

# CONTRAILS



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RETIRED NORTHWEST AIRLINES PILOTS' ASSOCIATION

# RNPA CONTRAILS



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**Each Member!**

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

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## AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14
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## SEPTEMBER

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24, 25 & 26 RAPID CITY REUNION

## OCTOBER

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## NOVEMBER

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## DECEMBER

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## MARCH

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16 SW Florida Spring Luncheon

## APRIL

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## FUTURE REUNIONS

**OMAHA:**  
SEPT. 25-27, 2011  
**ATLANTA:**  
SEPT. ??, 2012

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## President's Report: Gary PISEL



Greetings ALL,

Wow, another summer is almost past. Have you noticed that time goes faster once you are retired? Don't really know how I had time to work with what my schedule is now. We are currently in our motor home touring the upper Midwest and Western states. As Barbara says, we are not going home until the temperature goes below 100.

Rapid City Reunion is rapidly approaching. I want to thank all of you who signed up for coming. Phil Hallin has worked hard for us to have a great time. Remember to bring one or more Teddy Bears for the Rapid City Fire and Police departments. From what I have heard the response will be overwhelming.

Remember to plan for the Buffalo Round up on the Monday after the Reunion. By the time you read this, registration will be closed, SIGN UP EARLY for next year in Omaha.

Elections will be held this year at the General Meeting in Rapid City. If you are interested in an elected position please contact Dave Pethia. The RNPA Board of Directors sets the policy and venues for the various functions we have during the year. We welcome new members and new ideas.

I recently attended the City of Richfield, MN ceremony honoring one of our former pilots, Mal Freeburg. There were many people there and several stories were told of his feats, both in flying and as mayor of Richfield. As far as I know he was the only pilot to ever have his picture and bio on the box of Wheaties.

We as pilots think we are infallible and will be here forever. I ask each of you to review your plans and portfolios with your spouse and family. I have seen several instances where this has not been done and both financial and mental harm is done.

In closing I ask that each of you remember those in ailing health. Keep us all posted as to their condition.

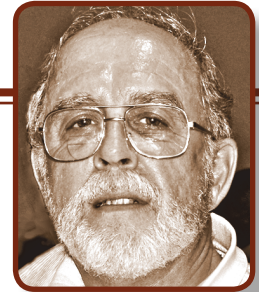


## Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

The Boss said that it's time for my report, so here goes.

Each time we send out a RNPA mailing I have a few returned to me with the notation "moved forwarding time expired." I then have to correct the address and remail the item at the cost of about \$2.50. I realize that it is difficult to remember RNPA when you send out your change of mailing address, but it sure would help a lot if you did.

We have been holding our own with our membership, in fact we have a few more members this year than we did last year. We have no way of contacting the former Northwest pilots either active or retired. Keeping our membership up is a necessity for the survival of RNPA. Each of you can help by becoming recruiters for RNPA. If you know any pilots, active or retired, that are not members please let them know about us and encourage them to join us. Do your part, recruit and help keep RNPA going.



OK, let's get serious.

If you have not seen the back cover yet please flip back and have a look now.

By any standard that's pathetic and, as I mentioned last issue, not anything like the other retired pilot newsletters that I am aware of.

If the "Letters" section is not that important to you we could just drop the dues to something like 5 bucks and just mail out flyers announcing our various functions.

This is supposed to be a newsletter folks—and that's the direction I have been trying to pilot this thing. To carry that dumb metaphor even further—it may be about to run out of fuel. As of this writing the "Letters" tank is empty.

If that section of the magazine really isn't that important to you, please say so—and I will stop haranguing you about it. But *if it is important to you*, if that's what you expect to get for your dues, then the solution should be obvious. You just can't expect others to write if you aren't willing to take a few minutes to do the same.

So I am taking my own advice and telling you what I've been up to for the last several months. Since it seems more than a little awkward to write a letter to myself I did it in the form of an article, which you will find inside.

**About the cover photo:** This composite photo was shot over the course of 110 minutes at London's Gatwick airport—the digital equivalent of a multiple exposure. The photographer, Steve Morris, has contributed several cover photos for Contrails over the years. If you recognize the name you may recall that he is also a retired UK pilot. Steve said that it took him several hours to assemble the final image. What struck me first was the fact that I can only find one aircraft with more than two engines.



## FRED PACK

Hello to all old friends,

I have been remiss on keeping up with old friends, contacts, and what has been going on.

Just downloaded the February Contrails and found time to start reading and my heart welled up. It hammered me between the eyes just how much I miss the camaraderie and getting my hands on thousands of pounds of Big Bird and causing it to rise into the air and bring it back safely back to earth.

Before retirement, the wife and I started to carve a ranch out of raw forest. Thousands of pounds of rock for new roads, and stacks and stacks of trees to get rid of huge piles of brush and crap.

Barns to build, fences to build, self contained water system for ourselves and animals. Self contained electrical system set up (which is used often as we are on the very end of the power lines).

That we have been busy is an understatement!

We are atop a 1,200 foot mountain right next to (West of) the Wilkeson Stone Quarry (now owned by Chuck Carlson).

Between caring for 23 horses, 5 llamas, 4 livestock guardian dogs (Great Pyrenees) and a Maltese yapper (wife's head warmer), there is not much time to do anything else except to look up at the sky and watch the military planes headed for McChord and yearn...

The only updates I have been able to keep up with have come from Bill Day of the North Puget

Sound RNPA group. Many thanks to him. That has changed. Unfortunately with the wife infirm, I am unable to get away to any meetings or get together.

We just read about Orv Hilden having medical problems. Since my time may be short (no big medical problems YET)—you just never know—I had to write and say hello and a big thank you to one and all while I could.

Also, the item in Contrails about not getting letters... Well, here is mine.

Thank you to all the people I have learned something useful from. I tried to pass it on when I could.

Best regards to one and all, especially all those that have made the RNPA work,

Fred Pack  
Pack's Peak Stables  
Wilkeson, WA

## JOHN ROBERTSON

Now that I'm within one year of retiring it's hard to fathom where all the time went. Having spent most of my career on the 747-200, it's a given that in every Contrails issue I'll be familiar with at least a dozen names and/or photos. And without fail those will bring memories that will result in a silly grin, to which my wife asks, "What are reading now?"

As a Coast Guard instructor on exchange to the Navy in Corpus Christi, there'd be many a discussion amongst us short timers about where we'd like to end up once our airline career took off. All I had to

do was pick up the NWA timetable, look at the route system and imagine flying to Europe one month followed by a month of flying the Orient to know there was no other #1 choice for me.

To check out on the back seat of the 200 with Don Abbott, the right seat with Pete Hegseth and finally the left seat with Ron Hietritter could be used as a great example of "being in the right place at the right time."

And their experience, plus those of many others, took me many miles across the oceans, including CRAF trips to Kenya, Egypt, Saudia Arabia and Kuwait.

I never brought this up at a union meeting, but for most of my career I couldn't believe they were paying me to travel the world while flying the red tail 200.

John Robertson

## TOOTIE KOSKOVICH

It was Saturday afternoon when Contrails came. My plan was to go to the Saturday afternoon church service. So you see it is your fault I snuck in the back, music already started.

A most interesting magazine. You do a beautiful job of putting together what your talented members have written. Do hope Bob Root has his "bedside table" back. And—I will never ever steal a Dillard's shopping bag.

Then what a perfect story Vic Britt has done of Joe Koskovich's life. Even a picture of two young kinda cute people. Boy, do I miss him.

I feel for Deloris Chatterton, Joe & I played cards together two days before he died. A very sharp mind.

Memories are your only lasting treasures. Thank you for bringing many to us.

Tootie Koskovich

## BILL BARROTT

Hi Gary:

Since you have been begging so hard for Contrails filler lately, I submit the following dribble.

It was sad to hear Kate Smith sing as the final nail was put in the Redtail coffin. 2009 was a tough year with the 747-200 gone and NWA too! Makes one feel other than young!

We do a Starbuckets rendezvous every Thursday for those in town. Half are old fart retirees like myself and the other half are still "working" bees. Some are foreigners (out of towners) and others are former Navy types who figured out how to get out of the Navy but couldn't quite figure out how to get out of Oak Harbor. As such we've had the front lines news on a regular basis and it's been interesting! Little grumbling over the contract and merged seniority list which is amazing for us graduates of the school of conflict and gunnery. More important issues like the double breasted suits with the brass buttons presented more of a challenge. A small protest by wearing SAC white socks instead of the traditional black did not materialize. Unfortunately many of the time tested Paul Soderlind procedures were dropped, partly I think "we are the survivor" and partly NIV (Not Invented Here). Too bad!

It was soon learned that there were Delta pilots and NRD's. The NRD's (Not Really Delta) were from former Western Airlines. It was suggested that former NWA types might be called NERD's (Not Even Remotely Delta) but that was a bit too cheeky!

However looking on the bright side as I always do, what about retirees flying for free! First class free too when available! And passes for non-dependent children!! whadaya

been smokin'? Now if only there were some empty seats on the airplanes! Remember when you had to "apply" for a pass with the nice lady in the windowless SOC/simulator building which the public thought was a concrete pre-pestroika nuclear bomb shelter. She worked 24-7 writing passes by hand and it took a week to get one. Then she got a hand-me-down typewriter and six days was enough. Then by golly the Selectric came (3M surplus) and it only took three days (two if you threw in an Almond Joy). I think it was part of the NCP (N.. Control Plan).

So who are we? I like the story of the crew flying inbound Northwest XX to MNL on December 31, 2009. After an overnight they departed from the waving crowd of almost every MNL station staff person, as Delta XX. On first call to departure the pilot said North.. Delta XX. He caught himself mid-stream. Hey, you don't change an 84 year old call sign overnight! Anyway I like North..Delta and if they don't screw with my pension I may drop the North.. in a few years. Right now they are on probation!

The way I see this Obamanation heading we have one merger to go. We will go from the world's biggest to the world's really biggest and that is the Delta takeover by China Eastern Airlines. Forget the black socks then, they'll be red socks, and I ain't talkin about some Boston baseball team.

Kate may have to sing one more time!

Bill Barrott  
North..Delta retired

## BEV SKUJA

Hi Dino,

For years Ivars and I had always wanted to see the Southwest by car, but always ended up flying to some

place exotic instead, figuring we could do road trips after we retired. The reunion in ABQ provided the perfect excuse. We call it "Our National Park Tour" because we saw seven different National parks, and had an absolute ball! We even did tent camping on both the North Rim and the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, and also in a spot at the almost 8,000 ft elevation above Zion Nat'l Park.

I would like to thank Web Bates for suggesting we take the scenic route rather than the freeway to Santa Fe, and Dave McCleod for encouraging a detour into Colorado to see Mesa Verde, which we loved.

Even though I had grown up in San Francisco, I had never seen Yosemite, and it was every bit as spectacular as we had heard. We also found Death Valley and Bryce Canyon quite fascinating. The trip took a month in all, and the reunion in ABQ was wonderful. It was so great to see everyone. I am very grateful we got to have dinner twice, while there, with Jean and Jim Freeberg, because it turned out to be the last time we saw Jim before he died.

Just a few days ago Ivars had his first surgery for Cataracts and the world is already starting to look a lot brighter for him, both literally and figuratively.

I think we will all miss our picnics, at Dave "The Red Baron" Gauthier's airpark. It was always so much fun to see our friends land their airplanes at the beginning, and watch them take off at the end, but the pictures of the new venue look very appealing.

I think we should all thank Doug Peterson and his wife Barbara for all the hard work they do putting the SEA picnics and Christmas parties together, and look forward to seeing everyone at the picnic and in Rapid City.

Bev Skuja

## Do One More Roll For Me

Capt Jerry Coffee, USN (Ret) [a Vietnam POW] wrote:

One night during a bombing raid on Hanoi, I peeked out of my cell and watched a flight of four F-105s during their bombing run. As they pulled up, it was obvious that lead was badly hit. Trailing smoke, he broke from the formation and I watched the damaged bird until it disappeared from sight. I presumed the worst. As I lay there in my cell reflecting on the image, I composed a toast to the unfortunate pilot and all the others who had gone before him.

On New Year's Eve 1968, Captain Tom Storey and I were in the Stardust section of Hoa Lo (wa-low) Prison. I whispered the toast under the door to Tom. Tom was enthralled, and despite the risk of terrible punishment, insisted that I repeat it several more times until he had it committed to memory. He then promised me that when the time came, and they were again free men, he would give the toast at the first Dining-In he attended. For you civilians, a Dining-In is a dreary formal affair with drinks, dinner, and forced joviality and comradeship where officers get to dress up like the head waiters in "The Merry Widow"—that's the American version; I've heard that the Brits, who created the damn things, have a rollicking good time. Tom's first assignment following release in 1973 was to the U.S. Air Force Academy. During that same year the Academy hosted the Annual Conference for General Officers and Those Associated Dining-In. The jovial clinking of glasses accompanied all the traditional speeches and toasts. Then it was Tom's turn. Remembering his promise so many years earlier, he proposed Jerry's "One More Roll." When he was finished there was total silence.

*"We toast our hearty comrades who have fallen from the sky,  
and were gently caught by God's own hands to be with him on high.*

*To dwell among the soaring clouds they have known so well before,  
from victory roll to tail chase at heavens very door.*

*And as we fly among them there, we're sure to hear their plea:  
Take care, my friend, watch your six, and do one more roll for me."*

A toast to all our comrades -- POWs, missing in action, living or dead, whatever their duty, whatever their war, whatever their uniform. Bless them all.

*(Contributed by Dick Carl)*

### From TERRY MARSH

We have a cockpit mock-up in our house:

When I mention to my wife that I miss flying, being retired, she puts me in the mock-up around bed time for 8 hours.

She has a chair in a closet, puts on the vacuum cleaner to simulate cockpit air noise, has a dim nite-lite to simulate cockpit lighting, serves luke-warm chicken with cold vegetables on a tray.

When I get sleepy and attempt to doze off, she knocks twice loudly on the door to simulate the F/As entering the cockpit. Then after 6 hours she turns on a flood light directly in front of me to simulate the sun coming up when approaching 20 west.

I then get a cup of coffee that has been in the coffee maker all night.

Finally she lets me out and I have to get in the back seat of her car while she runs morning errands to simulate the bus ride to the hotel.

When we get home I tell her I am ready for bed and the bedroom door is locked for an hour to simulate the hotel rooms not being ready.

When I promise to never "complain" about being retired, I am allowed to enjoy my "layover" and go to bed.

Oh, and one more thing, she talks to her friends loudly outside the bedroom door to simulate the hotel maids chattering in the hall in their native language.

After two hours of sleep she calls the phone next to the bed from her cell and says, "This is crew scheduling."



## "Life as a Pilot"

22 years old: Graduated from college. Go to military flight school. Become hot shot pilot. Get married.

25 years old: Have first kid. Now hotshot jock getting shot at in war. Just want to get back to USA in one piece. Get back to USA as primary flight instructor pilot. Get bored. Volunteer for war again.

29 years old: Get back from war all tuckered out. Want out of military.

30 years old: Join airline. World is your oyster.

31 years old: Buy flashy car, house and lots of toys. Get over the military poverty feeling.

32 years old: Divorce boring first wife. Pay child support and maintenance. Drink lots of booze and screw around while looking for second wife.

33 years old: Furloughed. Join military reserve unit and fly for fun. Repeat above for a few more years.

35 years old: Airline recall. More screwing around but looking forward to a good marriage and settling down.

36 years old: Marry young spunky 25 year old flight attendant.

37 years old: Buy another house. Gave first one to first wife.

38 years old: Give in to second wife to have more kids. Father again. Wife concerned about "risky" military Reserve flying so you resign commission.

39 years old: Now a captain. Hooray! Upgrade house, buy boat, small single engine airplane and even flashier cars.

42 years old: second wife runs off with wealthy investment banker but still wants to share house (100%).

43 years old: Settle with wife no. two and resolve to stay away from women forever. Seek a position as a check Captain for 10% pay override to pay mounting bills. Move into one bedroom apartment with window air conditioners.

44 years old: Company resizes and you're returned to copilot status. 25% pay cut. Become simulator instructor for 10% override pay.

49 years old: Captain again. Move into 2-bedroom luxury apartment with central air conditioning.

50 years old: Meet sexy Danish model on International trip. She loves you and says you are very "beeeeg!"

51 years old: Marry sexy Danish model for wife no. three. Buy big house, boat, twin engine airplane and upgrade cars.

52 years old: Sexy model wants kids (not again). Resolve to get vasectomy.

54 years old: Try to talk wife out of kids, but presto, she's pregnant. She says she got sick after taking the pill. Accident, sorry, won't happen again.

55 years old: Father of triplets.

56 years old: Wife no. three wants very big house, bigger boat and very

flashy cars, "worried" about your private flying and wants you to sell twin engine airplane. You give in. You buy a motorcycle and join motorcycle club.

57 years old: Make rash investments to try and have enough money for retirement.

59 years old: Lose money on rash investment and get audited by the IRS. You have to fly 100% International night trips just to keep up with child support and alimony to wife numbers one and two.

60 years old: Wife no. three (sexy model) says you're too damned old and no fun. She leaves. She takes most of your assets. You're forced to retire due to Age 60 rule. No money left.

61 years old: Now Captain on a non-schedule South American 727 freight outfit and living in a non-air conditioned studio apartment directly underneath the final approach to runway 9 at Miami Int'l. You have "interesting" Hispanic neighbors who ask you if you've ever flown DC-3's.

65 years old: Lose FAA medical and get job as sim instructor. Don't look forward to years of getting up at 2 AM for 3 AM sim in every god-forsaken town you train in due to the fact your carrier can find cheap, off-hours sim time at various Brand X Airlines.

70 years old: Hotel alarm clock set by previous FedEx crewmember goes off at 1:00 AM. Have heart attack and die with smile on face.

Happy at last! Ain't aviation great.

## PAUL JACHMAN

Gary:

Periodically I have a thought or memory I want the kids to know about so I pass it on to them by email. This is what popped out today.

Paul Jachman

Dear children.

An old familiar experience, lost to me for years, came back again today.

A few weeks ago I received notice that new ID badges for the retired folks would be available, Delta of course. The new badges would be processed in "F" Building on Mondays and Tuesdays, just off of 34th Avenue, across from Fort Snelling Cemetery.

F Building housed Flight Operations and Training and was a building I reported to for 25 years of my career. It was built in the 70's when Donald Nyrop was still at the helm of NWA, and in his tradition it was a stark, windowless, concrete slab of an efficient operations and training facility. Reportedly for a variety of cost saving reasons the entrance was on the east side of the building with parking on the west side, necessitating an additional long walk for flight crews, a very nasty walk in any Minnesota winter. Within a short time of Donald leaving, a door was cut through the concrete on the west side, and we all cheered.

But today was the day of my last report there. I parked in the lot on the west side, driving past a sign that read, "This lot will be closed on June 30th." The security guard at the door signed me in and told me what room to go to, "Turn left, go right, through the cafeteria, then left." It was a strange atmosphere walking those halls now with offices deserted and cafeteria quiet, chairs and desks stacked here and there,

things piled about as if ready for moving out and then a demolition. Quite a contrast to my memory of it years ago with all its constant activity. But the walls and hallways were the same, the old rooms for training, bidding, scheduling, familiar but quiet, but right where they should be, the towering simulator rooms empty but with fond memories. I took one last look around.

We gather things in during our lifetime and then let them go one by one.

The ID processing took five minutes, a testament to new-age efficiency.

The fellow on the new badge looks a lot older.

It was raining harder when I left the building and for one last time I was grateful for the buildings west door.

Love, Dad

## NEAL HENDERSON

### NWA CAPTAINS' WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT?

Hello RNPA Members,

I was doing some training today and it got me thinking about the great captains we flew with when starting out as green copilots.

Joe Koskovich, Sam Houston, Marty Fredrickson, et al.

Spencer Marsh used to say—when he let me have a low viz approach: "No hill for a champ." I still like that one and use it running or riding up a hill when I am tired.

Woody Herman: "Yep, Yep, I know what you mean." I guess for encouragement to keep talking. And he kept saying it.

Lots of encouragement but it seems praise was doled out in very small amounts—maybe because I did not deserve any—but I thought it was just that dry professionalism.

When you would grease one on

with just one wheel in a cross wind only rarely would you hear the hard earned and very rare "nice" which of course made it all the sweeter.

And of course the Smith brothers, I cannot remember which one: "Get your hands off that radar—do you want to break it?"

Rocky: "No smoking in this cockpit... "ever"... and the stew, grabbing the oxygen mask and putting it on his face... "That's what this is for Rocky."

Of course we all owe Rocky (and many others) a debt for our various contracts and his work in air safety.

What words of encouragement do you remember from when you were flying copilot?

Cheers,

Neal Henderson

## BOB LOWENTHAL

*In response to Neal's email above.*

Hello Neal,

I hope things are well with you. I have a story.

I remember Ralph Render.

I had been laid off for 6 months and only had my hand on a control wheel about twice during that time and, furthermore, I had only been with the company for a few years.

Then... Halleluia! The strike was over and I was back for a check ride. Of course I was nervous.

Ralph sat quietly as I chased the cross bars, trying mightily to maintain the ILS centerline and glide slope. When we broke out, Ralph said quietly, "You're chasing the bars like they were ILS and Glideslope needles. They are Flight Director bars.

You just sit there and relax and let me show you how to do this. I took a breath and sat back. Ralph proceeded to make an absolutely smooth approach. See? Just a little

push here and a little turn here. See how easy it is?

OK, now you do one just the same."

I was calmed down quite a bit at his low key approach. I did just exactly what he showed me and it worked just fine.

He congratulated me on a nice approach and said my other work was fine, I had passed, and was cleared to go back to duty.

Later, I realized that if he had screamed at me and made me feel worse, I probably would have never made it. But his quiet encouraging manner was all it took for me to settle back into the groove. I had another 30 years of wonderful flying with my beloved Northwest Airlines, thanks to Ralph.

The next time I see him, he will probably be instructing pretty, young, lady angels.

Ralph Render, my hero.

Bob Lowenthal

## KEN LINVILLE

*Also in response to Neal's email.*

I can't recall the name of a captain I used to fly with on the 3-holer. I think he quit early, played electric rock guitar, and his first name may have been Tom. Not sure.

On a low viz approach he used to say, "Call the 3rd planet out."

Of course, I'm sure most of us have heard Bobby Polhamus tell us, "Just take her down till you hear glass." Or, to begin a descent, "We gotta let the air out o' this thing, Ken." Or, to start a checklist, "Okay, let's run one." Not SOPA, maybe, but I always knew what he meant.

Who was it who said, when they wanted some flaps, "Okay, let's start taking the wings apart?" or, "Slide me a pair."

Ken Linville

## They Walk Among Us!

I was at the checkout of a K-Mart. The clerk rang up \$46.64 charge. I gave her a fifty dollar bill. She gave me back \$46.64. I gave the money back to her and told her that she had made a mistake in MY favor. She became indignant and informed me she was educated and knew what she was doing, and returned the money again. I gave her the money back.... same scenario! I departed the store with the \$46.64.

I walked into a Starbucks with a buy-one-get-one-free coupon for a Grande Latte. I handed it to the girl and she looked over at a little chalkboard that said "buy one-get one free." "They're already buy-one-get-one-free," she said, "So I guess they're both free." She handed me my free lattes and I walked out the door.

One day I was walking down the beach with some friends when one of them shouted, "Look at that dead bird!" Someone looked up at the sky and said, "Where?"

While looking at a house, my brother asked the real estate agent which direction was north because, he explained, he didn't want the sun waking him up every morning. She asked, "Does the sun rise in the North?" When my brother explained that the sun rises in the east, and has for sometime, she shook her head and said, "Oh I don't keep up with all that stuff."

My sister has a lifesaving tool in her car designed to cut through a seat belt if she gets trapped... She keeps it in the trunk.

I couldn't find my luggage at the airport baggage area, so I went to the lost luggage office and told the woman there that my bags never showed up. She smiled and told me not to worry because she was a trained professional and I was in good hands. "Now," she asked me, "Has your plane arrived yet?"

While working at a pizza parlor I observed a man ordering a small pizza to go. He appeared to be alone and the cook asked him if he would like it cut into 4 pieces or 6. He thought about it for some time before responding. "Just cut it into 4 pieces; I don't think I'm hungry enough to eat 6 pieces."

At a southern fast food restaurant, I ordered a hamburger and french fries. The young lady taking orders informed that they had no hamburgers or french fries. I replied that the other cutomers were being served hamburgers and french fries. She looked at me quizzedly and replied, "Those are BURGERS AND FRIES!"

They walk among us, and they reproduce, and worst of all...  
THEY VOTE.

– Sent by Vic Britt

The winner of the Paul Soderlind Scholarship was recently selected along with several other Wings Financial Scholarship winners.

Because this year we used a different process to seek applications and changed the due date for the applications to be returned, it is necessary that you receive an update on how the new process for application and selection works.

Late last year the PSMSF was turned over to Wings Financial to manage. Wings handled all of the application process and selection, with participation from one of the PSMSF Board members. Information regarding scholarships is available on the Wings Financial web site. The application period closed in February and the selection of winners was held in April. There were five representatives on the selection committee. Four were Wings employees and one from the PSMSF Board.

This year there were 105 applications specifically for the PSMSF scholarship. It was a very difficult decision to have to pick only one winner. Most of the applicants were very highly qualified both academically and with regard to their extra-curricular activities and participation in volunteer work.

This year's winner is Ms. Meredith Allen Willems. She has currently been accepted into the Masters Program at Metro State University, part of the University of Min-

nesota University system. She is a 1989 graduate of Purdue University. Since 1989 she was employed by NWA as a Senior Meteorologist. With the DL merger, she left the company in 2009 and planned to pursue a Masters Degree in Technical Communications.

Ms. Willems former manager, Tom Fahey, Manager of Meteorology, states, "Over the last 19 years, I have had the pleasure of supporting Meredith's professional growth and observing her personal evolution from an intelligent young woman fresh out of Purdue University to a mature and confident individual, highly respected by her peers and all levels of management within Northwest Airlines. During Meredith's 20 years at Northwest Airlines, she has worked directly with the Northwest Airlines copyrighted Turbulence Plot (TP) system".

A part of Ms. Willem's application states "I have been a proud member of the Northwest family for over 20 years. I sincerely felt that the work we did, day in and day out, helped NWA pilots provide the best ride possible for our passengers. It was common knowledge that other carriers would "follow the red tail" when crossing mountains or other turbulent areas which Paul Soderlind helped make possible. In my next career I also hope to have a positive impact on safety."

The award check in the amount of \$2500 was scheduled to be presented to Ms. Willems in late April.

Tom Schellinger

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF WALKING

Walking can add minutes to your life. This enables you at 85 years old to spend an additional 5 months in a nursing home at \$7000 per month.

My grandpa started walking five miles a day when he was 60. Now he's 97 years old and we don't know where the hell he is.

I like long walks, especially when they are taken by people who annoy me.

The only reason I would take up walking is so that I could hear heavy breathing again.

I have to walk early in the morning, before my brain figures out what I'm doing.

I joined a health club last year, spent about 400 bucks. Haven't lost a pound. Apparently you have to go there.

Every time I hear the dirty word "exercise," I wash my mouth out with chocolate.

I do have flabby thighs, but fortunately my stomach covers them.

The advantage of exercising every day is so when you die, they'll say, 'Well, he looks good doesn't he.'

If you are going to try cross-country skiing, start with a small country.

I know I got a lot of exercise the last few years, —by just getting over the hill.

We all get heavier as we get older, because there's a lot more information in our heads. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

And... Every time I start thinking too much about how I look, I just find a Happy Hour and by the time I leave, I look just fine.

*(Thanks to Bill Rataczak)*

## Solar Electric in the Valley of the Sun — or — What the Pisel's are up to.

The greater Phoenix Valley has long been known as the Valley of the Sun. Our sports team reflects that in their name. Before we moved to Sun City I had solar piping for our swimming pool. It consisted of 16 coils of ¾ inch black pvc pipe each 250 feet coiled. It would extend the season of swimming by 4-6 weeks in the spring and fall. What I mainly used it for was to cool the pool in the heat of the summer. I would turn it on at 0100 and off at 0700. By doing this we could keep the temperature of the pool in the mid 80's.

Now we are embarking on another solar adventure. With the constant sun in the valley I could never understand why more solar electric was not used. I guess the main hold back was the cost. Now with the incentives of our local electric provider (Arizona Power Supply) and the Federal and State governments it has become feasible. Barbara and I attended a seminar staged by a local company, Salt River Solar. All they said made great sense to the both of us.

We agreed to have them come and give us an analysis of our electrical use. After doing so they then provided a bid to furnish our house with solar panels which would basically eliminate the electrical bill. Our system will consist of 36 solar-electric panels, 30" by 60". In order to receive the maximum rebate from APS the panels have to be within 40 degrees of South and at an angle of 12-23 degrees pitch. The roof of our patio was the perfect location for installation. The panels will face 218 degrees and have a pitch of 18 degrees.

In order to accommodate the additional electric load it was determined a 400 amp box was needed, which became part of the bid. Time came to install the units. Several crews, each specializing in their area installed the new electrical box, the necessary boxes, meters, switches and inverter for the solar power to enter our house and eventual the main grid. Another crew arrived and installed the panels on the roof, con-



nected them and, BRAVO, little electrons flowed from the black panels thru the inverter and other meters into our house. The excess was put back into the main APS electrical grid.

Here comes the best part. All the extra electricity I make from solar is then sold back to APS. Since we leave in the summer, with the house shut down, lots of little electrons find their way into the main grid. At the end of the year I am handed a check for all the excess, which will be sizable. This in conjunction of having no electrical bill each month allows us to break even in about 3 years.

One of the features of these new panels is the fact that even during cloudy weather some electricity is made. Matter of fact, on a full moon night, and the A/C is not running, power is being sent back to APS. Now if all of Arizona, or the sunny Southwest would convert many barrels of oil or tons of coal would be saved.

Gary Pisel

## BILL RATA CZAK

Happy New Year Gary!

Enclosed is an email I and many received from Connie Thompson, NWA F/A and widow of deceased NWA pilot, Al.

I have no knowledge of the Captain who wrote the enclosed email from Connie, but it is a most fitting tribute to man (and woman) and machine of an era now lost to history

Although I never flew the Whale, my dad was in fact one of first, if not the first, mgr of maintenance for the Orient Region during 1970-72. He and the loyal Japanese maintenance personnel swarmed over those big birds with the red tails like the 747's were their little brothers (they always wore white gloves I am told, and this was verified by some of dad's photos taken on & near the ramp area).

As an aside, my dad started at NWA in February of 1942. As the father of three kids at that time, he was not needed—yet—to enter WWII. He started as a cleaner, got his A & P (now "E") licenses and became crew chief in the propeller shop at overhaul hdqtrs at Holman Filed in downtown St. Paul.

Many spring seasons, I would visit dad in the prop shop and watch as all the maintenance personnel filled sandbags and presented a wall to hold back the spring flooding of the Mississippi River so common during those years in the fifties. When the Electra was the only prop aircraft on the property, there obviously was little need for all the propeller mechanics, and dad then became the first jet maintenance crew chief for Northwest.

In early 1970, he was offered the position of Mgr. of Maintenance for the Orient Region. He accepted, after consulting with IAM officials,

and he and mom moved to Tokyo where they lived in a home provided by NWA in the "Compound".

Many crewmembers have related to me how much they enjoyed dad's conscientious efforts to repair the 707's and the 747's and make every effort to launch them on schedule.

After his tour in "mgmt" in Tokyo, he once again returned to hangar 7 as a 747 crew chief and a member in good standing in the IAM. He retired in August, 1979 after nearly 38 years with Northwest.

The day he retired hangar 6 in MSP was set up with a stage and among the maintenance workers from all seven hangars who came to pay their respects were representatives from Pratt & Whitney, Boeing, McDonnell-Douglas, and even the old Hamilton Standard group who made so many props for the DC-3 on up. (The latter group made available a highly polished DC-3 blade to dad's crewmembers who presented it to dad. In dad's later years, he gave it to me. Today, that blade, in its wooden stand made by dad's crewmembers, proudly stands in a corner of our family room).

I attended that tribute to my dad in my pilot's uniform and have never been more proud of what he stood for at NWA. He truly was one of many dedicated employees who preceded us and made the Northwest the envy of the airline world with its excellent safety record.

And now, as of December 31st, the FAA has issued a "Single Certificate," thereby approving the absorption of our beloved NWA into Delta, making it the largest airline in the world. Along with that sad day is knowing that the wings we so proudly wore—and which were the oldest worn by any pilot in the world—are also history. "The Redtail is dead; long live the Redtail!"

With this digression, I submit

to you the following summary of the last -200 flight out of Narita. With Capt. Correll's permission, you may find room for it to be published in the next issue of "Contrails."

My best,

Bill Rataczak

*As you can plainly see, I've had this letter for some time. We did, in fact, publish Capt. Correll's letter in the February issue. Bill's introductory letter is equally important in that it points out the contributions of his father, and the many dedicated men and women like him, who helped create our safety record; which, in the end, made the careers of each of us possible. – Ed.*

## LENNY ABRAMS

Hi Dino,

I am finally getting around to writing a letter to let you know I enjoy getting the Contrails. You're doing a great job.

I retired in November 31, 1983. Did a lot of traveling in our motor home, had a lot in Sun Scape Resort in Casa Grande, Arizona. I enjoyed it there in the winter. Had to sell the lot—wife took sick and she is now in a care center. I did what I could for her, but it got to be too much for me. Also had to sell the motor home.

Had a lot of part time jobs after retirement, driving cars in auctions, and worked for a funeral parlor—something to be doing. I golf at least twice a week if it isn't raining here in Seattle. I enjoy going to the RNPA Summer Picnic in August. Good to see everyone again.

To the ones I worked with and know me, would like to hear from you. My home address is [the third listing in the Membership Directory]. I have room—just me and the dog. Come on down if you don't have anything else to do.

Lenny Abrams

# SW Florida Spring Luncheon Colony Golf & Country Club Bonita Springs

March 16th, 2010  
11:00 to 3:00

## MENU

Traditional Ceasar Salad  
with rolls and butter

## CHOICES

Salmon with Tarragon Bernaise Sauce,  
roasted potatoes and julienne vegetables

OR

Medallions of Pork with Madeira Sauce,  
roasted potatoes and julienne vegetables

## DESSERT

Chocolate Madness Cake

Coffee, Tea and Soft Drinks complimentary

\$30 per person

## RESERVATION

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Salmon \_\_\_ Pork \_\_\_

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

Salmon \_\_\_ Pork \_\_\_

Send check for \$30 X \_\_\_ = \_\_\_\_\_

payable to: **Doni Jo Schlader**

3520 Cassia Ct.

Bonita Springs FL 34134

## DIRECTIONS:

Take **I-75** to **EXIT 123**, go **West** on Corkscrew Road to **Hwy 41** (Tamiami Trail),  
then **South 2.6 miles** to Pelican Landing/Colony entrance.

Directions to the **Colony Club** will be given by gatehouse.

**Valet Parking** available.

### PILOTS AND BOY SCOUTS

Author's Note: What follows is rated "R." It was given an "R" rating for sexual content. There is also an accompanying photograph. If you choose to continue to read, do not worry that the photograph will resemble a Playboy centerfold. If you choose to continue to read, please do not resign from RNPA, as one member did the last time we presented any sexual content. If you are worried that this tale will be detrimental to your young children, you are too old for young children. And finally, rest assured that the story within the story which follows is fiction--plagiarized from an old TV show. None of us would ever behave this way, we just have fantasies.

Once upon a time there was an airline pilot named Bob. Within two years after he was hired, the airline ceased to grow. When expansion stopped, Bob's seniority number determined that his position in life was that of a Boeing 727 copilot for the next 14, count them, 14 years.

Over those years, Bob frequently found himself seated in a van, or "limo," being transported from an airport to a downtown hotel, or vice versa, along with the rest of his crew. This was an era when cabin and cockpit crews were normally kept together for an entire month. These van rides generally produced certain knowledge. For example:

"Where is the world's largest four-faced clock? Answer: In Milwaukee, seen from the airport van. "Where is the largest "Go Navy" sign? In Newark, seen from the airport van. And, of course, hundreds of lessons regarding hair and makeup.

After many of these rides, Bob decided that the crews with whom he worked needed a variation. Certain rides, Ann Arbor to Detroit Metro or O'Hare to downtown or SFO to that quaint place called the Canterbury in San Francisco as examples, offered enough time for a variation which Bob created after watching a joke, repeat joke, told by Graham Greene, *The Galloping Gourmet*, on Greene's TV show. And so it came to pass that Bob, usually on the third trip of the month, began to entertain his fellow crewmembers with the following story as they rode in the airport van.

I have a friend named Pete who is also a 727 copilot. Last week we played golf. While we warmed up on the practice tee, Pete said:

"You'll never believe what happened to me on my last trip. We started off from here to Chicago, then to Miami and back to Chicago for the downtown layover. When we got to the hotel, I was thirsty. I got cleaned up, walked out of the hotel, turned right, went two blocks, turned left and half-a-block down was a little bar. I walked in, sat down at the bar and ordered a scotch. About three minutes later this big white limo pulled up outside and a gorgeous redhead got out of the back. She came inside, sat down beside me and said,

"I see you're drinking scotch. I have some Chivis Regal and Glenlivet at my place, would you like to share?"

Having nothing better to do for the evening and pleased that he did not, Pete assented to her suggestion.

"Well, first we need dinner," she said as she led him to the limo. The driver delivered them to a downtown skyscraper with a revolving restaurant at the top. Pete was treated to a dinner of expensive wine and chateaubriand. Another ride to her penthouse apartment followed. Inside, she pointed out the wet bar. "Why don't you fix us the scotch while I slip into something more comfortable," she asked.

"Bob," Pete continued, "that was one fantastic layover. She was incredible! We had some scotch and made love all night. We had such a good time even the neighbors woke





up for a cigarette! Early in the morning, I needed to get back to the hotel to get ready for work.“

“The chauffeur will meet you in the lobby and take you. Thanks for a wonderful evening,” she said.

“You know,” said Pete, “I had such a great time I really would like to do something for you. Is there anything I can do?”

“I don’t think so,” she replied. “I have (said rapidly without taking a breath) my health, my wealth, my youth and my beauty and there really isn’t anything I need.”

“But,” from Pete, “I really would like to do something.”

“Well, there is one thing I would like to have.”

“What’s that?”

“I would like (said rapidly without taking a breath) an eight-bladed-pearl-handled-Boy Scout knife with a corkscrew, bottle opener and leather punch on one end.”

Unfortunately, Pete had to admit that he did not have such a knife with him.

“That’s quite alright,” she said. Thanks again for a nice evening.“

Pete and Bob played their round of golf and then Bob went home. While looking at his schedule for work, he noticed that the next day he would be going on the very same trip that Pete had described. He quickly went shopping. The following day, he flew to ORD, MIA and back to ORD, where he was driven to the downtown hotel. He cleaned up, walked out the door, turned right, walked two blocks, turned left and half a block later he found a little bar. He entered and ordered a scotch. Very soon, a big white limousine pulled up out front and a beautiful redhead exited.. She came inside the bar and sat beside him.

“I see you are drinking scotch,” she said.

Sure enough, one thing led to another and the steak dinner preceded an absolutely incredible evening in her penthouse.

As he prepared to leave in the morning, Bob said:

“I had a wonderful time. Is there anything I can do for you?”

She replied, “I don’t think so. I have my health, my wealth, my youth and my beauty, there really isn’t anything I need.”

Bob said: “I really would like to do something for you.”



“Well,” she said, “there is one thing I would like. (Said very rapidly, with one breath) I would like an eight-bladed, pearl-handled, Boy Scout knife with a corkscrew, bottle opener and leather punch on one end..”

Bob smiled, reached in his pocket and pulled out his recently purchased knife. As he gave it to her, she didn’t even look at it. She simply walked over to a large chest-of-drawers on the wall, pulled out the bottom drawer and dropped it in. Looking over her shoulder, Bob could see the drawer contained at least two hundred of these knives!

“I am confused,” he said. “If you already have so many knives like that, why would you ask for more?”

She explained: (this entire paragraph said rapidly with one breath) “Well, I have my health and my wealth and my youth and my beauty. but these are passing things and some day they will be gone. There isn’t ANYTHING a Boy Scout won’t do for an eight-bladed, pearl-handled Boy Scout knife with a corkscrew, bottle opener and leather punch on one end.”

Bob is now “Old Bob.” It has been many years since he rode in an airport van as a crew member. He rarely has the opportunity to tell his joke (which he finds isn’t really that funny) since retirement. Recently, he did try it again with a group of friends at a party. For the past twenty years, his wife has searched diligently for such a knife, to no avail.

Yesterday’s mail contained a letter from a friend who had been at the party. Inside was a photograph. Perhaps my editor will print it for you. Not quite the same, but funnier than the joke.

*See the photo on the next page. – Ed.*

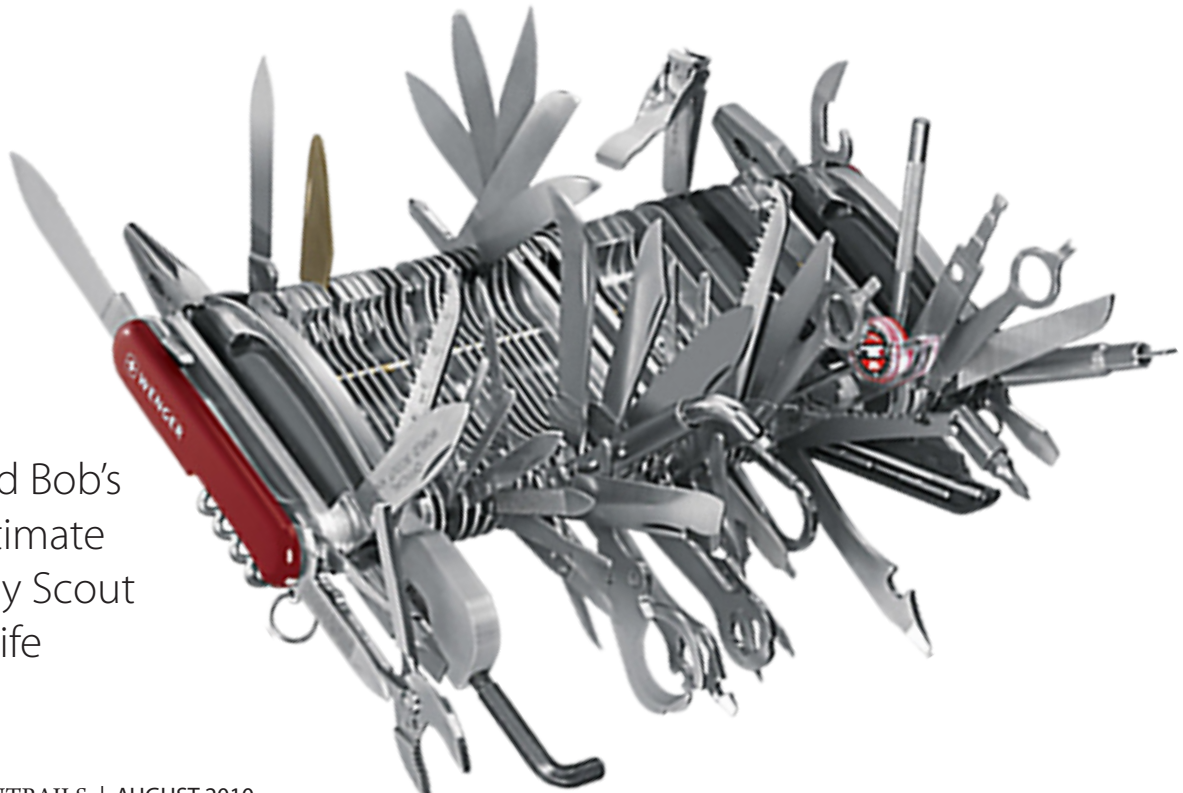
# Hello from Down Under...

By Tommy Tinker



...the equator that is: Pictured are Dave and Andrea Schneebeck, Dick Dodge and Tommy Tinker, all NWA retirees, posing from 50' down in the Bismarck Sea. They dive with a group of about 18 who call themselves "The Flying Divers." Their home for 10 days was the 120' long Sky Dancer II which staged out of the Walindi Plantation on the island of New Britain (Papua New Guinea). In addition to this trip, over the last 20 years this group has seen the spectacular sea life in the Solomon Islands, Rabaul, Fiji, and Palau in the South Pacific and Belize, Bonaire, Cayman Island, and Turks and Caicos in the Caribbean to name a few. Indonesia and the Red Sea are being considered as potential sites in the future. Do it until you can't anymore!

Old Bob's  
ultimate  
Boy Scout  
knife



In 1973 an Italian submarine named Enrique Tazzoli was sold for a paltry \$100,000 as scrap metal. The submarine, given to the Italian Navy in 1953 was actually an incredible veteran of World War II service with a heritage that never should have passed so unnoticed into the graveyards of the metal recyclers. The U.S.S. Barb was a pioneer, paving the way for the first submarine launched missiles and flying a battle flag unlike that of any other ship. In addition to the Medal of Honor ribbon at the top of the battle flag identifying the heroism of its captain, Commander Eugene "Lucky" Fluckey, the bottom border of the flag bore the image of a Japanese locomotive. The U.S.S. Barb was indeed,

## THE SUBMARINE THAT SANK A TRAIN

*July, 1945*

*Guam*

*Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz looked across the desk at Admiral Lockwood as he finished the personal briefing on U.S. war ships in the vicinity of the northern coastal areas of Hokkaido, Japan.*

*"Well, Chester, there's only the Barb there, and probably no word until the patrol is finished. You remember Gene Fluckey?"*

*"Of course. I recommended him for the Medal of Honor," Admiral Nimitz replied. "You surely pulled him from command after he received it?"*



**July 18, 1945**

**Patience Bay, Off the coast of Karafuto, Japan**

It was after 4 AM and Commander Fluckey rubbed his eyes as he peered over the map spread before him. It was the twelfth war patrol of the Barb, the fifth under Commander Fluckey. He should have turned command over to another skipper after four patrols, but had managed to strike a deal with Admiral Lockwood to make one more trip with the men he cared for like a father, should his fourth patrol be successful. Of course, no one suspected when he had struck that deal prior to his fourth and what should have been his final war patrol on the Barb, that Commander Fluckey's success would be so great he would be awarded the Medal of Honor.

Commander Fluckey smiled as he remembered that patrol. "Lucky" Fluckey they called him. On January 8th the Barb had emerged victorious from a running two-hour night battle after sinking a large enemy ammunition ship. Two weeks later in Mamkwan Harbor he found the "mother lode"—more than 30 enemy ships. In only 5 fathoms (30 feet) of water his crew had unleashed the sub's forward torpedoes, then turned and fired four from the stern. As he pushed the Barb to the full limit of its speed through the dangerous waters in a daring withdrawal to the open sea, he recorded eight direct hits on six enemy ships. Then, on the return home he added yet another Japanese freighter to the tally for the Barb's eleventh patrol, a score that exceeded even the number of that patrol.

What could possibly be left for the Commander to accomplish who, just three months earlier had been in Washington, DC to receive the Medal of Honor? He smiled to himself as he looked again at the map showing the rail line that ran along the enemy coast line. This final patrol had been promised as the Barb's "graduation patrol" and he and his crew had cooked up an unusual finale. Since the 8th of June they had harassed the enemy, destroying the enemy supplies and coastal fortifications with the first submarine launched rocket attacks. Now his crew was buzzing excitedly about bagging a train.

The rail line itself wouldn't be a problem. A shore patrol could go ashore under cover of darkness to plant the explosives—one of the sub's 55-pound scuttling charges. But this early morning Lucky Fluckey and his officers were puzzling over how they could blow not only the rails, but one of the frequent trains that shuttled supplies to equip the Japanese war machine. Such a daring feat could

handicap the enemy's war effort for several days, a week, perhaps even longer. It was a crazy idea, just the kind of operation "Lucky" Fluckey had become famous, or infamous, for. But no matter how crazy the idea might have sounded, the Barb's skipper would not risk the lives of his men. Thus the problem; how to detonate the charge at the moment the train passed, without endangering the life of a shore party. Problem? Not on Commander Fluckey's ship. His philosophy had always been, "We don't have problems, only solutions."

**11:27 AM "Battle Stations!"**

No more time to seek solutions or to ponder blowing up a train. The approach of a Japanese freighter with a frigate escort demands traditional submarine warfare. By noon the frigate is laying on the ocean floor in pieces and the Barb is in danger of becoming the hunted.

**6:07 PM**

Solutions! If you don't look for them, you'll never find them. And even then, sometimes they arrive in the most unusual fashion. Cruising slowly beneath the surface to evade the enemy plane now circling overhead, the monotony is broken with an exciting new idea. Instead of having a crewman on shore to trigger explosives to blow both rail and a passing train, why not let the train *blow itself up*. Billy Hatfield was excitedly explaining how he had cracked nuts on the railroad tracks as a kid, placing the nuts between two ties so the sagging of the rail under the weight of a train would break them open.

"Just like cracking walnuts," he explained. "To complete the circuit (detonating the 55-pound charge) we hook in a microswitch between two ties. We don't set it off, the *train* does." Not only did Hatfield have the plan, he wanted to be part of the volunteer shore party.

The solution found, there was no shortage of volunteers, all that was needed was the proper weather—a little cloud cover to darken the moon for the mission ashore. Lucky Fluckey established his own criteria for the volunteer party:

No married men would be included, except for Hatfield,

The party would include members from each department,

The opportunity would be split between regular Navy and Navy Reserve sailors,

At least half of the men had to have been Boy Scouts, experienced in how to handle themselves in medical emergencies and in the woods.

Finally, “Lucky” Fluckey would lead the saboteurs himself.

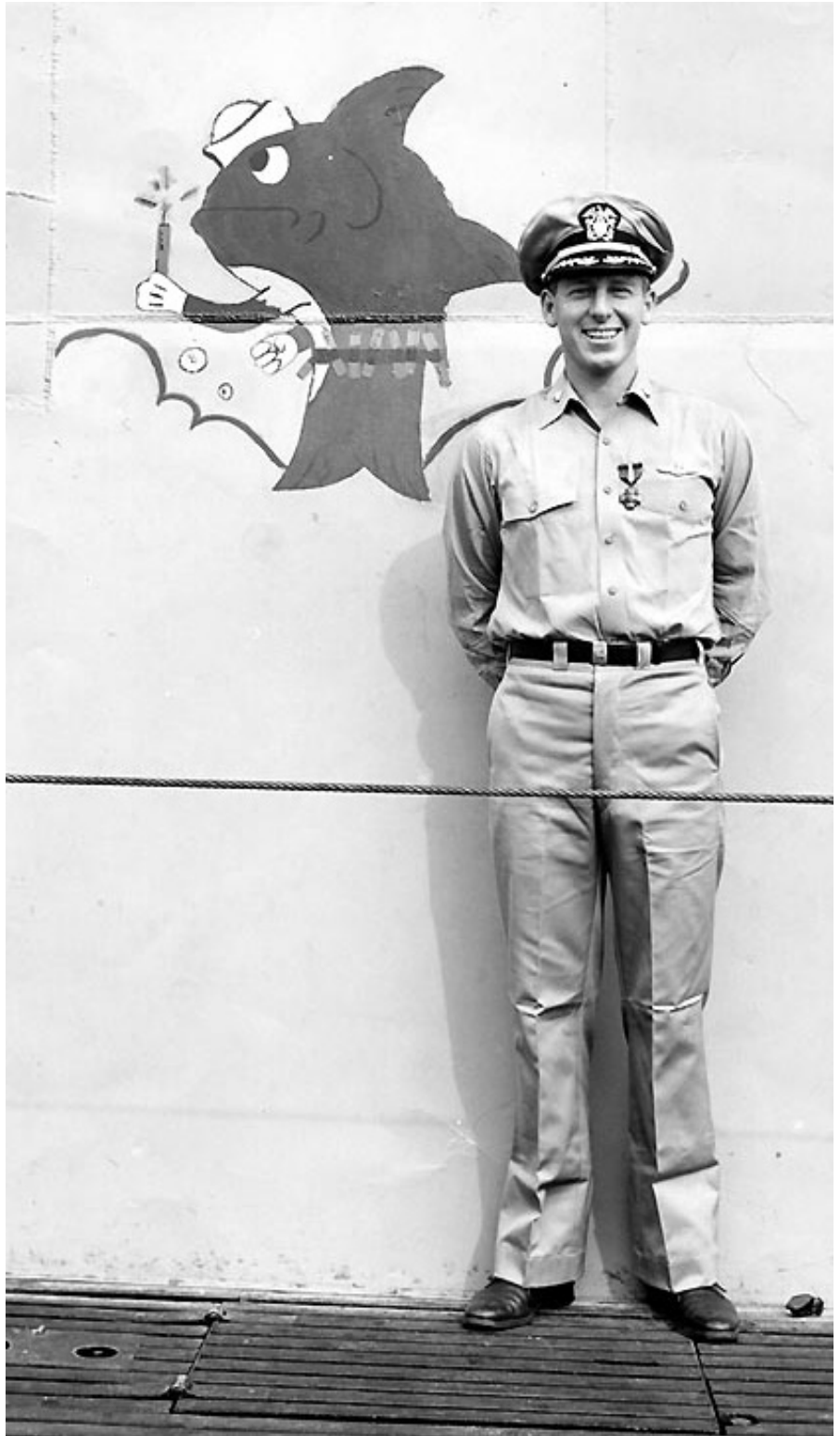
When the names of the 8 selected sailors were announced it was greeted with a mixture of excitement and disappointment. Among the disappointed was Commander Fluckey who surrendered his opportunity at the insistence of his officers that, “As commander, he belonged with the Barb,” coupled with the threat from one that, “I swear I’ll send a message to ComSubPac if you attempt [joining the shore party yourself].” Even a Japanese POW being held on the Barb wanted to go, promising not to try to escape.

In the meantime, there would be no more harassment of Japanese shipping or shore operations by the Barb until the train mission had been accomplished. The crew would “lay low,” prepare their equipment, train, and wait for the weather.

### **July 22, 1945 (Patience Bay, Off the coast of Karafuto, Japan)**

Patience Bay was wearing thin the patience of Commander Fluckey and his innovative crew. Everything was ready. In the four days the saboteurs had anxiously watched the skies for cloud cover, the inventive crew of the Barb had built their microswitch. When the need was posed for a pick and shovel to bury the explosive charge and batteries, the Barb’s engineers had cut up steel plates in the lower flats of an engine room, then bent and welded them to create the needed tools. The only things beyond their control was the weather—and time. Only five days remained in the Barb’s patrol.

Anxiously watching the skies, Commander Fluckey noticed plumes of cirrus clouds, then white stratus capping the mountain peaks ashore. A cloud cover was building to hide the three-quarters moon. This would be the night.



**CMDR Eugene B. Fluckey, USN  
aboard USS Barb (SS-220)**



An earlier battle flag (above) and the final battle flag (right and below)

The eight saboteurs were:  
 (L to R)  
 Paul Saunders,  
 William Hatfield,  
 Francis Sever,  
 Lawrence Newland,  
 Edward Klingsmith,  
 James Richard,  
 John Markuson, and  
 William Walker.



USS Barb's final battle flag at the end of World War II presents a symbolic record of the boat's many wartime accomplishments and significant awards won by its crew.

Across the top are represented the six Navy Crosses, 23 Silver Stars, and 23 Bronze Stars bestowed on individual crew members during the war, as well as the Presidential Unit Citation and the Congressional Medal of Honor awarded to then-CMDR Fluckey. The 34 merchant ships sunk or damaged by Barb are denoted by white flags with either solid or hollow red suns in the center—or in one case by a German Nazi flag emblematic of a tanker sunk in the Atlantic. Rising sun flags represent the five Japanese warships sunk or damaged by the ship, and the largest of these (top center) symbolizes the *Unyo*, a 22,500-ton escort carrier. The small merchant flags with the superimposed numeral "7" each represent seven smaller victims of less than 500 tons each.

The gun and rocket symbols record significant shore bombardments of Japanese targets, such as factories, canneries, building yards, and a large air base. Most unusual is the representation of a train at the middle bottom, which commemorates the occasion when a landing party from Barb went ashore to destroy a 16-car train by putting scuttling charges under the tracks. This was the sole landing by U.S. military forces on Japanese homeland during the World War II hostilities.

#### MIDNIGHT, July 23, 1945

The Barb had crept within 950 yards of the shoreline. If it was somehow seen from the shore it would probably be mistaken for a schooner or Japanese patrol boat. No one would suspect an American submarine so close to shore or in such shallow water. Slowly the small boats were lowered to the water and the eight saboteurs began paddling toward the enemy beach. Twenty-five minutes later they pulled the boats ashore and walked on the surface of the Japanese homeland. Having lost their points of navigation, the saboteurs landed near the backyard of a house. Fortunately the residents had no dogs, though the sight of human and dog's tracks in the sand along the beach alerted the brave sailors to the potential for unexpected danger.

Stumbling through noisy waist-high grasses, crossing a highway and then stumbling into a four-foot drainage ditch, the saboteurs made their way to the railroad tracks. Three men were posted as guards. Markuson was assigned to examine a nearby water tower. The Barb's auxiliary man climbed the ladder, then stopped in shock as he realized it was an enemy lookout tower—an *occupied* tower. Fortunately the Japanese sentry was peacefully sleeping and Markuson was able to quietly withdraw and warn his raiding party.

The news from Markuson caused the men digging the placement for the explosive charge to continue their work more slowly and quietly. Suddenly, from less than 80 yards away, an express train was bearing down on them. The appearance was a surprise, it hadn't occurred to the crew during the planning for the mission that there might be a night train. When at last it passed, the brave but nervous sailors extricated themselves from the brush into which they had leapt, to continue their task. Twenty minutes later the holes had been dug and the explosives and batteries hidden beneath fresh soil.

During planning for the mission the saboteurs had been told that, with the explosives in place, all would retreat a safe distance while Hatfield made the final connection. If the sailor who had once cracked walnuts on the railroad tracks slipped during this final, dangerous procedure, his would be the only life lost. On this night it was the only order the saboteurs refused to obey, all of them peering anxiously over Hatfield's shoulder to make sure he did it right. The men had come too far to be disappointed by a switch failure.

**1:32 AM**

Watching from the deck of the Barb, Commander Fluckey allowed himself a sigh of relief as he noticed the flashlight signal from the beach announcing the departure of the shore party. He had skillfully, and daringly, guided the Barb within 600 yards of the enemy beach. There was less than 6 feet of water beneath the sub's keel, but Fluckey wanted to be close in case trouble arose and a daring rescue of his saboteurs became necessary.

**1:45 AM**

The two boats carrying his saboteurs were only halfway back to the Barb when the sub's machinegunner yelled, "CAPTAIN! Another train coming up the tracks!" The Commander grabbed a megaphone and yelled through the night, "Paddle like the devil!" knowing full well that they wouldn't reach the Barb before the train hit the microswitch.

**1:47 AM**

The darkness was shattered by brilliant light and the roar of the explosion. The boilers of the locomotive blew, shattered pieces of the engine blowing 200 feet into the air. Behind it the cars began to accordion into each other, bursting into flame and adding to the magnificent fireworks display. Five minutes later the saboteurs were lifted to the deck by their exuberant comrades as the Barb turned to slip back to safer waters. Moving at only two knots, it would be a while before the Barb was into waters deep enough to allow it to submerge. It was a moment to savor, the culmination of teamwork, ingenuity and daring by the Commander and all his crew. "Lucky" Fluckey's voice came over the intercom. "All hands below deck not absolutely needed to maneuver the ship have permission to come topside." He didn't have to repeat the invitation. Hatches sprang open as the proud sailors of the Barb gathered on her decks to proudly watch the distant fireworks display. The Barb had "sunk" a Japanese *train!*

*(Suggested by Dave Schneebeck.)*

## MESSAGE TO TODAY'S SUBMARINERS

By RADM Eugene B. Fluckey, USN (Ret.)

(Delivered in 1998)

As a young ten-year old lad in 1923, I was tickling the crystal of my radio and picked up a station in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, just as our President, Calvin Coolidge, was starting a famous speech. "Silent Cal" did not speak often, but when he did, people listened. This is what he said.

*"Press on. Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not: Nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not: Unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education alone will not: The world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent."*

I was so impressed that I named my first mongrel dog – "Calvin Coolidge"!

Adopting this philosophy, my studies picked up. Why not excel? I graduated from high school at age 15. My Dad said I was too young to go to college, so he parked me at Mercersburg Academy, working my way slinging hash. Here I learned to be humble. They had an annual prize, open to all students, in "Original Math" including all the disciplines. My prof wanted me to enter the eight-hour exam. I refused. He said that he had bet another prof \$50 that I would win. Somebody believed in me. I couldn't let him down, so I entered. It was the toughest and most complex exam of my life. After eight hours I had only finished one and a half problems. I told my prof of my failure. He said what was more important was that you did your best. The results came out. I won. No one else had finished one problem.

Serve your country well. Put more into life than you expect to get out of it. Drive yourself and lead others. Make others feel good about themselves, they will outperform your expectations, and you will never lack for friends. In USS Barb, our philosophy was, "We don't have problems—just solutions."

At age 85, I envy the exciting future you have ahead, in war or peace, being the ultimate guard for Old Glory. You nuke submariners, with your capability to eliminate enemy boomers, and your inevitable, irresistible, devastating response, won the most important war since man first stood up on his hind legs—The Cold War! So be proud.

I salute you—Unsung Heroes!





# Whiting

## The Travelogue

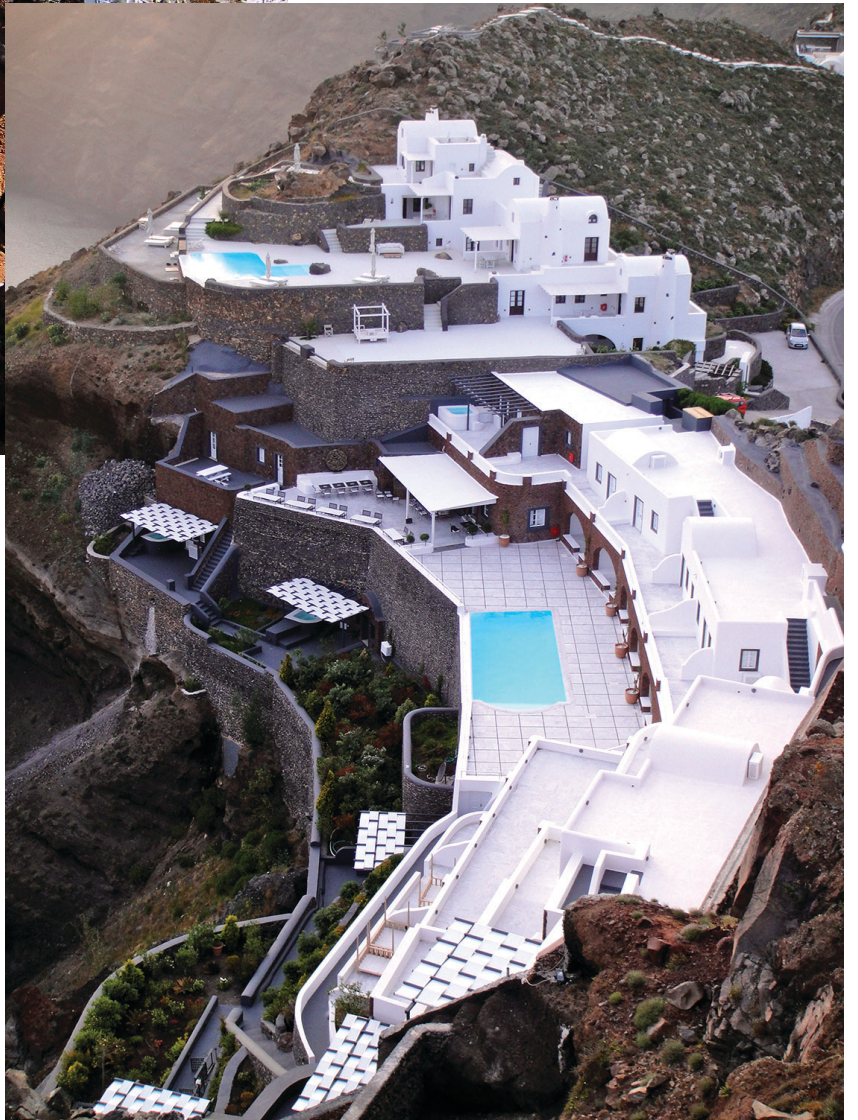
My favorite hike is on the Greek island of Santorini.

We approached Santorini on the Norwegian cruise ship Gem on a seven day roundtrip Med cruise out of Venice with four other West Point classmates. This hike was April 27th. We were tendered in, and had the choice of going up the hill via mule, cable car or self propelled. We chose the latter. Marianne and I hiked the zig-zag trail to the top and continued on the "trail."



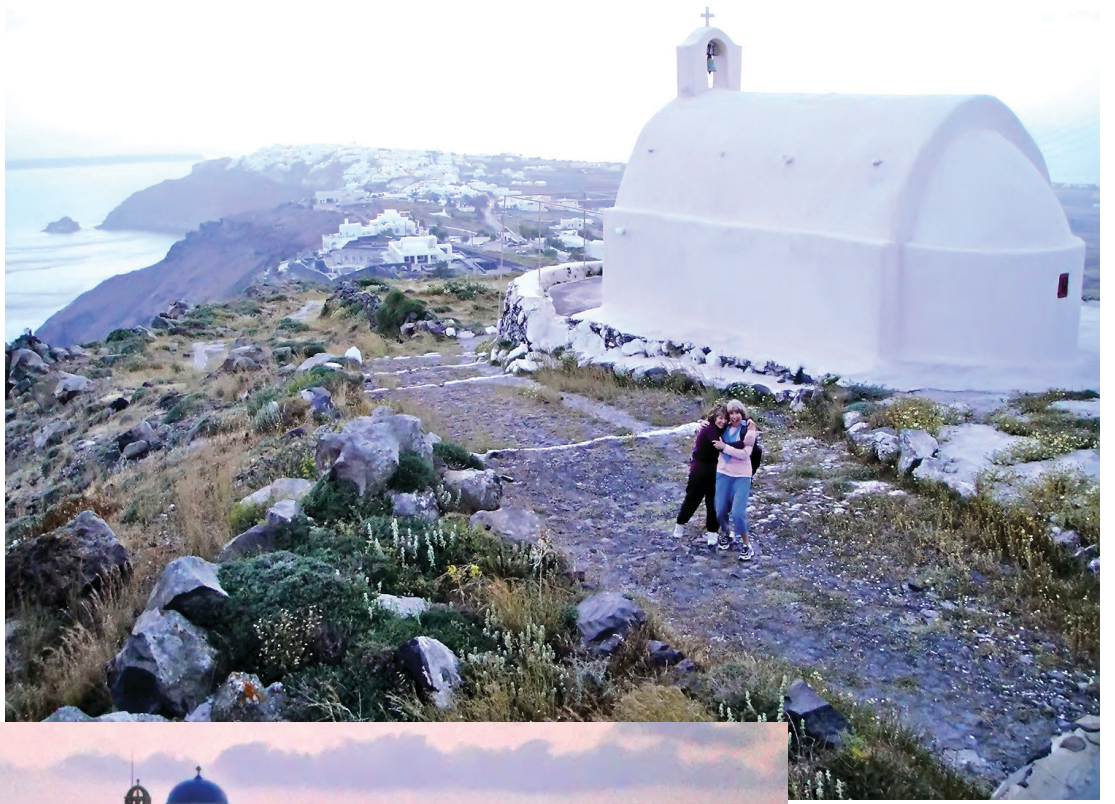
The "trail" was the original right of way hugging the ridge line, and subsequent builders had to expose the homes to take advantage of the view. The following photos show some of what we saw. We hiked the eight miles to the next town arriving at dusk, sunset, moon rise. A kind Canadian visitor gave us a ride back.

E. K. Whiting









# A STABILIZED approach



Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**

## Big Blue Balls

I miss the old days. Or maybe it's just that I don't remember the old days the way they really were. Age and memory, well, we all know about that. Either way, that's my story and I'm sticking to it. Some things I do remember really well.

I do remember sitting at the foot of my bed at the layover hotel on my very first trip. I was getting my initial operating experience in my first jet airliner and there I was, staring at my new hat sitting on top of the TV, my somewhat satisfied countenance reflected on the vacant glass screen. I didn't yet know I wasn't supposed to like my new hat and for sure I didn't know I wasn't supposed to like wearing it anywhere except on my thumb as I towed my luggage through the terminal. That, apparently, is what the cool guys did and we all, well most of us anyway,

needed to be as cool as the next guy. Lurking just below the surface of our pacific airline demeanor was the warrior fighter pilot. Fighter pilots didn't wear hats—we carried the clubs of modern warfare. Privately, and individually, if you didn't consider yourself to be among the best in this business, you had no business being in this business.

But IOE wasn't over yet and I still had a few things to learn. Now of course, most of us wear our hats in case one of the Atlanta hat Nazis is out looking for the gross violators, especially those "North guys." The military similarities to the way things are run at our "new" airline must have something to do with the hat thing. Even though the hat covers up my bald spot, I still miss the old days.

I do remember there was no jumpseat in the old days. At least at our airline. Geez, today that would pretty much shut the whole system down. Not only our airline but I'm pretty sure most of the others too. After all, who lives in the base where they work anymore? Well, unless of course it's Atlanta. I guess I don't miss that part of the old days—at least now it's theoretically set up to be easy for us to get to work. Of course we all know the difference between theory and reality.

I also remember buying really strange quarter fare passes to get to my base in Minneapolis. We used to write them from San Fran to some place I wasn't even sure where it was to get a great quarter fare. Oh, whoops, forgot to get on the airplane for the last leg when it connected in Minneapolis. Where was Fargo or Syracuse anyway, and no wonder the fares were so low—who'd want to travel to places like that? I remember thinking about how far away they must be from the beach, because in the old days we seemed to have a lot of time to go to the beach. Of course now we just show our badge and can go anywhere in the U.S. without paying anything. Heck, pick a continent, the airline prob-



ably goes there and so can we. And there are beaches there too. So maybe that's part of the old days I don't miss. Although, there was a certain satisfaction to playing the commuter pass game with "them."

I miss the old days where there were plenty of seats and we seldom thought about getting bumped. Well, maybe Hawaii was a little tough now and then but otherwise the real trick was making sure you had a whole row all to yourself. I guess maybe in the old days we weren't as friendly as we are now. We liked a lot of room to ourselves. Now days we have a new best friend every time we ride in back and before the trip is over we know what kind of aftershave/deodorant/perfume they were wearing even if we never talked to them. It pretty much smells the same as the old days though.

Training was different too. I liked the old days. I remember the top half of my class was sent to Dallas to use the Braniff simulators because the airline was hiring so fast the ones in Minne were full. So we just used Braniff's. Oh yeah, we used them because they had just gone Tango Uniform. They must have liked the older days too because they still had jobs. Now they didn't. That would change of course because our airline and others would take them on—at the bottom of the list of course. Now I'm sure they liked the older days too.

Anyway, I remember sitting in the crew flight planning area behind the counter at DFW waiting for my ride back to MSP after the final check ride at the panel of the three-holer. I was a real pilot now. Well, working the panel was a little different but you know what I'm talking about—everyone suspected we could actually manipulate the controls in some sort of effective manner, but it might take a few years to sit in a seat where you could prove it.

But I watched as a guy with four stripes hunched over, writing something down on a big sheet of paper. Even though I knew I apparently wasn't really a pilot yet I investigated and found out what was in this notebook. I learned it was full of routes that our ATC friends were likely to give us to get us to the cities we served. You just turned to the right page and copied the strip out of the book onto your green lines pre-printed on your flight plan. And you didn't even have to look at maps and figure it all out for yourself! Wow, I thought, so this is how the major airlines do it. One more piece of this big picture "they" are hiding from us. These old days looked pretty good—back in the old days.

Now, before we became Delta that is, it was "WorldFlight" that did the planning and after NWA



got through with a few additions, most of us figured there was nothing better. The information we needed was right there. It was as if a pilot had something to do with designing it. Not now. Now we're not sure who designed the flight plan or the process for creating it but for sure he wasn't a pilot. But suggestions for improvements, well, we'll talk about that later.

The old days I'm referring to aren't that old even now. You see, the Delta flight plan we just converted to using might be worse than the ones we wrote ourselves out of the notebooks. Trying to find specific information is kinda like Easter. You know the eggs are in there but where? I wonder what ever happened to those notebooks anyway?

Meanwhile, back at DFW, the blonde haired guy with four stripes doing the flight plan had turned and was headed my way.

"Are you one of those new guys?" he asked.

"Yes sir, I just finished my checkride in the simulator," I said proudly.

"Co co co co come on," he excitedly exclaimed as he grabbed my bags and ran down the jetway. Looking back now, it must have been pretty funny if an onlooker observed the scene: usually the guy with the "deer in the headlights" look was running away, not towards the car. Not me, I hurried after the man who had my bags, not having even the slightest idea of what was happening. Didn't matter, he had four stripes, my bags, said he was going to Minneapolis and I figured he must be the boss.



As we entered the airplane he looked at the second officer and shouted, “Lo lo lo lo look out Mikey, this guy’s going to fly the panel home today.”

Mikey jumped out of the seat and before I knew it they were starting engines and the airplane was moving. My brand new Jeppesen book wasn’t even open to the right page yet and I was still looking for the checklist. Thank goodness Mikey was reaching over my shoulder flipping switches and helping. I did manage to get my seatbelt fastened though. The guys up front, Bob and Lyle, were moving pretty fast and apparently having as good a time as we had been told to expect, but really guys, “wait up.” (I was having a good time too but just didn’t know it yet.) Mikey whispered to me: “Just go along.” And he was right because everything just seemed to happen, but it wasn’t like the training we had done for the last eight weeks. Looking back now, it’s a lot like the new way we do things at Delta—there’s sometimes no set requirement for who does a specific item, it “just happens.” Old days or new days, that wasn’t how we did it at NWA.

Meanwhile, back in Dallas, just after I heard “Gear up” I got the numbers card done and was ready to hand it up to the front. Mikey winked and nodded that Bob had already told Lyle, “Use 2.02, it works most of the time.”

It was then that I realized these guys were pretty

good when I looked and the number agreed with what I had written on the pad after doing a lot of really complicated calculations, well, OK, OK, a lot of arithmetic. The laughter grew louder as they looked over their shoulders at the confusion of the new guy in back but they were also pretty busy using the standard issue masking tape to install mini-boom box speakers in each corner of the windscreen. They already had every square inch of the windows covered with maps and tape and it wasn’t much after attaching the wires that the sounds drowned out the usual wind noise—we were rockin’ man. And this was a Boeing and we all know how loud those cockpits are.

About then the lead flight attendant hurried into the cockpit—of course these were the old days—there was no need for using the interphone to coordinate an entry with the cockpit crew, nor did she need to pull the meal cart in front of the door to block it from intruders, or use a separate flight attendant as a “blocker” and we hadn’t even invented the secret password system yet. Of course if we had used the password system back then it would probably be worn out by now—the password always seems to be “chocolate.”

I liked the way we got into and out of the cockpit in the old days. Of course now days D.B. wouldn’t have a chance. Bomb or no bomb, he’d be mobbed and eviscerated by the passengers in back before we even knew there was a problem. Even so, I liked the old days.

Anyway, as she entered the flight deck we were told the first class passengers were complaining and wondered what was going on. Didn’t seem to bother the guys up front too much—something about a marketing and sales system based on the theory that “we can find ‘em faster than you can make sure they never come back,” or something like that.

Little did I know at the time it was standard protocol for Bob to use the opportunity to tell a couple of really ribald jokes while partially lathering the subject woman with spit and saliva as he got closer to the punch line. The jokes were hilarious funny but this was a woman I didn’t know! I was actually blushing! I wonder how he gets away with it.

I like the old days—if I told that joke now I’d be in jail for sure, never mind for the creation of the stereo “man cave.” Sometimes I wonder what Bob’s suggestions might be for passwords but then I think about that jail thing again. I guess chocolate is OK.

In the old days sometimes going to work had the feel of coming home to a close knit family, for better



or worse. The boss was behind that door over there and his boss was the vice president of something or other and he was over there. Decisions were made right there. There weren't four layers of managerial structure to convince—no, make that combat—to have an idea heard or an operational observation considered. No, this is the “New Delta” and we're acting like the largest airline in the world, and you know what happens when any organization gets large.

I liked the old days when almost everyone asked, “Northwest who?” when I answered who it was that I worked for. Forget about gross sales figures, we were a small airline when it was measured with the public awareness meter. Now, the closer you get to Atlanta the bigger we seem to be.

I liked the old days when things like seniority were moving pretty fast. Guys were moving up. New airplanes were being invented and Northwest seemed to be pretty close to the front of the line at both of the big manufacturers. We were first in line for the new 747s and we also let the French sell us something that, even though it looked a lot like an airplane, didn't really act like one. Personally, for me, if it didn't say Boeing on the doorplate it had better say Martin-Baker on the seat.

All of this new growth allowed us to consider the potential to move into jobs we had previously heard might take years to attain. All of a sudden international seats in airplanes with wider bodies were available. We went, we looked and figured we could conquer even though the panels looked a lot bigger. The job seemed to be pretty much the same and the year I spent in the right seat of the three-holer at least defined the question of piloting ability. The idea of “progressing” back to the back seat seemed reasonable. And the international schedules allowed a lot of extra time to do as I pleased. Hey, this international thing is OK.

It wasn't too long before I came to call a new place named Fort Narita my second home. We had motorcycles behind the gas station located down the street on the way to the place where we ate every night. I liked the old days when I would get on my motorcycle and ride it for hours. For some reason, in the old days, I didn't seem to need to spend any thought and certainly no time planning for my rest. I didn't seem to mind showing up for the flight completely whacked out—I could always get some rest at the panel.

I liked the old days, a lot. We flew into Narita and landed on 34L or 16R. Period. Of course now

we use the other runway the small guys use because—oh, did I forget to tell you—our new Delta has so much experience with 747s. After all, if a huge 777 can do it why not that little 747. Yeah, that sounds right.

I'm not sure whether it was a Japanese tail that wagged the dog or the other way around to start all of this but the taxi back to the gate from the east complex is longer than anything we ever did at Kennedy or O'Hare.

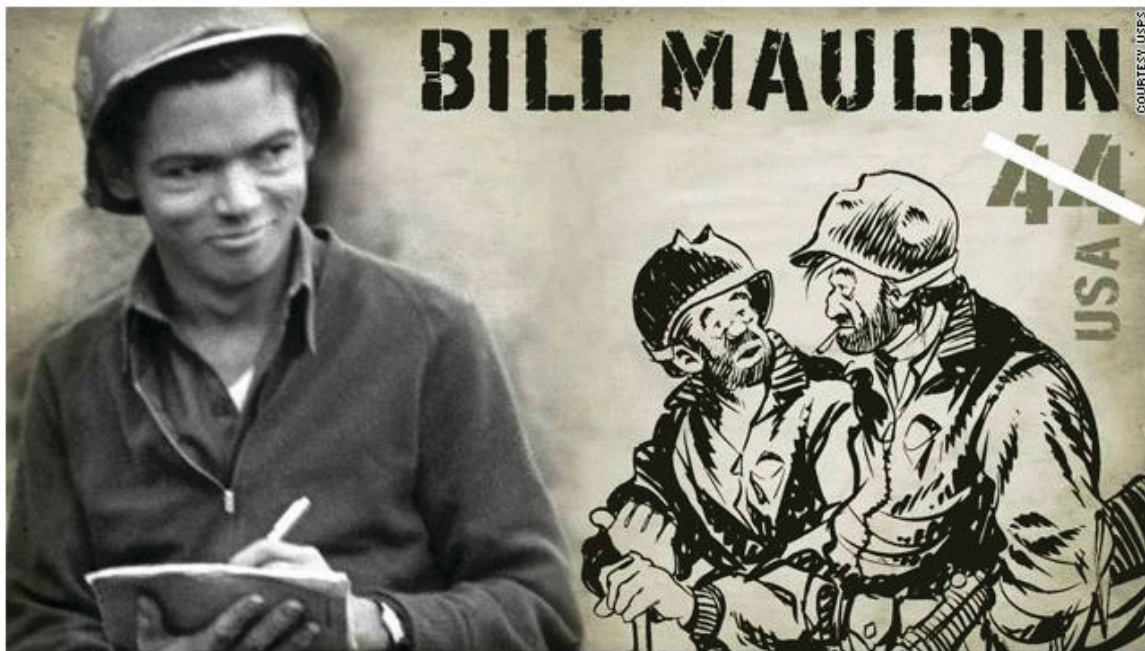
The multitude of tail logos, colors and names is confusing too. There are so many airlines now I actually have to read the name to finally decide who they are. This globalization thing certainly adds to the confusion when applied to airlines.

Do you guys remember the old days like I do? When we arrived at our satellite terminal it was fun to pull into 48. Tight but fun.

Sometimes the girls might complain if we got the bus gates but we didn't care, we were home and the bus ride was pretty short. As we surveyed the tarmac, there wasn't anything close to United, Continental or American. We were it. Our tails were painted red, all red and they were big!

Oh yeah, the only other guys out there had tails with big blue balls on them. Life was simpler. I liked the old days. I'll bet they did too. ✈





*Jeff Hill, the editor of Tarpa Topics, the magazine of retired TWA crews, and fellow RNPA member, forwarded this to me in the form of an email. Unfortunately, as is so often the case, the author was not credited. A quick Google search identified the piece as that of Bob Greene, long time reporter and columnist for the Chicago Tribune. Some unknown emailer gathered up the images and altered Mr. Greene's text somewhat. This text, however, is as the author wrote it. – Editor*

The post office gets a lot of criticism. Always has, always will. And with the renewed push to get rid of Saturday mail delivery, expect complaints to intensify.

But the United States Postal Service deserves a standing ovation for something that happened this March: Bill Mauldin got his own postage stamp.

Mauldin died at age 81 in the early days of 2003. The end of his life had been rugged. He had been scalded in a bathtub, which led to terrible injuries and infections; Alzheimer's disease was inflicting its cruelties. Unable to care for himself after the scalding, he became a resident of a California nursing home, his health and spirits in rapid decline.

He was not forgotten, though. Mauldin, and his work, meant so much to the millions of Americans who fought in World War II, and to those who had waited for them to come home. He was a kid cartoonist for Stars and Stripes, the military newspaper; Mauldin's drawings of his muddy, exhausted, whisker-stubbed infantrymen Willie and Joe were the voice of truth about what it was like on the front lines.

Mauldin was an enlisted man just like the soldiers he drew for; his gripes were their gripes, his laughs their laughs, his heartaches their heartaches. He was one of them. They loved him.

Mike Keefe, THE DENVER POST 2003



He never held back. Sometimes, when his cartoons cut too close for comfort, superior officers tried to tone him down. In one memorable incident, he enraged Gen. George S. Patton, who informed Mauldin he wanted the pointed cartoons—celebrating the fighting men, lampooning the high-ranking officers—to stop. Now!

The news passed from soldier to soldier. How was Sgt. Bill Mauldin going to stand up to Gen. Patton? It seemed impossible.

Not quite. Mauldin, it turned out, had an ardent fan: Five-star Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of the Allied forces in Europe. Ike put out the word: Mauldin draws what Mauldin wants. Mauldin won. Patton lost.

If, in your line of work, you've ever considered yourself a young hotshot, or if you've ever known anyone who has felt that way about him or herself, the story of Mauldin's young manhood will humble you.



*"I need a couple guys what don't owe me no money for a little routine patrol."*





He had achieved so much. He won a second Pulitzer Prize, and he should have won a third for what may be the single greatest editorial cartoon in the history of the craft: his deadline rendering, on the day President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, of the statue at the Lincoln Memorial slumped in grief, its head cradled in its hands. But he never acted as if he was better than the people he met. He was still Mauldin, the enlisted man.

During the late summer of 2002, as Mauldin lay in that California nursing home, some of the old World War II infantry guys caught wind of it. They didn't want Mauldin to go out that way. They thought he should know he was still their hero.

Here is what, by the time he was 23 years old, Mauldin accomplished:

He won the Pulitzer Prize, was featured on the cover of Time magazine. His book "Up Front" was the No. 1 best-seller in the United States.

All of that at 23. Yet, when he returned to civilian life and grew older, he never lost that boyish Mauldin grin, never outgrew his excitement about doing his job, never big-shotted or high-hatted the people with whom he worked every day.

I was lucky enough to be one of them. Mauldin roamed the hallways of the Chicago Sun-Times in the late 1960s and early 1970s with no more officiousness or air of haughtiness than if he was a copyboy. That impish look on his face remained.



*"I'm beginning to feel like a fugitive from th' law of averages."*



*"Ordnance? Ah'm havin' trouble with mah shootin' arn."*



*"I calls her Florence Nightingale."*



*"By the way, wot wuz them changes you wuz gonna make when you took over last month, sir?"*



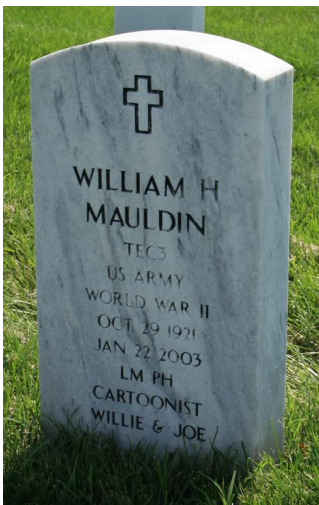
*"This is th' town my pappy told me about."*





Gordon Dillow, a columnist for the Orange County Register, put out the call in Southern California for people in the area to send their best wishes to Mauldin. I joined Dillow in the effort, helping to spread the appeal nationally, so Bill would not feel so alone. Soon, more than 10,000 cards and letters had arrived at Mauldin's bedside.

Better than that, old soldiers began to show up just to sit with Mauldin, to let him know that they were there for him, as he, so long ago, had been there for them. So many volunteered to visit Bill that there was a waiting list. Here is how Todd DePastino, in the first paragraph of his wonderful biography of Mauldin, described it:



*"Th' hell this ain't th' most important hole in the world. I'm in it."*



*"I ast her to teach me to yodel. She taught me to yodel."*

"Almost every day in the summer and fall of 2002 they came to Park Superior nursing home in Newport Beach, California, to honor Army Sergeant, Technician Third Grade, Bill Mauldin. They came bearing relics of their youth: medals, insignia, photographs, and carefully folded newspaper clippings. Some wore old garrison caps. Others arrived resplendent in uniforms over a half century old. Almost all of them wept as they filed down the corridor like pilgrims fulfilling some long-neglected obligation."

One of the veterans explained to me why it was so important: "You would have to be part of a combat infantry unit to appreciate what mo-

ments of relief Bill gave us. You had to be reading a soaking wet Stars and Stripes in a water-filled foxhole and then see one of his cartoons."

Mauldin is buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Last month, the kid cartoonist made it onto a first-class postage stamp. It's an honor that most generals and admirals never receive.

What Mauldin would have loved most, I believe, is the sight of the two guys who keep him company on that stamp.

Take a look at it.

There's Willie. There's Joe.

And there, to the side, drawing them and smiling that shy, quietly observant smile, is Mauldin himself. With his buddies, right where he belongs. Forever. ✦



*"Joe, yestiddy ya saved my life an' I swore I'd pay ya back. Here's my last pair of dry socks."*



# Summer Cruise 2010







Photos by Phil Hallin and Vic Kleinsteuber

I'm going to call this an experiment. You may just call it my being lazy. Most of the people you see here and at all the other functions, i.e., picnics, luncheons, Christmas parties and reunions, are the active core group of RNPA. In large measure they are the same people whose photos we have been presenting in Contrails for several years. If there is someone you don't know, or just can't recall their name (a lot of that going around!), maybe it's time you attended one of them so you can get close enough to read their name tag.

(OK, if you insist on the truth—it is the middle of July and I'm just now getting to this. I have simply been busy with a project far more fun than figuring out the half dozen or so names which I can't remember either. If you'd like to whine to me about this I will listen, but there's a catch: if this issue is important enough for you to complain then I think it is important enough for you to write a letter to the editor explaining what you've been up to—no letter, no influence regarding my decision to add captions or not.)

– Editor



















# LOOKING BACK



RNPA HISTORIAN **JAMES LINDLEY**



24 May 1934

A speed contest was in the making today between the United Air Lines and the Northwest Airlines on the flight between Spokane and Chicago.

United today announced reduction of its time between Spokane and Chicago to 14 ½ hours, effective 1 June.

The announcement follows a report from the post office department in Washington, D.C. stating their airmail service between the two cities will be run on a 16 ½ hour schedule.

Both the United and the Northwest have airmail contracts. C. A. DuRose, Spokane representative for the Northwest Lines said today he assumed the 16 ½ hour schedule was based on the minimum speed requirements of 110 miles an hour.

“Within the next month we will have high-speed twin motored ships capable of 190 to 200 miles per hour,” DuRose said. With these new ships the flight from Spokane to Chicago will be reduced to 13 hours and 30 minutes while the United Airlines schedule through Salt Lake City will be 14 hours and 30 minutes.

“The policy of the post office department has always been to use the schedule that will get the mail delivered in the quickest time to any given point.” said Postmaster Walter Hubbell today. This will favor the Northwest Airlines.

# Mal Bryan Freeburg and The Right Stuff

*The speech given by Fred Johnson on  
“Mal Freeburg Day,” June 12, 2010  
in Richfield, Minnesota.*

In the “Wild Northwest” of American civil aviation’s early years, no flyer earned more distinction than Mal Bryan Freeburg, the man we honor today. A few, including a number sitting here today, still remember this remarkable Northwest Airways/Airlines pilot. But to the majority, Mal Freeburg’s legend is little known or appreciated. We hope to correct that oversight today.

It’s ironically appropriate that we gather today in Richfield Methodist Church, a building no longer in Richfield. In 1927, the city of Minneapolis made its final annexation of Richfield land, moving its southern border from 54th Street to 62nd. That put a host of Richfielders and some village institutions in Minneapolis.

Richfield also lost dominion over the land underneath today’s Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport. MSP’s acreage was once wholly inside Richfield’s friendly confines. It was the rise and fall of the Twin City Motor Speedway—an attempt to bring big time auto racing to Richfield and Minnesota in 1915—that triggered the change. After the racetrack failed, airplanes began buzzing around Richfield, as pilots turned the infield of the abandoned raceway into an airfield. Minneapolis business interests soon gained control of the land and put an airport on it. In the 1940s the Metropolitan Airport Commission took over.

Richfield and the airport have had a special relationship since the first planes began landing here. Local businesses profited from their association with the airfield and the village was a natural place for those working in the fledgling civilian aviation industry to settle. It continues to be home to those working at MSP to this day.

Among the pilots choosing to settle in Richfield was Mal Freeburg. Born in 1906 to Dr. Jay Freeburg and wife Bonita, Mal and his family later moved from his native Blackduck, Minnesota, to Minneapolis. He graduated from Minneapolis West High School. A classmate recalled Mal’s love for his motorcycle and how, one summer, he used the bike to travel to the West Coast accompanied by his dog. Mal spent time at the University of Minnesota but on a spring day in 1926, as he later recalled, airplanes popped into his head “for no reason at all.” He bought a second-hand Canadian Curtis the next day. Vern Roberts taught him to fly.



Mal soon married Ruth Smith, member of a prominent St. Paul family, and they embarked upon a flying honeymoon of some 35,000 miles. It was believed to be the first airplane honeymoon in the region, perhaps the nation. They later barnstormed across the Midwest and then briefly launched a flying service in Iowa. The Freeburgs would later settle in Richfield after legendary Minnesota and Northwest chief pilot Charlie “Speed” Holman hired Mal to fly for the airline in December 1928.

In June 1930, Mal made headlines for the first time. The 24-year-old pilot, flying airmail from the Twin Cities to Chicago, spotted a burning railroad bridge below him. He had just flown over the Burlington Railroad’s evening express passenger train and realized it was heading for disaster. The resourceful pilot buzzed the locomotive in an attempt to warn its engineer but to no avail. Finally he dropped landing flares across the track and the locomotive rolled to a stop. Golfer Bobby Jones, fresh from his U.S. Open Championship at Interlachen in Edina, was among those on the train.

Comfortable that the train was safe, Mal flew on to Chicago. He didn’t report the incident with the burning bridge but, instead, only asked for more flares for his plane. Word of the incident got out when the train crew reported it. Suddenly Mal was a hero. The Burlington Railroad gave the Richfield pilot a gold watch and the Chicago Tribune added a \$100 reward.



Norm Midthun, Don Nyrop, Gary Pisel and Dick Duxbury attended the tribute.

Mal Freeburg literally crashed into the headlines in April 1932. Freeburg, along with his Northwest co-pilot Joe Kimm and eight passengers, was cruising through calm sunny skies over Wabasha, Minnesota, when a jolt threw him against the controls of his Ford Tri-Motor. The plane began vibrating violently. Freeburg radioed the news to NWA headquarters. "This is number 4 southbound. Freeburg speaking. Propeller on left outboard motor just let go." To make matters worse, the prop broke the engine loose from its moorings and the motor lodged itself in the landing gear.

Mal announced to his passengers he would try some aerial maneuvering to break the engine free of the plane. I can imagine how that announcement was received. He flew out over the Mississippi and pulled the nose up to the point of stalling while, at the same time, fishtailing the Tri-Motor. The motor fell free and landed in a field. Now he and his passengers faced a one-wheeled landing. Freeburg was soon on the radio reporting a safe landing and asking for a relief aircraft.

The backup plane arrived quickly and Mal and his passengers were soon on their way, landing at the Chicago airport just 59 minutes late. Freeburg typed a two-sentence report of the incident. "Delayed on account of motor trouble. Changed ships at Wabasha."

It was Mal's dealing with the near disaster, coupled with his saving of the Burlington passenger train that earned him the Congressional Air Mail Flyers Medal of Honor. President Franklin D. Roosevelt personally awarded Mal the medal during a White House ceremony in 1933. Congress had originated the honor in 1931 to distinguish pilots performing outstanding service in connection with the airmail flights. Mal Freeburg was the first to receive this award.

Mal became the first pilot to receive another important honor. In 1938, General Mills put Mal's image and

story on the back of Wheaties cereal box. It was the first in a series about heroic pilots. Makes one wonder: which is the higher honor in America, a medal from Congress or being on a box of the Breakfast of Champions?

As noted, the Wheaties award came in 1938, the congressional air medal in 1933. In the intervening years, Mal managed a few more notable accomplishments. He was on the 1933 NWA crew that proved passenger service over the Rockies in winter was feasible. A United Airlines rep later warned Northwest boss Col. Lewis H. Britten, "If you Swedes from

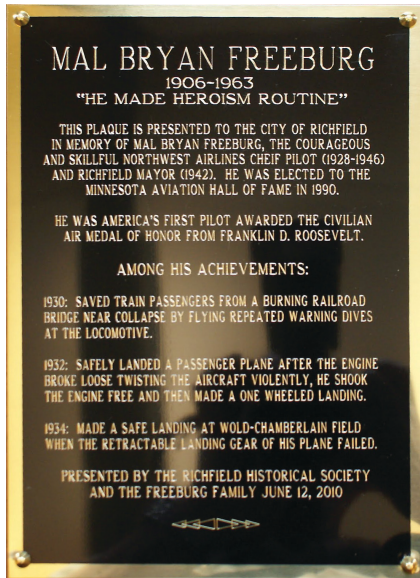
Minnesota don't keep out of these mountains, you're going to break you blankety-blank necks."

Amelia Earhart was also on that flight, mainly for PR purposes. Mal had flown her into the Twin Cities for the trip. Seems that neither of them liked the other very much.

Then in 1934 Freeburg landed another damaged airliner, a Lockheed Electra, this time in front of an audience. Now age 28, he had taken off from St. Paul on the last leg of the evening Chicago to Minneapolis run when a control panel light flashed a warning. The plane's retractable landing gear had jammed. He circled for 90 minutes while co-pilot John Woodhead calmed worried passengers with tales of Mal's previous exploits. Fire and police units, along with a crowd, gathered to watch the wheels-up landing. He brought the plane in for a landing and but didn't like his approach speed. Mal gunned the engines, as the onlookers oohed, and roared back into the sky. On the next try, he had the speed he wanted and kept the plane level as it touched down. It began a 700-foot slide spewing sparks and debris. It was a perfect landing with only minimal damage to the plane, none to its passengers or crew.

In 1938, Mal was back in the news as he successfully flew a plane at high altitudes from St. Paul to Billings and on to Salt Lake City to test a new oxygen nose mask. He later flew a team of Mayo Clinic inventors of this mask, along with wife Vy, to Boston in another successful test of the new device. Mal said it was as easy to breathe at 20,000 feet as it was on the ground.

There's more to Mal's flying legend but let's return to Richfield and his family as we conclude. In 1942, he ran for mayor of Richfield and won. He and Ruth now had two children, James and Patricia but their marriage was ending. "They were both great people," said daughter Pat, "but they should have never, never married." He



married again and new wife Violet, says Pat, was perfect for him.

Mal was pleased when, in 1948, his son Jim joined him as a Northwest pilot. Jim had turned his attention to flying at 13, and under his father's tutelage, got his flying license at 16, shortly before his high school graduation. On his 18th birthday, Jim received his commercial pilot license and instrument ratings from the Civil Aeronautics Administration and was immediately hired by Northwest. The two Freeburgs were soon scheduled to fly with each other, a story that made some headlines across the nation.

The New York Times carried an interview with both

Freeburgs in August 1948. Mal, now 42, had just one complaint. "I wish Jim would call me 'Mal,' Captain Mal reported, "but he won't do it. He still calls me Dad."

Jim, the 18-year-old rookie—he didn't look a day older in photos taken at the time—spoke up, saying that his father was "a very fine pilot" who had taught him the ins and outs of aviation. "But," added the junior Freeburg, "I would rather fly with somebody else. Flying co-pilot with your father is just like trying to teach your wife to drive a car," said the unmarried Jim.

I had the opportunity to talk with Jim several times by telephone for the Richfield Historical Society's new book, *Suburban Dawn*. Our talks were very enjoyable and quite helpful. Unfortunately, Jim died soon after our interviews. We're pleased to have his wife Jean, daughter Carrol and sons, Bill and John with us today.

Mal Freeburg died on May 10, 1963. He was only 57. In 1990, he was inducted into the Minnesota Aviation Hall of Fame.

Author Tom Wolfe wrote insightfully about what it took to be a pilot in the early days of flight, before and after the Second World War. In those days, wrote Wolfe, the flying fraternity was divided into those "who had it and those who did not." What was this ineffable 'it' quality? Wolfe named a book after it. He called it *The Right Stuff*.

I'm here to tell you today, Richfield and American aviation legend Mal Bryan Freeburg, had "the right stuff."



Ann Kerr, Bert Sisler and Mal's daughter Pat Freeburg. The partial quote to the right is from Ann's "Ladyskywriter" blog, [blog.ladyskywriter.com](http://blog.ladyskywriter.com) which you will no doubt find interesting.

"Mal was to airplanes what Casey Jones was to trains. Only Mal had a better survival rate. Mal learned to fly in 1926 and established Freeburg Flying Service at Shenandoah, Iowa. He joined Northwest Airways in 1928.

Sometimes Mal stripped down to his BVD's to keep cool on hot summer nights while flying the mail. He was following the Burlington tracks on his way to Chicago one night in 1930, when he spotted a flaming railroad trestle over the Chippewa River near Trevina, Wisconsin.

Mal knew the railroad schedules by heart. In a matter of minutes, the crack Burlington Blackhawk was due to cross that trestle.

He shoved the throttle forward and raced toward the oncoming train, banked off to one side when he saw its headlight, and dived repeatedly at the engine cab, with his landing lights blinking wildly. The engineer decided it was just another hotshot pilot showing off, and made no move to slow down until Freeburg desperately dropped several of the emergency landing flares with which his Waco was equipped."



# twitter? Really? Relevant to our generation?

By Gary Ferguson

I would never have imagined that I would have any use for Twitter, but it has turned out to be important to me in a way that I could not have guessed.

Just over two years ago a chef friend of the owners of several out-of-work mobile food trucks here in Los Angeles—commonly called taco trucks, or more derisively, "roach coaches"—proposed that they try upgrading a truck with gourmet foods and splashy graphics. They called it "Kogi" and served what they termed fusion food—Korean barbecue served in rice "cakes" shaped like a taco. To say that that first truck was an instant success is a monumental understatement. There are now three more copies of that truck reportedly doing *very* well.

Key to such success was fortunate timing. The social networking sites such as Twitter and Facebook were just coming into widespread popularity and proved to be a perfect fit for this new endeavor. Twitter was actually launched in 2006 but seemed to hit its full stride around the time these trucks began hitting the streets of LA. Fans of those trucks, and the inevitable copycat ones that soon followed, "tweeted" all their friends and they all their friends, etc. It soon became *the* thing to do for the young, hip crowd in Los Angeles. It was new, it was hip and, most of all, it was *social*. And it didn't hurt that this food was really good—easily as good as most dine-in restaurants and relatively cheap. By the end of 2009 the trucks were simply *the scene*.

It was now commonplace for trucks to announce where they were going to park and have crowds waiting when they got there. The local media was having a field day—something new and exciting in an otherwise depressing economy. And they had dubbed them the "Gourmet Food Trucks."

Earlier this year two enterprising young women organized an event called "LA Food Fest" in downtown Los Angeles in a large, open, fenced space which would cost each person five bucks to get in. Twenty five of what everyone was now calling the gourmet food trucks were in attendance from 10AM to early evening. Three of us went down to check it out. We got there around one in the afternoon and noted that people were streaming in that direction in large numbers as we walked the few blocks from where we parked. When we got to the entrance there was a line stretching to the end of the block. As we headed toward the end of the line I said to my son Tim, "Look, the line is clear around to the other corner."

"No it isn't," offered a woman going the opposite direction. "It's seven blocks from here!"

We could see that there were several thousand people inside standing in line at the trucks, so we decided to have lunch somewhere else. It was later reported that 15,000 people attended and that they eventually had to



turn away another 3,000 that never did get in.

I'm not exactly sure what you would call something where a person paid five bucks for the privilege of standing in line for an hour at each truck, but I'd call it a phenomenon.

Tim and his friend Beth had for some time been making different exotic flavors of ice cream as a hobby. All their friends kept telling them that they should be selling it. Last Fall one gallery owner invited them to bring some ice cream to an event in downtown Los Angeles called Art Walk LA, where thousands gather the first Thursday of each month. Their ice cream was a big hit.

Sometime last November the light bulb went on over my head. We discussed the possibility of creating a truck to serve hand-dipped hard ice cream. As far as we knew no one had done that yet. We researched a batch freezer that could be mounted in the truck with the ability to make gelato, sorbet and frozen ices as well as ice cream.

As we were formulating our plans as to how we might actually do this I happened on a ten year old step van, once owned by the city of LA, with only 7,500 miles on it for a bargain-basement price. I bought the truck and we formed a partnership and decided to go for it.

By that time, in less than a year, there were already fifty gourmet food trucks on the streets—most serving some variation of hot food. There was one other serving commercial ice cream as cookie sandwiches, another serving soft serve ice cream and two or three more peddling cupcakes and desserts. All but two or three of them were simply leased catering trucks designed to cook hot food now covered with splashy vinyl wraps applied to the exterior. There are now some ninety gourmet trucks, but ours would be the only one serving hand-dipped ice cream.

What we needed was something unique. I found a company that has been building catering trucks for the movie industry and others for more than three decades and are the acknowledged best in the business in Southern California. It would not only be a challenge for us to design a truck to serve hand-dipped ice cream, it would be a challenge for them as well. Their price included guaranteed permitting by the health department—no small thing, since LA county is probably the toughest in the nation.

What followed was weeks and weeks of ironing out details as we worked to get the truck just as we wanted and still meet the regulations. Finding space for a generator large enough to handle the dipping cabinet, refrigerators and the 240V batch freezer wasn't easy.

Initially I had hoped to be on the road by the end of February. What an innocent I was! Just getting the plans approved by the regulatory agencies took a full month. Once the truck was completed it took almost another full month just to get an appointment to get it inspected and permitted. (One has to wonder how any commerce gets done in such a regulatory climate.)

As agonizing as all the waiting was though, I have to admit that it's been a long time since I've had so much fun. Solving all the myriad details so that we had a truck that worked right out of the gate was a challenge I relished.

As one might expect, new business models are frequently met with opposition from the old guard. With all the press these trucks were getting the brick-and-mortar restaurants, particularly the corporate chain restaurants, were envious and politically antagonistic. (Some have since launched trucks of their own.) They felt that the trucks were competing unfairly with minimal investment and, worse than that, they were going to where the people were instead of making them come to their restaurants. And they were right—that was *exactly the point*.

We are one of the founding members of the SoCal Mobile Food Vendors Association, created to both regulate ourselves and to deal with the political pressures of an over-regulated and politicized city and county. It has already proved highly beneficial and will become even more so in the future.

As I write this Tim and Beth have been on the road for only three weeks, but it appears that we have met our early goals and then some. What fun!



At Art Walk LA, July 8th, they sold ice cream and floats as fast as they could scoop it for 4 ½ hours



**“Bob” Lindrud**  
1921 ~ 2010

**Robert Mathias “Bob” Lindrud**, age 89, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, flew west for a final check on May 5, 2010 in Seattle, Washington. He was born April 10, 1921 in Winona, Minnesota, the son of John R. and Marie (Vater) Lindrud of Cochrane, Wisconsin. His early years were spent in Alma, Wisconsin where he graduated from Alma High School in 1939. He earned the rank of Eagle Scout at age 13, the first and youngest in Buffalo County, and later became Scout Master of Troop 54.

His flying career began while attending St. Mary’s College in Winona, Minnesota. After taking flying lessons from Max Conrad at the Winona Airport, he achieved a Private Pilot’s License and Limited Commercial.

Bob enlisted in the United States Navy in 1941 as a Seaman Second Class. After completing “E” base

in Minneapolis, Minnesota, he was transferred to Pensacola Naval Air Station as an Aviation Cadet. He graduated from Pensacola with the rank of Ensign and Naval Aviator, later receiving training as carrier pilot and landing signal officer (LSO or “Paddles”).

While serving as a flight instructor for combat tactics and carrier takeoffs and landings, he developed ulcers, landing him in the hospital in Jacksonville, FL. In 1943 he received a medical discharge from the Navy and on Oct. 27, of that year he married his nurse, the former Marry McPhail, who had cared for him in the hospital.

Bob attended air traffic control school in Chicago, and became a controller at Wold Chamberlain Field, now known as Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport. In 1945, after working for a year as Airway Traffic Controller, he was hired by Northwest Orient Airlines and returned to the air as a co-pilot flying DC-3s out of Minneapolis. He soon transferred to the Seattle base where, except for one year based in Tokyo, he remained until retirement in 1970. Bob flew the “Orient” in DC-4s, Boeing 377s, DC-6s, Lockheed 1049s, DC-7s, DC-8s, and the Boeing 707. An interesting side note: Earl Hale and Bob flew the first scheduled airline flight out of the “new” Seattle-Tacoma Airport.

After retirement, Bob and Mary made their homes in Seattle in the summer and Hawaii in the winter. They enjoyed boating and made long summer trips on the inland waterway to Alaska and back on the “Corsair,” his 55 ft. Chris Craft. Bob and Mary belonged to the Seattle, Meydenbauer Bay and Shrine Yacht Clubs. Bob was a 32nd degree Mason and a Shriner in Nile Temple. He was also an enthusiastic and generous supporter of Children’s Hospital in Seattle.

Bob is survived by his brother, John Lindrud of Eau Claire, Wisconsin; two sisters, Louise Waldkirch of DePere, Wisconsin, and Elaine Vandenbranden of Mission, Texas, many cousins, nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his loving wife of 63 years, Mary, his parents, his sister Therese and his son Michael who was killed in a plane crash in 1966 at age 20. The family requests that memorials be directed to Children’s Hospital of Seattle, or the children’s charity of the donor’s choice. At Bob’s request, there will be no service. Farewell Captain Bob, have a smooth flight west. (Continued)





*From the Guest Book*

Judy Satterfield Kranak: I first met Bob and Mary Lindrud when I was a very young girl. Bob and my Dad flew with Northwest Orient Airlines, and the Lindruds and my parents (John & Mary Satterfield) became very good friends. Bob and Dad were both 32nd degree Masons, and Shriners together also. I remember Mary as such a fine and wonderful lady, and Bob as almost like family. Dad had a nickname for Bob,

and we all called him "Ugh". I remember how tragic their son's death was, and how Bob told my folks that when Michael and I grew up Bob wanted us to marry! :) I have wondered so many times through the years since my folks passed on (2000 and 2006) where Bob and Mary were. Bob was a wonderful gentleman, and I send my sincere condolences and heartfelt sympathy to the family of this fine person upon his passing. "Happy landings," "Ugh"—I can just see you and Dad laughing and sharing a joke or two!

*"When once you have tasted flight, you will forever walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward, for there you have been, and there you will always long to return."*

*~ Leonardo da Vinci*



**Rita Ann Dummer**  
1933 ~ 2010

**Rita Ann (Baumann) Dummer**, age 77 of Bloomington, Minnesota died March 3, 2010 peacefully at home with her husband and children by her side following a long and courageous battle against lung cancer.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Baumann and by her brother Dr. A. R. Baumann. Survived by her loving husband, retired Northwest Airlines Captain Tom Dummer, children Mark (Heather), Madonna Bartusch (Paul), John (Kathy), Pippi Aldrian (Christoph), grandchildren Lindsay, Eric, Ella, William, and great granddaughter, Adiana, and by sister, Bonnie Stadtherr.

Rita was a friend to many and a long time supporter of the Pilot's Wives Association. She leaves a legacy of love of family, knowledge and friends.



## Doug Waddell 1935 ~ 2010

**Douglas Hamilton Waddell**, age 74, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, flew west for a final check on April 4, 2010 in his home in Port Orchard, Washington, lovingly surrounded by his family. Born December 29, 1935 to Hamilton and Anne Waddell in Port Alberni, B.C. Canada, Doug grew up in Port Alberni and Prince Rupert B.C. After graduating from Brooks High School in Powell River, B.C. Doug applied for U.S. citizenship and attended the University of Southern California.

Doug served in the USAF from 1955–1960 and was trained in electronic countermeasures. Ostensibly based at Larson Air Force Base in Moses Lake, Washington, Doug actually spent most of his Air Force career as a “Raven” flying secret electronic radar missions in the bomb bay of a B-29 or B-50 and occasionally an RC-130 or EC-121 out of Ladd AFB in Alaska to Japan. Many of these were over the Kamchatka Pen-

insula of Russia and to use Doug’s own words “tweaking the gunners at Vladivostok.” These flights are still “denied” by the US. These missions are described in the 2001 book, “By Any Means Necessary.”

Doug married Janice Marchetti in 1963, and later resigned a great job as a Boeing flight line test engineer to devote full time in acquiring the required airman’s credentials to become an airline pilot. He soon had all the required ratings, and in 1967 West Coast Airlines hired Doug. While in the Initial ground school with West Coast, Doug got a call from Pan American Airlines offering him a pilot position. Doug declined, telling them he had made a commitment to West Coast Airlines and would not renege.

Fate would prove the wisdom of his decision to stay with West Coast Airlines. “Fate Is The Hunter” (Gann), as later West Coast Airlines merged to become Airwest, then, Hughes Airwest, then, Republic, and finally Northwest Airlines. During those years, Doug flew the DC3, F-27, DC-9 and retired as a captain on the Boeing 727 in 1995. By the time Doug retired from Northwest, Pan Am had long ceased to exist.

Doug and Janice elected to provide a stable home for their girls, so Doug commuted for the last 18 years of his flying career. Mainly to Phoenix, Detroit and Minneapolis. During this time they made their home in the Seattle area and enjoyed boating throughout the Washington and British Columbia Coasts. Doug and Janice then retired to Port Orchard, Washington where they spent his remaining 15 years active in the boating community and lovingly involved in their 8 grandchildren’s lives.

Doug Waddell was loved by his family and admired by all who knew him. Doug is survived by his wife Janice, of Port Orchard, WA; children: Teresa Wendland, Joanne Love (Steve), Donna Waddell, grandchildren: Brian, Jordan, and Megan Wendland, John, James and Olivia Love, Joe and Douglas Pierce; and brothers: Gary Waddell (Liz) of Kitimat, B.C. and Roger Waddell (Michelle) of Camrose, Alberta.

Doug Waddell was a man of unquestioned integrity and ability. His good friend Jack Kastien stated that; “In the 43 years I have known this man, I have not met one person that was not deeply fond of Doug Waddell.” To quote a close mutual friend; “If we behave ourselves, we’ll see you soon, gear up dear friend.”



# Membership Application and Change of Address Form

NAME	
SPOUSE'S NAME	

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

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

DATE OF BIRTH (Optional for affiliate member)
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DATE OF FIRST EMPLOYMENT WITH <input type="checkbox"/> NWA <input type="checkbox"/> DELTA AS:	
AN EMPLOYEE	A PILOT

DATE OF RETIREMENT FROM <input type="checkbox"/> NWA <input type="checkbox"/> DELTA AS:	
AN EMPLOYEE	A PILOT

IF CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY DELTA INDICATE:	
BASE	POSITION

IF RETIRED, WAS IT "NORMAL" (Age 60/65 for pilots)?	YES ___	NO ___
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IF NOT, INDICATE TYPE OF RETIREMENT: MEDICAL ___	EARLY ___	RESIGNED ___
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APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF HOURS LOGGED
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AIRLINE AIRCRAFT TYPES FLOWN AS PILOT
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REMARKS: Affiliates please include information as to profession, employer, department, positions held, and other relevant info:

<input type="checkbox"/> CHANGE: This is a change of address or status only
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MEMBERSHIP TYPE
<input type="checkbox"/> REGULAR (NR) \$35 Pilots: Retired NWA, post-merger retired Delta, or Active Delta

<input type="checkbox"/> AFFILIATE (AF) \$25 Spouse or widow of RNPA member, pre-merger Delta retired pilots, other NWA or Delta employees, a friend, or a pilot from another airline
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PAYMENT
MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: "RNPA" AND MAIL TO: Retired NWA Pilots' Assn. Dino Oliva 3701 Bayou Louise Lane Sarasota FL 34242-1105

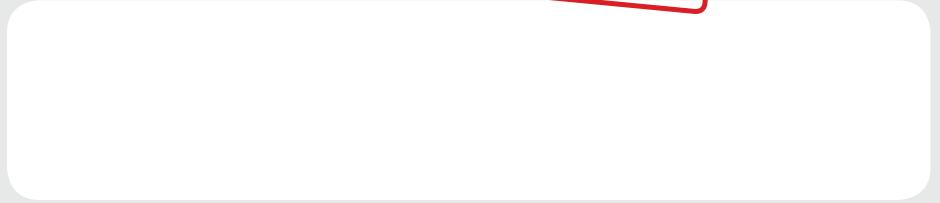
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\* Percentage of members who have sent a letter to the editor in this issue.