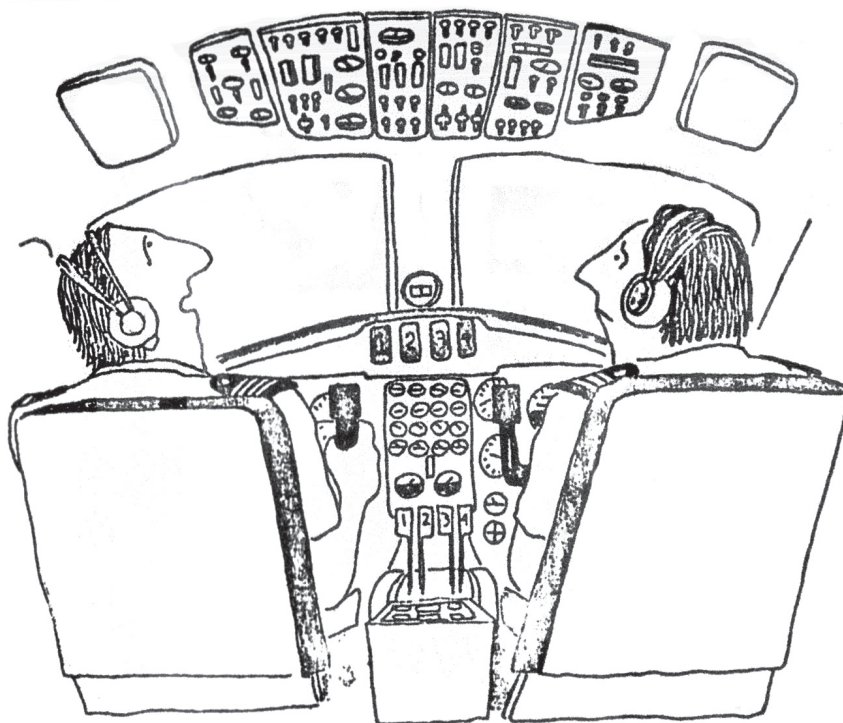
I'm involved with VFW and am the VFW rep at Bay Pines [FL] V. A. in Seminole. In charge of our volunteers. I now have 17,500 hours of voluntary service.

Health wise I've been fighting cancer since '79. My last major surgery was in 2003—two operations back-to-back. But alive and well, and still fighting.

I served with the 1st Infantry Division, 26th Inf. Req—Regular Army. Did Africa, Sicily, Normandy. Was hit twice and left as a Captain. That's about it for me.

Wishing you and family a wonderful year ahead.

The best,
Larry Phelan



"WOW ... I've never noticed all those before."

Running With Scissors

First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they carried us in the womb.

They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing and didn't get tested for diabetes. Our baby cribs were covered with bright colored lead-based paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, or latches on doors and cabinets.

When we rode our bikes, we had no helmets, not to mention the risks we took hitchhiking.

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Riding in the back of a pickup on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle.

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle... and no one actually died from this.

We ate cupcakes, bread and butter and drank soda pop with sugar in it, but we weren't overweight because we were always outside playing!

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day. And we were OK.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problems.

We did not have Playstations, Nintendos, X-boxes—no video games at all. No 99 channels on cable, no video tape movies, no surround sound, no cell phones, no personal computers, no internet or internet chat rooms... we had friends and we went outside and found them.

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits from these accidents.

We made up games with sticks and tennis balls and ate worms, and although we were told it would happen, we did not put out very many eyes, nor did the worms live in us forever.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just walked in and talked to them!

Little Leaguers dealt with disappointment. Imagine that!

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law.

This generation has produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever.

The past 50 years has seen an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility and we learned how to deal with it all!

Kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors, doesn't it?



Larry RAKUNAS

Hi Dino,

Enclosed is my check for \$105: \$35 for my dues, plus \$35 for Bruce Heiss and \$35 for G. Richard Downs. Hopefully these two gift memberships will bring more of us retired pilots together. We have so much to share with each other. I have included applications for each of them.

Thank you,

Larry Rakunas



Chris HANKS

Hi Dino,

Just a quick note to thank you guys for the work you do with RNPA. As far as a brief update, things have been ops normal for the last twelve months.

Jan and I met up with the Gang of RV Flyers several times last summer as usual. We Leave Florida in May and return in mid October when things have cooled a bit. Our route depends on weather, fares, heat, and where everyone else is going. We bias the coast of Oregon and northern Washington a bit but mostly just wander around the western part of the country. Health is good and that is most important.

You guys take care and will see you around.

Chris and Jan Hanks



Dale HINKLE

Hello Dino,

Really not much to write home about from up here. I think maybe I found some sort of rut and got stuck in it. I appreciate your efforts very much.

Dale Hinkle



Chet EKLUND

Dino,

Thanks for the time you and others spend keeping us abreast of happenings.

Chet Eklund

 Julie CLARK

Two exciting things to report this year:



I am now proudly flying my air shows (my 29th year! Yikes!) representing Chevron Global Aviation, and I took my first parachute “jump” this year with the U.S. Army’s Golden Knights!



What a thrill!

 Barry LONG

Dino,

Thanks for a great publication. You guys do a wonderful job with interesting articles and photos taken at RNPA get-togethers. It’s great to see some of the “creatures” we worked with and haven’t seen for a decade or two.

I harken back to Arnie Palmer leaving a green at Oakmont Country Club, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on his 30th birthday. A reporter shouted from the crowd, “What’s it like to be 30, Arnie?” Palmer shook his head slowly from side to side and said, “Once you’re past 30 it’s patch, patch, patch.” At 72 I know what he meant.

Happy New Year,
Barry Long

 Dora HARBECK

Do you watch the weather here in Minnesota? It’s hard to believe the global warming stuff.

Dora Harbeck (Mrs. Walter Harbeck)

 Jeff HALL

Please include in your next publication the following tidbit. I found out through the Delta Pilots retirement group.

Any pilots that retired in the last 12-36 months that have received both lump sum settlements for the myriad bankruptcy court awards and have also received social security benefits in the same period are in Jeopardy of having their social security benefits reduced. Basically the court award would look like earnings to the SSA (Social Security Administration) and as a result would reduce their benefits for that period.

In order to avoid that conflict there is Form SSA-131 (can be downloaded online) that has to be filled out by the employer (NWA). This form clarifies that the court awarded lump sums were for a prior period while working at NWA and were not earned while receiving social security benefits.

Once you have the form, it can be sent to:

NWA
Payroll Dept. A4710
Attn: Linda Lattimore, Payroll TM Specialist
2700 Lone Oak Pkwy
Eagen, MN 55121

On a more personal note, retirement is working out wonderfully. We (wife Carol and I) have traveled extensively both domestically and internationally. Unfortunately, travel on NWA has not worked out too well since NWA pass charges can be quite high where we pay 2-3 times what other airline retirees pay. It is too bad, but I am sure NWA views this as a profit center instead of a benefit like other airlines. In the meantime, we buy tickets or drive if possible.

Respectfully,
Jeff Hall

 Dave HOPKINS

Hi Dino,

I haven’t helped in the rebuilding of New Orleans, or adopted any orphans, but have played in the past two DLI golf events in Yakima.

It isn’t easy babysitting Bob Shaw, John Davidson and all those other OLD GUYS, but I did the best I could with what I had to work with. I would heartily recommend the DLI event to all members, it is really a good gathering.

Dave Hopkins

P.S. The Seattle guys, although not as classy as us Minneapolis flatlanders, seemed to be OK anyway.

Hi Dino,

About 1-2 years ago, I was pawing through some old newspapers at the Long Lake Historical Society. Ran across the following article. Thought you might be able to use it in the magazine. I think the year was 1905 which is the year mentioned in the article about the bus company. I don't remember if there was a picture, but can try to find one. Back from vacation on Jan 26.

Happy New Year!
Thank you,
Dick Cherba

Ocean Plane to Hop From Tonka Aug. 25

For the first time in its history Lake Minnetonka welcomed a flying boat that had just crossed the Atlantic ocean, when, about noon on Wednesday, when Capt. Wolfgang von Gronau alighted in Wayzata bay. Gronau is on his way around the world. He landed on north shore waters and was entertained at dinner at Radisson Inn on Christmas lake near Excelsior. His next stop in his world flight was scheduled to be in Winnipeg.

Capt. Gronau's visit was preliminary to the taking-off of the Newfoundland from Minnetonka waters later in the month.

With the arrival of the large Sikorsky flying boat, the Newfoundland, only a few days away, carpenters Monday morning began construction of a special dock at Wayzata 150 feet in length and 10 feet wide, at which the ship is to be moored during its stay on Lake Minnetonka. Blue prints of the plane were furnished C. M. Yerxa, president of the Minnetonka Boat Works, to guide workmen in building the dock.

Preparations are being made at Wayzata for the reception and entertainment of visitors expected from August 16 to 25, when the flying-boat is to be on exhibition at the lake.

The Wayzata city council working in co-operation with the Wayzata Business Men's Association, has appointed a special committee to assist Ariel World Tours, Inc., owners of the ship, and the Minnetonka Boat Works in receiving visitors.

A telegram received from P. T. McCarthy, commander of the flight, who is at Bridgeport, Conn., stated flying tests would be conducted at once. Bernt Balchen, who is to pilot the Newfoundland to Europe, will be at the controls when the flying tests are made.

Mr. McCarthy will return here by plane late this week. Mr. Balchen and Igor Sikorsky, president of the Sikorsky Aviation Corporation, may accompany him. The ship is scheduled to arrive at Wayzata Monday, August 15. It is to leave for Europe August 25.

 Gordon WOTHERSPOON

2008 is a big year for us. Mary Ann finally hangs up her flight attendant wings after 36+ years of fun and games. She misses the fun times, but not all the grind that has become so common these days. Now we have more time for our new adventures in the 40 foot motor home monster we purchased in December.

We still plan on flying to Hartford this year, but drive and sightsee almost everywhere else. Has anyone seen the movie "RV" with Robin Williams? Our golden retriever better appreciate what we are doing for him in the travel department.

We love the active adult community of Saddlebrooke, near Tuscon, and are taking up golf. We don't miss the rain in Seattle, but do miss our family. Oh well, visiting is fun and how many shopping days to we have left anyway?

Gordon Wotherspoon



**THIS SPACE
RESERVED FOR
YOUR
LETTER TO THE
EDITOR IN THE
MAY ISSUE OF
CONTRAILS**

 Roger GROTBO

Dino,

Living both in Montana and Minnesota. Enjoying five grandkids, all in Minnesota. Enjoyed the get-together in Reno. Nice to see everyone.

Keep up the good work with RNPA.

Thanks,
Roger Grotbo

 Ed ZIMDARS

Dear Dino,

Enclosed find my 2008 RNPA dues. And again I would like to thank you and your staff for the great job you are doing on the RNPA news.

Thanks again and a Very Happy, Healthy New Year,
Ed Zimdars

 Mary Pat LAFFY INMAN

Dino et al,

Thank you for all the work you put into this effort. I enjoy Contrails, read it cover to cover.

xoxo
Mary Pat Laffey Inman



Ron VANDERVORT

Hi Gary et al,

Seeing all you guys in that beautiful RNPA rag is a wonderful reminder of the special group we have here and of how lucky we are to be so able to continue these connections with the help of the RNPA staff. My thanks to you all.

I continue to do 6 months in Silverdale, Washington and 6 months in Goodyear, Arizona, which is just South of Luke AF Base for all you "zoomies." A recent change for me is that my 92 year old Mom has moved out to an assisted living home near my sister in Nekoosa, Wisconsin. As quiet as she was, the silence without her here is loud. I would guess it is a whole lot more difficult for her under the circumstances. One of those tough choices that comes as time marches on.

Did a couple of neat trips this year. One to Wales in the spring and one on the Canadian Rocky Mountaineer scenic trip from Vancouver B.C. to Banff. We coupled that with a Jazz festival at both ends... the east end being Kalispell MT.



Hastings, Minnesota circa 1980

My greatest concentration of effort for this past summer was finishing off my '39 Chev coupe restoration. The finished product is mint stock that turns lots of heads with it's deep dark green color. Having ordered the interior kit 27 yrs ago I was most concerned that the moths would not get into it before I did. Luckily they did not. Am now finishing off a '57 Chev 4 dr hdtv which is planned to be my AZ car. A

car that, when it breaks down, I can fix it!

I called the Ford garage the other day to take my '93 Aerostar in for a faulty ignition switch and they wouldn't take me because they won't work on a car that is over ten years old—unless they have serviced it regularly. Another frustration with the way this world is going. Planned obsolescence it is—they're all against us. My '57 Chev will simplify that, harumph!!!

I did 3200 miles in the RV-6 with my Mom last spring from PHX to Grand Junction, overnight at Ft Collins, CO then on to WI for a few days before pointing it west for SEA and Silverdale. It was "Magic" once again passing over this great country of ours from the dry deserts of Arizona, over the colorful red rocks and scapes of Sedona, the Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, Lake Powell, San Juan River, 4 corners, the grandeur of the... awe, you guys know all that! Weren't we the lucky ones!

Am scheduled for a hip operation in February so that will take care of my flying for awhile. Time to look for a good looking lady co-pilot.

Stay well,
Ron Vandervort



Silverdale, Washington 2007

This isn't easy, you know. I have now been doing this long enough to have some difficulty determining what sort of trivia to pursue for this issue. The stress is incredible! It is always there, just below the surface and has begun to interfere with the most important part of my life—putting.

Recently, I was contemplating a resignation. My editor had rejected one of my pieces about a lady lawyer who didn't think much of me. I happened to believe that it was the one to win me a Pulitzer. About that time I found, in a novel by the author Brad Meltzer, a character named Lisbeth, a gossip columnist for a daily newspaper. At one point, her editor advised her that "there are no Pulitzers for gossip." And maybe none for trivia, I thought. However, before I could resign, someone introduced me as "the columnist for the magazine." What a rush! I decided right then to double my efforts to obtain my Pulitzer.

I would need another column. I would need a subject. I knew that my subject would have to appeal to the reader. This led me to the realization that my most successful column to date was about my encounter with a nice (not) lady at the Arizona Department of Transportation when I attempted to renew a license sticker. All three readers who commented upon that article noted that it was something to which they could relate.

As will become apparent, I learn from experience—*give 'em what they like!*

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

My arrival in Minnesota to interview for a job with Northwest coincided with my arrival in Minnesota—period. This meant that I had a few things to learn. Skating, for example. When my eight-year old son scored his first hockey goal from his knees, I decided, if he could do it, so could I. I learned to skate—sort of.

Not long after that, I learned to go on strike, or be laid off because of a strike. My prowess at skating was lacking, but, by necessity, I got pretty good at the strike stuff.

Of course, along the way I discovered that everyone in Minnesota seemed to have a "lake place." Every Friday during the few months the lakes were actually water, the highways out of the Twin Cities became crowded with folks heading for "the Lake." These same people could be seen returning home on Sunday night. Naturally, when our friends, the Baileys, suggested that we purchase the place next to theirs on Long Trade Lake in Wisconsin, (near Luck) I hurried to comply. The purchase took place in the spring of the year.

Obtaining a flying job in Minnesota and learning to skate (sort of) does not ensure that one is qualified for MENSA. I soon discovered that junior pilots did not go to the lake on Fridays and return on Sundays. They flew on those days. If they weren't flying, it was prob-

ably Tuesday through Thursday. I would come home from a trip, announce that I had three days off and suggest heading for the lake. Great idea, except for Cub Scouts, Girl Scouts, T-ball, piano lessons and all the various other activities involved in raising children. I soon discovered that the reason people went to the lake on weekends had as much to do with their children's activities as with their jobs.

We did get there a few times. Included with the purchase of our run-down cabin was an equally run-down boat with a rather small outboard motor on the back. Unfortunately, there was no boat trailer.

Spring turned into summer, then fall. As time passed, Long Trade Lake, which had been beautifully clear and cold in the spring, began to cloud. By August, the water was the color and consistency of split-pea soup. No one swam in it and water skiing became rare.

As we would be keeping the cabin during the winter, it would be necessary to remove the boat before the ice arrived. Alas, I had no means to do so. But wait—in conversation with a city neighbor, I discovered a source of a beat-up boat trailer I could borrow. I could haul it to Wisconsin with my "airporter," a rusted-out 1956 Ford pickup, pull the boat up on shore, drop it off for the winter and haul the trailer



back from whence it came. There was, however, one problem—the matter of a license plate which the boat trailer did not display. This difficulty was solved by another neighbor. He offered the license off his camper trailer for me to use as I pulled the old boat trailer on highways to and from Wisconsin.

I have a friend. His name is Pete Petersen. He has been my best friend since we met in 1960, in Navy flight training. He was there for me when we had children. He was there with me in DaNang. He was there for me during divorce. He was there for me at my second marriage. And, he was there for me in my old Ford pickup with the ancient boat trailer and borrowed license as we departed Edina, Minnesota, with the intention of spending 10 minutes at Long Trade Lake pulling a boat up on shore and then returning to Edina, Minnesota. He could, if asked, verify the facts herein.

As this event took place around 1970, the comedian Jeff Foxworthy had not yet created his “redneck” routine. Had there been such a routine, I’m sure we would have qualified. As we pulled out of Edina, we looked like the opening scene from the television show *The Beverly Hillbillies*. Imagine our surprise when, just north of Pine City on Interstate 35, we encountered a safety inspection being sponsored by the Minnesota Highway Patrol. All vehicles traveling the interstate were pulled off for inspection.

To our complete amazement, we passed and were waved on our way. Except, of course, that we were not quite out of the inspection area when a highway patrolman jumped in his squad car and pulled us to a stop.

“Why are you pulling a boat trailer with a camper trailer license plate?”

“You mean you can tell the difference?”

We were busted! Figuring it was best to tell the truth, I did so.

“You can’t do that,” he said. Then he issued a citation, had me sign it and proceeded to obtain a screwdriver from his car and remove the license plate from the trailer.

“I am confiscating this,” he said. “Do you know where the Highway Patrol Headquarters is in Golden Valley?”

“Yes, Sir, I do.”

“You can go there tomorrow and retrieve the plate. Have a nice day.”

“What about the fact that I am now pulling a trailer which has no license plate?”

“Oh, don’t worry about that. If you didn’t have one, I wouldn’t have stopped you.”

Pete and I completed our mission and returned to Edina. I delivered the trailer to where it belonged. The next day, I went to Golden Valley to visit the Highway Patrol.

A secretary behind a glass enclosure greeted me. I explained that I had come to pay a fine and handed her my citation. She took my check and closed the citation. Then I explained that I needed to retrieve the license plate that had been confiscated.

“Why,” she asked.

“Because I need to return it.”

“No, why was it confiscated?” I gave up and told her the story. When told I had placed a borrowed plate on a borrowed trailer, she said:

“You can’t do that!”

“I know, now could I please have the plate?”

She knew nothing about how to find a confiscated plate. She called her supervisor. The supervisor appeared competent, until she said:

“You can’t do that!” She could not find the plate and called a sergeant. He was a big guy with lots of stripes and a mustache. When I asked for the plate, he asked for the story.

“You can’t do that,” he bellowed. I cowered.

Next was the lieutenant. After telling me what I couldn’t do, he couldn’t find the plate. Neither could the janitor. I was told to call the Department of Motor Vehicles.

A lady at the DMV, again after telling me I couldn’t do that, knew nothing about confiscated plates. By this time, I had given up on re-acquiring that plate and wanted to know how to obtain a new one for the neighbor who had loaned his to me. At each contact I was told what I could not do.

I was now attempting to obtain a license plate for a camper trailer which I did not own and for which there was already a plate on record. For three days, I contacted various people who did not know how to solve my problem but did know I could not do what I had done. Finally, I found someone who was willing to help.

“Fill out this form saying the plate was lost. Then, since you don’t have a title, fill out this one saying you built your own camper trailer. Then put the new plate on the guy’s trailer and everything will be fine.” This sounded like a worse offense than I had committed, but I did it and it worked.

At some point near this time, the Brotherhood of Railway and Airline Clerks went on strike. You may remember the BRAC strike. Some of the more comely sisters of the brotherhood wore their bikinis on the picket line in July. I don’t know what they wore under their snowmobile suits and parkas in December.

We sold the cabin for a profit. The profit went for cereal and milk during the BRAC strike. Nobody said we couldn’t do that! ✈

Sue Duxbury's Getting to Know You



Ruthie Dumas

Packed within a five-foot frame is a whole lot of love, a whole lot of caring and a whole lot of wit and humor.

Any of the pilots who checked in for their flights out of Seattle between 1991 and 2002 would readily confirm this. Ruthie Dumas made it her business to send the pilots from Seattle off on their trips with a slice of humor and a big warm smile. Ruthie is also known for her Ruthie's Rambles e-mails that fan out over cyberspace to the retired Northwest pilot system. She is a true class act, dedicated to her pilots whom she calls her "Peeps." You cannot read Ruthie's Rambles without being exposed to the humor and love that fills this woman not only for her "Peeps," but for their wives and families also. What a pleasure it was to have her attend the RNPA Convention in Reno. While there, I had a chance to sit down with her over coffee and get to

know her. My regret is that I did not have a chance to meet her husband Dan who accompanied her to Reno.

Ruthie started her airline career as a secretary/customer service agent/and general "gofer" for TWA. From 1981-1991 she worked in Ground Operations where she would clean planes, ticket lift, and pay the bills. But she, like so many others, was a victim of TWA's financial malaise of the late 1980s and 90s and the airline furloughed her in 1990. A friend told her of a job opening as Pilot Check In at Northwest Airlines in Seattle. After filling out an application and sending a resume to Northwest Airlines, Ruthie was offered a job interview with Sven Holm. Her interview took place at the Seattle Northwest Christmas Party and before the evening was over, Sven had offered Ruthie the job. Her concern with the new job was how she would find an intellectual challenge in the work of checking pilots in for their flights. But, with a considerable measure of internal thought, Ruthie developed what would be her guiding philosophical approach to the Check-In



Ruthie and Chief Pilot Sterling Bentson as they close up Seattle Check In.

job at Northwest. She would make it her goal to see that her guys, her “Peeps,” left on their trips with a smile and a positive send-off which they in turn would pass on to others along the way, be they fellow employees or passengers. Ask any of the pilots from the Seattle base if she had succeeded and they would be unanimous in their affirmation. “I can’t believe they paid me for all the fun I had in Check-In,” Ruthie told me. “I would laugh until my face hurt.”

A telling example of her genuine concern for her “Peeps” came about as a result of the pilot’s lack of attention to bidding their vacation time. Ruthie devised a solution to this problem by placing a sign on the floor as they entered her office. It simply stated, “LOOK UP.”

Once their eyes were airborne they would encounter another sign on the ceiling which read, “DON’T FORGET VACATION BID.” While Ruthie came under criticism from management for this approach as unprofessional, the pilots were forever grateful for the reminder, as were their families. Her days as Check-In at Seattle were the most satisfying, most enjoyable of her career at Northwest, Ruthie remarked.

Unfortunately the demise of this personal touch ended when the base Office in Seattle closed January 31, 2002 and Ruthie was promoted to the position of Global Base Administrator for Flight Operations. Her job would take her to Amsterdam and Narita attending to the details that make for a smooth stay for the flight crews at these bases. Included in her responsibilities was to see that the Jeppesen Charts were available throughout the system. She met with the French Consulate to solve problems with pilots getting their French Visas and provided solutions for special projects such as finger printing or special ID badge programs. Ruthie also sent mass e-mailings (pentry emails) internally to the pilot workforce and filled in for Base Managers on vacation. Her job took her away from Seattle fre-



Dan and Ruthie with the Captain of the ship while touring the bridge.

quently and you were just as apt to find Ruthie on a flight to Amsterdam or Narita as in an office in Seattle or Detroit. The fun part of the job, she said, was the travel and working with the pilots. Upon boarding the plane, Ruthie always poked her head into the cockpit to share a bit of her humor and charm with the pilots.

When I discussed pictures to accompany this article Ruthie emphasized I would assuredly need to include one of her assistant. Taking the bait, I said, “Of course.” Her assistant, it turns out, was her cat Calvin, whose bed sat next to Ruthie’s computer. Once while on a conference call between Asia and Seattle, Calvin climbed across the telephone and pressed the off button disconnecting Ruthie from the all important conference call.

Ruthie, who is from Pendleton, Oregon, met her husband Dan on a blind date in Corvallis. He was in the Air Force at the time. After leaving the Air Force, Dan became employed as an Air Traffic Controller. In 2003 he retired, but flunked retirement and now instructs part time (at his convenience) at the ATC Center working about 10 days a month. This allowed him to be free to accompany Ruthie on her travels occasionally. Sometimes he would head over to Narita



“Team Dumas” after taking 1st Place in The Amazing Race on a cruise. From left, son-in-law Phil, daughters Debbie and Jenny, holding son Marco, Danny and son-in-law Tony.

on a Sunday with her. Arriving on Monday, and then would return to Seattle on Tuesday. “He knows the pilots as well as I do,” Ruthie said.

Ruthie and Dan attend as many of the social functions in Seattle as her job allowed. It was the picnics in the summer that fit her work schedule better than the Christmas parties. In 1998, Dan, a marathon runner, entered the Rock and Roll marathon for leukemia in San Diego. Ruthie, a non-athletic person, decided to sign up as well and would walk the 26-mile event, coming in last (12 hours later) and nearly being taken away in a sani-can portable toilet as workers were picking up the race course. When the pledges were totaled, the pilots had donated over \$17,000 for leukemia.

Ruthie and Dan have been married for forty-three years and have two daughters, Deborah and Jennifer. Debbie, 40, was a flight attendant for Delta Airlines for fifteen years until they closed the Seattle base and now she teaches computers in an elementary school in Everett and loves it. Her husband Phil works for Synrad designing miniscule laser printers. They live in Mukilteo, Washington,

and have two great kids: Michael, age 10, and Little Jenny, age 7.

The “older” Jenny, 37, Ruthie and Dan’s other daughter, started her career as a bankruptcy attorney with a large firm in New York City. She loved the high stress and fast pace, but it was not where she wanted to raise a family. So she and her husband, Tony, came back to the Seattle area. They lost their first daughter, Sofie, when she was two months old. Now they have two adorable children, Simone 6 ½ and Marco, almost 2. Jennifer is an attorney for Avande, in Seattle. Tony, her husband, whom she met in Germany, works in a law firm where he is a litigation systems analyst providing technical support.

I asked Ruthie how she started writing *Ruthie Rambles*. “It was a way of keeping the retired pilots in touch with one another and the company,” she stated. But it is also a way for Ruthie to keep up with her “Peeps.” Her writings are great fun to read, full of the wit and the

care that radiates from Ruthie. Her pieces are chatty talk about her activities, and those of the pilots and their spouses, the good, and the not so good. They are clipped and breezy. Her list of “Birthday Chillen” shows her attention to detail. If you have not read a *Ruthie Rambles*, it is a must.

Besides the joy of their grandchildren in Seattle, Ruthie and Dan enjoy taking cruises, or as Ruthie states, “It is a necessary thing in life.” Recently they returned from a cruise of the Eastern and Southern Caribbean aboard the *Silver Wind* under the *Silversea’s* banner. This was cruise number thirty-five for the Dumas. The vacation, according to Ruthie, was graded as a ninety-five on a scale of ten, with impeccable service and fantastic weather.

All telling to me was an occurrence at the end of our coffee klatch in Reno. As we walked out of the coffee shop I saw Terry and Susan Marsh ascending the escalator right in front of us. I asked Ruthie if she knew Terry. She indicated she did not but would love to meet him. As I introduced them there was instant mutual love between the two as they hugged. Ruthie and I had had a delightful visit, but it was one of her “Peeps” that truly lit up her heart.

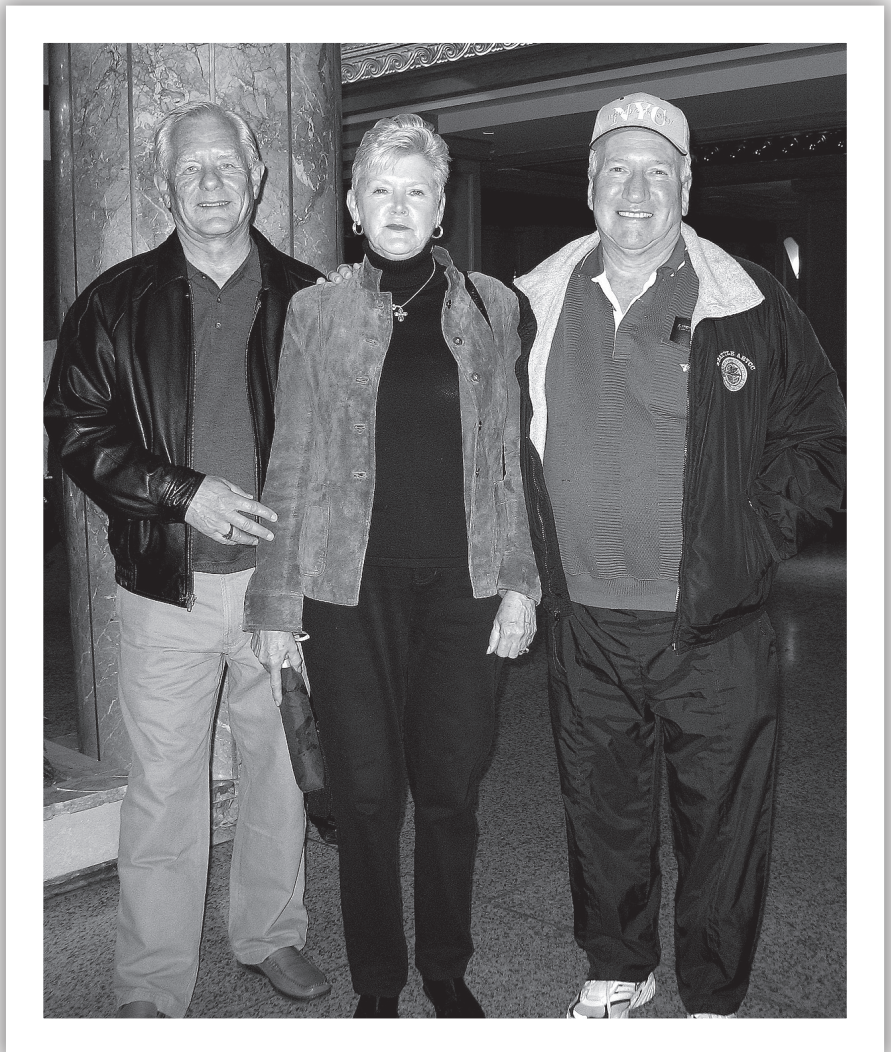


Ruthie's chief assistant Calvin hard at work.

Since starting to write this article there has been a big change in Ruthie's life. As a result of reorganization of the Flight Operations department, her position was eliminated. In the contract world, she would have been "laid off", but in the management world, they "terminated her due to position elimination" – or as she dubbed it – she got the JET (Job Elimination Termination). In October, they hired a professional writer to send the pentry emails and removed that part of her job. Then in December they chose to eliminate the rest of her position and hire a Base Manager for Memphis and an assistant in Flight Operations Administration instead. Her last day will be January 15th. As the saying goes, "if life hands you lemons, make lemonade". Therefore, Ruthie states she "plans to set up a lemonade stand right outside the baggage claim area at the airport." In reality, she continues, "I'll probably draw some unemployment, maybe make some doll clothes, and we'll see what adven-

tures 2008 will bring us. In March Ruthie and Dan will head to San Ignacio lagoon where they will spend five days on the beach and go out in pangas where grey whales hang out and will come up to the boat where they will be able to pet them. The accommodations will be two beds in a hut with the toilet out in another hut. Just about a complete opposite of cruising, but it's all about the whales.

Good Luck and Best Wishes for your future Ruthie. I am certain that wherever you end up you will be a true asset. ✈



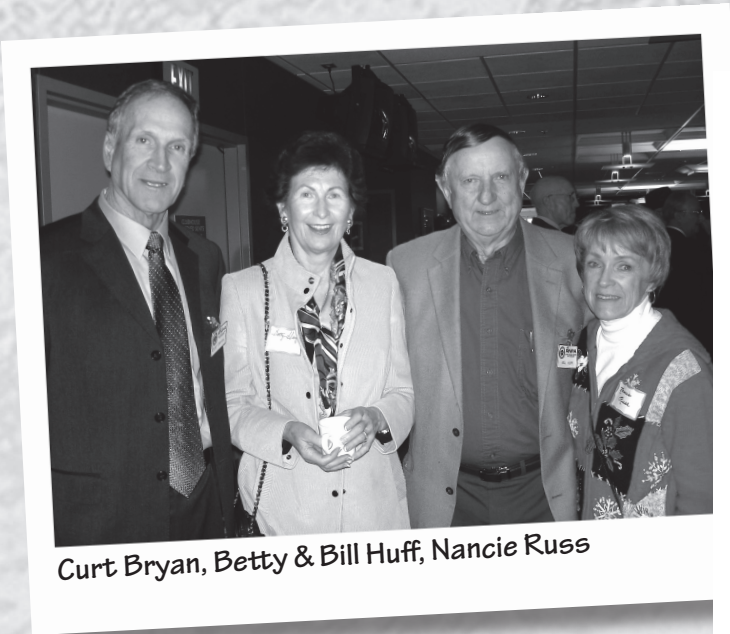
Walt and Jan Mills with Dan Dumas.



2007 Seattle Christmas Party

One hundred thirty RNPA members and guests gathered, as they have for many years prior, at Emerald Downs Racetrack in Auburn to share food, friendship and fond memories early in the holiday season.

Photos: Fran DeVoll & Barbara Pisel



Curt Bryan, Betty & Bill Huff, Nancie Russ



Irene Kockendorfer, Reba Daniels, Fran Shriock, Alice McCabe



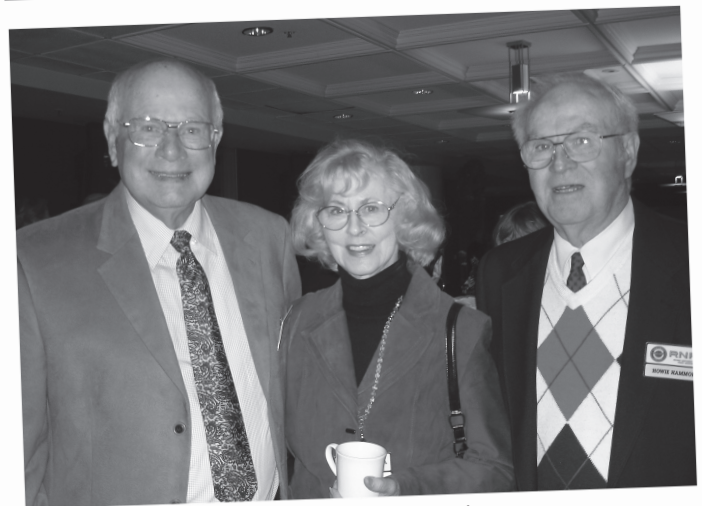
B. J. Molé, Will Harris, Bob Chernich, Sandy & Curt Bryan, Barb & Doug Peterson



Sandy Lucas, Gayla Bredahl, Darlene Jevne, Reba Daniels, Bev Skuja, Barbara Pisel



Sheri Ball, John Upthegrove



Jim & Bev Palmer, Howie Hammond



Ellen Walker, John Grimm



Suzanne & John Thompson



Bob Drexler, Kathy Eglet



John Upthegrove, Mary Gauthier, Darl McAllister



Marjorie & Dick Haddon



Abby Lanman, Celeste Fox



Charles Schnars, Jean Wilson



Ivars & Bev Skuja



Myron & Gayla Bredahl, Kathee & Rex Nelick



Skip Eglet, Gary Pisel, Andrea & Dave Schneebeck



Dave & Katie Pethia



Barbara & Gary Pisel



Carolyn Cheney, Sally Reber, Alison Ellison, Ardie Madsen



Stanley Toombs, Jr. & Harriet Toombs



Rae & Montie Leffel



Eileen Halverson, Barbara Pisel, Bob Osgood, Gary Pisel



Gayla & Myron Bredahl



Sheri Ball, Dave & Katie Pethia



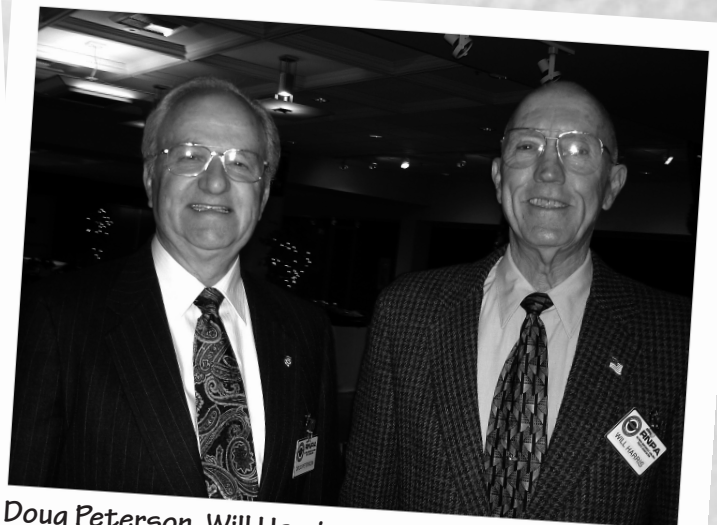
Cy Cole, John Uptegrove



Pam Beckman, Kelly Cohn, Karl Stavnem



Mary Gauthier, Joe Kimm, Creighton Trapp



Doug Peterson, Will Harris



Reba Daniels, Gayla Bredahl, Darlene Jevne, Sheri Ball, Barbara Pisel



Curt & Sandy Bryant, Bob Osgood, Eileen Halverson, Ed Javorski, Barbara Pisel



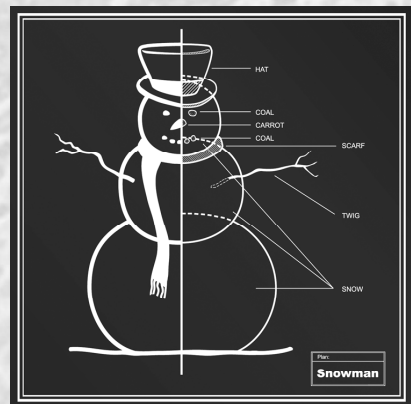
Larry Muto, Charlene Cole, Helen Cole



Jean & Jim Freeburg, Bev & Ivars Skuja



Ruth Mary & Bob Fuller



Start making plans now to attend next year's party.



Helen Jacobson Richardson Northwest's third stewardess recalls the exciting early days

...an interview from the NWA History Centre



Northwest Stewardess Helen Jacobson in her new summer uniform, 1940, the year after she joined the airline. Married in January, 1942, her husband, Bob, carried this picture with him throughout his 1943-1946 World War II duty in the South Pacific.

Mrs. Helen Jacobson Richardson is 93 years old. She lives in Bloomington, Minnesota. In 1939 she became the third stewardess hired by Northwest Airlines, preceded only by Dorothy Stumph and Virginia Johnson. Recently, Helen and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Jo Nelson of Redmond, Washington, visited the NWA History Centre to talk about the early days with the folks there. Some elements in this interview also are from a career paper Helen wrote in 1989 which now is the property of the Minnesota Historical Society.

History Centre: Helen, you joined Northwest Airlines in April, 1939. Tell us about it.

Helen: I flew about three years. I left to get married to Dr. Bob Richardson. You had to quit when you got married, then. There were other stipulations, too. You had to be a registered nurse between 21 and 25 years old, five-feet-two to five-feet-five, weight in proportion and not more than 120 pounds during employment, with good moral character, a pleasing personality and an attractive appearance. We all had to be registered nurses through early 1944. I guess it made people feel better about flying. I was from Winthrop, Minnesota and went to high school there. I got my nurse training at Bethesda Hospital in St. Paul.

H.C.: What else?

Helen: Training was exacting for the stewardesses. There was classroom work, on-the-job training and a written examination. If they did okay candidates were assigned to the Zell McConnell Modeling School in Minneapolis for instruction in makeup, gait, posture and associated graces. Then there was a 50-day probationary period. We had to pass a company physical exam every ???

H.C.: What about pay?

Helen: We got \$65 a month during training. Then \$110 a month for the first six months and \$120 a month for the second six months. There was a \$5 yearly increase

up to \$150. Northwest paid lodging and meals when we were on flights. We got a two-week paid vacation after one year, during winter or spring months. We could fly only 40 hours in any given week and not more than 100 hours in any month. And Northwest was not obligated to retain the services of any stewardess past the age of 30.

H.C.: What did Northwest do about passenger service before there were stewardesses?

Helen: Male stewards. The first ones, dating back to 1928, were Bobby Johnston, Bobby Hohag, Joe Kimm and Bert Ritchie. The last three became Northwest pilots. They sold and collected tickets, fueled the planes, loaded baggage and mail and took care of passengers. Joe Kimm originated using brown paper bags as airsickness containers. And co-pilots would attend to cabin duties. Planes were smaller then.

H.C.: Camille "Rosy" Stein was an important name in Northwest's very early years. She performed many duties with the airline. She was on its Board of Directors and she was the first woman executive in commercial aviation. She also was superintendent of stewardesses early on. Did she hire you?

Helen: No. Actually Mal Freeburg hired me. He was a pilot, but he also had the title of director of passenger service. Mal hired the first stewardesses. Then Rosy took over.

H.C. : As we said, Rosy was an important part of Northwest, but we really don't know too much about her. What kind of a person was she?

Helen: Rosy and I worked closely together. We produced a comprehensive stewardess training manual and I did other training activities. When we first met we worked at her apartment at 667 Lincoln avenue in St. Paul, near Grand and Dale. Often she fixed dinner and we worked on into the evening.

Later she had an office/apartment in the Commodore Hotel on Western avenue just off Summit. We also held stewardess classes at the Commodore. One time the Michigan football team stayed there, to play Minnesota. That's when Tom Harmon was, or was soon to be, an All-American football player. He was the biggest flirt of all. Rosie was very friendly, considerate, upbeat and kind. She was dedicated to Northwest. Everyone liked her. I think her relatives came from the New York area, I don't know if she did or not. I don't think she ever married. She had a painful knee which bothered her greatly and she didn't drive. She didn't get upset about too many things but as supervisor of food service, too, she got really furious once when I told her I saw ants crawling near some food before

it was boarded. She didn't like that very well.

H.C.: Why did you decide to become a stewardess?

Helen: Actually, I flew for United Air Lines, you know, before I joined Northwest. I was intrigued by flying. I told my future husband, Bob, that I wanted to fly and he said, "I bet you won't do it." That was a challenge! I wrote several airlines -- Northwest wasn't the first one to hire stewardesses -- and the first one I heard from was United. So I left Minneapolis and went to

Chicago to fly for United. For about a year. United was very nice to me. But my father became ill so I came back home to work for Northwest.

H.C.: What did your first Northwest uniforms look like?

Helen: Winter uniforms were paid for by the stewardess and the summer ones by the company. The first uniform in the spring of 1939 was a brown wool suit with a Northwest Airlines emblem embroidered on the breast pocket and the hat. A bright blue blouse with the navy-blue embroidered emblem was worn with the suit. A matching Chesterfield coat, brown medium-heeled tie shoes and brown purse and gloves completed the uniform. We heard that the brown uniform was originally chosen for the young American Indian girls Northwest reportedly planned to hire as stewardesses but the Plan was not successful.

H.C.: Do you remember Northwest's old pilots?

Helen: Oh yes, I do. I can picture all of them even though I can't remember all of their names. They were a wonderful group of men. Joe Kimm was the first Northwest pilot I flew with and I flew with him often. And in 1989 Joe helped me check my facts for the 50th anniversary Northwest Airlines stewardess story I wrote. He is a good friend. And Walter Bullock. Bob and I spent winters in Venice, Florida a number of years ago and lived only a couple of blocks from Walter and his wife, Lillian. We socialized with them, and Bob and I visited him in the hospital towards the very end. In the old days I think Lillian was a little suspicious of me but I wasn't after him, she knew that.

H.C.: Any famous passengers?

Helen: One was Lou Gehrig, the famous Yankee baseball player after he became ill. I saw him several times on flights to and from the Mayo Clinic. He was such a handsome, quiet, friendly man, we all felt so sorry for him. And "The Angel," maybe you don't remember him. He was French, a famous wrestler of that era who looked like anything but an angel. And Bronco Nagurski, the Gopher

and professional football player. He always wanted a front seat so he could stretch his legs. And a future president, John F. Kennedy, when he was a young college student. He said to me, "What kind of toothpaste do you use, your teeth are so shiny?" I thanked him for the compliment. And there were the Shipstads of the Shipstad and Johnson Ice Follies which was very big back then. Sally Rand was a passenger. She was the stripper. Minneapolis had two of those theaters, then, the Alvin and the Gayety. But she wasn't like what you might suspect, she was nice-appearing, attractive and refined. And the boxers, Joe Louis and his wife, Max Baer and "Two Ton" Tony Galento. I flew a charter, once, with Wayne King, "The Waltz King" and his orchestra. And there were several from Hollywood; Buddy Rogers, Mark Pickford, Spencer Tracy and Orson Welles. And actress Zasu Pitts, she was as funny on the plane as she was in the movies. One I particularly remember was John Barrymore, "The great profile," one of Hollywood's greatest. He asked me to have a Coke with him at the airport. How could I refuse?

H.C.: Stewardesses were sort of celebrities, themselves, back then. It seems as though every time Northwest hired one, she got her picture in the paper. Did you promote the airline in many other ways?

Helen: Stewardesses were subject to call at anytime for publicity, to appear at public functions. I attended National Postmasters Conventions for Northwest, James Farley was Postmaster General then and Fred Erickson was Northwest's manager of airmail and express. I received a gold pin for representing the airline.

When the Traffic or Publicity departments requested



Northwest legend Camille "Rosie" Stein, the first bona fide woman executive in commercial aviation, was with her "pupil" and asistant, Helen Jacobson, when she was married to Dr. Bob Richardson in St. Paul, January 6, 1942. Helen then had to give up her "second love," flying, as stewardesses at that time could not be married.

our presence at public functions we wore a regulation uniform and conducted ourselves as if on duty. Drinking alcoholic beverages before or during these functions could mean immediate dismissal. No smoking, either. Interestingly, one of our extracurricular activities was serving aboard "Tea Flights" designed to encourage women to travel by air. In those days, most of the people who flew were men. Northwest's "Tea Flights" would visit particular cities and encourage women to fly with their husbands on brief sightseeing flights to familiarize themselves with air travel. We would serve tea, coffee and cookies and identify prominent landmarks as we flew over the city. They were a big hit. Champion dog sled racer Mary Joyce from Juneau, Alaska, became a Northwest stewardess in November, 1939 and hosted Tea flights and was prominent in many other Northwest publicity ventures. She had won several major dog races including the 1,000 mile Juneau-to-Fairbanks derby. We could not accept tips for anything we did, as we were professionally-trained young women and the position of stewardess was not to be considered as menial.



Helen Jacobson Richardson and her daughter, Mary Jo Nelson

H.C.: What did you serve for meals on regular DC-3 passenger flights?

Helen: When we served dinner it was always chicken, nice and hot, really tasty, not your classic rubber chicken. When we were preparing the food at high altitudes we took oxygen. Did you know Northwest was the first domestic airline to install individual outlets for oxygen connections on its planes? Stewardess trainees were flown to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester to learn about what was called the "BLB Oxygen Mask," which was developed by Doctors Boothy, Lovelace and Bulbulian for whom the mask was named. At 10,000 feet and above we would inhale oxygen through tube while setting up meal trays in the galley to ease the strain. Coffee, of course. And each of us had a personalized silver container in which to pass out Wrigley's Doublemint Gum which the Wrigley Company thoughtfully gave to us in 1940. And they kept us supplied with gum, too. We passed out single cigarettes out of a standard package after meals, but passengers could always ask for more. The air could turn blue. Conversation with passengers was encouraged, especially with first-time riders. Some of us carried board games such as Chinese Checkers or cribbage as passengers often enjoyed playing them.

H.C.: What about alcohol?

Helen: None. Passengers were not allowed to drink under any circumstances. It was company policy and CAB regulation not to carry inebriated passengers. Any liquor container was to be tactfully taken away and returned at the passenger's departure point. I really had trouble with only one passenger in this respect, I think he was an executive of some grain company, a friend, I recall he said, of Mr. Hunter's. Most all of the passengers were very nice.

H.C.: Earlier, you mentioned some interesting war-time directives.

Helen: Yes. On December 11, 1941 we received sabotage precaution instructions. We were to make sure no baggage was checked through or carried on the airplane unless the passenger to whom the baggage belonged was on the same flight. On December 22 a bulletin was issued on transportation of Japanese and other enemy aliens. Transportation was to be refused to all nationals of Germany, Italy, Japan and Manchukuo (Manchuria). They could be transported only with authorization of the United States Attorney General or Secretary of War. Japanese dressed in the uniform of the United States armed forces had to present identification or travel orders. Civilians had to produce positive proof of their American citizenship.

H. C.: Thank you Helen. Anything else?

Helen: Yes. Dorothy Stumph, our first stewardess, also flew first for United Air Lines. Northwest really started to grow in this period. Three stewardesses in April, 1939. In December we had 24 -- 17 in the Twin Cities and seven in Seattle. By January of 1941 we had 54 captains and reserve captains, 35 first officers and 40 stewardesses. And 13 DC-3s and four Lockheed Electras.

Early in 1941 Northwest stock was listed on the Chicago stock exchange. That September the Twin Cities-Chicago passenger fare was \$16.50 and a round trip was \$27.50. These were exciting years to be in commercial aviation. We Northwest stewardesses from the old days had a 50th Anniversary reunion in 1989. Mr. Wrigley of the gum company sent us 19 pounds of Doublemint gum. The Wrigley Company was always very nice to us. And the retired Northwest pilots group remembered us, too, with a beautiful floral arrangement. That was so nice of them. It meant a great deal to us. We were such a close-knit group back then. ✈



Cold winter day, 1939-1940

Hi Gang,
Some days I just LOVE my job .

Today was a special day at American Airlines at Washington National Airport. The Admirals Club was advised early this morning that we would have a very special VIP on Flight 1249, our 12:05 pm departure to Chicago O'Hare International Airport. Now, at DCA "VIP" doesn't usually set off any remarkable handling, as it can mean a self-important politician, a champion of industry, or a hyper-ego'ed Hollywood type. But this time, "VIP" meant just that. This VIP turned out to be Staff Sergeant Bryan Anderson, US Army. Until not so long ago, Bryan worked for American on the ramp at O'Hare. He left his job to volunteer for duty in Iraq where he was severely wounded about 14 months ago, losing both legs above the knee and his left arm, and suffering multiple other injuries. Today he was going home to a Chicago suburb after 13 months in Walter Reed Army Medical Center, equipped with prosthetic legs and arm, but with a very real indomitable spirit.

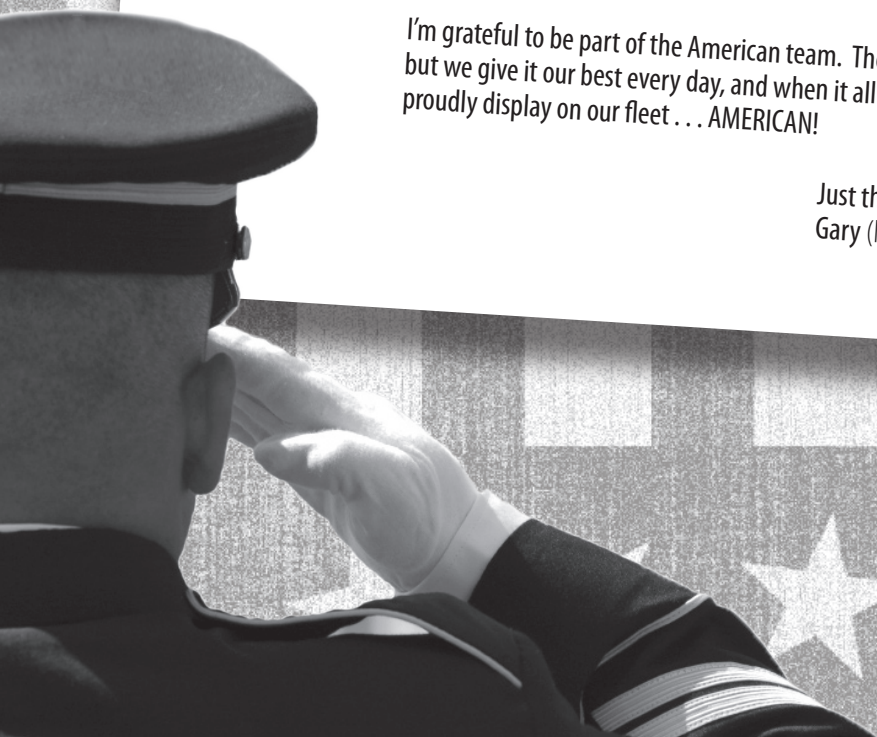
Around 11:00 am, Bryan, his Mom, and several American staffers arrived in the Admirals Club where I had the opportunity to have a few quiet words with him (and to serve him and Mom our special Bloody Mary). This modest 25-year-old (who looks barely 18) was an inspiration to all of us. Not an ounce of self-pity or anger. Only determination to get on with his life, adjusting to whatever limitations his new situation presents. (I was absolutely floored when he extended his relatively whole right hand and HE thanked ME for my service in Vietnam).

When it was time for boarding at Gate 28, all available AA staff gathered along with waiting passengers, and when he rolled through in his wheelchair, the entire terminal erupted in a lengthy standing ovation. Obviously, whatever opinions there may be regarding our involvement, there is universal support for our Armed Forces and their performance in Iraq. But American wasn't quite finished with Bryan yet. O'Hare had already started the ball rolling by sending their Chief Pilot to fly Bryan back "home" in First Class. In a hastily organized tribute, our DCA staff arranged for the wing walkers to abandon their normal orange batons and guide the plane with large American flags ("Wing Walkers" are those guys you've all seen on either side of a plane during pushback, insuring the path is clear). As the Boeing Super 80 departed our gate area, the Washington Metropolitan Airports Authority had placed fire engines on either side of the taxiway, saluting Bryan with giant arches of water over the plane. Thousands of people in the terminal witnessed this and I can almost guarantee there wasn't a dry eye among 'em. I couldn't help but recall something I said to a friend after I returned from Vietnam to nothing but scorn. I hoped that someday I could feel the kind of pride returning GIs felt coming home from World War II. Although we Viet Vets have gained acceptance over the years, it wasn't until today that I now know that feeling. With only slight embarrassment, I admit it was an emotional moment. As I'm writing this, Flight 1249 has just arrived in Chicago. I can only imagine what Bryan's home team had waiting for him there.

From the few minutes I spent with him, I'm sure Bryan would be adamant that he was nothing special. And in the great scheme of many thousands who have died or suffered grievous wounds, he's perhaps justified in that belief. But he is special to us because he's part of our family and it was our honor to express our appreciation and admiration to him . . . and through him to all those who've preceded him.

I'm grateful to be part of the American team. The world's largest airline may not always please everyone, but we give it our best every day, and when it all goes right, as it did today, we live up to the name we proudly display on our fleet . . . AMERICAN!

Just thought you might like to know,
Gary (last name unknown)





3 generations of Johnson pilots! *The Flying Farmer's lasting legacy*

by Leah Nell Peterson, *Cannon Falls Beacon*

(See this photo on the back cover)

It's rare to have three generations of pilot in one family but that's just what the Johnson family of Cannon Falls has with Herb, his son Scott, and his grandson Erik.

Herb

Herb Johnson, who was raised on a farm outside of Cannon Falls, was a student at Gustavus when World War II came on. "I thought about being called into service and there was a program Civilian Pilot Training in Mankato so I enrolled because I knew the war was coming," he remembered. "I hitch-hiked from St. Peter to Mankato for the flight training and got my private pilot's license.

"There was a secondary program for bigger airplanes, more advanced, so I enrolled in that during my senior year at Gustavus," he explained. "When I was done with that program and graduated, I signed on as a pilot in the Navy Air Corps and served in WWII."

Herb met his wife Jo when he was a pilot and she was a stewardess. After the war, they came back to Cannon Falls. Herb farmed and flew for Northwest Airlines. He was known as—"The Flying Farmer."

That's the farm where Scott and Erik were also raised. "It's always relaxing coming home to the farm," Herb said.

"When you're in busy airports it's nice to go out to the farm with the peace and quiet." Erik agreed.

"And get physical exercise," Herb added.

Scott

Scott remembers being interested in flying when he was just a little kid. "My father was my introduction to the cockpit, or if you want to be politically correct—the flight deck,"

Scott said. "When our family traveled, I'd get to go into the cockpit and Dad would introduce me to the pilots. I'd sit there and be in awe of all the switches and buttons."

Scott got his private pilot's license when he was 18, has been a pilot for 26 years, and flown for Northwest for 23 years.

About flying, he said, "I can't explain the feeling the first time I flew... of breaking ground. It's exhilarating!"

"Learning how to defy gravity," Herb added.

Erik

Erik, too, has always been exposed to flying. "When we traveled and were in the airports, I'd look at planes and think how cool they were," he said.

The summer before he was a junior in high school he made the decision that he wanted to be a pilot. "It was Father's Day and we were in Alaska," he remembered. "Dad and I were out fishing for halibut. There was an airport nearby and while I watched the small planes take off and land, I decided, 'I'm going to go home and learn to fly.' That was the motivation that got me started."

Erik began flying at 17 and had his private pilot's license before he went to the University of North Dakota. He has worked as a flight instructor and graduated this May with honors from UNO. He started flying for Mesaba, a Northwest Airlink affiliate, in June.

"For me, so far, it hasn't gotten old. I think it's cool every time," Erik said. "Sometimes, coming back to Grand Forks on a late night trip, I've seen the northern lights and it's kind of amazing."

What is it about flying?

"It's enjoyable and challenging because you have to stay alert all the time," Herb said.

"It's not an office job," Erik added. "It's hands on stuff and I get to travel. It's an office with a view!"

"And the view is always changing," Scott added. "To fly an airplane is still very enjoyable to me."

Herb said, "There's always something you've never experienced before that makes it interesting—and there's always the challenge to get better."

"The challenge of adapting to the changes in the industry and the technology," Scott agreed. Memorable moments

One of the highlights for Scott is approaching New York City on a nice, crystal clear day and the view you had of the Twin Towers, and Statue of Liberty. "Those are sights you see from the cockpit window that you won't get anywhere else," he stated. "My first flight after 911 was so different. There was a hole without the trade towers."

Another moment for Scott was a year ago the first week of August. "Flying from Osaka down to Guam, the reality of how time passes hit me," Scott explained. "61 years earlier they were getting ready to drop the bombs on Japan, my dad was stationed in Guam, and he introduced me to this occupation. I thought, in retrospect, of where history has led us from 1945 to 2006."

From generation to generation, these Johnson men love flying. "Anything you do and you're happy doing it—that's not work!" Herb said.

His son and grandson agreed.

Herb and Jo now live in Cannon Falls. Along with Scott, they have two daughters—Diane and Linda. Scott and his wife Tessa live on the family farm. In addition to Erik, they have two daughters—Shea-Lynn and Lindsey.

From the book *"Montana and the Sky: Beginning of Aviation in the Land of the Shining Mountains"* by Frank W. Miley



Art Walker

The Spokane Sun God

“Nick” Mamer of Spokane promoted a nonstop flight which, in 1929, established a world’s distance record of long duration. Mamer was ably supported by the air-minded citizens of Spokane. One objective of the flight was to generate interest in a northern airline route. The increased public awareness of the unlimited utility of air travel was well demonstrated in the enthusiasm shown by the community of Spokane in sponsoring this long-distance flight by their locally distinguished pilots, Nicholas B. Mamer and Arthur Walker.

Under the leadership of Victor Dessert, the Spokane National Air Derby Association furnished the funds and did the planning for a proposed, nonstop, round-trip flight from Spokane, to San Francisco, to New York, and back to Spokane.

Nick Mamer gave technical assistance to committee members who had ably planned and directed the National Air Races in Spokane in 1927. This same committee did a flawless job of planning the Spokane Sun God flight.

The proposed flight began to shape up in the early summer of 1929, with material assistance furnished by the Texaco Oil Company and the Stan-

dard Oil Company. The Buhl Aircraft Company of Michigan gave further support in the building of a special, Single-engine airplane of sesquiplane design, powered with a Wright J6 300 hp engine. Both the Buhl Company and the Wright Company drew on their backgrounds of experience to give all possible assurance of success by producing a dependable airplane and engine.

The route selected by the committee was from Spokane through Oregon and down the coast to San Francisco, then via Salt Lake, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago and Cleveland to New York City, returning to Spokane via Cleveland and Chicago, and then over the uncharted northern route through St. Paul and Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Miles City, Billings, Butte, Missoula and Spokane.

Spokane businessmen contributed an additional \$10,000 to the project.

The target date for the flight was set for mid-August, 1929. The Texas Oil Company arranged for fueling at San Francisco, Cleveland and New York. Art Walker, the other Spokane pilot and airplane mechanic of recognized ability, was picked to accompany Nick Mamer on the flight.

The refueling crews included a Buhl factory pilot, R. M. Wilson, and an old barnstormer, Vern Bookwalter. Wilson flew a Buhl Air Sedan, and Bookwalter piloted a Ryan Brougham. Nick Marner furnished the Ryan, and Sam Wilson, a local mining man, loaned his new Buhl Air Sedan for refueling.

The airplane used for the endurance flight was christened the Spokane Sun God. Flown by Wilson, it arrived in Spokane from the factory at Marysville, Michigan, about August 10.

The air committee finalized their coordination of timing, route service and publicity, with subcommittee meetings on logistics, weather and publicity. The whole project was thoroughly planned in detail, the committee having had previous experience in their administration of the National Air Races in Spokane in 1927. Mamer and Walker were given authority for final decision on any matters of controversy.

The Spokane Sun God was a sesquiplane or semi-biplane, with an upper wing of long span and a stubby, tapered lower wing designed to give added strength to the main wing and support the unusually strong landing gear, built for heavy loads and rough field operation.

The ship was basically designed to carry six people, with a 300 hp Wright J6 motor. As modified for the flight, it provided room for the two pilots. Tanks in the fuselage and wings carried 300 gallons of gasoline, enough for a range of about 1,800 miles, or 18 hours' flying.

Manually operated pumps were used to transfer fuel to the tanks in the fuselage, with filler caps accessible in flight. A circular opening was provided in the top of the fuselage, through which a refueling hose could be inserted in the filler caps of the cabin tanks. The fuel could be transferred to the wing tanks as desired.

Refueling was to be accomplished by lowering a hose from the refueling plane while flying over the Sun God. The nozzle of the hose could be handled by Mamer or Walker. The gas flowed by gravity into the tanks, while the two aircraft flew piggyback formation.

The refueling aircraft were scheduled to contact the Sun God at predetermined points, the first contact to take place over the Dunbarton Bridge at San Francisco by a Texaco airplane. The two Spokane refueling aircraft followed, operating by leap-frog technique, from Rock Springs east to Chicago. Texaco furnished the refueling planes in Cleveland and

New York. The two Spokane aircraft then again took over, rendezvousing with the Sun God at points west from the Twin Cities.

The success of this project can be attributed to the very thorough planning of the flight committee, and the fact that the whole city of Spokane was behind the venture. This, together with the tenacity of the two pilots, resulted in the establishment of a record not matched for many years.

National attention was focused on the flight and on Spokane, with coverage releases of publicity through several channels out of the city. During the flight Marner [not Mamer] gave running accounts in press releases dropped from the airplane. This was before the time of established air-to-ground radio communication.

The whole city of Spokane turned out on the afternoon of August 15 to see Mamer and Walker take off at 6:00 p.m., pointing the nose of the Sun God for San Francisco.

A refueling contact was made over Mills Field, San Francisco, at 5:25 the next morning. The Sun God had arrived two hours earlier and circled San Francisco until daylight. Fueling was completed at 7:30 a.m., and the plane headed east to Salt Lake and Cheyenne, bucking head winds instead of the anticipated tail wind normal with prevailing westerlies.

The aircraft requested an emergency night refueling at Rock Springs. This was accomplished with unforeseen difficulties because of the limited load of gas that could be carried at that altitude by the refueling aircraft.

When interviewed, Walker stated that the Rock Springs refueling was really a hairy operation, the Sun God flying at 8,000 feet elevation and the refueling airplane unable to get off with very much payload. He said the flashlight taped to the nozzle of the refueling hose was difficult to distinguish from the stars, and he oriented on the refueling plane by the flames of the exhaust.

During the refueling over Rock Springs, the hose was cut by the propeller of the Sun God. This delayed the contact while the hose was repaired by the refueling crew. Walker related he was standing up half outside the airplane in the hatch on the fuselage, pushing up on the belly of the refueling craft to keep the planes apart, while he shoved the nozzle in the filling cap of a tank in the cabin.

Walker said the hose man of the refueling ship, Alphonse Cappula of Spokane, was guiding the pilot by rapping him on the shoulder with a gas mea-



Nicholas B. "Nick" Mamer

suring stick. The refueling pilot had all he could do to hold his plane up at 8,000 feet with the overload condition and the rough, gusty air.

The refueling was accomplished at Cheyenne by daylight, and they then proceeded east. The Robbins brothers of St. Louis refueled the Sun God at Cleveland and New York with Challenger Robin airplanes. Another problem encountered at Rock Springs involved a broken fuel line in the Sun God which had to be repaired in flight. This was accomplished with about ten gallons of gasoline remaining in the tanks at the time the next contact was made with the night refueling plane. This was a close call, but they made it.

The flight continued east. A group of about 100 planes met the Sun God, leading Mamer and Walker into New York, where it took over an hour to find the airport through the heavy traffic of well-meaning, welcoming aircraft. It may be remembered that they had no radio and no FAA facilities. Their low frequency receiver had expired shortly after their takeoff in Spokane.

The endurance plane arrived over Roosevelt Field in New York at 3:45 p.m. on the 18th, having been in the air for 66 hours and 47 minutes and covering 3,600 miles. Mamer and Walker hovered over the New York area for two hours while taking on fuel and food.

The Spokane Sun God was paced west out of New York by Frank Hawks, the well-known Texas Oil Company pilot. Hawks escorted her through questionable weather to Belfont, Pennsylvania. By

a message system, a pre-arranged signal had been agreed upon, whereby the Belfont airport manager would flash the floodlights on the field—once if the weather was OK, twice if questionable, and three times if bad.

It was evident that the British were coming, as the lights were flashed three times, and the Sun God approached Belfont with a low ceiling. Mamer circled the town, flying a triangular course from the town to an airway beacon to the airport. He had to revise his holding pattern to circle the beacon and the town when the ceiling dropped to 200 feet.

They made it into Cleveland where the Robbins brothers again refueled them. Proceeding to Minneapolis, they caught Bookwalter on the ground with the Ryan, repairing a broken brake cable. Walker dropped a note to him, and he followed the Sun God west, refueling as they went between Minneapolis and Aberdeen, South Dakota.

The Sun God was again refueled at Aberdeen by Neil O'Connell and Bookwalter, and departed from there to Miles City, Montana. They arrived at 9:50 pm, having encountered intense smoke conditions from forest fires, and with the Wright engine beginning to show signs of fatigue.

Walker said that in circling Miles City all night, "They were down to two inches of gas in the main fuselage tank when I refueled them at daylight.

"I was then operating a flying service out of Miles City and acting in the dual capacity of flight operator and airport manager. We in Miles City had followed the Sun God flight with keen interest and, at the request of Spokane, had a runway lighted with rows of high octane lights consisting of tin cans stuffed with rags, soaked in gasoline, and then lighted.

"The local airport board, led by Chairman Buck Winter, were all up at the airport, located at the present site on Lansing Flat, north of the city. A big crowd of people from town arrived to see the Sun God fly over, and our one telephone was chattering with inquiries and reports on the then overdue airplane.

"About 10:00 pm we could hear the Sun God circling overhead, but couldn't see it because of the smoke and the fact that its navigational lights had given up a couple of nights before.

"The first indication we had that the plane had arrived was when a flashlight came tumbling out of the sky, looking like a falling star. We retrieved the flashlight on the field. Attached to it was a note from Nick, saying he and Art were about to give up.

The visibility was zero because of the smoke, and the Whirlwind (Wright engine) was operating on only one magneto. If we could figure out some way to refuel them, it was requested that we build a fire in the middle of the airport. They would circle the field and try to stay up until they ran out of gas or we had them refueled.

"We discussed the problem and, with nothing to lose, immediately took a fifty-gallon drum out on the field and built a big fire in it. Then we got busy. We put our airport board and our student pilots to work, assigning tasks to designated groups. Those boys really jumped in and did a job.

"People who participated in the refueling project included: Buck Winter, chairman of the airport board; Oscar Ball and J. P. Johnson, local businessmen; Roy Milligan, Jack Hotaling and Cliff White, who were taking flight training; Bill McFarland, a mechanic; and Tommy Matthews, a cowboy who owned one of our airplanes.

"One group procured five-gallon cream cans by night requisition from the local creamery; another group made rope slings with detachable letdown ropes, using regular throw ropes and harness snaps from the Furstnow Saddle Shop. Another committee, including wives, prepared food for all hands, including the crew of the Sun God. The result was that we were ready to go with the refueling at 3:30 on the morning of the 20th.

"At Mamer's request, via dropped note, we contacted R. L. Wilson, his refueler at Missoula, and instructed him to fly east to Belgrade to be ready to refuel the Sun God there. Our cowboy friend, and my financial advisor at the time, was Tommy Matthews of the T7 Ranch of Gillette, Wyoming. Tommy was both well- and high-heeled, and a handy boy with a rope. We were operating a brand-new J5 Eagle Rock airplane of which we were justifiably proud, and this we used to refuel the Sun God.

"Tommy was tied in the front cockpit with a telephone lineman's belt, the cockpit loaded with five-gallon cream cans filled with Standard Oil Company gasoline.

"As daylight broke, we could see the Sun God circling overhead in the smoke. We took off with forty gallons of gas in the cream cans, flying up and over the Sun God to look the situation over. I could see a broken windshield with a rag stuffed in it. Indeed, the oil-streaked old Sun God looked as if it had really had a rough time. There was a manhole in the top of the fuselage behind the wing and as Art Walker's

head and arms popped out, he looked for all the world like a prairie dog in helmet and goggles.

"Tommy took a dally around a strut in the center section with a throw rope, snapped on a sling holding a can of gas, and lowered away, hanging half out of the cockpit. I maneuvered into position and let down on the Sun God. We placed the milk can right on the fuselage behind the manhole, where Art un-snapped the sling and lowered the can inside.

"By the time he was back we had another can in place, and after delivering the first load we returned to the field for another. We had made the first delivery in about 25 minutes' flying time. We made the second delivery in better time, and a note from Art advised us a third load would be enough.

"Our navigation in the limited visibility was a problem, so Nick flew the Sun God on a northwesterly course while transferring fuel. We then turned south with both aircraft until we found the Yellowstone River. Now we could fly downstream to the bridge at Miles City, adjacent to the airport.

"The large supply of milk cans really impressed one old farmer, who came up while we were loading. He asked how we got those cans back.

"I told him we had a boy with a rowboat down by the bridge, and that the Sun God crew dropped the cans in the river after they were emptied. The boy picked up the cans as they floated by and returned them to us. The farmer thought that was pretty ingenious, and so did I. (Incidentally, sheepherders were picking up rusty milk cans for several years afterwards in the Sunday Creek area.)

"Nick and Art gave us a goodbye wave after the third load, and headed for points west. The Sun God refueled at Belgrade, arriving there at about 8:30 in the morning followed by the refueling airplane. Mamer and Walker flew on to Butte. Here they decided to continue to Missoula, arriving about 11:00 a.m. After circling the city for some time in the dense smoke, the Sun God headed west and was contacted by the refueling ship over the Missoula sugar beet factory. They took on fifty gallons of gas, enough for the final leg into Spokane. They also took on a quantity of oil, and six chicken sandwiches, furnished by a Missoula cafe.

"In the meantime, Bob Johnson of Missoula was doing a land-office business hauling sightseers up alongside the Sun God and the refueling airplane, for five bucks a head. When he first arrived over the city, Nick dropped a note in which he said 'Hello, Missoula. We are sure glad to be this close to home.

This is God's country again. We will pull off a little and refuel just as soon as our boys show up with our refueling airplane. Here he is now. Hello to Harry Bell, Bob Johnson, and everybody. Nick."

Both the Sun God and the refueling plane bore the Texaco star on the fuselage and wing tips. The Sun God was painted a brilliant red with the words, SPOKANE SUN GOD in white letters on the side.

The Sun God continued on over the Bitterroots and departed from Montana over Mullan Pass. It arrived over Spokane at 2:00 p.m. on August 20, 1929, after five days of continuous flight. Nick circled Spokane, was twice refueled, and took on food and clean clothes for himself and Art. They in turn got all dressed up for a triumphant arrival.

They circled over the city for four hours while Lon Brennan and Ralph Daniels flew both Ford Trimotors with load after load of passengers to get a close view of the Sun God from alongside at \$5 a head. Nick, being a practical businessman, wasn't about to land with all that money rolling in, even if he had been in the air for five days and nights. What a character!

Spokane turned out en masse to witness the finish of this historymaking flight. A welcoming address was given by Charles Fleming, a city commissioner who was also airport manager. Harry Wright of the Davenport Hotel prepared a suitcase dinner for Nick and Art, including chicken, tomato and lettuce sandwiches, watermelon, ice cream, cookies and coffee. This dinner was lowered to them, together with their clean laundry.

In arriving over Spokane, the Sun God crew became holders of one Federation Aeronautique Internationale world's record for the longest non-

stop flight ever made. It was coincidental in these days of endurance flights, that at the time Mamer and Walker were making this flight, the Graf Zeppelin was en route from Friedrichshafen to Tokyo via Russia, carrying 20 passengers, a crew of 40, and 50,000 pieces of mail.

At the same time, a Swiss team in a French-built monoplane were long overdue in an east-west Atlantic crossing from Lisbon to New York. The Graf Zeppelin established a 6,000-mile record nonstop flight, was broken within a few hours by the Sun God completing the first transcontinental, round-trip, nonstop, refueling-in-air flight.

This amazing record-breaking flight was completed when the Spokane Air Derby committee ordered the crew to land at 6:00 p.m. A record of 120 hours in the air, covering a lineal distance of 7,200 miles and a total distance of 10,000 air miles was established. These figures were recorded and verified by the official FAI checker, and supported by the tape contained in the sealed barograph carried on the flight.

Congratulatory messages from all over the world poured in, including a telegram from President Hoover: "Congratulations on the successful completion of your nonstop, refueling flight across the continent and return. This is a further demonstration of the ever-widening scope and practical utility of aircraft."

The first question asked Nick at the reviewing stand was, "How did you get that watermelon down a refueling hose?"

The welcoming committee on the platform at Felts Field, Spokane, included Charles Hibbard of the Air Derby Association, Harry Wraight, Mrs. N. B. Mamer, Mrs. Vernon Bookwalter, Mrs. Al Cappula, Phil J. Garnett, H. W. Pierong, James A. Ford, secretary of the Air Derby Association, Harry Heylman, Albion Rogers, John W. Graham, Guy Toombes, R. Insinger, and R. L. Rutter. And there were many others, all of whom had given support to the venture. They had succeeded in bringing public attention to the practicality of a northern air mail route through the Northwest to Spokane, and through Montana. ✪

This article was contributed to Contrails by Sandy Mazzu, who had received it from a friend. Mr. Wiley published his book in 1966 and this excerpt is a verbatim copy. Since I was unable to contact the author, it is reprinted here without permission. Photos are by Art Walker, where noted, and the author, and were included in the book. -Ed.



Vern Bookwalter piloted the Ryan Brougham shown here, along with Neil O'Connell

WHY TO WE LOSE MEN LIKE THESE?

CAPTAIN NICK MAMER AND COPILOT FRED WEST MISSING IN MOUNTAINS NEAR BOZEMAN

JANUARY 10, 1938
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

Northwest Airlines reported today that a Zephyr twin engine airliner has been downed in bad weather in the Bridger Mountains northeast of Bozeman, Montana.

Leslie Farrington, general passenger agent of Northwest Airlines, tonight said there were five passengers on board the company's east-bound plane reported to have fallen in flames near Bozeman, Montana.

The Captain was ace pilot Nick Mamer of Spokane along with Copilot Fred West.

Copilot Fred West was also with H. B. Rueschenberg for two forced emergency landings in Montana earlier. One of which was in Helena after colliding with 3 whistler swans and another landing in a field in the Magic City of Billings after losing a propeller.

Two ranchers were cutting wood 14 miles northeast of Bozeman high in the mountains when they said they saw the plane go into a tail spin about 200 yards from where they were working and burst into flames. The ranchers told the Sheriff and forest rangers that it was impossible to help the passengers or pilots due the severity of the fire and they doubted anyone could have survived the mishap.

The crash scene was near the Flaming Arrow Dude Ranch. The area of the crash is in 8,000 to 10,000 foot mountains on the continental divide between the Gallatin and Yellowstone River drainages.

The plane was a new 14 passenger Zephyr that was flying from Seattle to Chicago, via Minneapolis. Captain Mamer and Copilot West were grounded a short time in Butte, Montana in the afternoon due to bad weather before proceeding on to Billings.

Captain Mamer will be sorely missed as he was one of the nation's best-known commercial fliers.

Captain Mamer formerly of St. Paul learned to fly during the World War and in 1929 he piloted the plane "Sun God" on the first round-trip non stop flight across the continent. During the flight, which lasted five days, Mamer and his co-pilot Art Walker, covered 7200 miles of non

Famous Air Pilot Lost With Ship



N. B. (Nick) Mamer, Spokane, one of the best-known pilots in aviation, went down with the Northwest airliner yesterday afternoon in the Montana mountains, and according to early reports is believed to have died along with his copilot, F. W. West, Seattle, and seven passengers. (Photo: Francis James.)

stop flight which was then a world record. The crew refueled the "Sun God" by hose from other aircraft flying overhead.

Mamer was considered the "father" of the northern route to the Pacific on which he was killed. He made the first round trip from St. Paul to Seattle in 1930 and is credited as being the man who demonstrated to the postal department that the present Northwest Airlines route to the coast is feasible.

After returning from France in 1919 Captain Mamer joined the Dispatch Flying Circus and thrilled fair crowds in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas with his stunts. He was an aviator of the first class and will be not forgotten.

Compiled from AP and Bozeman Chronicle and re-reported by James Lindley.

STUCK GEAR

by Joe Kimm

How many people does it take to make a difference? One?

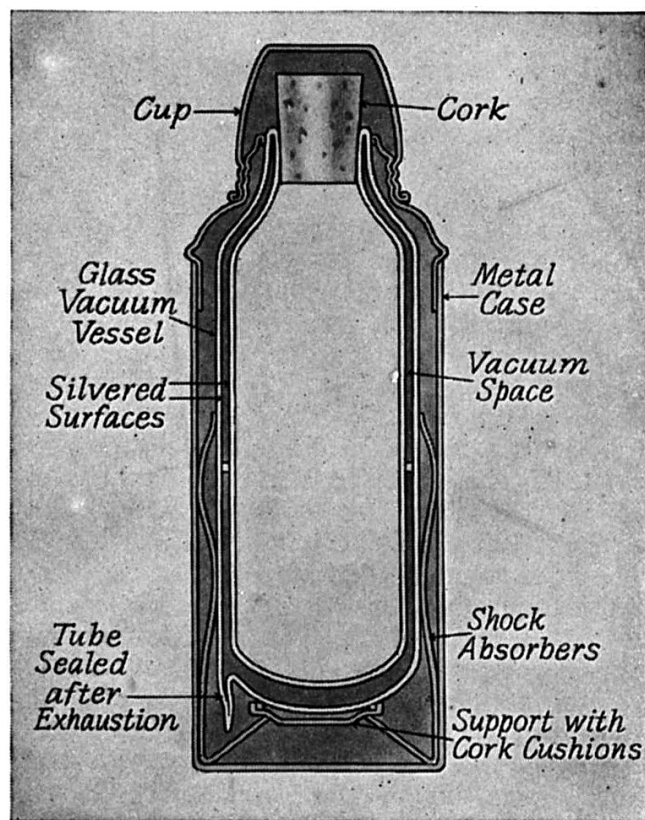
“Elementary, dear Watson,” I can hear you say. Perhaps a recitation of the following will help to make it clear.

Billings, Montana lies in a valley alongside the Yellowstone river. It’s airport is located 300 feet above, on top of the rim rocks. My copilot, Tommy Chastain, and I had arrived in the early morning hours on a non-stop flight from Minneapolis—some 800 miles distant. After having slept most of the day away, now, in the early evening, we were preparing to head for the airport, and our return trip, which was due to leave just after midnight. Our flight was to be non-stop and projected to be just over 4 hours. Weather reports indicated that we would be favored with tail winds and cloudless skies. Checking with By Chamberlain, the station master, we were informed that there would be nine passengers aboard, all male. Maintenance advised the aircraft had been fueled to maximum, giving us an air time in excess of 4½ hours.

“Tommy,” I said, “Let’s go in for a cup of coffee. And, don’t forget to get our thermos filled with hot chocolate. It will taste mighty good down the line tonight.”

Right on schedule, at 12:37am, we made our takeoff run. We were flying the “Sky Zephyr,” No. 82, one of Northwest’s most modern aircraft. Built by Lockheed to replace the Model 10-A Electra, it was powered with 2 Pratt & Whitney Hornet engines. It had a capacity for 14 passengers and 2 pilots. Normally, we would carry coffee jugs and water jugs aboard.

The moon was shining brightly in clear skies as we started our climb, on course, toward Minneapolis. Our cruising altitude was to be 10,000 feet in order to take advantage of the helping winds aloft. All appeared to be normal, until, passing through 800 feet we felt a severe jolt to the aircraft and immediately the two main gear warning lights changed from green to red.



Emergency hydraulic fluid reservoir

For some reason, our landing gear had dropped out halfway. Further investigation showed that we had no hydraulic fluid in the reservoir. There was nothing to do but reverse course and return to Billings.

Tommy called Minneapolis directly with our airborne radio. Luckily, transmission and reception was decidedly clear. Advising them of our predicament, we were told to stand by while they studied the matter. While still waiting for the call back, we arrived back over Billings airport and started what was to become a whole night of circling overhead.

With the gear hanging half out of the nacelles, it was not deemed advisable to attempt a landing. There would certainly be a lot of damage done to the aircraft, if such were attempted, with probable injury to passengers and crew most likely. While waiting for their reply, I took the opportunity to go back into the cabin and advise the passengers of our problem, assuring them that we would prevail and ultimately make a safe landing. They were relieved to get the information; most had been alarmed and fearful, not knowing why we had turned around, or what our intentions were. After my visit, they became adjusted to the situation, and settled back determined to make the most of the situation. Many settled down and went to sleep.

Minneapolis maintenance finally came back on the air to advise us that there most likely had been a break in the 'up' section of the hydraulic system; that it would be necessary to cut the system in half; that this could be accomplished by pulling up the floorboards in front of the Captain's seat, cutting a certain aluminum pipe in half, removing a section and crimping it over to make it pressure tight!

I looked at Tommy, Tommy looked at me—we both shrugged, then got set to follow orders.

Now, most aircraft are not blessed with many tools aboard. Maintenance, ideally, is to be provided on the ground. But we really had no choice; it was repair the system or land with the gear hanging half-way down. I turned the aircraft over to Tommy to fly, then went back to search for a 'toolkit'. Unbelievably, I turned up a ballpeen hammer, a flat file, and a pair of pliers.

Going back to the cockpit with my tools, I got the floor boards up and out of the way, exposing a myriad of piping of all sizes, running fore and aft just beneath the floor-boards. Talking to Minneapolis on the radio, getting exact instructions for locating the pipe we were to sever, I then proceeded to cut the selected pipe with the file. This took considerable time—a file is not nearly as efficient as a hacksaw, and believe me I was longing for a hacksaw long before I managed to file through the pipe.

Next step; remove the pipe by loosening the flare nut, using the pliers. With the section of pipe in hand—now to crimp it over and pound it flat, to hold pressure. Grasping the pipe with pliers, I placed it across the cockpit door sill and started beating the end with the hammer, thus flattening it out. Then, with a small section over the sill, I hammered at it to start the bending process; proceeding in this manner, I was able to bend the pipe all the way over, then hammer it flat to make a seal.

All this took a considerable length of time during which Tommy continued to fly in circles around the airport. The passengers were attempting to get a little shut-eye in spite of all the racket I was creating.

Re-installing the pipe took but a few moments. Now, the Lockheed Zephyr had a useful little pump, called a wobble pump, which was built into the system to permit the addition of hydraulic fluid, and to pump up the pressure. It was through this opening, and with this pump, that we would add fluid and pump enough pressure to force the landing gear into the down and locked position. But, a serious problem; there was no hydraulic fluid aboard the aircraft.

For the uninitiated, hydraulic fluid is used to

provide pressure to cylinders, which then move to create the desired actions. Most of you are familiar with the use of these systems on common equipment like power shovels, tractors—the brake system on your car.

Fluids, being incompressible, act as a solid column similar to a steel rod, but capable of going around corners, and being piped to desired locations. Basically, any fluid can be used. However, in normal applications, a special fluid made from oils is used to avoid corrosion, and freezing.

In this particular case, lack of hydraulic fluid forced us to improvise; the first thing we started with, was the drinking water aboard the aircraft. Pumping all this into the system produced no noticeable effect. Next came all the coffee, which we had aboard but hadn't had time to serve the passengers. Again, no noticeable difference.

"Tommy, where did you put that thermos of hot chocolate?"

"It's on the floor, behind my seat", said Tommy.

The hot chocolate was the next to go into the system—still no success. At this point, desperate measures were called for. Taking the empty thermos back to the lavatory, I did my best to fill it up. Returning with the slightly warm liquid I pumped it into the system. Great! One 'gear down and locked' light came on. But, we still had the other gear hanging out there. I looked at Tommy.

"My turn to fly," and I handed him the thermos.

He needed no further nudging. I took over the flying while Tommy went back to contribute his share, which he then put into the system. Again, no change. We were both bone dry, with one wheel still hanging out. It doesn't take a mastermind to figure this one out, does it?

Tommy proceeded to get a contribution from a passenger, using the thermos as the urinal, then pouring the liquid into the system. One by one, through eight passengers, the procedure was duplicated, and still that red light was glowing on the panel. One last chance—passenger number nine. His contribution was added to the system, a few strokes of the wobble pump, and...

SUCCESS!

The second 'gear down and locked' green light came on, glowing brightly. We were now able to land safely, which we did without further delay, or incident, after an all night flight of a little over four hours.

Now, I ask you: "Can one person really make a difference? ✈"



The 2007 Minneapolis Christmas Party Committee:

Ladies (l-r):
 Sharon Kreutzmann
 Kittie Alexander
 Sherry Wenborg
 Dianne Kary
 Janet Lillyblad

Gents (l-r):
 Pete Brown
 Ken Kreutzmann
 Ray Alexander
 Doug Wenborg
 Jim Kary
 Steve Lillyblad
 Terry Marsh

MINNEAPOLIS CHRISTMAS PARTY



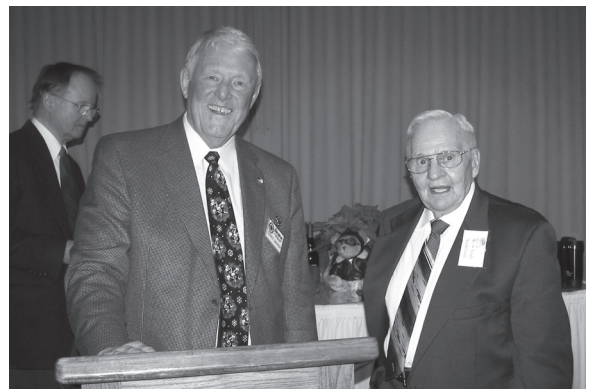
Tom Schellinger with the 2007 Soderlind Memorial Scholarship winner, Julia Curry



Julia Curry with her mother Mary Curry, an ex Northwest flight attendant.



Corrine & Earl Lunde, Don Abbott



Terry Marsh, Glenn Anderson



Red & Dorothy Sutter



Faye & Billie Brown



Stan Kegel, Jr. and Sr.



Muriel & Joe Koskovich



Pete & Mindy Schenck



Beverly & Jack Sullivan



Dick Glover, Julie & Les McNamee



Pete & Carol Hegseth

Photos: Phil Hallin and Vic Kleinstueber



Kathy Palman, Arlene & Calvin Dahl



Sue & Tom Ebner



Kathy Palman, Linda Wortman, Judy Summers



Curt & Bonnie Breeding



Bill & Connie Cameron



Don & Jane Chadwick



Gary & Joan Baldwin



Lorraine Potts



Don Chadwick, Angie & Dave Lundin



Marie & Jerry Jurgens



Elaine Mielke, Sue Duxbury



Gay & Dick Glover



Arlene & Calvin Dahl, Kathy Palman, Hal Hockett



Don & Nancy Aulick



Jim & Vickie Hancock



Loran & Pinkie Gruman



Kathy Nelson, Connie Thompson, Judy Summers,
Deb Jones



Judy Summers, Vic Kleinsteuber



Ned Stephens, Connie Thompson, Keith Maxwell



Elaine Mielke, Geri & Jim Mages, Jim Hancock



T J & Kathryn Mannion, Rose Ann & Roger Grotbo



Charlie Horihan, Dennis Bertness, Gary Pisel



Nick Modders, Susan & Dick Duxbury, Barbara Pisel



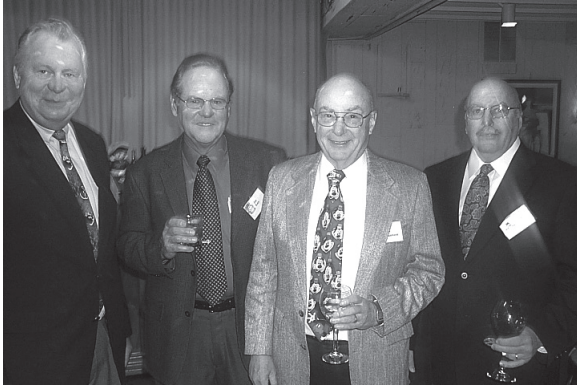
Floyd Homstad, Mindy & Pete Schenck



Don Aulick, Gay Glover, Nancy Aulick, and two retired Stewardesses, Pat Olson & Jan Konezxy



Dan Stack, Connie Thompson, Julie McNamee, Jim & Nancy Bestul



Howard Glenna, Jim Kary, T J Mannion, Don Chadwick



Norma Driver, Kathy Zielie, Keith Maxwell, Eileen Hallin, Jim Driver, Ellen Stephens



Phil & Eileen Hallin



Corrine Lunde, Evangeline Piekert, Don Abbott, Midge Glenna



Marilyn Pitmon, Don Abbott, Jerry Pitmon



Art Bein, Barbara Vega, Kittie Alexander, Ron Kenmir



"OK, so he's not, like, 49. But, you know, maybe 59. That's not so old, is it? It's, like, maybe like they say 50 is the new 40 and, you know, there's not really that much difference in our ages, is there? He is real nice, for sure. He must have some money, too, since he's, like, been to all these places all over the world. I will have to say, you know, that he doesn't really *dress* like he has money. What do you think? Should I like go on this cruise with him? But if he's such a world traveller, why are we, like, going on a cruise on a *river*?"

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 the May issue. -Ed.

St. Croix Cruisin'

REUNION

★ 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)

Hartford Convention and Visitors Bureau: enjoyhartford.com

Don't forget the incentives for registering early:

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

Getting your registration in 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 !!



Ted Miholovich
1914 ~ 2007

Miholovich, Ted, age 93, a retired Northwest Captain, born on October 15, 1914, in San Francisco, CA, passed away peacefully with family by his side in Seattle, Washington and flew west for a final check on December 13, 2007.

Ted was born on October 15, 1914, and graduated from Polytechnic High School in San Francisco in 1933. He served in the Merchant Marines from 1934 through 1935, attended San Francisco Junior College and the American Institute of Banking from 1935-1939. He served in WWII in the Asiatic Pacific Campaign with the Army Engineers and the Army Air Force Command from 1942-1945. Ted was a pilot for Northwest Airlines from 1945 until retirement in 1974. He always kept active spiritually and was a parishioner with his wife Aileen at St Edwards Church since they moved to Seattle. After the airline, Ted didn't retire; he started another

complete and successful career for 30 more years in the apartment business as owner/manager/operator!

Ted's hobbies started with motorcycles in the "Hey-day's" of the 30's and flying in the 40's until he married. Then he became very active in sailing, skiing and walking. He owned and raced his own sailboats for most of his life and was a member of the Corinthian Yacht Club.

Ted was the loving husband of Aileen Miholovich, father of Don, Janet, and Karen, and grandfather of Jessica and Patrick. He was brother of Kay Liening of San Jose, CA, and was preceded in death by brothers Luke Miholovich and Vincent Miholovich.

Larry Owen; "Ted was a great guy and a good pilot. I began my NW career flying SO for him out of Seattle and learned a lot from him. Have a smooth flight west my friend."

Alayne and Jack Hudspeth; "I first met Ted as a fellow NW crewmember. He was always the consummate professional and a joy to work with. Later, when we were both Civil Air Patrol pilots and part owners of a Cessna 182, I learned to better appreciate his flying skills. We flew formation (Ted was a rock solid leader), and participated in many search missions. Alayne and I feel very fortunate we were able to spend time at the RNPA Christmas party chatting with Ted. We always looked forward to seeing him again. Alayne noted that he still had that twinkle in his eye. Thank you, Ted for being a guy we admired and could look up to. We'll miss our friend".

Art Daniel; "I always felt fortunate to call Ted my friend. He was a master pilot and a gentleman to the core."

David Pethia; "I flew with Ted as his Second and First officer on the 707 and 747. He was always pleasant. I enjoyed hearing about his sailing experiences as well as his instruction later when I had a forty foot sloop. His passing was unexpected. We at RNPA will miss him. Sorry to miss seeing him off. The notice of his passing just reached me today."

Norman DeShon; "I flew many trips with Ted as his co-pilot starting in DC-6's. Ted was a most professional aviator and I enjoyed his company."

Michael Hudspeth; Ted was my first Flight Instructor in the 70's. I remember some of his landing demonstrations and how he would explain how the sight picture was so much different than the B-747 he flew for Northwest. I now appreciate his example as I now fly the MD-11 for FedEx. I carry his lessons with me every



time I fly. Ted here's wishing you clear skies, smooth air and perfect landings in heaven. God speed on your flight west my friend."

David Schneebeck; "As a crewmember with NWA it was always a pleasure to fly with Ted. I am shocked that he passed away. I had a nice conversation with him during the RNPA Christmas Party. It is sad to see such a gentleman aviator fly west. He will be missed"

Linda Gunnels; "I was a flight attendant with Northwest for 40 years and I can honestly say that Ted was the nicest, kindest, and most generous man I have ever met. He had manners, class, and a way of making your day by just looking at you with that beautiful smile. I haven't seen him in many years but my memory of him will live on forever. May God grant you peace and may you know that you will be missed and forever loved by so many, including me."

Leonard Dorcas; "I remember Ted as one of my favorite Captains to fly with in my early days with NWA. On an approach to land at Bozeman, Mt. one night Ted asks for "gear down" on our DC3. I lowered the gear handle and the hydraulic seal let go. Ted was sprayed with red hydraulic fluid on his whole right side. On the ground later we had quite a laugh about it. Ted is one of the finest men I have ever known."

Neal Henderson; "Hello All, Ted was a wonderful Captain to fly with. I was his co-pilot on many trips and always enjoyed his upbeat personality. He will be missed. Respectfully, Neal."

Warren Avenson; "We were close to each other in seniority, and in our thoughts about NWA and ALPA. You'll do great on your last Check Ride." Avie

Jean & Jim Freeburg; "We are in shock, having just seen Ted at the RNPA Christmas luncheon on the 6th.

And we saw him again a week later at the Automated Musical Instrument Collectors Association Christmas Party." Our very best wishes to you all, Ted was truly a fine person, and a gentleman."

Harry Bedrossian; "I flew copilot for Ted on the DC-7 and B-707. He was always a gentleman and a nice guy to fly with."

Peter Reiss; "I had the real privilege of flying frequently with Ted in the mid 1960's. From those many hours together a lifelong friendship developed and has remained so to this day. Aileen, Don, Janet, and Karen always welcomed me as almost a member of the family. Secondly, Ted was an important professional mentor, and I incorporated much of what he taught into my own flight operations during the next 30+ years. While I will miss his physical presence, I will always treasure both his ongoing spiritual presence and many great memories. Peter."

Evie Saput, Muskegon, Michigan; "I cannot tell you all the wonderful memories I have of my Uncle Ted. I remember so many of our Christmases with the Miholovich clan coming to SF, us going to Seattle and especially the sailing ventures on Lake Washington. I have always admired Uncle Ted. The past few years he has helped me understand financial things—I knew I could always call on him for advice and his knowledge of finances. I enjoyed talking with him and once in a while getting the opportunity to talk with Auntie Aileen through him. I will always miss and love you, Uncle Ted. I guess now you'll be spending time with our families up in heaven."

Center for Cardiovascular Wellness at Swedish; "Ted was a true inspiration to the staff and all the exercise participants. We loved hearing about his pilot years and his love for sailing. His smile and excitement for life were contagious and will truly be missed. ✈





Bob Mielke
1925 ~ 2007

Mielke, Robert R., age 81, a retired Northwest Airlines pilot, of Bloomington, Minnesota flew west for a final check on Nov. 22, 2007. Bob Mielke was a faithful 40-year employee of Northwest Airlines; a long-time volunteer at NAREEVO; and devoted volunteer at the NWA History Center. For many years Bob and his wife Elaine planned and directed RNPA's Stillwater, Minnesota gathering each June, a steam boat cruise on the St. Croix. He volunteered for the U.S. Navy when he was 18 years old and served on the aircraft carrier USS Munda Bay for two years during WWII. He was also a 60-year member of the American Legion, and a member of the Bloomington Born Again Jocks.

Don Abbott; "So long old friend, you've earned this rest. Lois and I wish Elaine and family the very best. Blue Skies to you Bob".

Ken Bennett; "The right words come hard after 50 plus years working together on many NWA projects; fixing, flying and being the featured speaker of the day. Thanks for many, many pleasant memories".

Ray Dolny; "Bob was a special person, highly respected for his knowledge, and for being a good friend. Our careers paralleled

from the late 40s thru retirement. His work in the training department was a big help to many. I visited with Bob and Elaine two weeks before his passing, and his big smile and strong grip said I know and appreciate your visit. Elaine you and your family are comforted in knowing you did all you could for him."

Fred Breitling; "Bob was a real NWA legend. A professional in every sense of the word, Bob set the standard for us young'uns as well as the old'uns. An honor and privilege to have known and been instructed by him."

Richard & Doni Jo Schlader; "Dear Elaine & Family: The sentiments expressed here, ours included, are a small measure of the respect and admiration which Bob deserves for his untiring help to the pilots of NWA. It should not be left unsaid that the prominence of the airline was largely due to the efforts of Bob Mielke and others like him. Northwest Airlines is forever in his debt as are we all. He will not be replaced."

Ed Johnson; "What a compassionate, considerate, helpful man with a heart as big as the world. What a role model for many of us who had the privilege of walking in his shadow at NWA. Bob was another of the "Greatest Generation" who has sadly left us, but he has left his indelible mark on many lives. Dear friend you have earned your wings with dignity for your trip west. God Bless and Rest In Peace."

Bob Bartholomay; "I will always remember our many talks about (our home town) Wahpeton, ND, and your help during my many checkouts on the airline. Have a peaceful trip west. You will be missed."

Al Taylor; "Elaine and family, words fail here, but I want you to know that Bob was the single most influential person to me during my career at NWA. Not only in aviation matters, but more importantly Bob showed all of us what leadership really is. He was always honest and always forthright. When Bob told you something, you knew that it was true. His natural leadership gift was that he was ALWAYS "Bob" - and for him, this was always being a very

special man! He was loved and will be fondly remembered.”

Larry Owen; “Bob was truly a fine gentleman and a great pilot. I know he helped many of us through those “orals” and check rides. He was always in good humor. Go with God on a smooth flight west my friend.

Donna Corbett; “Bob was a down-to-earth gentleman, kind and considerate, always friendly and smiling. A valued member of the NWA family! I hope the burden of your loss is less. It is shared by many.”

Neal Henderson; “I will miss Bob. Bob was one of those rare people who really enjoyed helping others.”

Will Tannehill; “Bob was a mentor, a friend, and an inspiration to me and those who came into contact with him. I will never forget you Bob.

Bill Hansen; “Bob, if you read this I want you to know that you made one hell of a difference in my life. You continually got me out of trouble that I didn’t even know I was in. We haven’t seen each other these past years, but I have thought of you often. You are as fine a man as I have ever had the good fortune to meet. Thank You! RIP old friend.”

Vic Britt; “Bob Mielke loved his family, his friends, and Northwest Airlines. His family came first, and he came first with his family, especially Elaine. If you were a friend of Bob Mielke’s, you had a friend indeed who would be there when you needed him. Those fortunate to have worked with Bob appreciated the professional approach he took to his job, and the personal interest he took in helping them gain a working knowledge of the airplane they were checking out on. Those pilots who received check rides from Bob were assured they would receive an unbiased, fair, and honest assessment of how well they were prepared to return to “the line” and fly in their new position. Bob Mielke was not perfect, none of us are. But I have known very few who worked as hard to try to be perfect in their profession.”

Bob Root; “I worked with, for, and in awe of Bob for several years. What I would like to say has been said by Al Taylor and Ken Bennet, among others.”

Dick Haglund; “It was a great pleasure and honor to know and work with Bob all those years. He was always the gentleman, and ready to help.”

Myron Bredahl; “Bob was a great instructor and a wonderful HUMAN BEING. Bob was always there to help—and always with a smile. He will be missed.”

George Lachinski; “Many of my fellow NWA pilot friends and I are grateful for the many hours Bob spent in training us, he was a true Professional.”

Joe Baron; “Bob was truly a great instructor along

with his positive attitude that he shared with his students. Rest in peace.”

Michael Lubratovich; “I was so sorry to hear of your loss. The thoughts of many are with you at this time of sorrow.”

Ronald Vandervort; “Thank you Bob for your unceasing dedication to NWA and the pilot group. You were a great part of that elite corps of individuals that transitioned so many new hires from the street to the cockpit. Those great abilities can never be replaced with computers and the latest state of the art instructional stuff. Thank you for giving so much to all of us.”

Terry Marsh; “How do guys know THAT much about the airplanes we fly? And you pass it on with such ease and class? Bob was always the “low-key” gentleman. What a pleasure to work with or have on a trip!”

B.J. Molé; “I knew Bob for most of my 32 year career at NWA and always appreciated his gentlemanly good humor. He was a treasure-trove of aircraft information with the need-to-know and the nice-to-know AND the difference! He will be missed but I know he is home now.”

Dave Lundin; “Bob was a gentleman, professional, knowledgeable, helpful, but most of all he was approachable and human. We owe a lot to Bob as an associate at NWA and in RNPA, and he will be missed by all whose life he touched.”

John Doherty; “How far back do memories go? Bob did much of my training when I was first hired at NWA in 1968; I flew with him a number of times over the years and took a bunch of check rides from him. Bob was always a gentleman, always had the best interests of his students at heart, was always extremely knowledgeable about the aircraft, and was a man of great integrity. Have a smooth flight west Bob - I will miss you.”

Don Bergman; “Bob Mielke was probably the most sincere and professional pilot I ever worked with at NWA.”

William Skokan; “I remember Bob as a terrific instructor. I don’t know of anyone who did not admire and look up to Bob. You have our prayers and condolences at his passing. God speed Robert!”

Earle Scott; “So Long Bob, it was a pleasure working with a pro for so many years. Always pleasant, and an expert when we needed something explained. Blue Skies my friend.”

Ken Finney; “I am sorry to hear of Bob’s passing. He was greatly respected by many at NWA, me included. I know he had a difficult battle as the end neared, but now it’s finally over. His suffering has ended. But

the rest of us must go on living. I wish all in your family understanding and happiness ahead as you grieve and heal. I liked Bob and he will be missed.”

Michael Ristow; “Bob set a high standard as a person, and as a professional, admired and appreciated by his peers. My prayers go out to Bob’s family and friends.”

John Stinnett; “Bob was my “Boss” for many years on several wide body aircraft. He was the instructor of instructors. Bob was a true professional. We also enjoyed many hours on the golf course. My prayers are with his family.”

William Waterbury; “I am sad to hear of Bob’s passing. He was a true gentleman and an excellent instructor. He was a great help to me in my years with the airline. He will be greatly missed.”

Fred Raiche; “Back in the 60’s” was the first time I met Bob, when he tried hard to teach me how to be a pilot for NWA. His efforts “paid off”. Thanks Bob for “hanging in there”! That’s just one of the many good memories that will always be mine. Rest in peace, you are missed by many.”

Ken Kreutzmann; “Bob was leadership in the best sense of the word.”

T.J. Mannion; “Bob was truly a great gentleman and wonderful person. He will be missed by all.”

Stephen Towle; “Like many others at Northwest Airlines I had the privilege of working with Bob during his career. Whether in the cockpit or class room Bob always presented professionalism in which he took pride. But, while exercising his professional skills, he was able to do this with a sense of humor and comradeship. A skill not many are blessed with. It is with sadness that I have learned of his passing and he will be missed by me and many others.”

Earl Lunde; “Bob was a devoted Christian family man. He will be missed. Our thoughts and prayers are with Elaine and family.”

Bob Burns; “I think Bob was a ‘Human Computer’ before electronic ones were readily available. Whenever I had a specific technical question about something on an aircraft, Bob was THE man that could answer them. Bob was a “walking ship’s manual” for several types of aircraft. God Bless you.”

Jim Fernandez; “Bob was my second officer instructor when I was hired, and bless his heart he got me through it. What a great guy! I had lots of laughs with Bob over the years. It was an honor to know him.”

Ken Kelm; “It was my privilege to work with Bob several times early in my career. Bob was truly a pro-

fessional and very thorough, yet he had a way of making you comfortable while getting a check ride from him. Bob gave me my first s/o line check ride in 1966. I will always remember how kind and helpful he was to a ‘newcomer’ in the business. He was an example of how check airmen should operate.” I know Bob will be missed by your family, and certainly by all of those he trained and worked with over the years at NWA!”

Ken Swartz; “Dear Elaine and family: We send you our love and condolences. Bob was a good friend and a great guy.”

Roger Break; “Only good memories.”

Larry Daudt; “Elaine and Family, my condolences are with you during this time of sorrow. May God give you strength and understanding. I knew Bob for nearly my entire career at NWA and always had great respect for him. He was a great man. May he forever rest in the grace of God.”

Al Schlegel; “I remember Bob was always a gentleman. He was ever the professional. Bob’s instructor talents helped the transition of NWA to an all jet airline. We will miss him.”

Dan Farkas; “We were sorry to hear of Bob’s passing away. Our thoughts and prayers are with you and your family. You have our deepest sympathy.”

Bill Halverson; “Bob will long be remembered by fellow NWA employees as well as retirees for his ability to impart his knowledge and experience. It was always a pleasure working with him. Fran and I extend our sincere condolences to Elaine and family.

Doug Rohrer; “Bob was a great guy and a real professional. I always feared my orals with Bob because he cut no slack. I respected his knowledge and dedication. He’s a big part of my memories of Northwest.”

Arthur Partridge; “Bob took me by the hand 40 years ago, and led me from initial training to active service. Our paths crossed often, and never without some kindness or helpful hint. A true gentleman and excellent teacher, he will be missed by all who worked with him.”

Hugh Sims; “I really enjoyed working for Bob several years as second officer instructor. A really great person, Bob will be missed by all who knew him.”

Frank Taylor; “Yes Bob was a very valuable employee for NWA and this picture is how he looked every time I saw him - always had a big smile. God Bless the Mielke Family.”

Cliff Leary; “I was so sorry to hear of your loss. Bob was a great help to me in my NWA training. I always admired his “straight-up” approach to everything.”

Lyle Prouse; “Bob was a thoroughly knowledgeable professional when I worked with him, and I enjoyed every occasion in which we were together. He was a good man, very decent, and always enjoyable. He touched many of us over the decades he spent with Northwest. I’m sad to be writing a “Rest In Peace” message. May God bless him and his family, Blue Skies.”

Douglas Jones; “Bob was a consummate gentleman. He endeavored to pass along his knowledge and was a very great asset to the pilots of Northwest Airlines. Safe journey.”

Barry Broxson; “Our thoughts are with Bob’s family. Bob was a great instructor and every NWA pilot / student benefited from his instruction and professionalism.”

Survived by his loving wife of 60 years, Elaine; children, Robert, Ronald, and Debra Mielke; four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren; sister, Eleanor Seaburg; nieces, nephews, other relatives and many friends. ✈



Cindy Kragness

Kragness, Cynthia Jayne (nee Fredrickson), age 58, of Cape Coral, Florida, former longtime resident of Edina, died peacefully surrounded by her family on August 10, 2007, after a valiant 4-year battle with ovarian cancer. For all her life, Cindy was optimistic, with a fine-honed sense of humor and boundless energy. She faced her cancer diagnosis with her customary determination and fought it to the end with courage and grace.

Cindy was a devoted wife, loving mother, cherished sister and true friend. She was a talented artist, seamstress, painter, interior decorator, cook and the best mom ever. Cindy also had a master’s degree in special education with a reading and math specialty. She taught

at Creek Valley Elementary in Edina, and more recently at Heights Elementary in Ft. Myers, Florida. Cindy was a gifted teacher who loved her job, and her students excelled because of her. Students at Heights Elementary in Ft. Myers are for the most part minorities and English Second Language migrants, some of whom change school three or four times a year. Heights Elementary is a very challenging position for a special education teacher, and most of the special education teachers assigned there leave for another school at the first opportunity.

Cindy had an opportunity to leave for another less challenging position after her first year at Heights Elementary. She chose to stay, and continued to teach at Heights until her health forced her to quit. After her health forced her to quit teaching, she went back on the days she felt good volunteering to teach and see her old students again. Being with the kids helped her to keep her mind off of herself, and it helped the kids to see her courage. One of her third grade students was a real troublemaker at the beginning of the year, but Cindy liked him and had worked hard to help turn him around, which he had. On one of her last visits back to the school she was sitting in an office when the former trouble maker walked in and said: “Mrs. Kragness you is a very old lady, but you is a good lady.”

Predeceased by her parents, Jerry and Virginia Fredrickson. She is survived by her loving husband, Gene; her children, Betsy and Geoff (Annie) Kragness; her stepdaughter, Kirsten (Chris) Moertel; four grandchildren; her sisters, Jenny (Culver) Adams, Pam (Lynn) Gunderson, Debby (Bill) Crowley and Kris (Dale) Kerber; aunt, Beatrice Walker; uncles, Neal and Arnold Fredrickson; brother-in-law, Rick Kragness and nine nieces and nephews. They all adored her. ✈



David Rembolt 1940 ~ 2007

Rembolt, David L., age 67, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, flew west for a final check in Urbandale, Iowa after dying peacefully Thanksgiving Day at Taylor House in Des Moines, Iowa, following a difficult illness. David's enthusiasm for life and his quick wit defined him throughout his life and endeared him to those around him. He carried these traits throughout his illness and he continued to have a sense of humor and find enjoyment in the things that he loved. David's faith not only allowed him to enjoy life during his illness, but it provided great comfort to his loved ones.

David was born on April 16, 1940 in Lincoln, Nebraska, to Dr. Raymond and Mae Ione (Street) Rembolt and spent most of his youth in Iowa City. He graduated from Iowa City High School in 1958 and the University of Iowa in 1962 with a degree in Business Administration. David loved aviation and he served as a U.S. Marine Corps aviator between 1962 and 1967, and served a tour of duty in Vietnam during the war flying the H-34. He was wounded in combat and awarded the Purple Heart. He later spent thirty-three years as a pilot for Northwest Airlines while living in Burnsville, Minnesota and later in Urbandale, Iowa.

David married the love of his life, Charlotte (Hooker) Kreamer in 1993, and he and Charlotte enjoyed a happy 14 years together. With Charlotte, David found the happiness and contentment that he had long sought. David cherished his family, friends, church, flying and their cats. He served as a Deacon of Plymouth Congregational Church for three years and remained committed to his faith throughout his life. David was extremely

proud of his nieces, nephews and grandchildren and he loved to tell humorous stories about them. He also provided them with countless memories that will endure long after his passing.

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

Steve White: "I was in the Marines with Dave as well as at Northwest, and I remember him as a classic "Good guy." I feel robbed by his death as we were going to stop by to visit Dave and his wife while on a motor cycle trip this summer. I had met his wife, and how she and Dave got together again is a story in itself. A one word description for Dave would be PATIENT. No wife but the one he wanted in the first place! And he dated a lot of good looking chicks."

Dick Moore: "The thing I always remember when I think of Dave was his positive attitude and a constant smile. You knew he was always doing his best. Dave, you are missed."

Vic Britt: Dave had the biggest smile that I ever saw at Northwest. His whole face would light up when he smiled, and his grin went from ear to ear. He steered me onto the best month I ever had as a B-727 second officer. I ran into him outside gate 10 at MSP ("the bridal suite") just before bidding in March 1968. He said, "You've got to fly with this guy, he's great and he'll give you every third leg." I took his advice and in April 1968 I flew with Bill McNulty and Bill Douglas, and I had the most fun, and got the most flying I ever had in one month as a 727 s/o."

Bill Day: "I flew a lot with Dave because our seniority often resulted in us sitting across the cockpit from each other. From the earliest flights with Dave, I always felt that he was as competent as any to be sitting in my captain seat, and yet Dave fit comfortably into whatever role was his calling at the time. Can you imagine a more pleasant person to share the cockpit with than Dave? A gentle, civilized, thoughtful man, Dave managed to retain strong masculine qualities. His widely known faith was evident by his resilient strength of character. I have known few more trustworthy men. The lasting imagine of Dave Rembolt will be his wide smile. His greeting to others was uplifting, and helped us to set aside our troubles. I had no idea he was suffering from a terminal illness. The news of his death really set me back. A truly fine man had passed from our presence."

David is survived by his wife Charlotte; his mother, Mae Rembolt of Iowa City; one brother, Dick Rembolt (also a Marine pilot) of Iowa City; stepchildren, step-grandchildren, nieces and nephews. ✈



Richard Bugbee
1923 ~ 2007

Bugbee, Richard L., Sr., age 84, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, flew west for a final check on Nov. 7, 2007 in Burnsville, Minnesota where he made his home. Dick Bugbee was every ounce an "Officer and Gentleman," and did not need an act of congress to announce the fact. His presence and demeanor, the friendly greeting and smiling face that announced his arrival, and the high standards he set in his personal and professional life said all that, without its being announced.

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

Dick Bradford; "I flew with Dick a lot as copilot, and learned much from him. I also spent almost a year in Greece with Dick. I will always remember our mutual experience on the Olympic Project. God Bless!"

Jeff Bock; "I flew with Dick on the 727 and fondly remembered the true gentleman for all the years I had lost contact with him. What happened to the great stories about flying "PB Y Catalina's" during WWII?"

Neil Potts; "Dick was a great pilot and had the respect all the other pilots. He was always a pleasure to work with, and was a real asset to NWA. He will be missed."

Chuck Carlson; "It was a real pleasure knowing Dick. He was a glass half full kind of person, always had a smile and a kind word."

Fred & Mary Raiche; "The years seem to pass so quickly, but the memories will last forever. Dick was a good man and a great pilot. He is missed by those lucky enough to know him. Our thoughts and prayers are with his family. We were both lucky to be a part of Dick's crew."

Harry Bedrossian; "I remember flying with Dick on the DC-8 when he was the co-pilot and I was the 2nd/O. We always enjoyed the flying and the camaraderie even though it was an all-nighter. He will be missed by those who flew with him."

Ed Johnson; "Dick Bugbee was an inspiration to all who had the privilege of being on his crew. A thoughtful and considerate man who always had an up beat word for all. It was great to get assigned to his trip on the DC-4 as probationary First Officer. He treated everyone with respect. We have lost another of the "Greatest Generation."

Wes Schierman; "I still fondly remember flying Copilot for Dick out of Spokane over 47 years ago. A real gentleman, he will be missed!"

Bill Halverson; "Knowing and working with Dick at NWA was always a pleasure. He was a true professional. His kind and gentlemanly ways will be missed."

Earle Scott; "So long Dick, you were a real pro pilot and a real gentleman. It was a pleasure working with you."

John Dittberner; "Dick was one of the finest gentlemen I met in my career. It was always a pleasure flying with Dick. Dick was friendly to everyone, and had harsh words for no one. Dick will be missed."

Robert Immel; "Dick was one of my first Captains out in Spokane. I will never forget him."

Dave Lundin; "Flying with Dick was a pleasure. He was a gentleman and treated lowly second officers with respect. He made a strong impression on me, so I fondly remember him now, 40 years later. The world is a better place, because of Dick Bugbee."

William Day; "I flew copilot for Dick at NWA and received several check rides from him. I knew Dick and his wife Virginia from Hope Church and shared the amateur radio hobby with Dick. He will be remembered as a good spirited, kind, generous soul who brought joy to the lives of many. May God comfort you in your sorrow."

David Jagt; "It has been an honor to have known and worked with a gentleman and professional such as Dick Bugbee."

Bob Bartholomay; "Fly west in peace you will be missed."

Vic Britt; "My strongest memory of Dick happened after the pilot strike in 1972. Upon returning to work, some instructor pilots were treated disrespectfully by management. Dick Bugbee and Marv Bliss would not work under those conditions and elected to leave flight training. They had contributed much to flight training in the past, but left without a backward glance. They were men of principle and conscience, and demanded to be treated with the respect that they gave others."

Preceded in death by his wife, Virginia; Survived by his children: Richard Jr., Dan and Susan; 7 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren; sister. ✈

Southwest Florida Spring Luncheon

March 13th
2008



Marina Jack's Restaurant • Sarasota, Florida

Briefing 1100 • Lunch 1230 • Debriefing until 1500

MENU CHOICES:

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

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

**LIMITED TO 150 GUESTS
REGISTER EARLY**

DIRECTIONS:

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

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

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

REGISTRATION DEADLINE MARCH 6, 2008

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

NAME _____

SPOUSE/GUEST _____

\$24 X _____ = _____ INCLUDED

MENU CHOICE:

① _____ ② _____ ③ _____

① _____ ② _____ ③ _____



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

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The Flying Johnson Family

Herb Johnson (front)
Scott (left)
and Erik (right)

Herb flew during WWII and was a pilot for Northwest for 32 years before retiring in 1981. Scott has been a pilot for Northwest for 23 years. Erik began flying for Mesaba, in June, 2007.

(See the article on page 37)

Photo courtesy of Jo Johnson

RNPA CONTRAILS



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