

CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 178

MAY 2011



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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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MAY

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JUNE

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9 MSP Summer Cruise (Old boat)

JULY

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AUGUST

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1 Contrails 179

18 Seattle Summer Picnic

SEPTEMBER

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25, 26, 27 Omaha Reunion

OCTOBER

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NOVEMBER

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1 Contrails 180

DECEMBER

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JANUARY

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FUTURE REUNIONS

ATLANTA:

SEPT. 28-30, 2012

TUSCON:

SEPT. ??-??, 2013

Union made
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MAY 2011



30 SW Florida Spring Luncheon

38 SHAZM

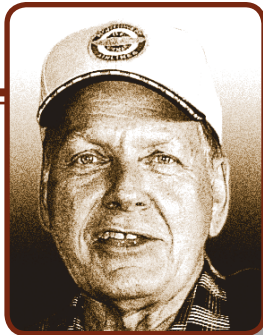
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President's Report: Gary PISEL

Greetings All;

Death, Insurance, Wills, Trusts, Beneficiaries and final arrangements. I feel like a broken record, but I want to impress upon all of you the great importance of these words. Each of them is important in their own right. Delta offers a free will writing service. Trusts can be written for a wide variety of fees. Remember, if you have a Trust it must be funded or it is of no value. Beneficiaries need to be reviewed and updated at least annually.

Keep those near and dear to you informed.

Much discussion has taken place concerning the insurance provided by NWA and now Delta. Basically it states that at the age of 70 you are provided with a \$10,000.00 insurance policy. This is with NO CHARGE to you. MetLife is the carrier of the insurance. They have been calling those people that do not have the forms fully filled out. To check your information on the policy go to:

www.metlife.com/mybenefits/ You will need your DELTA employee number. If you have not set up an account you will need to register. Again, you will need your DELTA employee number and establish a password. Follow the steps provided by MetLife. If you have problems contact them at 866.939.7409.

OMAHA REUNION: Register for the Reunion and hotel for the upcoming Omaha reunion. Forms are inside.

ST. CROIX CRUISE: Not too late to sign up for the Cruise. We are back on the old boat. Contact Vic Kleinsteuber.

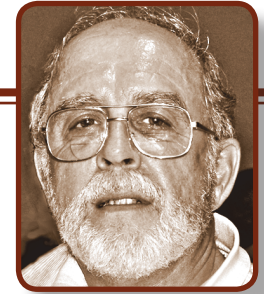
Barbara and I hope you have a pleasant summer and we plan to see you in Omaha.



Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

As treasurer, after each RNPA convention, I have the task of paying the bills and then, if there are funds left over, distributing them to those members that signed up for but did not attend the convention. I would like to explain the RNPA Board's policy regarding refunds. If you sign up and then have to cancel more than 30 days in advance of the convention you will receive a full refund of your deposit. Once we are inside of 30 days to the start of the convention, certain charges that RNPA has committed to are not refundable. This past convention had a considerable amount of charges that we were obligated to pay, and then there were a large number of last minute cancellations and just plain no-shows. After paying all our obligations there was a small amount left over which I divided amongst those that had signed up, but failed to attend at the last minute. I assure you that I would like to refund everyone at 100% of their deposit, but unfortunately that is not possible. Please, if you have signed up and then have to cancel, let us know as soon as possible so that we have the opportunity to recoup as much as we can from our committed expenses to give you a refund.

Once again, about 100 members did not pay their dues on time, necessitating the mailing of a dues reminder notice and a charge of \$5 to cover the cost of the reminder. Each year we lose about 40 members for various reasons. Our membership is about 1380. We need to maintain about that number to cover our expenses and to stay viable. I'm sure many of you have friends that are not members. Please encourage them to consider joining, as I am sure they will be glad they did after they join. We do not want to lose enough members that we are on the back side of the power curve from which there is no recovery.



NOSTALGIC ICONS

Holly Nelson sent us an article, along with her letter, about those old Burma

Shave signs. I haven't been able to find any good photos of those signs, but you all know what they looked like anyway.

And that reminded me of the iconic "Greetings from..." postcards that we all remember from our youth. One thing led to another, and I now have new title blocks in the "Letters" section.



SPEAKING OF LETTERS

We have letters, lots o' letters. Pages and pages of letters. Thanks to all of you who have responded to my pleas to write. I could have left some for next issue, but it seems unfair to you to be wishing someone "Happy New Year" in August.

But, as usually happens in the last part of each year, the mail bag gets a mite empty. I'm hoping that more of you will understand that without your input the next "Letters" section will be pretty skinny. There are still plenty of you who have seldom or never written.

THE READING LIST

I was going to tell you that James Baldwin (A Stabilized Approach) has been on a sabbatical, but that implies that he's on a paid leave. It's the "paid" part that makes that a lie—nobody around here gets paid anything. He'll be back in August.

But that all works out just fine, since I asked Bob Root to publish a longer than normal kind of mini memoir. He's concerned that there's little humor and that it may be more appropriate for Reader's Digest. I disagree. I think you'll enjoy it as much as I did.

And... John Doherty has offered up an article that originally appeared in *Air Line Pilot* back in 1996. I had not read it before, but found it fascinating. I'm looking forward to more from John in the future.

Lastly, Steve Bowen describes his trip aboard one of the last five aircraft in Northwest livery as they are delivered to the boneyard, thus snuffing out the last flicker of the brand forever.

It's the contributors that makes *Contrails* what it is. If you agree, it might be a good idea to tell each of them how much they are appreciated. Even better, you might follow their lead and contribute an article of your own.

SOMETHING WE JUST CAN'T IGNORE

Sadly, there are 14 pages of Flown West obituaries in this issue. I wish it were otherwise, but it is the sad reality for a group like ours.

Though that many may seem alarming to some, it's just that Vic Britt has had to do some "catching up" as the information has become available. Let's hope that we can return to a more normal attrition rate—whatever "normal" might be.

At least we can celebrate that we have been honored to have known some of these men well and been privileged to work with them in a special environment few others can lay claim to.

I send my condolences to all the families of these special friends and hope you know that we share a not so small part of your loss.

NOW HIRING

I had to look back to see, and it turns out that I have been involved with *Contrails* for the past eight years. It's time that I devoted more of my time to other endeavors and move aside to allow one of the younger members to take my "baby" to the next level.

However, the reality is that I have painted myself into a corner—and it doesn't look like the paint is ever going to dry. How do I get out of here without making a mess of things? As the only physical manifestation of our organization, it's important that *Contrails* continue, even more so now that our airline is gone.

Please don't misunderstand. I am quite proud of what *Contrails* has become and certainly would not like to see it expire. So this is not an announcement with an end date or any finality whatsoever. It is simply a plea to anyone out there with an interest in such things to make yourself known.

Where else are you going to find a job where the salary doubles every year?

Whatchabeenupto?



SKIP FOSTER



Hi Dino and company,

Just sent in my dues for 2011 and the registration fee for Omaha in September. Kathy & I are still doing some traveling via Delta and occasionally in the C-210. We're settled into a pattern of Wisconsin, May-October, and Las Vegas for the rest of the year. We plan to go to Maui and the Big Island in late January thru mid February and hope to catch up with Bill Kish on the Big Island for some golf.

I got to thinking about Omaha and one of the times I flew into Offutt back in 1966 as a Second Lieutenant. Dick VanRoo, former NWA pilot who passed away in 2003, and I had just graduated from USAF pilot training and were awaiting a class date for F-102 training at Perrin AFB, Texas. Dick had gone through pilot training in the T-33, and our unit in Madison had 4 of them, so we convinced the Ops Officer to let us take a cross country out to PDX for the weekend.

We filed a "stop-over" flight plan to PDX with a refueling stop at Offutt on a Friday afternoon. The flight to Offutt was pretty routine, but when we got in contact with Offutt approach control, they seemed somewhat confused about our intentions. We told them we were on a "stop-over" flight and wanted to land there and refuel. They finally vectored us in for an approach and landing.

Once we got on the ground, tower told us to contact ground control and come to a stop on the taxiway. Ground control told us to hold our position on the taxiway.



We were then surrounded by 2 Air Police trucks with drawn weapons pointed at us!! They also had a couple of big, mean looking dogs with them as well. We sat there for about 5 minutes, and Dick kept running the engine up and down, which didn't help the dog's or the Air Police's disposition much.

The SAC, Strategic Air Command for you sea going aviators, finally decided that we were all in the same Air Force, even though we were Guard Pukes, and let us taxi in and refuel. We departed for PDX without any further excitement.

I'll save the story of the second time I landed at Offutt for another time.

Thanks for all your hard work!
Skip Foster

BILL SORUM



Dear Dino,

Sorry, I'm not able to jest and write funny lines like most of your constituents. I fell and mashed up my ribs on the left side just before Christmas. It only hurts when I cough, sneeze, laugh or move.

I fell and struck the railing on the church steps on my way to Lenten service. I broke two ribs once before about 50 years ago, playing softball in church league in Minneapolis. I told this tale to my sister and she said I should find a different denomination 'cause being a Lutheran was far too dangerous for me.

I hope the New Year is better for us all. Keep up the good work!

Friends always,
Bill Sorum



BILL BREWER



Dino,

1) Thanks for the easy-to-understand dues system!

2) Aren't mergers fun? Having started ('59) with Pacific, then Ariwest, then Hughes Airwest, then Republic, then Northwest and now we have all the blessings of mother Delta, I have some perspective.

Point being that it is hard to maintain continuity and keep up with "old" friends.

3) Contrails is an excellent publication for Northwest pilots as would be expected. I have attended several RNPA events and have been warmly welcomed in every case. Still, by definition I am an "outsider."

4) In the interest of pursuing continuity, perhaps some effort can be made to recruit more of those from earlier in the chain.

5) How to do this I don't have a clue, but if the desire exists, the multitude of computer wizards can likely have ways to reach every pilot still getting a paycheck.

Best wishes,
Bill Brewer

Oh, if only it were that simple, Bill. The basic problem is that corporations simply will not divulge the personal info of their employees. Northwest wouldn't do it, ALPA wouldn't do it and certainly Delta won't.

But we are in agreement that we should continue to try. As Dino mentioned, if membership falls too much we may soon find ourselves in a financial pickle.

- Editor

**JOE
FOURAKER**



Fellow retirees and staff of Contrails,

I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate all the work you do to keep this organization running. Contrails is read cover to cover by me and my wife, Gale.

We just had a new granddaughter added to our family. Our son-in-law Michael is in language school in Monterey, CA. So we have to fly out there to see the new addition. Gale has already bought the tickets for February 1st. Our other daughter is getting married in April in Kansas City so another trip is going to happen. It's a good thing those fellows that negotiated our retirement did such a good job. I could never do all this traveling and paying for weddings on my Social Security. I continue to have good health and Gale's is better now than it has been in the last four years.

Hope to see you at the Florida Spring Luncheon.

Joe and Gale (Surman) Fouraker

**LLOYD
MELVIE**



Dino,

Thanks to all of you who keep RNPA going! I may not be very active in RNPA events because of my continued involvement with our church, but I always enjoy reading the news of RNPA.

I'm still the pastor of Lake Union Covenant Church, rural South Haven, Minnesota, and Sharon is still teaching nursing at Ridgewater College, although thinking of retiring later this year. Our church is planning on a building project this year, so I guess I'd better stay a while longer.

We are thankful for good health, challenging opportunities for service, and many other blessings as we begin the New Year. Now if we could just get some of that global warming to come our way!

Keep up the good work!
Lloyd Melvie

**FRED
WEBER**



Dino,

It was good talking to you today and thanks for the info you gave me on signing up my son as a RNPA member. I was surprised when you told me that our membership has grown this year. That is great. I was afraid that maybe the opposite was true. It will take young guys like Mike to keep RNPA going after you and I are gone.

Retirement for the Webers has been great. We spend our summers in Polson, MT and our winters in Henderson, NV. The days are usually spent on the golf course, hiking the hills of Montana looking for that perfect trout stream, or just kicking back with a good book. We have had a number of NWA friends, some with motor homes, some without, stop by in Montana to visit. We love seeing old friends and getting caught up.

I keep up with what is going on in the airline world through our son. We just didn't know how good we had it. The changes that have taken place are many, some good some not so good. It's not our world anymore but the memories are great.

Thank you and the rest of the RNPA staff for a great publication and all you have done and will do for RNPA.

Sincerely,
Fred Weber

**PETE
HEGSETH**



Dino:

My wife and I look forward to each and every RNPA publication. What a great information magazine! Still on the farm in Minnesota. Rent some land out—farm the rest. Busy with grandkids. Did manage to get away a few days to Florida, North Carolina and Virginia. Really enjoyed this year's RNPA Christmas get-together. Life is good.

Pete Hegseth

**MARV
LUND**



Hi Dino,

I still enjoy the Contrails and have a memory of some of the good times we had, also some of the bad ones. Helen has been in and out of nursing homes the last 14 months and so I stay pretty close to home.

Grandson Chris is still flying for Delta out of MSP.

Time really flies by.
Best Regards,
Marv Lund

**LOUISE
BREWER**



New Year's Greetings,

We arrived home after spending three weeks in Croatia during the holidays. We had a great time, which included a two week cruise on the Adriatic. To my surprise a number of Floridians opted for a very cold experience also.

Enclosed is my dues renewal. Contrails is just the best. I look forward to the stories and the photos. It's a great way to stay connected.

Thanks and wishes to all for a healthy new year.

Louise Brewer

GARY THOMPSON



Hi Dino,

The Christmas party was wonderful as was the boat ride on the St. Croix, now if I can just get my stuff together I'll be happy with Omaha.

I sure thank you Dino for all you and all concerned do to make RNPA stay afloat. I am honored to be a part of what I consider a group of outstanding gentlemen.

Again thanks,
Gary Thompson

DAVE ELBOW



Hi Gary-

Have been meaning to give you an update for sometime. I have been happily retired since Aug. 08.

You may remember me when I was lucky enough to have been your first officer in Boston in the "glory days" of the base. I was always deeply impressed with your preflight briefings/quiz sessions and learned a lot as I watched flight attendants answer (most of the time) questions you posed. I have been making good use of our traveling benefits taking trips to Thailand (3 times), Philippines (twice), Laos, Cambodia, Costa Rica and a week in Havana. Most of the time I meet retired buddies in the persons of Brad Navarro and Dave Mathison. Even got Aubrey Hall to go along once. I still see him frequently and he has been retired for 11 years in Glendale, AZ. I have to admit after the 40 hours it took me to get home from Manila in Nov. I enjoy a good car trip more than I used to.

We still spend much of our time in Alaska and have good success keeping the freezer full of salmon and halibut. Our other home is in Liberty, Missouri (a bed-

room community of the Kansas City area). We settled there in 1978 when I was a Braniff new hire. Our son has a successful chocolate business in Kansas City as well as a gourmet ice cream business. I read with interest your story about the ice cream truck in California and I believe your son was involved with that. The other son lives in Tampa [and] is a commercial/instrument pilot who flies for fun. He was married in Dec., which gave us the chance to visit with Gary and Courtney Webb. They are as much fun as ever and we enjoyed a tour of their beautiful house.

I was fortunate to have served 6 years as captain (3 each on the 727 and 747-200) as I was so old (experienced) when I was hired. I am a little envious of all the new places the guys get to go now but think my life span has been increased by retiring on the perpetual hope to make one of the functions before too long.

Thanks for your hard work in putting this fine magazine together.

Regards,
Dave Elbow

NORM MIDTHUN



Tusen Tak Dino,

As you know, memorial services for Don Nyrop were held in Minneapolis on 1-8-11.

Celebration of a great life, lived so well. He would have been 99 on April 1st. As Don Hardesty, VP and Treasurer for NWA during [the] Nyrop years—favorite saying: "Nyrop was born on April Fools' Day, but believe me, he was nobody's fool!"

Nyrop's favorite saying, quoting Winston Churchill: "We make a living by what we get, we make a life by what we give." He gave so many much.

Thanks,
Norm Midthun

HAVEN HILL



Dino,

Add my name to the growing list of guys that really appreciate how much you do for RNPA, but never let you know.

I wish I had some new and exciting stuff to pass on, but it's still golf, tennis and family. (Not necessarily in that order.) After 17 years of retirement, I should be happy that I can still get out and play. And, guess what, I am!

Thanks for all you do,
Haven Hill

DONNA MAE WILCOX



Happy New Year Karen and Dino,

Hope all is good in Florida. Just wanted to tell you how much I enjoy the RNPA magazine. Seeing familiar faces and reading the articles brings a smile to my face. Retirement didn't turn out how I imagined it would! Have had two surgeries on my back in one year. The 24/7 pain has been unbelievable. You don't realize that you're going to go from racing around the world with your "airline family" to being isolated with pain and only seeing doctors. I miss everyone from Japan to India! Now that I've had the correct surgery I expect to get on the move-travel mode!

Have had numerous offers to take trips with friends who have three day layovers. Could get into some real trouble and fun. The biggest plus for Delta was recognition for the 40-year positive space ticket I get once a year, anywhere they fly. So, looking forward to using it this year. Keep up the great work. Look forward to reading the 2011 issues.

Take care,
Donna Mae Wilcox

**RAY
DOLNY**



Hi Gary:

At one of the RNPA gatherings I was talking to Dick Dodge about the trip they made on their cycles to the convention in ABQ. I told him that shortly after I got out of the Army Air Corps in '45 I bought a "1948 Harley 61" so I sent him this picture of me on my new Harley. I was 23 and single at that time. While it doesn't compare to the big Hondas and Yamahas of today, it was a classic. Dick said you might be interested as there probably are a lot of others in our group who had cycles.

My older brother bought a army surplus "Indian Motorcycle." Still Olive green and I learned to ride on that the hard way, I wrapped it around a telephone pole [and] broke my collar bone—the cycle survived to ride again. Slow to catch on to the dangers, I went out and bought the New Harley Davidson 61. I was obviously flush with cash as I was just hired by Northwest in 1947 at \$1.10/hour.

Ray Dolny



**RHEA
DOW**



I'm sending my dues from the winter wonderland of Spokane, WA. In November we broke the record for the snowiest month since they started keeping records in 1890. It truly looks like a movie set or a giant postcard. I love the snow but also treasure our gorgeous summers at my Golden Pond in northern Idaho. Next November I'm looking forward to a 24 day cruise to the Amazon on Holland America. Life is good, and I appreciate each precious year.

My best to all,
Rhea Dow

**VIC
KLEINSTEUBER**



Gary:

This was the first time we attended the SW Florida Luncheon. Another great RNPA event that allows our members an opportunity for fellowship with our NWA pilot and flight attendant family.

I encourage our members to plan to attend the RNPA cruise on the St. Croix on June 9th for our next RNPA gathering. We look forward to seeing you "on board."

Vic Kleinsteuber
& Judy Summers

**WES
SCHIERMAN**



Dino,

Thanks for the reminder and all of the work you do!

Have been building a Van's RV-12 light sport experimental airplane kit for about the last 15 months. Hope to have it flying sometime this summer.

Wes Schierman



**LOWELL
KEGLEY**



Dino,

The same old, “Thanks for a great job” is today’s gross understatement. However, until you’re better paid, thanks for the work you do up front as well as behind the scenes to make RNPA the organization it is.

It might interest you to know that when I received my copy of the photo “Flown West,” I hauled out my old epaulets, my wings, my cap emblem, my 25 year pin, along with a small photo, had them framed and along with the February 2010 cover picture from Contrails, “Final Flight, the last of the 747-200’s,” framed in like manner hangs, along with Bill Atkins photo of one of our DC-10s, my signed retirement picture, Tom Hanson’s collage of DC-6 through 747 and Dan Maloney’s print, “McKinley and the Whale,” in my den. Lots of good memories.

When Contrails arrives, there is an arm wrestling match to see which one of us gets first reading. Even though she doesn’t know or recognize many of the names, it doesn’t slow her a bit.

We had a great cruise through the Panama Canal in late March and early April. Another bucket list scratch off. Unfortunately, six days after getting off the ship, I had a shingles outbreak. Had it happened aboard ship... Oh my goodness, or words more to the point. The shingles outbreak doesn’t last too long but the follow-on of post-herpetic neuralgia is pain 24/7. I’m in my 10th month of battling this and am thankful for meds to counter the pain. So, if you and Karen haven’t had your shingle shots yet, talk to your doctor and if allowed, GET THEM!

Have a good 2011,
Lowell Kegley

**PETE
DODGE**



Hi Dino and Fergie:

Life and retirement is going just great. My health as well as Stephanie’s is holding up well. Can’t believe I’m passing 70. Many, many of my friends would have bet against me getting this far. On that note it really saddens me to get these emails from RNPA informing us of another of us flying west. I am afraid that will be a recurring event as we all start to turn into the wind. My sympathies go out to all RNPA families who have lost a loved one.

In the meantime we continue to spend our time traveling, golfing and spending as much of that precious time with our children and now 5 grandchildren.

Thanks to all of you that keep the past and memories alive with your efforts on our behalf. The organization and the magazine are terrific.

Regards,
Pete Dodge

**JACK
CORNFORTH**



Happy New Year everyone-

Thanks again for all the “extra” work you do.

We had wonderful time at Rapid City. Thanks to all who put that together. It was good to see so many old friends. We drove out, stopped at Wall Drug and Badlands. Met friends (not with RNPA), visited and had lunch then drove back in time to meet 14 other friends at New Ulm for Octoberfest.

Betty and I are still healthy, slowing down a bit-but were not going too fast before.

Thanks again for the good time.
Jack and Betty Cornforth

**CHRIS
HANKS**



Hi Dino,

Just a short note to express my appreciation for all the work you guys do for the benefit of us all. I wish all a very prosperous and healthy new year.

All is pretty much the same at the Hanks household, which is not a bad thing. Health is good and that is the most important thing without doubt. Passing through Oregon I bought the last one on eBay and the spousal unit never let me forget (bitched) that she did not get a chance to pick out the colors. I surrendered in Bend, Oregon and got a new one, this time following the proper procedures and protocol with the spousal unit. Peace at last.

We still leave Saint Augustine every May and proceed across the backyard all the way to Oregon and Washington with lots of stops on the way. I usually run into the usual cast of road bums and trailer trash and we do what comes naturally to geezers, and that is to sit on our asses and tell lies. When the seasons change we wander back home in mid October to plan another foray in the coming year. And so it goes.

You guys take care and will see you down the road,

Chris and Jan Hanks

**JIM
DRIVER**



Thanks Dino,

Thanksfor keeping the books straight! Contrails alone is worth the dues.

Life is good here in Northfield. We have an 18 year old granddaughter living with us. She is going to finish high school in Northfield, then on to college. Helps keep us young. We love it.

Jim & Norma Driver

**JEFF
DIETZ**



Dino,

Enclosed is a \$35 check to cover my 2011 dues. RNPA is a great organization and "Contrails" a great publication.

Hard to believe it's been a year since NWA and the RED TAIL have flown (North)West into the sunset. I would like to do a little "hangar flying" to bring everyone up-to-speed on the "Deltafication" process.

A couple of months ago we were flying across Montana enroute to HNL from MSP. As the ride started to deteriorate I looked to my Delta/Jepp High Altitude chart to find an alternate route across western Montana. Much to my chagrin, I noticed something missing from the chart! It seems that in their haste to obliterate all things NORTHWEST, Delta has elected not to publish NWA Mountain Wave Deviation Routes on their tailored enroute charts! It's no wonder that turbulence-related events are on the rise. After returning home from that trip I found some old NWA charts and made copies of the deviation routes.

That following month we were flying to ATL from HNL when we were informed of M[ountain] W[ave] turbulence over Colorado's Front Range. Referring to the copy of the MW deviation routes we were able to obtain a reroute and avoid the turbulence. A nearby Continental aircraft reported moderate MW along their route of flight while our ride was smooth.

Switching gears: On the day Mr. Nyrop passed, Delta opened the Woolman Cafe at MSP building "C." Perhaps, as a gesture of respect, Delta could change the name to the Don Nyrop Cafe!

Wishing all a Happy New Year,
Jeff Dietz

**WES
VERMILLION**



Hi RNPA,

Thanks to everyone at RNPA and Contrails for all you do for the rest of us. Colleen and I enjoy the magazine very much.

We're still RVing full-time and are presently in McMinnville, Oregon. I am recovering from a total left shoulder replacement. The RV park we are staying in is next door to the Evergreen Air and Space Museum. They have an old AD-5 like I used to fly in the Navy and a B-747 sitting on top of one of the buildings - a sight to behold! There are many great displays of other airplanes and space craft. If anyone comes this way in the Spring we'll take you on a tour!

We will depart for Florida next Fall with plans to arrive by Christmas and stay at Gary Webb's beautiful, Six Star RV park in Safety Harbor. Hope to see some of you Floridians then.

Wes Vermillion

**GERRY
WHITE**



Hello Dino,

I just got my November and February issues of "Contrails" in the mail yesterday. Not that you were late in sending them but my wife, Melanie and I, leave for Los Bariles in Southern Baja, Mexico every winter and the mail doesn't get forwarded. This year we left in October and returned in February. Needless to say I am perpetually on the list for late dues payment. Sometimes we don't get back until mid May. You who live in the Pacific NW will need no explanation.

Both of the issues were totally enjoyed and the stories so well written by people that I knew and had no idea of their writing talents. Thanks to all the RNPA staff for the excellent work.

Saludos,

Gerry and Melanie White

**FRED
PACK**

Our newest baby!



"One horse's ass looking at another!" – Fred Pack

AL SOVEREIGN



Hi, Gary,

Just thought I'd let you know what's happening in our neck of the woods. I am at Loma Linda Hospital in California receiving Proton treatment for prostate cancer. This is the best. It's long, 45 treatments, one a day five days a week, but no pain, no strain. We're in our motor home in Redlands, only three miles from the treatment center, which is great since we spend so much time there. In considering treating "the whole man", they have us scheduled for several social affairs each week, and they have us enrolled in their exercise center so.... "they cure our cancer, they don't want us to drop dead of a heart attack or stroke when we leave here."

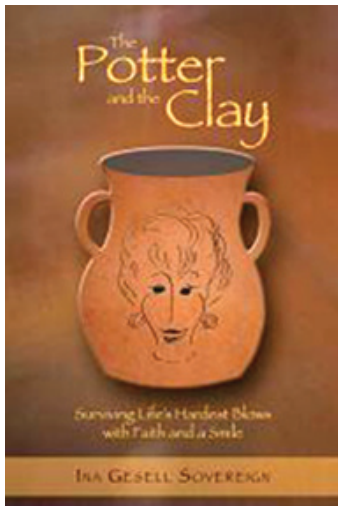
Ina's book is out now, and she has already sold several. The Chaplain here, who is in charge of looking after all 150 of us wants to interview her in front of the group and possibly on his TV show. You can look at it at her web site

www.thepotterandtheclaybook.com

It's been a long time in coming. She's very pleased with it.

Looking forward to seeing everyone in Minnesota in June.

Love,
Al'n Ina Sovereign



JAN PARTEL



RNPA,

I was delighted to read the Bill Mauldin story several issues ago. I felt very fortunate in my 48 years to be able to fly MAC flights from Saigon all around to Cairo. In addition to moving our troops, the other constant was always finding "Stars & Stripes" after they deplaned to glance at. A most appreciated closure!

Contrails is great reading.

Thanks,
Jan Partel

PS Just as I got this written and ready to post, along comes the latest Contrails. Enjoyed the story on Al Johnson! I transferred to Seattle September, 1962—heard bits and pieces about this colorful pilot, but had no idea that there was so much more!

HOLLY NELSON



Hi Dino,

Happy 2011 to you and all the members... let's hope it's a peaceful one!

We enjoyed a wonderful experience last May. We met with friends and took an eight day river cruise down the Danube from Nuremberg to Budapest - with a side trip to Prague, and enjoyed a few extra days in Budapest at the end of the cruise. All the little towns along the river were absolutely charming!

Delta was very good to us, and we were lucky to get into Business Class for the whole trip.

We are so looking forward to Spring and some warm weather after this "La Niña."

Thanks for continuing to do such a great job on the magazine.

Holly & Dave Nelson

LARRY POTTON



Thanks Dino,

Enclosed are my membership dues for the excellent RNPA organization. Thanks for being in the fray to keep us going. I love reading the Contrails and hearing about some of the members and their unique experiences

The other day, I had to check out some info with my United Airlines F/O son-in-law. F/O does stand for First Officer by the way. We really do get along. When he answered his cell phone, I could tell he was doing an Airbus walk-around on the ramp at ORD. Well, I couldn't spend much time talking, but the howling wind did remind me of my early S/O days and a 727 night arrival into El Forko Grande.

As we approached the ramp and the captain attempted a right 90 degree turn, the wind started blowing the fuselage to the left. The nose wheel was on ice and came about as though being turned to the left in a nice 270 degree arc. The aircraft ended up perfectly pointing towards the taxi director who hadn't moved from his initial spot. It was quite a feat, and beautiful to behold from the Second Officer's seat.

Sincerely,
Larry Potton

NORM RATHMELL



Hi Gary,

Thanks so much for the "heads up" you put in the February Contrails. I had totally forgotten about the life insurance policy. I now have everything up to date.

Also, many thanks for all the work you folks do in publishing Contrails.

Best Regards,
Norm Rathmell

STEVE LUCKEY



Dino,

Great chatting with you this morning and thanks much for checking on my dues status. Apparently, your written notice disappeared in the black hole of lost mail and this morning's email alert did the job, as intended. Too much traveling is not conducive to keeping track of things... or maybe it's just old age and dementia setting in, but I'll never admit it!

I do realize that it's time to step back and relax but the addiction of chasing bad guys is worse than sex, drugs, rock and roll, all combined.

On the serious side, I want to extend my most sincere appreciation for your hard work and also to all of those that unselfishly support our great RNPA organization. I look at our terrific publication and the professionalism that our contemporaries have presented and am honored for the opportunity to have such a special affiliation with a fine group of good friends and associates.

Please keep up the good work and I look forward having a drink and sharing more stories of those indelible times that we all cherish.

Semper Fi,
Steve Luckey

EILEEN CORL



Hello,

It's always interesting to read the letters. Our children are grown, are all productive young adults, and Wiley would be proud of each of them.

Best wishes to all for a happy and healthy 2011.

Eileen M. Corl
(Mrs. Wiley F. Corl, III)

JOHN COPPAGE



Hi Dino,

All's well here in the high country of Arizona. Enjoying the CAF, Warbirds of America, Redstar, Quiet Birdmen, Knights of the Round Engine Table. Plus all the many fun things to do in "Christmas City USA," Prescott, AZ. Joanne and I enjoyed a river cruise on the Danube from Budapest through Slovakia, Austria, Germany. New 440 foot river boat, Uniworld's "River Beatrice."

Always sad to see so many of the fine people we shared a cockpit with

are now on the "Gone West" list, the final flight we must all take. Sure glad I got to work with so many people from all the merged airlines, great fun in 38 years of airline flying.

Sold my Chinese Air force radial engine Nanchang CJ6-P to a MD-11 captain with FedEx. Flew this one for 12 1/2 years at airshows, EAA, Warbird CAF, QB, fly-ins, etc. I have an arrangement with my formation flying cohort Delta captain, Pat Geary, to keep his CJ6-P in my hangar and share some flying time.

Regards,
John Coppage



DEE RANHEIM



Dino and All,

Thank you—Thank you!

I find that I read Contrails from cover to cover and wish there were more! The articles were always good... but now, they are exceptional.

Enclosed are my dues and wishes for continued success. We are all the benefactors.

Enjoy a great New Year.

With affection,
Dee Ranheim

HARRY BEDROSSIAN



Hi Dino,

Happy New Year to you and your family. We're still hanging in there. Play golf when the weather permits, even bought a heater for the golf cart. Whiskey might be better - at least it would make you feel that your game was improving.

I really enjoy Contrails. It's a first rate publication and my many thanks to all who put it together.

Sincerely,
Harry Bedrossian

CLINT VIEBROCK



Editor,

I finally began attending the reunions starting with the one in Colorado Springs in 2008. Attending again this past Fall in Rapid City served as a reminder of how great it was to work with the people I got to fly with for 33 years with Northwest. This year has also seen quite a few friends leave on that Flight West. So the reunions are an opportunity to catch up with friends and share the old stories that have been told so many times they might even be true.

As for me, I stay busy in Telluride year round. In 2008, Susan and I started an online magazine, mostly about the people and living in Telluride. Check it out at: www.tellurideinside.com. In addition to keeping that project going, I teach skiing a couple days a week to people with disabilities at Telluride Adaptive Sports Program in the season and help out once in a while with their outdoor activities in the summer.

We do a lot of domestic travel in the off-seasons visiting family: my daughters and their families in Bellevue, WA and Pittsburgh, PA; and Susan's parents and sister in New Jersey, and her other sister in Los Angeles.

Most years we take one international trip, this year to Greece, with emphasis on Crete. I tried to find our house in Glyfada from the 1972 operation with Olympic. The town has changed so much I wasn't able to find any landmarks except for the Greek Orthodox cathedral at the edge of Glyfada. Where our house and beautiful garden were is now chock-a-block with high rise apartments. Time marches on...

I did have a few coincidental meetings that related to that experi-

ence: an Olympic pilot who started in 1973 who I met on Crete, and the recently retired Athens station manager who began his career in 1972. But no one who was flying at the time and remembered the Northwest operation first hand. Again, time marches on...

I see a few of my old (sorry, I shouldn't say "OLD") compatriots when they come through Telluride, but we're always happy to share a beer and a story if you are spending an hour or a week in Telluride. The number's in the book, and this email address works.

Blue side up...
Clint Viebrock

ART PARTRIDGE



Hi Dino,

Enclosed are RNPA dues. Have we dropped the program which gave a little help to our oldest members, which Lowell has run these many years? A note in Contrails might help. Their numbers are fewer, but I expect their needs are greater. I'd be glad to continue the contributions.

Jane and I missed Rapid City because I had a pre-op physical for a hip replacement in May which turned up advanced bladder cancer. Spent essentially all of June in hospital, having lost my bladder, prostate, a bunch of lymph nodes and all the cancer. The stay was extended for an infection in the incision, and repeated for pulmonary embolisms caused by too much sack time. The hip is yet to be fixed but hopefully in time for Omaha!

We're all a bit shakier than we were 20 years ago but most of us are truckin' along pretty well.

Jane and I send our best to you and Karen,

Art Partridge

DAVE WOODEN



Dino,

It is hard to believe I have been retired 18 years. Thanks to the ALPA members that made the pay checks come every month. If it had not been for them it would have been ugly. I know, I have good friends with United. Anyway, thanks again guys!

Retirement has been great for me as my health has been good. I go for my physical every 6 months and I think it helps. My wife and I have been traveling a lot. Brazil twice, Ireland and most of the States of the Union. In between lots of hunting and fishing with close friends. Still work on my old cars, but they take a back seat to the motor home and air travel. The high of 2010 was my 60th high school reunion. All those Old People!

Blue side up,
Dave & Lorna Wooden

TOMMY TINKER



Dear Gary,

Goodness, 2011 who would have thought it? Cindy and I are doing our best not to freeze here in Kapaau, Hawaii. Just yesterday she said, "Tommy, if you're cold go get some long pants on." I said, "Do you think that will help?" The temperature had just plunged from about 75 Farenhieght to 70, and we are expecting 68 tonight. Other than that we are doing well, mostly staying on island only venturing off for the odd dive trip for me and for Cindy twice a year trip to see her aunt and uncle in San Diego. I did try some Delta passes a couple of times and was delighted at the results. Another way to get off the "rock!"

Aloha, and Happy New Year.
Tommy and Cindy Tinker

**MARY
RENDER**



To the Editor,

We feel you do a fantastic job with the RNPA magazine. It has even improved in the last issues. Thank you.

Dick, I still split our time between Scottsdale and Denver with trips to our cabin in Trout Lake, Colorado. Also, at least one trip to Minnesota to see my family.

Mary Render

**ELAINE
MIELKE**



Dino,

Thanks for all you do for RNPA —also all the officers and Board members. The RNPA gathering are always great and an opportunity to see and be with good friends.

Elaine Mielke

**JOHN
SUTER**



Dino,

I disagree with the dues assessment. I think I qualify as an Affiliate. I am a retired NWA mechanical crew chief of 38 years. I worked in fuel metering shop for 5 years, check hangars for 17 years on 320s, 727s and DC-10s. I then got smart and went to Minneapolis ramp—second shift—mostly on the gold Concourse where we got a taste of everything. The aircraft I enjoyed working on were the DC-10s and the MD-11s—a side benefit of KLM and also two weeks of training in Holland for run-up and taxi. I also enjoyed the Dutch houses, fabulous food and candy.

Later at night we would send a NWA DC-10 to Holland. Some of the best pilots and flight attendants flew them. I could shop Amsterdam

while at home in Minneapolis. I enjoy reading your magazine. The pilot stories tell of good and bad experiences. Sometimes I even know the pilot. If Capt. Baldwin wasn't my boss at one time, his brother was.

I would like to hear stories of pilot and mechanic interactions.

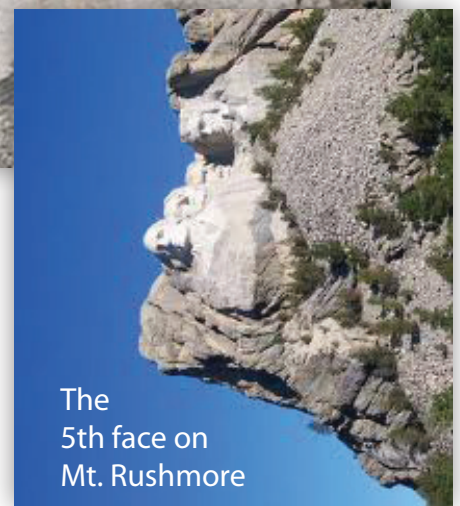
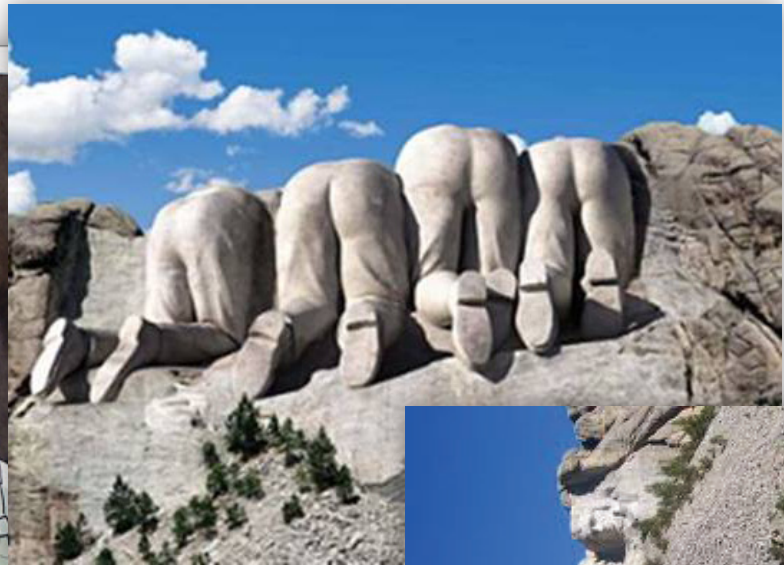
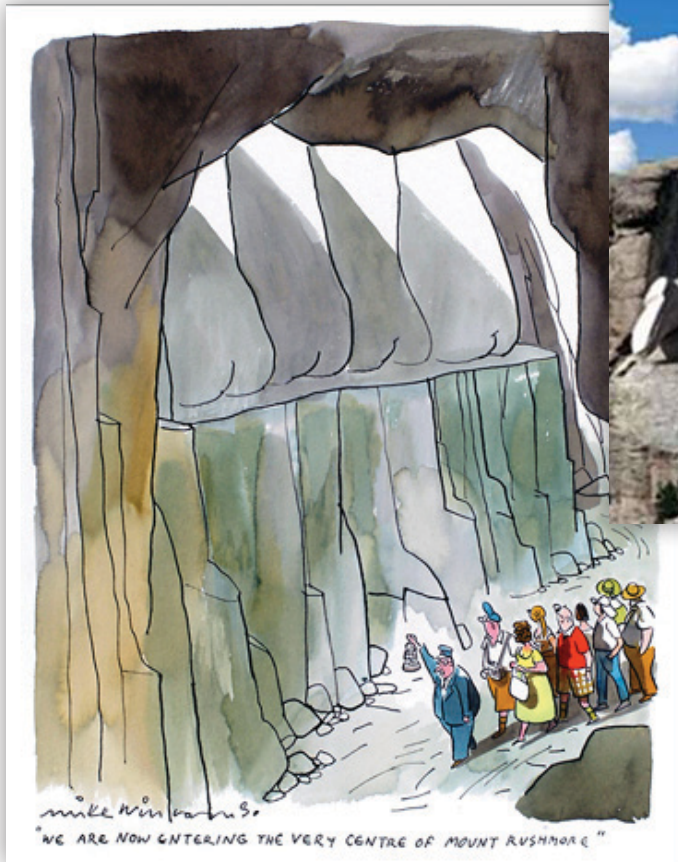
Thanks,

John Suter

(The gray haired Gold crew chief who wore a red stocking cap and smoked too much.)



Remember the bears!



Thanks to Dave Schneebeck, and several others who suggested using the photo above.

The 5th face on Mt. Rushmore

**JACK
NEIS**



Gary:

Thanks for what you do!

I was “rooting around” in my memory this morning (a pastime which occupies more and more of my time of late). And once again the face of **Bob** Root made its way to the front.

Bob was a check airman for 2nd officers when I made my appearance at the airline in 1969. Training, as many of you remember, was done in “the” simulator, a box that moved, but had painted windows, where we lived for what seemed to be an eternity.

Part of the check system was to do a preflight on a real airplane, which meant being on the ramp at O dark thirty. Bob followed me into the cockpit. So there I was, just starting my check experience, and climbing into an airplane with which I have had hardly any real exposure, and it’s 4 AM.

The first thing, of course, was to climb into the captain’s seat, and the first item was to check the emergency equipment; the captain’s oxygen mask and smoke goggles. There were no goggles where I expected them to be. I looked everywhere. The very first thing, and I couldn’t find them. I think I was looking under the seat when Bob, who was sitting in the first observer’s seat asked, “What are you looking for?”

“The captain’s smoke goggles”, says I.

“Where are they?”

You can guess what went through my head. But I’m starting to panic. This could be the shortest check ride in history.

“You don’t have any idea where they are?”

I bore deep into my brain. Where could they be. Is there a difference between the simulator and

the airplane? Is there a spare pair stowed someplace? How am I going to support my family? What other jobs am I qualified to do?

I turned around to face him. “I don’t know,” I confessed.

“No idea at all.”

“No sir,” I replied looking right at him. He seemed to be enjoying this!

The conversation went on for some time. Forever, as a remember.

It turns out that he was wearing them..... on the top of his head. I never saw them, even as I stared right at him.

Later, as we did the exterior, the cargo door was open. In the interest of “general condition,” I flipped on the light switch and peered inside. He, too, stuck his head in. He pointed to a filter-like panel on the rear wall of the empty cargo bay. “Do you know what that panel is for?”

“No, sir.”

“Neither do I. Just thought you might know.”

I was neither the first nor the last to have these experiences with Bob. But now, like many of you, I had the makin’s of a song. (And the seeds of many a smile through the years.)

Thanks, Bob.
Jack Neis

**HELEN
TRUOX**



Dear Mr. Oliva,

Thanks for letting me still get the Contrails magazine.

I will be 93 in March but still enjoy reading it, even if I don’t know many people whose pictures are in the magazine.

I’ll look forward to seeing the next Contrails.

Thank you, and have a Happy New Year,

Helen Truox

**CY
PETERSON**



Dear Editor and Colleagues,

Just want yo to know that Stanton Airfield is still open for business. Sport aviation slows down in wintertime, at least here in Minnesota where there is winter to remember. Kent and his crew keep a runway open and we get the hardy Cub owner who puts his skis on to visit and fill up with 5 gallons of avgas. The shop is busy year round with rebuilds, annuals and projects. If you plan to fly in it is a good idea to check the notams, or better yet phone the field. Come Spring the air space around will fill with gliders and light airplanes of every description. Fathers’ Day in June at the annual fly-in drive-in breakfast you are guaranteed to see some friends there.

Incidentally, Wally Weber’s grandson, Brian, is a highly valued employee of Stanton when he is not hitting the books at college. He does everything and anything, tows gliders, mows grass, blows snow, services aircraft and cheers you up. A joy to have around.

Best to all,
Cy Peterson,
Class of ‘89

**GEORGE
STEVENSON**



A big Hello to all,

Hate to disappoint you all but I did not go West in ‘08 as indicated in the last directory. I may have gone West, but not that far—yet.

I am still plugging away, and have another homebuilt plane nearly finished, and for sale. Hope to start another when this one is gone.

Still in pretty good shape for this age.

George Stevenson

BOB GOULD



Gary,

As does everyone else, I send thanks to all of you for putting out such a good magazine! It's very slick and very professional.

In the twelve and a half years that I have been retired I can't say that I have missed work. I would certainly not have minded flying off somewhere in a 747, but only on my schedule, not at Crew Skeds' whim. Those who know me will be perhaps surprised to hear that the Seabee which resided in my garage for 27 years has now been flying since 2006. I finally bit the bullet and spent a month or two with an imported mechanic and finished the last bit of work that I could not do on my own. I've attached a couple of pictures.

I was concerned about problems with neighbors and the Marines, but happily the airplane has quite a fan club, and all the neighbors love it, as do the Marines. They have asked me to bring it to the Marine Base at Kaneohe for two consecutive airshows to be part of their static display, and it turned out to be very popular with the crowds. It's about a 2 mile flight, so I don't have to have an augmented crew.

Two sons and four grandchildren. What could be better? One family is in Northern California, where Colin works for Oracle in Redwood Shores, and the other is in Denver, where Scott is a Scarebus Captain for Frontier.

We have been at the same address in Kaneohe for 36 years now, and you can see why we are not leaving.

Between our free passes on Frontier (at Scott's seniority level) and ours on Delta, we have done a fair amount of traveling, mostly to the mainland and to Europe. My



Here it is returning from its first flight in 40 years. That was five years ago.

biggest complaint about flying these days is that the airplanes don't have enough engines!

Gretchen has had a few health issues, but they are under control, while my health has been excellent.

I can still pass the FAA 1st Class physical each year without glasses (with judicious squinting and much to the dismay of Mike Mulvany).

Keep up the good work!
Bob Gould



**STAN
FUKAI**



Dear Captain Oliva:

I think it has been a long time since you were called “Captain” - and I often think back to the days when I was still working and talking to the crew members.

I used to be a maintenance chief at ORD during my working days and remember you well. Since retiring, while traveling on a retiree’s pass, I still meet crew members who remember me and enjoyed talking to them. Several of them suggested membership in the RNPA association. I said that I was in maintenance and not in flight operations. One of them was Bill Day who lives in Washington and went to cadet school with my cousin who lives in Tacoma.

He also wrote up a story about my past and had it placed in one of the quarterly magazines that you publish. But, Bill and a couple of other Captains said I should become a member and even sent in the initial fees for me for the first year during a get-together of many NWAers at MSP during the farewell to the 747-200 party at a hotel in the Twin Cities.

With the end of the Passages, your publication is the only one that keeps me current on flight crews for the red-tail company. I have heard that Delta has a way that I can pick up the airline news on the internet but do not know whether I qualify as an old NWA retiree but I will find out tomorrow when the IAM retirees meet for lunch in Chicago.

I am enclosing a check for \$20 for the subscription at this time. I cut off the bottom of your letter and apparently kept only the top. I think it said \$15 because of a carryover from the initial payment. I would like to continue because it has good news written in them.

I enjoy reading your publication and recall many of the names that you list. Sadly, a few of them have passed on.

Thank you again,
Stan Fukai

**CRAIG
SWENSON**



Thank you, thank you, thank you! Six copies arrived today. The two page spread on Chet Swenson is just beautiful Vic. I can’t wait to show the family.

Contrails is a very impressive, high quality production. Kudos to all who work so hard to put it together.

With deep appreciation,
Craig Swenson

**RON
REP**



Dino,

As it says on the membership statement: “I’m doing it now!”

We bounce back and forth between Coon Rapids and Hayward, WI.

Health has been good since prostate surgery in ‘06. Fishing has been great! The family keeps us busy.

Happy 2011 to all!
Ron Rep

**TOM
TALLE**



Hi Dino!

Here are my dues for 2011—prompt and punctual. I really enjoy the magazine and all the stories and articles on what it was like to fly. I envy you guys.

Thanks to you and the staff for all your dedication and hard work.

Sincerely,
Tom Talle (Affiliate member)

**WALT
MILLS**



Greetings from Camano Island, WA,

Another year has gone flying by and it’s time to send in the RNPA dues! It certainly seems like I just did this yesterday and I’m sure that they’ll be due again tomorrow.

Everything is fine here in our little corner of the world about 65 miles north of Seattle. Both of us are in pretty darn good health all things considered. Jan had shoulder surgery last summer and I had a couple of stents put in my heart a little over a year ago. Big surprise! Oh well. I do manage to see the North Sound contingent of parolees for lunch whenever possible. Bill Day does a great job of coordinating the whole thing and keeping us all in line.

We still are traveling quite a bit and are cruising whenever we can find a good deal. We seem to be attracted to the Trans Atlantic cruises and have just finished our fifth crossing.

Looking forward to Omaha in September.

Walt & Jan Mills

**PRIM
HAMILTON**



Hi,

Quick note with my 2011 dues. Looking forward to the Omaha gathering. Will probably go to Branson as well. This fall and winter I have been busy, busy, busy. Still work part-time for a few cruise lines—Princess and Crystal, and now Disney later in January. Fun work as guests are always happy cheerful and upbeat—they are going on a cruise.

Always look forward to Contrails issues.

As always,
Prim Hamilton

Light Breezes



Hi Dino, You guys are doing a great job. We enjoy Contrails and all the stories and pictures. Dorothy and I celebrated our 63rd wedding anniversary last December. We are looking forward to the Spring Luncheon. ~ **Bill Rowe**

Hi Dino, Thanks for all the work you do. I enjoy reading RNPA and keeping up with all the activities. ~ **Chloe Doyle**

Always looking forward to the Contrails. The stories are great. ~ **Dan Linehan**

Thanks for all you do, Dino! Barbara and I are gettin' awful sick of Minnesota winters. Thanks again, ~ **Dick Bradford**

Hi Dino, Thanks for doing all the work again this past year. Hope to see you at the March lunch. Best regards,
~ **Dick Smith**

Hi! Enjoy your beautiful Florida sunshine and warm weather for us. It was -4 degrees this morning with a possible -10 degrees tomorrow morning... lots of snow, too. All fine here! ~ **Don & June Lundvall**

Dino, A very sincere Thank You for doing this. It seems as though you've been volunteering your services to the NWA pilot group forever. Sincerely, ~ **Ed Sprengle**

Cy is residing in a nursing home—doing well. He celebrates his 96th year in December. He enjoys Contrails.
~ **Helen Cole**

Dino, Many thanks to all of you for making Contrails so interesting and fun to read. Since my first issue, I have enjoyed them all! ~ **Jan Swenson**

Dino, Many, many thanks for all of your hard work! ~ **Jim Borden**

Thanks Dino, And for all the guys that keep this going. Semper Fi, ~ **Jim Dandrea**

Hi Gary, I certainly enjoy RNPA Contrails. What a quality magazine. Thank you for all you do in putting it together. Regards, ~ **Jim Thwaites**

Dino, The Contrails magazine is fantastic. Wish the white stuff in my lawn was like this. [The note paper had an illustration of a sandy beach.] Happy New Year, ~ **Ray Henry**

Dear Dino, Thank you so much for all you do for RNPA. Chuck always looked forward to reading the magazine and I will do so too. Hope you had a great Christmas and God bless you with good health in 2011. Sincerely,
~ **Rose Marie Nichols**

Thanks for all your work for RNPA! We keep informed by all the RNPA boys hard work. ~ **Tim Olson**

Dino, Thanks for all you do for RNPA. Please thank all those who also do so much for RNPA. Fly safe, ~ **Tony Polgar**



**FRAN
DeVOLL**



Gary,

Thank you for honoring Lorraine by printing her obituary. I have a follow-on to the Africa trip.

A short while before we were to leave the States, we got a tip that our return flight out of Nairobi to Amsterdam would probably be on Kenya Airways instead of KLM. Around that same time the Contrails came that had the article about Don Leonard and his wife, Bernie, passing away in Hawaii. I knew that Don had at one time been on loan to Kenya to help them with their airline because every time he returned to SEA he would try to get me to visit the country.

I made a couple copies of his article to take on our trip. Sure enough, when we went to our gate to leave Nairobi, there was a Kenya Airways 777-200 with the biggest engines I had ever seen. After lunch, I took out one of the articles on Don & Bernie, wrote a short note on it, and asked a Flight Attendant to deliver it to the Capt. In about 5 minutes another F/A came to our seats and said she was to escort us up to meet the Captain.

We were taken to what appeared to be a lounge area just ahead of First Class with small sleeping compartments on either side of both aisles on forward toward the cockpit. Soon a very tall, muscular black man appeared. It was Capt. John Abwonji. He told us that Don had taught him to fly the 707. He had also set up their Flight Ops. department, complete with manuals, which they were still using. And, his young daughter had Bernie as a teacher in her school. He promised to post the Contrails article where others who knew Don could read it. (I need to add that while we were in that lounge area, we observed an-

other cockpit crew member having his lunch off a small linen-covered table with the food all on china.)

Thank you for Contrails, and Don was right about Kenya being a great place to visit.

Fran DeVoll

**LORRAINE
HASELMAN**



Dino,

I have to tell you George read the pilots' magazine from cover to cover. So, I will continue to receive it in his memory.

George's three loves were his faith, family and flying. He is truly missed by all of us.

Thank you for all you people do in publishing the magazine.

Lorraine Haselman

**DIANNE
WULFF**



Dear Dino,

Doug passed away Dec. 25th but I want to keep his membership active. August 31st he had a heart transplant followed by a stroke at Tampa General Hospital. He was in rehab at the hospital for about 6 weeks and contracted a bacteria that turned into septicemia and spread through his blood in 2-3 days. It attacked his kidneys and he suffered two heart attacks, all in a few days.

My daughter Debbie in Minnesota has been emailing 20+ RNPA members via Doug's email address since August 31st. She kept all informed every 2-3 days and corresponded with them for the 4 months he was in. She is looking forward to meeting some of her new-found pen pals on the St. Croix River lunch in the summer in Minnesota.

Thank you,
Dianne Wulff

**CHET
WHITE**



Where do the years go? They just seem to fly by now. So many friends flown West.

Sharon and I continue to enjoy life in southwest Florida living in a canal community with the boat in the backyard. We have enjoyed visiting the Bahamas and look forward to cruising the waterways of the East Coast and Canada this summer.

A couple of years ago we bare-boated a canal boat in Stoke on Trent, England for a fortnight with four friends. What a blast motoring down to Wales crossing aqueducts, transiting tunnels, tying up in little towns and sampling pubs and restaurants. I highly recommend it. You even get to operate all the bridges and locks and there are foot and bikepaths along the canals.

We treasure all the friends we made at Northwest Airlines and it is such fun to see many of you at the reunions. Thanks to all of the hard working people that keep RNPA alive and well.

Chet White

**DON
NORDLUND**



Hi Dino and Karen,

Phyllis and I are now in Daytona Beach and are getting things in shape in our condo.

We will have our 60th anniversary in April and we both are doing good for our age. I'll be 84 Feb 3rd and Phyllis was 80 Dec. 27th.

We both enjoy reading RNPA each month.

Hope the New Year will be great for you and Karen.

Don & Phyllis Nordlund

WALLY WAITE



Dear Contrails Editor,

I have always wanted to take a look at Glacier Park up north of Flathead Lake. I flew from Salt Lake to Kalispell, drove to Whitefish and on to the park. I expected to see a lot of bear but none were out that day. The park was nice but I expected too much.

So when I got home I planned a trip to Washington D.C. and the Smithsonian Museum. I flew into Dulles and rode the train from Fairfax to the museum. I arrived 2 hours before the museum opened so to get warm and eat breakfast I went to the House Office Building. I got my food and walked to the cashier to pay and in came Charlie Rangle.

I know I should have greeted him as congressman Rangle, but I just said, "Charlie, it's so good to see you." We talked for a few minutes and I told him to hang in there and don't let them get you down. Then I told Charlie that my friends would believe me but my wife had seen the B.S. card too many times and I'd need his card as evidence. Well he gave me his office number and said come up and I'll write her a letter. He said in the letter that he wanted to meet her and for her to come with me next time.

I think Bill O'Reilly is a little too hard on Charlie. I believe it was simply a bookkeeping error on the tax issue. Can happen to anyone.

I'm planning a trip for 30 March to Barcelona, Spain where I'll rent a car, drive down the Mediterranean, Costa del Azahar, Costa del Sol then to Cordoba, Toledo and Madrid. Fly back to Salt Lake from Madrid. When I get home I'll send the details of the trip if it turns out better than the Glacier park trip and the Washington, D.C. trip.

Oh the Air and Space Museum

was better than ever, including the NWA 747-100. The cockpit was needing a cleaning.

Wally Waite

B. J. MOLÉ



I very much appreciate the fine work you and RNPA do for the rest of us (lazy) folks. Contrails is an excellent pub and is very enjoyable to read. It brings back old memories—the good ones! Thanks again for the accent on my name.

B. J. Molé

SHARON GAYLE



Dino,

Thank you, and all the other RNPA volunteers for keeping this organization up and running. The newsletter is great!

My "retirement" lasted about two weeks before I started working as a dealer and cashier at Coe & Charnell, an antique store in Minneapolis. I'm usually there about three days a week, and also have done wedding reception coordinating for the daughters of retired flight attendants.

I do miss all the wonderful people I flew with and the great layovers in Scotland, London, Copenhagen and Hamburg. And right about now, in the middle of the snowiest winter in six decades, a few days in Honolulu wouldn't hurt.

I was blessed with the best possible career ever, and images of foreign countries and in-flight phenomena that will be with me always. The first time I saw the Northern Lights at 35,000 feet, flying the trip from MSP to Glasgow, was awesome.

Happy New Year everyone,
Sharon Gayle

FOR MY ENGLISH MAJOR FRIENDS

On his 74th birthday, a man got a gift certificate from his wife.

The certificate paid for a visit to a medicine man living on a nearby reservation that was rumored to have a wonderful cure for erectile dysfunction.

After being persuaded, he drove to the reservation, handed his ticket to the medicine man and wondered what he was in for. The old man slowly, methodically produced a potion, handed it to him, and with a grip on his shoulder, warned, "This is powerful medicine and it must be respected. You take only a teaspoonful and then say '1,2,3.' When you do that, you will become manlier than you have ever been in your life and you can perform as long as you want."

The man was encouraged. As he walks away, he turned and asked, "How do I stop the medicine from working?"

"Your partner must say '1,2,3,4,'" he responded. "But when she does, the medicine will not work again until the next full moon."

He was very eager to see if it worked so he went home, showered, shaved, took a spoonful of the medicine, and then invited his wife to join him in the bedroom.

When she came in, he took off his clothes and said, "1,2,3!"

Immediately, he was the manliest of men. His wife was excited and began throwing off her clothes. And then she asked, "What was the 1,2,3 for?"

And that, boys and girls, is why we should never end our sentences with a preposition, because we could end up with a dangling participle.

Thanks to Vic Britt

**DICK
ERLANDSON**



I was at Marana Airport about 10 miles north of Tuscon when Don Keating took his restored (5 year project) TA-4 airplane for a flight on Jan. 10, 2011. Beautiful machine. It looks like it just rolled out of the Douglas factory.

Also present was crew from Air Classics magazine to write an article on him and the project which included flying formation on the A-4 for pictures.

Nice work, Don!

Dick Erlandson



Don Keating's fully restored Douglas TA-4 Skyhawk

**LAURIE
McCAULEY**



Gary,

Just a quick word to thank you for the "Flown West" memorial for Alice McCabe. We all loved her and have great memories of our trips and layovers together. I felt so lucky to spend a little time with her at the "Kiss Your Red Tail Goodbye" party and a following Sunday brunch. I have been buried up here in the hinterlands of northeastern Minnesota, but I do so love to see old friends and hear the fun old stories.

I also want to compliment you on your last issue. The pictures of the Buffalo Roundup were great, especially the cover picture. It was such a great time at the Rapid City Reunion... so many faces that I had not seen in many years... and lots of tales rehashed. I am amazed at the articles you come up with, and enjoy reading the Contrails the minute it arrives in my mailbox.

Thanks for all the great work.

Sincerely,

Laurie McCauley

**EARLE
SCOTT**



Dear Dino,

Just trying catch up on all of my bills. I spent five days last month in the hospital. Yet another near miss with the Big C. I went in for a CT scan late this last summer and what they were looking at turned out OK but the radiologist picked up a small cancerous spot on my left kidney. The urologist told me I could hunt this last fall but we agreed on removing the spot in January. When he got in to look at it there was more than he could repair so he took it all. The good news was that the cancer was confined totally to the kidney so it is now all gone.

We had a great time in Rapid City this last summer, but how could we not. Great weather combined with seeing many old friends is the perfect formula for enjoyment.

My thanks to all of our RNPA Board and Contrails crew for all of their fine work.

Sincerely,

Earle Scott

**DON
SCHROPE**



Dino,

I don't have much to say for Contrails. Our lives are pretty mundane but active. I would like to say thanks again to you and all of the Board for the great job you do for RNPA. We are looking forward to Omaha and possibly Branson. I can also say I sure am glad I'm in Florida this winter.

Don Schrope

**KATHY
PALMEN**



Hi Dino,

I certainly enjoyed RAP. And am looking forward to OMA. Also the Summer Cruise.

All of you sure know how to give a party. Retirement is going great.

Hi to Karen,
Kathy Palmen

Letters

contrailseditor@mac.com

Letters

MSP SUMMER CRUISE

THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 2011

Stillwater, Minnesota aboard the "AVALON"

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Name(s) _____ & _____

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Boat sails **PROMPTLY.**



Back to the **AVALON**



BASEBALL HAS BEEN VERY, VERY GOOD TO ME

In the year 1947, a baseball pitcher for the Cleveland Indians by the name of Bob Feller won 20 games. That same year a young lad by the name of Bob Root played in his first organized baseball game in a city park in south Denver, Colorado. He was eight years old.

Bob Feller's real name was Robert William Andrew Feller, born in 1918. Bob Root's real name was Robert Murray Root, born in 1939. Over the years, Bob Feller became known as Rapid Robert, a reference to the speed of his fastball. Bob Root became known as Bobby, a reference to the fact that his family already had a Bob who was Bobby's father.

Bobby began his initial game as the catcher. He had a mask, a chest protector, a big catcher's mitt and a lot of enthusiasm as the game began. When the game ended, he had minor cuts, bruises and swollen knuckles obtained from various fouled balls and collisions at home plate. Bobby's mother was quite unhappy about the swollen knuckles, fearing that the life of a baseball catcher would bring about an early end to Bobby's career as a concert pianist. By his third game, Bobby's parents had spoken with his manager and Bobby's future as a catcher ended. He became a shortstop. Bob Feller continued to be a pitcher.

It developed that little Bobby loved to play baseball. Before long, he was actually fairly good at the game, sometimes surprising even himself with a hit or a good defensive play. Of course, there was no play in the winter in Denver. As an only child, Bobby had to occupy himself in other ways in winter which included a great deal of piano practice supervised, but not taught, by his grandmother.

Bobby's dad was "in sales." He did well. He entered management. He did well. When Bobby was 11, his dad received a promotion to the position of district "Sales Manager." The district was based in a place called Thermopolis, Wyoming. Bobby was not able to understand how a small town like Thermopolis, (named for the world's largest mineral hot springs) population 2870, was the headquarters for anything called a "district," but he did understand that it was now "home."

The move resulted in some changes for Bobby. First, it was determined that his education in Denver had somehow placed him ahead of his age group in Wyoming, where one could find more cows than people. He was installed into the sixth grade, skipping the fifth. Next, his parents were unable to find a piano teacher to guide him toward the concert stage. His piano career soon ended. However, in Wyoming there was ample interest in baseball.

Children without siblings develop ways to entertain themselves which offspring in large families do not. Bobby invented a solo baseball game, played at the front entrance of the family home. He used a tennis ball. The essence of this game was to throw a ball at the front steps from about ten feet away. In the mind, this was "the pitch." When the ball bounced off the steps, it would rebound toward Bobby either in the air, rolling or bouncing. If it did not hit the ground he would catch it and the imagined batter was "out." If it did hit the ground, he would grab it, then throw it back at the steps. In his mind, this was a throw to first base. If he then caught the rebound, an out was recorded. If not, there was a runner on base. Over time, Bobby improved his game and his skills. He developed a "strike zone," where the initial throw had to hit the steps in a certain area to be considered a strike. He became adept at throwing the ball so that it would return as a fly or a ground-er. A double play could be performed by twice catching and throwing the ball at the steps between pitches.

In the years 1950 and '51, such things as video games, skateboards and radar guns

The
Root
Cellar



(which measure the speed of a pitch) were still awaiting introduction. Indeed, in Wyoming, so was television. Bobby had never seen a major league baseball game. He had only listened to the broadcast of such games on radio. Someone, probably his parents, had presented him with a wonderful gift; a multi-dial, all black metal radio with several bands, including short wave, big knobs and even headphones. Late at night, he would lie in his bed with headphones in place, searching for stations far off. Sometimes he would find beautiful, if mournful, classical music from some place he knew was Russia. But the best thing about the radio was that he located a place where he could listen to major league baseball games played by the Cleveland Indians. About Cleveland, he knew only that it was someplace “back east.” He had heard that Bob Feller had stood in a downtown street in Chicago and proved that his fastball could beat a motorcycle traveling at 100 miles per hour over a distance of 60 feet six inches.

Bobby became an avid fan of the Indians. Every day during the season he read the box scores. He knew all the players by name and position. The Indians had four great starting pitchers—The Big Four.—Bob Lemon, Mike Garcia, Early Wynn and, of course, Feller. Bobby brought the names of players to his invented game, along with a radio announcer.

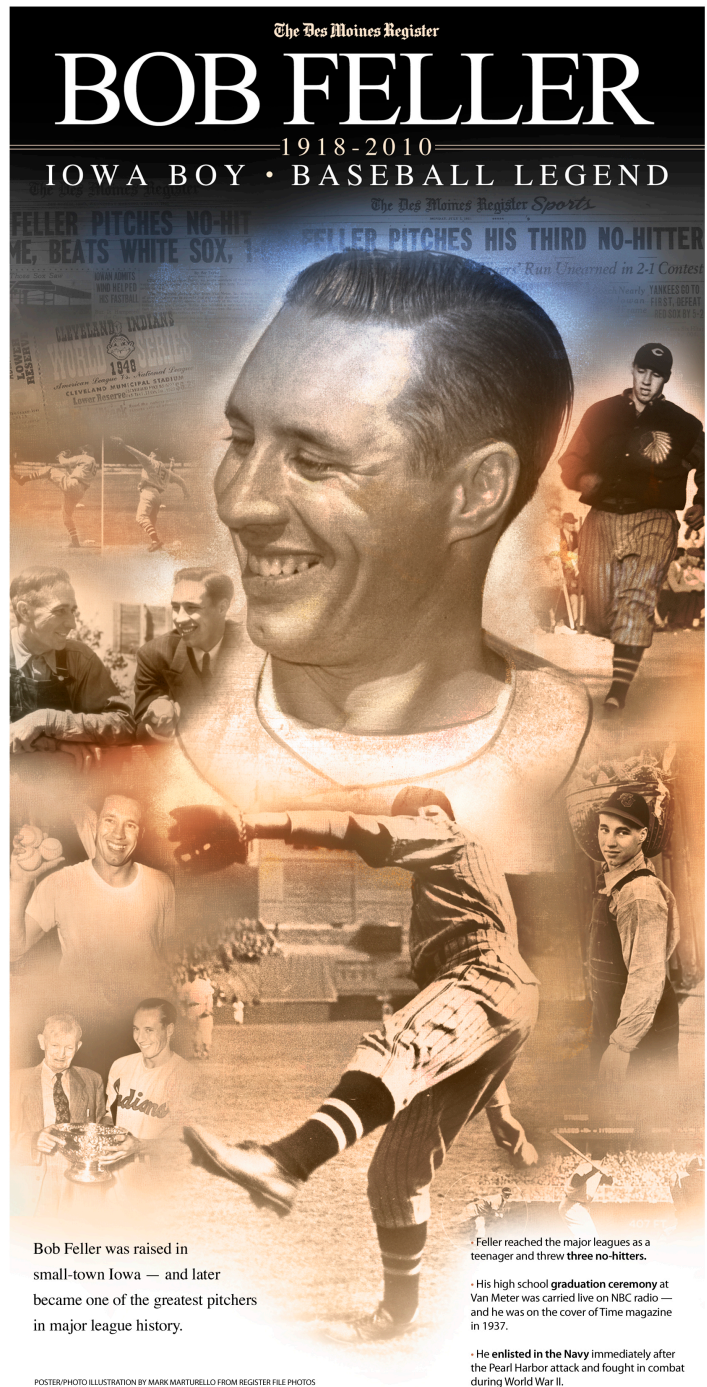
“Feller winds and delivers. Fast ball on the outside corner. Rizzuto swings and hit’s a high fly ball toward right center. Doby moves rapidly under the ball and makes a fine running catch.

“Mantle steps to the plate. Feller fires a bullet down the middle. (CRACK) Grounder toward second. Avila scoops, throws to Easter. Out number two.”

“Yogi up. Feller delivers a curve, low. Ball one. Yogi fidgets. Next pitch, fast ball high and tight. (CRACK) Yogi hits a one-bouncer to Rosen at third. Over to Easter at first and Feller is out of the inning.”

In Wyoming in the early “fifties,” Bobby didn’t know or care that Larry Doby was only the second black player to be allowed into the majors. He didn’t even know that Jackie Robinson was the first. All he knew was that these guys were great ballplayers and one of them, Bob Feller, had become his hero.

Thermopolis had no school baseball team, but did have basketball. Bobby played in winter on the school basketball team. When Spring arrived, Bobby switched from basketball to American Legion Baseball. He didn’t know what the American Legion was, but it was the organization providing him with a uniform and the opportunity to play his favorite sport—baseball. He played Legion ball probably well before he was old enough. No one in Wyoming seemed to notice.



Bob Feller was raised in small-town Iowa — and later became one of the greatest pitchers in major league history.

Feller reached the major leagues as a teenager and threw three no-hitters.

His high school graduation ceremony at Van Meter was carried live on NBC radio — and he was on the cover of Time magazine in 1937.

He enlisted in the Navy immediately after the Pearl Harbor attack and fought in combat during World War II.

POSTER/PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY MARK MARTURELLO FROM REGISTER FILE PHOTOS

In the middle of the winter of 1954, Bobby was a sophomore member of the Thermopolis High School basketball team. Once again, his father had done well in business. Another promotion to a larger district took the family to the much larger town of Rapid City, South Dakota, population approximately 25,000. Bobby was enrolled as a sophomore in Rapid City High where, to his not complete surprise, it was also basketball season. Shortly after his arrival, he was spotted by the assistant basketball coach in the gym shooting “hoops.” The next week, he was a member of the RCHS varsity squad where he “rode the bench” for two and a half years.

Like Thermopolis, Rapid City had no high school baseball. When basketball season ended that first year, Bobby tried out for the Rapid City Legion team. He was accepted. No one seemed to care that he wasn't 16 yet.

That summer, Bob Feller, now 35 years-old started 19 games for the Indians, winning 13. Bobby became the Rapid City's Legion team's regular second baseman, where he played for three seasons.

In order to play baseball for the Rapid City Legion team one required some shoes, called "spikes," a glove, a rake and a shovel. In addition, someone in the group needed a wheelbarrow. Each Spring players and coaches actually built their field. It was part of a city park and required a great deal of smoothing after a winter before baseball could be played.

Rapid City is urban, but the surrounding area is rural. Most of the players were from town. One Spring, however, a six-foot tall strong-looking farm kid in bib overalls shuffled onto the Legion field, carrying the requisite glove, rake and shovel. His name was Kermit Kidner and his arrival signified the considerable improvement about to take place in the play of the Rapid City Legion team.

Apparently, no one knew that the Kidner farm outside town was home to enough Kidners to staff an entire baseball team. Apparently, no one knew that the farm had enough land to spare from farming to leave some for baseball. Apparently, the Kidners did not spend all of their time doing chores. Kermit could play! Not only that, he could pitch, a talent sorely needed at any level of baseball. The team started to win almost every game. Being the second largest community in the state undoubtedly contributed to their success.

In 1956, about to graduate from high school, Bobby carried his glove, rake and shovel to the park to begin another, final season of Legion baseball. He was unaware that Bob Feller was also at the beginning of his final season in the majors. As the season began, Bobby's team picked up where it had left off—winning nearly every game. About halfway through the summer, the team's management announced that a game had been scheduled against Billings, Montana, and would be played in Billings on an upcoming Saturday afternoon. The players were overjoyed! Rumor held that Billings had one of the best Legion teams in America whose players did not have summer jobs or chores and were paid under some imaginary table to practice baseball all day. Confidence had it that hard-working kids from South Dakota would kick some serious butt in Montana! Excitement was high as the big day arrived. Mother Nature had provided a glorious, warm sunny day with little wind and no humidity.

The first thing the Dakota boys realized in Billings was that this was a real ballpark with nice grass, dugouts, a backstop, a fence and bleachers. It was obvious that Billings players needed no rake or shovel. Warming up on the field, the players, now excited and cocky, couldn't wait for the slaughter of the Billings team to begin. It mattered not that people from Rapid City had failed to make the trip and the bleachers were filled with Billings fans.

All preparations were finally completed and the umpire yelled "Play Ball!" As the leadoff batter for the visiting team, Bobby stepped to the plate, the first batter of the game. On the pitcher's mound was a left-handed kid who did not appear to be particularly worried about the Rapid City leadoff hitter. Bobby dug in his spikes and awaited the first pitch. Suddenly, here it came. The pitch was at least three feet above his head. Bobby, now with nearly five years of experience as a Legion player, was disappointed. He had seen many a teenage pitcher who could not throw the ball over the plate with any consistency. He stepped back and let the bat sag in his right hand. His coach preferred that he not swing at three-foot high pitches. Then, to his utter amazement, the ball dropped nearly straight down, crossing home plate well within the strike zone and settling into the catcher's mitt with a "pop."

"Steerike," sang the umpire! Bobby just stood there for a moment, stunned. He had never seen a pitch do what that one had done. He didn't know anyone could do that with a baseball.

Never one to give up, Bobby stepped back into the batter's box. The left-hander on the mound now had his total attention. This time the pitch was a fastball down the middle. Bobby's bat arrived over the plate about a minute and a half after the ball, resulting in strike two. He stepped out of the batter's box and thought about his coach's dislike for players who failed to swing at a close pitch when they had two strikes against them. He returned to the box, swung at the next pitch before it left the mound and took a seat in the dugout.

Kermit Kidner pitched a fairly good game that day, giving up only a few runs. To their great chagrin, the Dakota kids managed only two foul balls for the entire game. Bobby did hit one of the fouls. Years later, he could still see that first pitch. He determined that it was that pitch which ended his hopes of a major league career. The left-handed kid who threw it was named Dave McNally, who, in 1970, won 24 games for the Baltimore Orioles and 184 games over a career, compiling 2730 innings pitched.

Bob Feller retired that year, as did Bobby. His love for the game continued, however.

Time passed. Bobby's mother had a late, shocking pregnancy and sister Kathy was born while he was in college. Tragedy struck when, with Kathy still in diapers, their father died in an automobile accident and Bobby became Bob. At this time in history, many young Americans grew up, graduated, married and began a family. Males faced military service. Bob graduated from the University of Colorado and became Ensign Root, then Dad—three times while he was in the Navy. In 1968, now Lieutenant Root, he took off his silver bars and became a pilot for Northwest Orient Airlines. A home in Edina, Minnesota, was purchased.

Bob determined that, if he was going to live in Minnesota, his baseball allegiance should be with the local team. He became a Minnesota Twins fan. He now lived in a major league area with a major league team and owned a television set on which to watch major league baseball. He watched Harmon Killebrew and Rod Carew on a regular basis. In 1970, son Tim became the fourth child. In 1971, son Robert, called Rob because the family already had a Bob, turned 10 and suddenly his dad was back in baseball. Rob joined a baseball league in Edina for 10 to 12-year olds and Bob became the team's assistant coach. The following year Bob became the head coach, a position he maintained until Rob moved up in age. When Tim turned 10, Bob began the whole coaching thing over again. Three years later his coaching career ended when Tim moved on in age. Looking back, Bob felt that the years spent coaching youth baseball had been good ones. He took pride in the fact that both sons themselves later coached youth baseball. Only years later, when Rob began coaching his daughters, did Bob realize, and regret, that he had probably not been an "equal opportunity" father.

Through the following years, Bob continued to maintain a high level of interest in the Minnesota Twins. In the 1980's, Kent Hrbek and Kirby Puckett became two more names in a growing list of memorable Twins players. Then, in 1987, the Twins performed so well that, by the end of the regular season, they had achieved a feat not often recorded in professional sports. They had gone from "worst to first" to become the American League's representative in the World Series. It should be noted that sports fans, Bob included, are possessive when thinking about their favorite team. A man by the name of Carl Polhad was the real owner of the Twins, but Bob thought of the team as "his Twins." His team was at last going to play for the championship of baseball.

The National League competition in the series was provided by the St. Louis Cardinals. As the series progressed, it developed into a great one, despite being



of little interest on the east and west coasts of America. In game six, with his team trailing in victories three games to two, Puckett made a leaping, game-saving catch against the center field fence, then, in his next at-bat, hit a game-winning home run which prompted the classic "and we'll see you tomorrow night" line from the late television announcer Jack Buck. The next night Bob's Twins were world champions! They did it again in 1991 and Bob thought about all the millions of fans who contribute emotional energy to "their" teams and are never rewarded with even one world championship.

After their World Series victory in 1991, Bob's Twins went rapidly downhill. The "business" of baseball had changed. Players moved from one team to another, chasing high salaries as well as fly balls. Owners in New York and Miami appeared to "buy" championships. Bob, now Grampa Bob, continued to enjoy watching the games.

The Roots drove to their new winter residence in Surprise, Arizona, shortly after Christmas in 1999 and joined a group of over two million "snowbirds" who spend their winters in Arizona. On the initial day of the trip their route took them through Iowa on Interstate 80. Not finding the scenery of great interest, Grampa Bob began paying close attention to the steady stream of multi-colored semi trucks racing in both directions, hurrying to supply America. He also read each roadside sign. Suddenly, his Chevy Blazer, loaded to capacity with precious cargo including wife, dog and two cats, passed a sign announcing that an upcoming exit provided access to the birthplace of Hall-of-Fame pitcher Bob Feller. He did not stop, but began to wonder whatever happened to Bob Feller, a name he had not heard in many years.

During their second winter in Surprise, Grampa

Bob was surprised (yeah, I know—I'll edit it out later) and elated to learn that the city leaders had, without his help, decided to construct a brand new Spring training baseball facility which would be used in the future by the Texas Rangers and the Kansas City Royals. He suspected he would be in attendance there on occasion.

Despite the news in Surprise, in 2002, it was determined somewhere that major league baseball was in trouble. Grampa Bob read of the astounding loss of interest in what had become "Generation X." Youngsters were seeking enjoyment from skateboards and snowboards and the like, as well as video games, not learning to play baseball. Families were finding the cost of attendance at a major league game difficult to justify. There was talk of steroids. One of the teams suffering extreme financial difficulties was the Twins. In the winter preceding the 2002 season, baseball commissioner Bud Selig began to push for what he called "contraction," suggesting that Major League Baseball reduce by two the number of teams. The Twins were one of the two he planned to eliminate. Before this could happen, a judge executed a restraining order. The season began with the Twins still part of baseball. Grampa Bob's team had, at least temporarily, been saved.

As the season progressed, it became apparent that considerable improvement in the quality of Twins baseball had taken place. They stayed at or near the top of their division all summer, finishing the regular season in first place. Through the summer months, Grampa Bob, now Old Bob, watched some of the finest quality baseball he had seen in many years. Close, competitive games featuring great plays, great pitching and great hitting. Interest in the Twins improved. Hope was high. The season ended when they lost the American League Championship Series. Had they won, Old Bob would have found "his" team in the World Series for a remarkable third time. Once again, he thought about all the fans of teams that haven't made it to post-season play in their lifetimes.

In the Fall, Old Bob found a small item in the sports pages of the Minneapolis Star/Tribune informing him that his former American Legion team had won the right to participate in the American Legion World Series. This caused him to take an unusual action. In his lifetime, a president had resigned in disgrace, at least two others had lied to him, wars had been fought and taxes raised. Terrorists had struck. None of these events had prompted him to write a public letter. On this occasion, he found himself writing a letter to the editor of the Rapid City Daily Journal. It read:

"My sincere congratulations to the Rapid City American Legion baseball team for a most successful

season. These young men are enjoying an experience that will last a lifetime. As proof, I offer the following:

I was a player on the Rapid City Legion team during the mid-1950's. Forty years later, while traveling to our high school reunion, I boarded an airliner to discover an old high school buddy, also traveling to the reunion. He introduced me to his wife as—"the second baseman."

Old Bob later learned that at least one complete stranger had read his letter when he received one from the man agreeing with his comments.

Old Bob and his wife returned to Surprise in November to discover a brand-new baseball facility not more than a five minute drive from their home. In December, he learned of the passing of one Dave McNally.

On the morning of February 23, 2003, Old Bob was in the garage of his Arizona home when he was summoned by his wife.

"Honey, it's time to get ready to go."

"Go where?" (His wife had, over the years, frequently and gently suggested that he pay closer attention to scheduled social events.)

"To the ball game," she replied.

Old Bob then remembered that they had agreed to go to with neighbors to the Spring-training game at the new stadium on this day. On the way to the park, he discovered that the game was not a regular Spring training game. Rather, it was billed as the 17th Annual Legends Baseball Game, sponsored by the Major League Baseball Players Alumni Association. He was on his way to an old-timers game!

The new stadium proved to be as magnificent as he had heard. As he sat in the stands with his wife and neighbors, it occurred to him that baseball in February, on a gorgeous Arizona day featuring bright sun and a light breeze, green grass and hot dogs was a great way to spend a Sunday afternoon in retirement.

Pre-game activity included a home run contest, narrated by a roving public address announcer in a baseball uniform. Old Bob could find few "legends" among the participants. He did recognize the name of former Cleveland pitcher Mudcat Grant, but was surprised when he discovered that a very large player in a once-white Giants uniform was, in fact, Gaylord Perry. Perry's career as a pitcher had been a great one, noted for accusations that he "doctored" the baseball in any way he could prior to sending it toward a batter. He had been accused of carrying a nail file in his glove, pockets or shoe with which to notch the ball so that it would do unusual things enroute to home plate. Saliva, Vaseline, Vitalis and other substances had been suggested. Perry had, over the years, made no effort to refute these allegations. Indeed, he seemed to promote them.

The game itself was not memorable, but was entertaining. The National League team in fact routed the American League alumni. Gaylord Perry, looking more like an offensive lineman from the National Football League than a baseball player, stood about three feet in front of the pitcher's rubber as he pitched, his back pockets bulging with imaginary items he could use to rough up the baseball. At one point, his catcher carried a tote bag full of junk to the mound from which Perry could select. Old Bob felt that only about half of the roughly 10,000 people watching recognized the antics for what they were.

By the time all of this occurred, however, none of it mattered to Old Bob. For him, the highlight of the entire day, indeed, perhaps a few decades, took place when the roving PA announcer completed his introduction of the starting lineups. Probably because the new facility was the Spring training home of two American League teams, the American League was designated as the home team. Thus, they took the field first as the game began:

“And,” Old Bob heard, “the starting pitcher for the American League—Hall-of-Famer Bob Feller of the Cleveland Indians!”

In the stands, Old Bob was stunned! He couldn't believe it. There, striding purposefully from the first base dugout, resplendent in a vintage, spotless, white Cleveland Indians uniform, was 84 year-old Robert William Andrew Feller! A huge smile appeared on Old Bob's face. As Feller stepped on the pitcher's rubber, Old Bob noted that he did not appear to be particularly worried about the National League's leadoff hitter. Then, Bob Feller delivered the opening pitch, followed by five more. With that, he walked off the mound, relieved by Mudcat Grant. Old Bob continued to smile.

“Baseball has been very, very good to me,” I thought.

Author's note: Bob Feller died last year. I'm told there was a special service on the pitcher's mound in Cleveland for the first game of this, 2011, season. Oh, and Old Bob's Twins are off to a rough start. Don't count them out! ✈

TERRY MARSH



Hi Gary,

A well known Minnesota aviation personality passed away 4 April 2011. Sherm Booen was a broadcaster and general aviation pilot in the upper midwest.

He learned to fly in 1940 and joined the Army Air Corps where he trained flight crews on the Honeywell C-1 autopilot in both the B-17 and B-24 aircraft. He served as a Marine in Korea during that conflict as an air traffic controller and then went on to serve with Armed Forces Radio in Tokyo. He produced “The World of Aviation” on WCCO TV for 28 years (we wouldn't miss the show after church on Sunday). He also published the “Minnesota Flyer” monthly magazine. He was inducted into the “Minnesota Aviation Hall of Fame” in 1995.

As a kid, I fueled his Bonanza (N758B) at the Flying Cloud Airport, and in return he agreed to MC my fly-in at the Buffalo Airport. The aerobatic pilot that day was Bill Witt (John Witt's son) and Sherm announced the show from the front seat of our town's fire truck using its loudspeaker.



I used to carry out Sherm's groceries at the “Red Owl” store in Richfield and broke a bottle of HiLex in his backseat one day! Sherm was a dear friend and fellow QB. He could not tell funny jokes!

Terry Marsh

SW Florida Spring Luncheon, March 16



Hosted by
Dick & Doni Jo Schlader



Dick Schlader,
Bob Chandler,
Bob Vega



Dayle Yates,
Doni Jo Schlader,
Dick Dodge



Dino Oliva,
Ray Alexander,
John Lackey



Ned Stephens,
Connie Thompson



Sylvia & Bill Douglas,
Al & Jean Teasley



Pete & Wendy Vinsant,
Howie Leland



Ray Alexander, Bob Vega



Dick Haglund, George Lachinski



Dick & Lois Haglund,
Karen Oliva, Robert Clapp



Ursula & Glen Houghton



Dayle Yates, Dick Hauff,
Doni Jo Schlader, Dick Dodge



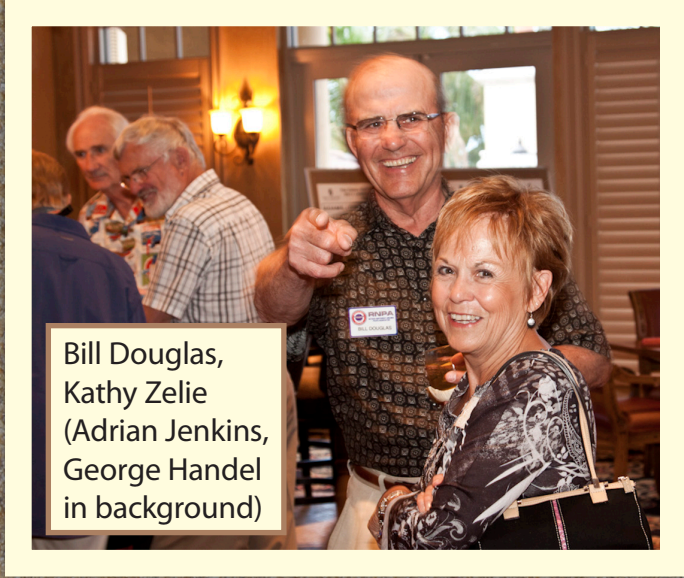
Lois Haglund, Verna Finneseth



Bruce Armstrong,
Candy & John Badger



Dayle Yates,
Dave Good,
Jackie ???



Bill Douglas,
Kathy Zelie
(Adrian Jenkins,
George Handel
in background)



Keith Fineseth, Don Hunt,
Dick Haglund, Verna Fineseth





John & D J Boyer



Roger Moberg,
Don & Nancy Aulick



Keith Maxwell,
Bill Douglas,
Kathy Zelie



Ken & Jayne Finney



Bill & Katie Lund



Arlen & Claudia Anderson



Joan & Gary Downes



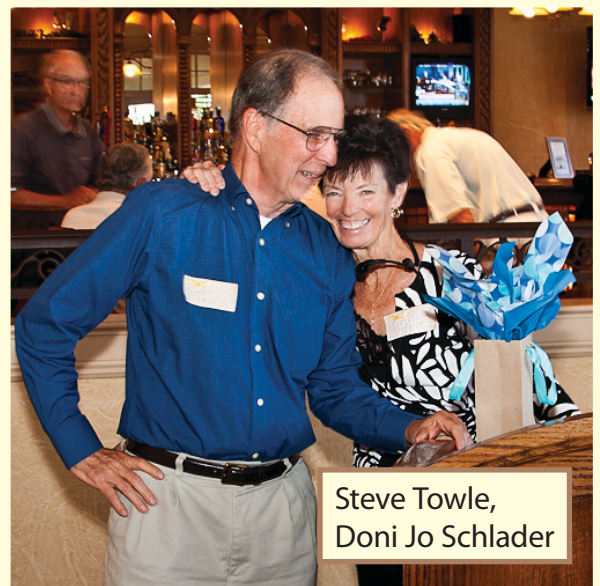
Karen Oliva,
Bruce & Susan Burkhard



Ken Finney,
Adrian Jenkins



Stan Baumwald,
Joe & Janet Baron



Steve Towle,
Doni Jo Schlader



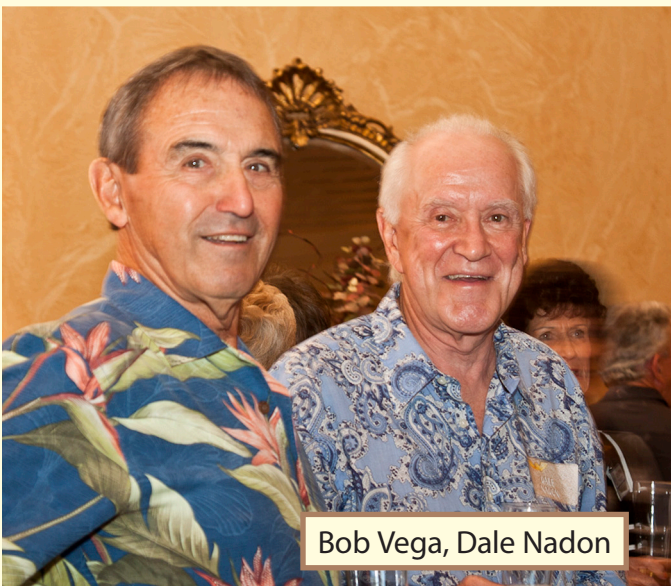
George & Bobbie Lachinski



Dick Schlader,
Bob Chandler,
Robert Clapp



Nancy & Bill Waterbury



Bob Vega, Dale Nadon



Dino Oliva



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per
person

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Doug Peterson, P. O. Box 1240, Orting, WA 98360
360.889.0079 or db-peterson@comcast.net

(Please print) Name _____

Name _____

Amount enclosed: _____

Reservation DEADLINE: August 14, 2011



By Capt. John Doherty

Shazm wasn't pleased at all to be caught on a holiday by the COC (crew optimization computer) scanner. The COC was ready for all objections with chapter and verse of the current agreement ("as amended") displayed across the bottom of the screen.

Shazm had cross-linked the COC transmit directly to a buddy on the Scheduling Rules Committee with a plaintive trailer, "Can they do this?"

Apparently the friend was busy, because the reply was from the automated ALPA Instant Response Board. "Sorry, but the agreement was modified this afternoon in a joint effort to take advantage of an immediate growth opportunity." Shazm knew that finding the COC in error was rare, but that didn't make the confirmation easier to swallow. So now, instead of home and family for the holiday, it was work a STL-LAX segment—and who knew what after that.

On the way to work, Shazm pulled up FasQuote to check ticket prices. The North American Bundle was up on both the Board of Trade and the Beijing Merc with Commons and PacRims rising in sympathy. So that was the "growth opportunity."

Shazm's Air Commerce Trends file had several new downlinks. Commentators believed JetWatch, a consumer group, was about to release a report

claiming a down trend in the safety margin at a major carrier.

Analysts maintained that marginal passengers would leave the target carrier, driving up ticket prices at other carriers; and futures traders agreed. Now the company was trying to pick up some of the high-yield business with extra flights.

The Flight Ops board at CO didn't have much more—except that the subject carrier was a Big Five. Shazm recognized the irony that the negative rumors the company hoped to profit from might be about the company itself.

Shazm passed through the substance detector and there met the financial officer, a chap named Margaret, at the RCM (remote cockpit module).

"Shazm. How are the markets doing?"

"Well, fuel is flat-to-weaker in New England and the West with a little spike in the South. A pipeline screwed up a shipment-impact statement, and the feds are holding up some shipments back there.

"I'd imagine as soon as they've done the slap on the wrist, fuel will be flat-to-weaker there, too. I'd say to hold off fueling for 10 minutes in case we get another down-tick."

"How's the weather?"

"There's a line from Amarillo to Omaha. WeatherLine is predicting there will be usable holes until

2325, which is about 15 minutes after we run the line—if we're out on time.

"The FMC [financial management computer] is forecasting a positive fuel versus weather insurance trade until 2115, so holding off on the fuel a few more minutes should be O.K. Approach insurance at fields along the CB line is going up, so we should probably scratch them as diverts. Other than that, not much."

"How about the slots?"

"Well, let me fold in PM slots. The trend line for LAX is up until about 0045, when it starts to flatten, and by 0200 it's on its way down. That's making waiting for the fuel down-tick not so attractive. What do you think?"

"Ah—let's wait five more minutes, or until we get the down-tick, and then gas up."

A CGA (computer-generated agent) hologrammed into the remote control module to inquire if things looked good for schedule.

"Where's the agent?" Shazm asked it—and instantly regretted the slight. Judging from the pained expression on the CGA's face, it was close to issuing a NonCo-op to HR.

"She's working on some hold-outs," the CGA replied.

"How's she doing?" Shazm made an effort at a friendly smile.

The CGA's face softened a bit. "Pretty good. The bid's up three-fifty in the last five minutes.

"One couple are irritated that variables are up so much over yesterday, which makes no sense because they got full disclosure with their variable," the CGA said.

"One of the holdouts is saying we have forty seats left; but I imagine the counters have it close, and most aren't figuring on a short squeeze. I project we'll be up five to ten by the time we sell the last hold-out."

Shazm asked Margaret for the fuel quote—"still flat"—and told him to override and fuel. Fuel ticked up about 20 seconds after the confirmation was issued. Sometimes a WAG worked better than System.

Shazm coupled to System just before departure time. Some of the guys still liked to taxi, but Shazm believed in System.

During climb, COC assigned them two more segments—a BNA-DCA departing 32 minutes after arrival at LAX, then a two-hour sit and an SFO-PHX segment. Now any hope of being home for the holiday evening was dashed.

The com alert interrupted Shazm's gloom, coo-

ing "Stand by for a CoComm." Shazm switched from Distract, and the company logo blinked onto the situation screen.

A company VP appeared. "Good afternoon, fellow employees. Thanks for taking some of your valuable time to keep up-to-date on our company's future.

"You may have heard that JetWatch is expected to issue an unfavorable safety report. We believe this report will severely impact the affected carrier, and the lost traffic will be going to the remaining carriers.

"Unfortunately, we believe the report will target our company. Let me make one thing very clear right now. There is not, and there never will be, a safety problem here. The report is totally unfounded; and we expect to take appropriate steps to recover any damages resulting from the poorly prepared, misleading, libelous, and inaccurate report.

"Even so, we expect to be severely impacted; and although I am confident we will recover, there are going to be a couple of tough weeks for all of us. Which brings me to my point. We are all going to have to pull in our belts a few notches if we are going to survive as a viable company.

"Our competition will have a big advantage in customer preference for the next several weeks. The only way we can counter that trend is to get customers back with cheaper tickets. The only way we can do that is to make a financial contribution to our company in the form of slightly reduced pay for the two-week duration of the existing contract."

A ComStrip appeared across the bottom of the sit screen: "From the MEC: This is news to us, folks. Stand by for an analysis of the company's proposal immediately following the CoComm."

Shazm had heard it all before. The company's Communications VP droned on while Shazm watched the real-time weather-plot probe the line ahead in coordination with the financial management computer.

System picked its way, folding together real-time weather, fuel consumption, slot prices, and weather insurance for a least-cost line penetration.

Shortly after they cleared the line (without so much as a ripple and \$287 under the preline estimate), the MEC chair's face appeared on the sit screen. "Folks, we've heard all this before. We just signed a good contract with the flexibility that the company asked for. If the company really needs relief, we're always ready to talk; but for now, let's hold the line on this."

The screen blanked, but seconds later lit up with the notation “ALPA/company negotiations in progress—stand by to vote.”

Negotiations concluded in 15 minutes—it seemed fast to Shazm (it always did)—but that was cyber-negotiation. The deals were so complex and fast that they needed computers to keep them straight.

ALPA was recommending “no,” and the company was recommending “yes.”

Shazm allowed the on-line proxy to decide, then vote “no.”

Margaret waited until the vote window was almost closed, then slowly punched in his ID, PIN, and vote.

Seconds later, the tally appeared on the screen—the company’s concession proposal had failed.

Just before top of descent, the COC called to cancel the SFO-PHX and BNA-DCA segments. Perhaps ticket prices weren’t running up—or perhaps the company was canceling flying as “punishment” for the “no” vote. Maybe—if the COC couldn’t find anything else for them—they’d be home in time for some of the holiday.

System landed and taxied the aircraft to the gate.

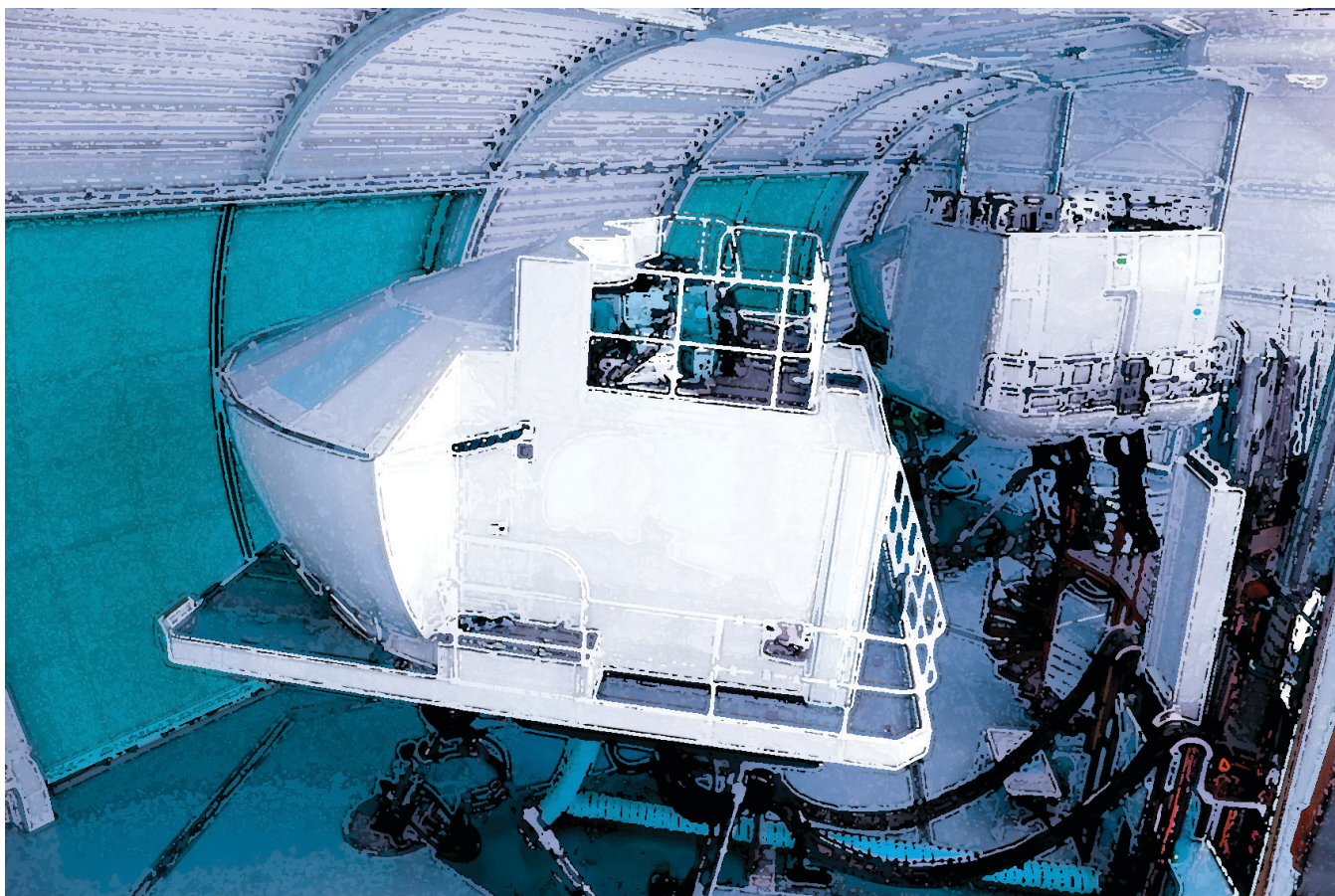
As soon as it was docked, Shazm disconnected the remote control module datalink from the aircraft, then punched the motion switch and waited. With a sighing sound, the remote control module settled on the out-of-service pad.

Shazm waited until the sit screen announced the familiar “Remote cockpit module disconnected. Off motion. Released from duty.” She grabbed her flight bag and logged off.

Shazm headed for the exit through the dimly lit RCM center. Most of the RCMs were up on motion looking like mechanical insects up on their spidery legs. Some were poised as though waiting, others gently turning in concert with the aircraft they were controlling somewhere far away.

Shazm would be in her car driving home in a few minutes—that was the thing about flying remotes, you were always home when you finished work—and she would make sure the COC didn’t catch her again until after the holiday.

John’s story first appeared in the May, 1996 issue of Air Line Pilot and is reprinted here with permission.





THE DYING OF THE LIGHT

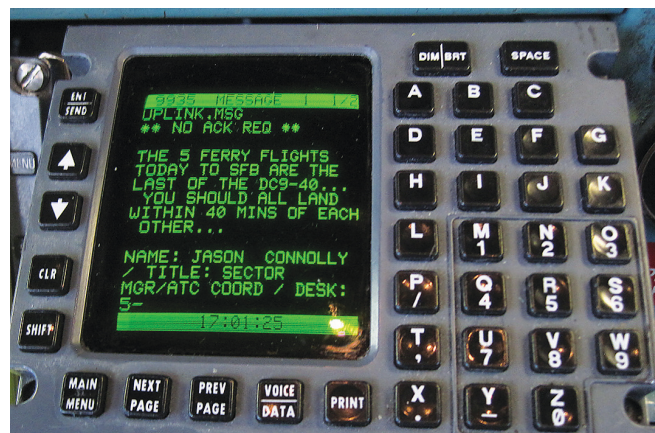
By Capt. Steve Bowen

It's always a sad thing when something you've known and loved for a lifetime comes to an end. The comfort of a familiar environment is replaced by something new and unfamiliar. It feels strange. We don't like it much. But gradually it becomes the familiar and we eventually get used to it. We learn to like it... or at least tolerate it.

For me, such has been the transition from Northwest to Delta. Actually, for me it's been retired Northwest to retired Delta. I imagine it's been an even more difficult transition for active Northwest people to active Delta. And the more years one has had as a Northwest pilot/employee, the harder the transition would be, I would imagine.

Perhaps it's not such a big deal for those of us who came through previous transitions such as from Southern or North Central or Hughes Airwest to Republic to Northwest, etc. But, in my case, I grew up with Northwest Airlines. I hung out at Wold Chamberlain Field as a kid watching the Northwest Stratocruisers, DC-7's, and Martin 202's take off and land. I was hired right out of college (still a kid!) by Northwest and spent almost 39 years as a Northwest pilot. So seeing Northwest gradually disappear into Delta is not something I can easily accept. I'll always be a Northwest pilot... to the core!

Thankfully, the transition has been gradual, so I've been able to adjust to the new Delta way of doing things little by little. There were still red-tails plying the skies and sitting on the hangar ramp as some sort of reassurance that Northwest is still around. But then Donald Nyrop passed away and the light that was Northwest Airlines dimmed a bit. Whether you liked him or not, Mr. Nyrop was the foundation upon which Northwest was built. Under his leadership, Northwest Airlines survived and grew into a great international airline when the likes of Pan Am and TWA fell by the wayside.



But I had an experience recently that finally brought home the reality that there really is no more Northwest Airlines. I was one of the last three passengers on the last flight of a red-tailed aircraft still sporting the familiar Northwest livery.

Here's what happened. On January 2, 2011, I got a call from my good friend, Dan Gradwohl (MSP DC-9 Capt.) inviting me to ride along on a ferry flight he had picked up the next day from MSP to SFB (Sanford Airport in Orlando, Florida). It was a one-way trip as the aircraft (a DC9-40) was to be retired from the Delta fleet. Later I learned that it was one of five DC-9's being flown from MSP and DTW to SFB that day to be permanently retired... never to fly again. All five aircraft were still painted in Northwest colors and were, in fact, the last aircraft in the entire fleet still sporting the NWA red tail.



Myself, Jeff, Dan and Sara

So it was to be Dan, his co-pilot, Jeff, Dan's wife, Sara, their good friend, Phil (a United dispatcher and aviation history buff) and me. The other four ferry flights carried no passengers... only the two pilots on each. Sara, Phil, and I were the only passengers on that day—January 3, 2011—the last day that a Northwest plane was to take flight!

The atmosphere at MSP Gate F1 was generally pretty upbeat... chatting with the agent, taking pictures, etc. And on board, as well, it was something of a party—a full snack and breakfast service was provided in the galley, Sara became our lovely “stewardess,” and many more pictures were taken. The mood was definitely celebratory, and it was an event to be celebrated. We were retiring an aircraft that had served faithfully and well since it came into service with North Central Airlines in 1969, then was later rebranded as Republic Airlines, then ultimately Northwest Airlines in 1986. We do celebrate retirements, but, alas, this retirement was actually to become a death, as we later found out.

Once on the ground and parked at the ramp, the mood took on a more somber tone when we learned that these five aircraft, along with at least 17 others already at Sanford, were to be stripped of all usable parts, then shredded as scrap metal, never to fly again. The evidence was all around us. It was a veritable Northwest graveyard! I remember thinking that it was a good thing that the landing had been a greaser. At least the last landing of this venerable aircraft had been perfect. One's last flight should



“I was one of the last three passengers on the last flight of a red-tailed aircraft still sporting the familiar Northwest livery.”



The final landing of 9755 at Sanford Airport

always be a good one in every respect. And it wasn't just the last flight of ship 9755, this had really been the last flight of Northwest Airlines.

I did a lot of thinking that day as we were all whisked off to MCO to catch our flights home... and later on the flight from MCO to MSP. The other crews didn't seem to be so touched by the events of the day. It was just another day, another dollar to them it seemed. But for me, it kind of felt like an old friend had died and I was in mourning. Northwest

Airlines is in my blood. It's been a part of me my entire life. And as I contemplated that life-long relationship on the flight home that day, I kept thinking of my favorite poem by Welsh poet Dylan Thomas which ends with those unforgettable lines:

...Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

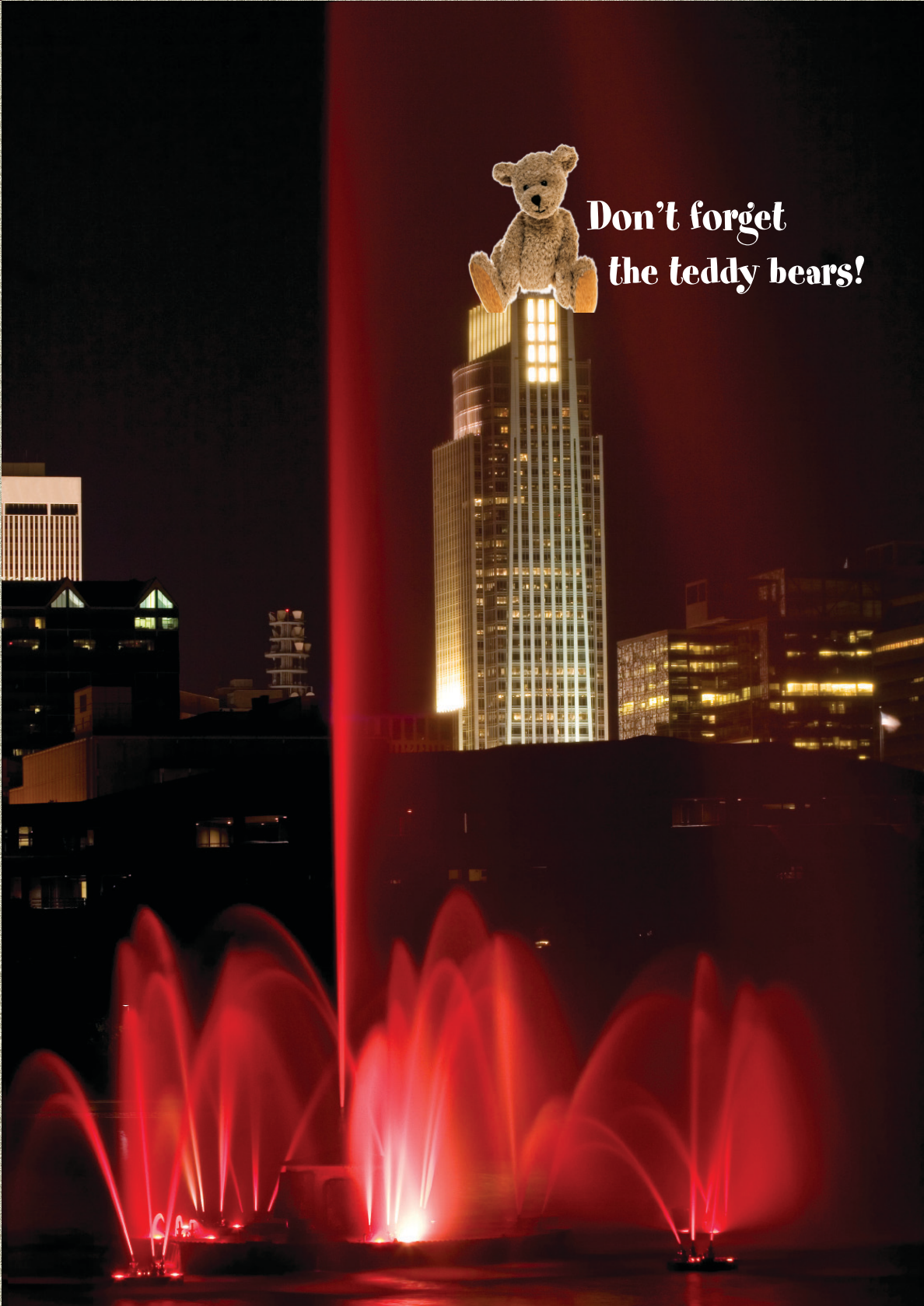


Mission complete. Passengers and crew: Phil, Sara, Dan, Jeff and myself.

OMAHA

IRBIBUNNION

IRBIBUNNION



Don't forget
the teddy bears!

OMAHA

SEPTEMBER 25, 26 & 27

HOTEL

Double Tree Hotel Omaha – Downtown
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Tell them “NW Retired Pilots Assn.”

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including full breakfast
for two and the rate is
valid for 3 days before
and after.



COST

\$160
Per Person
\$200 After June 1
Register before June 1st and you are entered to win free hotel room.

ABOUT THE REUNION

The 2011 RNPA Reunion is being organized by “Wreunion Wrangler” Chuck Carlson and promises to be perhaps the equal of Rapid City or even better, which is saying a lot.

The basics of the reunion follow the time-proven format of: reception with heavy hors d’oeuvres the evening of the first day; a second day tour, in this case we’ll be touring Offutt AFB and the Strategic Air & Space Museum; and wrapped up of course with the banquet the evening of the 27th.

Chuck assures us that there is plenty to do in the free time remaining. But the real purpose of each of our reunions is to take advantage of this free time to re-connect with old friends and maybe make new ones. Breakfast usually is when we have a chance to meet someone that we have known of, but really never got to know.

As a potential bonus the River City Roundup will be held just two blocks from the hotel at the Qwest Center just prior to the reunion. This is the world’s second largest rodeo. Details should have been available at rivercityrodeo.com after the first of the year.

The most common coment heard from first-time attendees is, “Gee, I had no idea these things were so much fun. We’ll be back again.”

We hope you’ll join us in Omaha.



LAST NAME _____ FIRST NAME _____ MI _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____ DRIVERS LICENSE _____ STATE _____ BANQUET MEAL: Steak Chicken

LAST NAME _____ FIRST NAME _____ MI _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____ DRIVERS LICENSE _____ STATE _____ BANQUET MEAL: Steak Chicken

The above information is required to gain entry into Offutt AFB and must be done before you arrive. Only Terry and the Air Force will see it.

 _____ OR  _____

Mail this with a check (\$160 per person) payable to “RNPA” to:
Terry Confer, 9670 E Little Further Way, Gold Canyon AZ 85118



Ken Landis
1925 ~ 2010

Captain Kenneth Raymond Landis, age 85, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” for a final check in Scottsdale, Arizona September 3, 2010 after a battle with cancer. Ken was born March 4, 1925, in Minneapolis, Minnesota and grew up during the Depression, moving around the suburbs with his family. His parents provided as best they could for the children, but like many families during those times, Ken’s faced many struggles. From ages ten to seventeen Ken had a steady job in downtown Minneapolis in the jewelry manufacturing and retail business. He gave his mother a few dollars every week and saved the rest. This empowering pride in earning an honest living and investing toward hopes and dreams set the course of Ken’s extraordinary life. Ken spent many of his teen years about town and became a city boy, dancing to the Big Bands, but he loved the outdoors, hunting, fishing, and snow skiing on pine skis.

By age seventeen Ken knew he’d have to go to war, and he knew that if he had to fight he wanted to do

it flying. A young Ken Landis had borrowed a nickel from his brother some years before so he could go down to the local airstrip, and pay for his very first airplane ride. From that moment on a great pilot’s life began. He passed initial entrance exams in the fall of 1942 and boarded a train to San Antonio, Texas, where he began pre-flight training as an Army Air Force Cadet.

His next assignment was Primary Flight School at Grider Field in Pine Bluff, Arkansas where he met his future wife, Clara Marie Moody, at a party in the fall of 1943. February 1944 found him in Independence, Kansas for Basic Flight Training. In April he went to Eagle Pass, Texas for Advanced Flight Training. He was commissioned in August 1944, and Ken’s father borrowed money for the four and a half day bus ride from Minneapolis to pin on his son’s wings, a proud moment for father and son. His father made graduation photographs for the class of young cadets, and Ken, who had always seen himself as the maverick of the family, showed his father a fun time in Mexico with his cadet friends.

In September, 1944, Ken went to Randolph Field, San Antonio, Texas as a commissioned instructor, disappointed that he did not get fighters. He was miserable in October and November in Independence, Kansas, instructing Basic Cadet Flight Training. To get out of instructing he would have bid anything, and in December he was a successful bidder on an overseas assignment to combat. Ken went to Columbia, South Carolina for transition to B-25 Mitchell Bombers for assignment to the 12th Air Force, Mediterranean Theater. In February 1945 Ken left Hampton Roads, Virginia aboard the U.S.S. Mariposa, previously a Matson Liner converted for the war effort. The Atlantic passage was made in seven days without a convoy because she was fast, averaging 20 knots, fortunate because of the German submarines out there.

Ken arrived in Naples, Italy, en route to Corsica, and his duty stations in the war were Corsica and Ancona, Italy, in the Adriatic Sea. Ken was assigned to the 448th Squadron of the 321st Bomb Group, and assigned to fly the left seat of “Stuff,” a B-25, that he flew with his Co-pilot, Bombardier-Navigator, Turret Gunner, Waist Gunner, and Tail Gunner throughout the war. When the war was over, he flew “Stuff” back to the States in July, 1945 with his crew via Tunis, Marrakech, Dakar, Roberts, Ascension Island, Belem,



Brazil, Atkinson, French Guiana, Puerto Rico, and Hunter Field in Georgia.

Ken and Clara married shortly after he arrived back, and they moved to Minneapolis living and working until Ken was hired by Northwest Airlines as a pilot in January, 1947. They moved to Seattle where Ken began the career he loved that lasted until his retirement in March, 1985. In 1948 his daughter Cathy was born, followed by a son, Ken, in 1951. Ken and Clara were married 34 years, and spent the final years of their marriage in Hawaii, with Ken commuting to the Seattle domicile.

In 1981 Ken married the former Grace Young and moved to Taipei, Taiwan, commuting from Taipei to Seattle. He liked his privacy and enjoyed quiet gatherings with friends, dinners, and golfing. He joined the American Club in Taipei, and was a member of AMVETS and ALPA.

Ken retired from Northwest in 1985 having flown 26,000 hours on the DC-3, 4, 6 and 7, B377 Strato-cruiser, L1011, B727, B707-720 and -320, DC10, and B747. Ken and Grace moved to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, raising their son Ben and cruising the Intracoastal Waterway with their new trawler, Pai Lain, which was built in Taiwan. When Ben left for college they moved to Scottsdale, Arizona, and Ken enjoyed his final years in the peaceful quiet of the desert.

The Landis “kids” say that their dad celebrated his colorful life every day. His joyfulness was like a magnet, drawing people around him wherever he traveled. He loved flying for Northwest Airlines, and was one of the younger Captains to fly the new B747 in the early 70’s. In life his values were a blueprint for them to live by, his word was his bond. In death his values live on through his children. He was their hero, and in the words of Tom Brokaw, he was truly a man of the “Greatest Generation.” Ken will be missed by his friends and family, but his enjoyment of life and



appreciation of the small things will not be forgotten. Ken’s ashes were scattered from an outrigger canoe in the blue waters off Waikiki Beach, a special place in his heart. He is survived by his wife, Grace Landis, and his three children, Kenneth R. Landis, Benjamin Landis, and Cathy A. Gardner.





Bob Fuller
1923 ~ 2010

Captain Robert M. Fuller, age 87, “Flew West” for a final check at his home in Lacey, Washington on Sunday, December 12, 2010. Bob was born in Stanaford, West Virginia on December 6, 1923 and due to the death of his mother was raised by his aunt and uncle in Snowflake, Virginia, home to several generations of Fullers. When his father remarried, Bob joined him at age 12 in Delavan, Wisconsin where as a high school freshman he met his sweetheart and future

wife of 66 years Ruth Mary. Immediately after high school graduation Bob joined the Army Air Corps and first soloed in a PT-19A in May 1943. He received his wings and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in November 1943. He then reported to Randolph Field in San Antonio, Texas as an instructor in the AT-6, Texan. In November 1944 he married Ruth Mary, his San Antonio Rose. Bob was training in B-29s when the war ended.

After the war Bob earned his Airline Service Mechanic diploma at the Spartan School of Aeronautics in Tulsa, Oklahoma and started as a Minneapolis mechanic with Northwest in February 1948. In October 1949 Bob was certified as a flight engineer on the Boeing Stratocruiser. A major advance in his Northwest career occurred in 1953 with a transfer to Seattle and his transition to the Lockheed 1049G Super-Constellation. Bob was a crewmember on the first “Super-Connie” flight from Chicago to Seattle on April 26. He was also the flight engineer on Flight 8 from Seattle to Chicago on September 5 where engines 3 and 4 failed in quick succession after takeoff. Unable to lower more than one set of landing gear the plane crash landed at McChord Air Force Base near Tacoma. Although the plane was totally destroyed there were only 29 injuries and no deaths. In April 1956 Bob was the flight engineer on the first commercial, non-stop flight from Tokyo to Seattle. Total flight time was 15 hours and 20 minutes! This was personally applauded by Don Nyrop in light of Northwest’s intense competition with Pan American Airways on the Orient routes at that time.

Bob’s career changed again in 1960 with his transition to the DC-8 jet transport. This was the beginning of the end of the flight engineer’s role in commercial aviation. In November 1963 Bob applied for pilot training as part of a legal settlement between the airline and the flight engineers. He started flying the Minneapolis-Seattle route (with many stops in-between) in the DC-6 and DC-7. Later he flew the 707-720B to the orient, first as the third pilot in 1964 and as a copilot in 1966. That year he transitioned to the 707-320C and he logged his first flight as a Captain in that aircraft on February 2, 1970. Bob transitioned to his favorite aircraft, the Boeing 747 in April 1973. On November 20, 1983 he was co-pilot (pilot in command) on his last flight for Northwest carrying 386 passengers from Tokyo to Seattle.



After his retirement Bob started flying gliders and sailplanes. He had first soloed in a Schweizer 2-33A in February of 1979. He also took up windsurfing where Ruth Mary could follow him to sunbathe in Aruba, the Texas coast or the Hood River in Oregon. He and Ruth Mary traveled extensively visiting old friends and family as often as they could. Bob was predeceased on November 29, 2010 by Ruth Mary who may best be known by her constant companion at RNPA reunions, Harold the teddy bear.

Bob is survived by two sons and four grandchildren. His oldest son Jim flew Marine CH-46s in Vietnam. Rick made an Air Force career in the F-4 Phantom. Rick's son Jason is now a Major in the Air Force flying F-16s. Jim's daughter Caroline inherited Bob and Ruth Mary's travel bug and has traveled much of the world and now lives and works in Sydney, Australia. Jim's daughter Kimberly has three sons ages 5, 3 and 2 who will surely inherit the aviation bug. Their other grandfather and their two uncles are all Naval Aviators, one flies MH-60S Seahawk helicopters, and the other commands an EA-6 squadron. Kimberly's three children each inherited model airplanes with red tails: a DC-8, a Stratocruiser and a Boeing 747. They are currently out of reach except for Blake's (the oldest) DC-8. Bob and Ruth Mary have seven great grandchildren and a great-great granddaughter.

From the Guest Book

NWA not signed: I was sorry to hear of Bob and Ruth's passing. I flew with Bob several times at NWA and he was an excellent pilot, a gentleman, enjoyable to fly with, and he had a dry sense of humor that made some long trips short. He was one of the good guys and will be missed by all that flew with him. It was good to see them both at RNPA gatherings.

Kathee and Rex Nelick: We are so very sorry to hear of the passing of both of your parents...we always loved seeing them at the RNPA events...they were such a delightful couple it was an honor knowing them....Blessings to all of you

Caroline Fuller, Sydney, Australia: I will miss you grandpa and especially your dry sense of humor and your flying stories. I was so proud of you and your windsurfing and biking. I used to brag to all my friends, especially when I borrowed your car with the surf rack. People would ask me why I had a surf rack. I'd just say "it's my grandpa's." Love you and miss you.

Jason Fuller: I'm listening to David Allen Coe and Waylon Jennings, remembering the last week I spent with my Grandfather. I'm so glad we got to spend that time to know each other better. You will be missed. You and Grandma were always a happy part of my life.

Joe Fuller: Bob's cousins, relatives and friends from his early boyhood home in Snowflake, Virginia will miss Ruth Mary's Christmas cards that condensed their travels and activities for a whole year with symbols, smiles and abbreviations that no one but Ruth Mary could accomplish in such limited space. They never went anywhere without Harold the stuffed doll that was as much a part of her life as a child. We will miss them and their deaths came so close together and unexpected that it is hard to believe they are gone. Our condolences go to sons Jim and Rick and their families in this time of grief.

Ken Barroll: So sad to hear of the Fullers both flying west! I would see them at various functions at Panorama City when I would visit my sister and cousin who live there! Wishing CAVU and thanks for nice flights together years ago!

Wally Weber: I first met Bob at the NWA overhaul base in 1947. A bonded friendship lasted for over 63 years. He had a quiet a reserved personality. Bob was a true gentleman and adventuresome in a silent sort of way. I had the good fortune to visit he and Ruth Mary about six weeks ago. God speed on your journey, my friend. We will miss you.





Gene Dodge 1920 ~ 2010

Eugene K. Dodge, went to be with his loving wife Betty on December 14, 2010. Gene was born on December 23, 1920 and lived a full 89 years, just 9 days shy of his 90th birthday. Gene was born in Dawson, Minnesota and raised in Minneapolis.

Gene was with Northwest Airlines forty-four years, and started his career with Northwest as a Groomer. Gene spent 3 months as a Red Cap and in September of 1940 he became a station agent, moving on to be a Dispatch Clerk and Flight Dispatcher. Gene's career took him to Edmonton, Alberta, Anchorage, Alaska and Seattle, with stops in Minneapolis in between. His final destination was Minneapolis in 1954 when the Operations and Planning Office was created. He became an Operations Planning Superintendent,

and in 1974 Gene was promoted to Director of Operations and Planning Control. When Gene retired in 1984, he was the Director-Operations Planning & Control. Gene loved every minute he spent at Northwest, and was one of its greatest champions. Gene was very active with, and enjoyed being involved with, the Masonic Lodge and the Shriners Hospital for Children. He was a longtime associate member of RNPA and will be greatly missed.

From the Guest Book

Patti Stelzig Lynch: My parents, Ron and Pat Stelzig, adored Gene and Betty. You are in my thoughts and prayers at this time. I just lost my mother in August. May God give you His peace.

Tom Schellinger: Gene was the epitome of the Northwest family. Always willing to help...even with the dumb questions I would ask. You could never find a kinder gentleman. Gene laid the groundwork for the SOC and was very proud of his planning boards and the way he and his team handled aircraft movements. He will be missed by all who knew him.

Ed Johnson: Gene was a wonderful person to work with at NWA. He was never too busy to find an available aircraft for pilot training. He was always pleasant and helpful and would go out of his way to get a job done. Gene Dodge was a great human and an inspiration to all.

Warren Avenson: I was of Gene's era and lucky to have known him as a friend. Every question and request of Gene was honored, and the response was always pleasing and complete.

Dick Smith: Gene was such an outstanding employee of Northwest Airlines in Flight Dispatch and later Operations Planning. He was a great friend to our pilot group and always ready and able when problems arose on the line.

Renee Hall: I was so very sorry to hear about the loss of your father. I am reminded today of the stories mom used to share with us about growing up with Gene. What a pair they were! There will always be a special place in my heart for him. "The time we have spent with those we've lost makes them part of us."



Larry Eichler
1936 ~ 2010

Captain William Larry Eichler, 73, a retired Northwest Airlines captain of Henderson, Nevada, passed away suddenly at home and “Flew West” for a final check on July 20, 2010. Larry was born October 6, 1936, in Toppenish, Washington, to Ruth (Naff) and William Eichler. He grew up in the Northwest, graduating from Highline High School in Seattle, and Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma. Larry served as a U.S. Navy officer from 1959 until 1964, assigned first to USS Haverfield, a surface ship ported in Guam. He wanted off of Guam, and was accepted in sub school serving on the USS Catfish, a diesel boat. After release from active duty, Larry remained in the Naval Reserves and retired as captain. He took flying lessons and was hired at West Coast Airlines in 1965. His career lasted over 30 years, the last five as a NWA DC-10 line check captain and IOE instructor. Larry loved UNLV basketball and became a loyal fan shortly after arrival in Las Vegas in 1969. He became a member of Southern Nevada Officials Association, refereed many area high school basketball games, and through this association made many lifelong friends. Larry met his soul mate Janice at an Interline Club party in Las Vegas in 1970. They were married in 1977, and spent many fun years boating on Lake Mead, going to the UNLV games and taking many trips. In addition to his wife, he is survived by his sister, Carolyn Eichler; niece, Melinda Callaway, of Seattle; and beloved dog, Abby, who Larry rescued

in 1997 from a local shelter. Memorial services and a celebration of his life were held in Las Vegas.

From the Guest Book

Casey and Charles Parrott: ...sorry to hear of Larry's passing...We enjoyed seeing you guys in Paradise Crest years ago, and at the Rebel basketball games, peace.

Sergeant Lisa Cologna: I always enjoyed my chats with Larry. He will be greatly missed...

Bill Duke: So sorry for your loss Janice. I remember meeting him years ago...

John & Sue Davies:...sorry to hear of Larry's passing... a wonderful man and a great pilot!

Pastor Gil and Lavona Moore:...our deepest sympathy...we knew Larry from Seattle when I was his pastor at Resurrection Lutheran Church...our hearts and prayers go out to you. . . .

Vic Britt: I recognized Larry when I received the pictures from Janice. I left Flight Ops 18 years ago and don't always remember all the names, but the faces I remember. Larry helped us with the DC-10 manual rewrites, and soon after he returned to the line on the DC-10, Roger Break asked him to become an IOE instructor. He was also a line check airman. DC-10 Fleet Captain Gene Sommerfeld said Larry was well thought of, and did a lot of IOE out of Honolulu. Gene remembered Larry's saying after a trip to Guam that not much had changed, to change his mind about not liking the place. Larry was personable, reasonable, and easy to engage in conversation.





Cal McDonald 1938 ~ 2010

Captain Calvin Stewart MacDonald, age 72, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” peacefully at home with his family by his side, in Mukilteo, Washington on June 29, 2010, after a battle with cancer. He was born on February 24, 1938 in Stoneham, Massachusetts to Hector and Christine MacDonald. Cal was raised in Stoneham and by age twelve had built his first sailboat and was on his way to being an accomplished sailor, and crossing the finish line in first place. He graduated from Stoneham High School in 1955, and graduated from Northeastern University in Boston, Massachusetts in 1960. He was a member

of ROTC and following graduation entered Officers Training and Army Flight School. He was stationed at Rhine-Main AB, Frankfurt, Germany until 1965 and continued to serve in the US Army Reserves until 1969.

Cal became a pilot for Northwest Airlines in 1965 and checked out as captain within 3 years. He flew captain on the Lockheed Electra, Boeing 707, 727, 747 and the DC-10 for 33 years until his mandatory retirement at age 60 in 1998. Cal was active and enjoyed the outdoors, with interests in sailing, skiing, hiking and gardening. He enjoyed planting trees with his grand-children and creating trails for them in the gulch. One highlight of his life was summiting Mount Rainier with his two children and a nephew less than two years ago. He spent several years volunteering at the Museum of Flight as a docent and helped others get over their fear of flying by volunteering for the local Fear of Flying Clinic for over 20 years. He had an enduring passion for flying. An active volunteer in the community, he spent hours in his children’s classrooms and enjoyed volunteering with Assistance League of Everett.

Those lucky enough to have Cal touch their lives describe him as the kindest, and most patient, caring man they had ever met. Cal had a wonderful sense of humor. His warm smile and ability to make others smile will be remembered and live on in the hearts of many. Cal was diagnosed with incurable Stage 4 esophageal cancer in January 2009, and given weeks to months to live. Cal beat the odds fighting the disease in every way he could, holding it at bay for a year and a half and maintaining a high quality of life. His battle against cancer was filmed and produced into an award winning documentary in Denmark, and was shown at the 2010 Cannes film festival. . His battle against cancer can be seen on

www.empowered4life.org

www.fxxkcancer.com

www.cancer-knockout.com

A memorial celebration was held at the Museum of Flight in Seattle on July 22, 2010.

Calvin is survived by his wife of 41 years, Valerie; daughter Heather and (Brian) Baker; son Chris MacDonald of Copenhagen, Denmark; grandchildren Colin and Olivia; sister Marian (Dan) Towse, and many nieces and nephews.



From the Guest Book

- Lyle Prouse:** ...one of the very finest gents I ever worked with...Flights with him...one of the highlights of my career... a good man, a joy to be with. He was special.
- Sig Hermann:** ...one of a kind...wonderful to work with. What a gentleman.
- Mike Lubratovich:** My sympathy and prayers to Cal's family. He was a great friend on lay-overs...May the trip "West" be smooth my friend...prayers are with you and flying your wing.
- Sandra "Sam" Foss:** (Ret. Sea F/A) Many 'strangers' rubbed elbows with your great man and are grateful for that small glimpse...many felt his presence and are better for the encounter.
- Colleen Sanford:** I graduated from the Fear of Flying...Cal was SO inspiring and caring. To take time, during his illness, to share his experiences...he had a huge heart!
- Richard Dodge:** ...one of the GREAT ones!...sorely missed by all who knew you.
- Von Smith:** ...an upbeat, positive, happy personality. Any time spent with Cal was good time.
- Clint Viebrock:** So many friends who seemed unchangeable, somehow above time, are leaving us now. A short time ago we were all so young.
- Greg Parsons:** Alaska Airlines Cal's love of aviation and caring nature made him effective helping people overcome fears and enable them to spread their wings and fly.
- Francis Orr:** One of the few pilots who would talk steam engines with me.
- Sandy Kittelson:** (Ret.NWAF/A): Always a pleasure flying with Cal, loved his sense of humor!
- Robin Boone:** ...no finer gentleman nor pilot to work with. I learned from him...
- Tom Kelley:** I'm the other Stoneham, MA guy...played with Cal's brother way back...
- Ken Waldrip:** A fine "stick and rudder" pilot and a gentleman in the cockpit.
- Brooke and Joel Taliaferro:** ...many wonderful memories of our friendship many years on Lake Minnetonka... we've kept for 40 years! Cal kept up his fight and sense of humor...
- Nina Ørsted:** inspired so many people. ..daily inspiration of how i would like to live my life.
- Bob Polhamus:** Cal we always had good laughs. See you up there. Put a good word in for us.
- Dayle Yates:** Classmate, roommate, real friend and a gentleman...heartfelt sympathies...
- Walt Mills:** ...saddened...at the loss of a friend...a tremendous inspiration for all.
- Vic Britt:** Cal fought a good fight a long time with courage, a good man.
- Ken Linville:** (I met Cal) in 1962 as a USAF C-118 pilot at Rhein Mein AB in Frankfort, FRG. Next saw Cal at NWA years later, he pumped you up so you felt like a million bucks.
- Dave Sanderson:** Cal was... a great pilot and a good teacher...made me a better pilot.
- Dan Stack:** Always a pleasure and professional to work with.
- Dick Wakefield:** I could 'feel' the Love he had around him...during his long fight.
- Jerry Krueger:** A wonderful Great man has Passed Our Way!.. a joy to be around.
- Myron Bredahl:** ...a joy to fly with, very capable and fun...thanks for the good times.
- Tom Bantle:** I enjoyed Cal's humor, competence and...I admired him very much.
- Dave Sweeney:** When I became a whale Captain...fashioned myself after Cal, a pilots' pilot...
- Dave Schneebeck:** ...wonderful the family could be around Cal...for his final journey. You have been very strong and supportive through his ordeal. Gentle, professional, caring Cal...
- Jerry Wortman:** Cal set a great living example for everyone...true professional throughout life.
- Dona Thompson:** Cal had a gentle and kind way about him and I'm sure the magnificent Eagles
- Paul Best:** ...extremely competent pilot... great guy to be around...one of the "Good ones".
- Mick Neal:** Cal was a good friend and a wonderful guy. May he be with God.
- Chane Howard:** I flew co-pilot for Cal many times. Working with him was great.
- Art Debernarde:** ...easy going manner, fun sense of humor...treated everyone with respect...



Erling Madsen 1933 ~ 2010

Captain Erling Madsen, age 77, a retired Northwest Airlines captain “Flew West” for a final check on June 26th, 2010 at Evergreen Hospice, Kirkland, Washington. Erling was born in Plentywood, Montana on September 18th, 1933. His parents, Hans and Karen Madsen were immigrants from Denmark and settled on a farm in Dagmar, Montana. Erling was educated at Garfield Country School and Medicine Lake High School in Northeast Montana. He loved sports and excelled in football, basketball and baseball in school. After high school he attended one year of collage at the University of Montana before joining the United States Air Force in 1952 at age 19.

In 1956 Erling married his high school sweetheart, Ardella Lyson, and they shared many adventures as the military moved them around the USA. During his 13 plus years in the Air Force, Erling was stationed all over the United States, starting with basic training in California and then Electronic School in San Angelo, Texas. His next stop was Cadet Navigation training at bases in San Antonio and Mission, Texas.

After Navigation training, he opted for Rapid City, South Dakota and flew in the Douglas C-124 Globe-master II, nicknamed “Old Shakey”, a heavy-lift cargo aircraft powered by four Pratt & Whitney R-4360 piston engines producing 3,800 hp each, for a year before being transferred to Abilene, Texas.

He wanted to become a pilot, so Erling’s next stop was pilot training at McAllen and Lubbock, Texas. After receiving his wings, he was assigned to B-47’s in Topeka, Kansas, where he was diagnosed with TB and spent the next year grounded in Belleville, Illinois. After treatment Erling was given a clean bill of health, and after checking out in the C-135 he was transferred to McGuire AFB, New Jersey to fly with MATS.

In 1966 Earling was released from the Air Force and hired by Northwest Airlines. After four months of training In Minneapolis on the Boeing 707-320, a larger version of the C-135 he flew in the Air Force, he was transferred to Seattle. The Pacific Northwest became his home for the next 45 years. Erling went from second officer, to first officer and then Captain of the 747 while he and Ardella raised three children, Todd, Kirsten and Kent in Bellevue Washington.

Erling was a quiet soul but also possessed a great sense of humor. He was an avid sports fan and loved watching and participating in his children’s sport activities. He was always ready to play catch in the back yard and attended practices and games when his schedule allowed. Other passions included German cars (Audi and Porsche), bird hunting, and reading. However, cycling and bikes were at the top of the list of things Earling loved to do. He loved to tinker with his many different bikes, rode as often as he could, and enjoyed sharing his love for cycling with others. He had bicycles stored at several Northwest crew hotels and encouraged his fellow employees to borrow them anytime they wanted to take a ride.

In retirement Erling enjoyed spending time with his





grandkids and loved watching them play. Nicole, the first grandchild and only granddaughter, and grandson's Jake, Luke and Cole all got their first bicycles from their proud grandfather, his way of passing along his love of the sport.

Erling and his granddaughter Nicole had a special relationship, and she says: "My grandfather was and forever will be my hero. He was truly one of the few people in this world that had a heart made of gold. You couldn't find a kindness like his anywhere else that I know of. Forever I will remember the strength

and courage he took on life with. I would be blessed to have even a fraction of his character. At one point and time I really thought my Grandfather would be here forever, or at least as long as I lived. In a way this is true because he forever will be in my heart. He is my guardian angel, and I know I can accomplish anything with him watching over me."

Erling is laid to rest in a small cemetery (Eden Valley) in NE Montana and he faces the farm with its large trees where he was raised. His son Todd rests beside him.



Rich Drzal 1944 ~ 2010

Captain Richard "Rich" Peter Drzal, age 66, a retired Northwest Airlines captain, "flew west" for a final check at 10:30pm July 29, 2010 peacefully at home in the arms of his wife, Barbara, and sons, Chandler and Brandon.

Rich was born and raised in the small town of Berwyn outside Chicago, graduated from the

University of Illinois in June 1966 and began pilot training with Northwest Airlines that same month, to fly the next thirty years enjoying his passion and seeing the world.

Rich and Barbara met while both flying out of MSP and were married in 1983, lived in Seattle and proceeded to cover as much of the globe as possible while raising two sons. They began their marriage by spending their honeymoon trekking the Amazon Jungle and proceeded to cover Australia, New Zealand, the Galapagos Islands, Bali, Thailand, Africa, the Holy Land and many points beyond during their time together. He was always determined to catch that "elusive" steelhead while drifting down the various cold, rainy rivers of the Pacific Northwest with his best buddy, Ken Peters, unable to feel his toes and fingers—and finally landed the trophy fish.

His love of the water continued throughout his whole life, beginning with a very small skiff and eventually owning a trawler which many hours were spent upon in the San Juan Islands, catching fresh salmon and crab for dinner while playing amongst the Orcas.

Rich had such a love for his family and friends with a generous heart for God. He is missed by all whose lives he touched.





Clancy Prevost 1938 ~ 2010

Captain Clarence W. "Clancy" Prevost, age 72, a retired Northwest captain of Coral Gables, Florida and Wellsboro, Pennsylvania "Flew West" for a final check at his home in Coral Gables on December 23, 2010. Clancy Prevost was a graduate of Mercersburg Academy and the University of Pennsylvania. He joined the Navy as an Aviation Officer Candidate (AOC) after college and reported to NAS Pensacola, Florida for Pre-Flight training with Class 29-63, in August 1963. During his Navy years he flew with VW-4 the "Hurricane Hunters" squadron and was honorably discharged with the rank of Lieutenant in 1968.

Following his discharge, he joined Northwest Airlines as a pilot in August 1968, retiring in 1993 after

25 years of flying. He began a second career as an instructor in flight simulators in Minneapolis, Minnesota and in Miami, Florida. He was the simulator instructor in the Twin Cities who was suspicious of a student who had registered to learn to fly the 747, and who had never soloed in even a single-engine airplane. The student had no interest in learning how to take-off or land. He was only interested in learning how to fly through buildings. Despite resistance from the flight academy administration, Clancy persisted in his questions about his student. These events occurred in August 2001, five weeks before 9/11. Eventually the student Zacharias Moussaoui, was arrested. After a trial in Federal Court in Alexandria, Virginia, Moussaoui was sentenced to life imprisonment in federal prison in Colorado.

The Airline Pilots Association International and the U.S. Department of State both recognized Clancy Prevost for his heroism. He is survived by his wife Sheilah Young Prevost; sister Sarah Shoemaker; brothers Louis and James; three children and seven grandchildren. He was pre-deceased by his father Dr. John V. Prevost, his mother Julianne Cawley Prevost and his brother John A. Prevost.

From the Guest Book

Paul Ringer: Clancy flew co-pilot for me on the B-727. He was a fun guy to be with when the crew got together for dinner. Someone a grandmother would definitely be proud of.

Dan Stack: My connection with Clancy goes back to 1965 and our days with VW-4—the Navy Hurricane Hunters. He was about 6 months behind me there and with Northwest. A unique sidebar is that my son Andrew and your Andrea were both born the same day—Oct. 2nd. at Fairview Southdale, Edina, Minnesota. He was ever cheery—inquisitive and willing to visit. The capstone of his career while instructing, was being recognized by ALPA for his breaking the plot about the 9/11 flight training. I was so sorry to hear of your loss, go in peace Clancy.

Dick Glover: Always enjoyed working with Clancy. He was a great guy and will be missed.

Fred Breitling: Clancy was the tallest player on our NWA basketball team and, therefore played center. He worked hard, loved the game, and we became good friends throughout our flying careers. We also played handball at the Decathlon and enjoyed many good



times before and after the games. His quick wit and super intelligence made him a very interesting guy as well as a good friend. We'll miss you Clancy and will cherish many great memories.

Jerry Krueger: Clancy was a "Fine-Fine" person, ever excited, always friendly, and such a professional in every way. What a great friend he was to so many other fellow aviators. His humor was note-worthy. A wonderful human being has passed our way and we are all better people for having known Clancy Prevost.

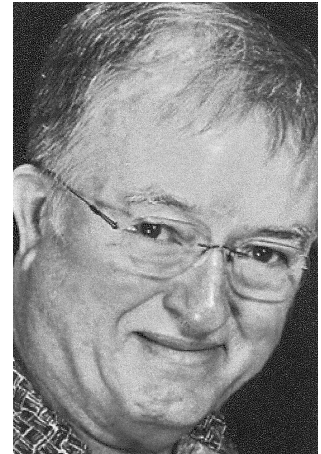
Dick Goforth: I am sorry for your loss.

Lyle Prouse: Clancy was the senior guy in our NWA class of Aug '68, one number senior to me. I didn't really get to know him until several years later and I thought, "He is the best kept secret in our class!" He was intellectual, incredibly humorous, quick witted, and a joy to spend time with. We remained close friends from that time. I wish I'd known about his illness so I could have at least supported him through cards and phone calls. Upon hearing of Clancy's death, I had a wonderful conversation with his widow, Sheila, whom I'd never met but was warmly impressed with. Clancy was my friend and I'll miss him dearly. My memories are of laughter and delightful conversation. My thoughts and prayers are with Sheila and I hope we someday meet in person. Godspeed, Clancy... you leave many behind who thought the world of you.

Tom Roberts: I worked with Clancy many a day and often late at night after he retired. He showed me the ropes at PanAm International Flight Academy. He taught me to run the new strange simulators all over the country, and was always there to back me up. He was such a great guy and could work with the most difficult student with ease.

Vic Britt: I worked with Clancy as an instructor at Northwest, and I was the Cadet Officer in charge of Indoctrination Battalion ("Indoc") in August 1963 when Clancy and Pre-Flight Class 29-63 reported to Pensacola. It was not a gentle meeting. The first ten days in "Indoc" were the Cadets introduction to their left feet and right feet, hazing over minor or manufactured infractions, and running every where they went. I did not remember that Clancy was in that class until I reviewed the Pre-Flight yearbook. Clancy Prevost was a first class guy with an easy smile that went ear to ear, and he was kind enough to never remind me that we first met in "Indoc."

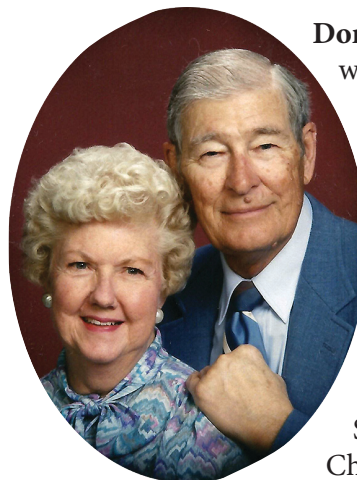
Captain Alan L. Rose, age 73, a retired Northwest Airlines captain, "Flew West" for a final check at Alpharetta, Georgia on September 6, 2010. Alan was from Sutton, West Virginia, but he lived in many diverse places from Minnesota, Kansas, and Alaska to Beaune, France. More recently he resided in Alpharetta.



Alan Rose
1937 ~ 2010

Alan was a graduate of Sutton High School and received a bachelor's of mechanical engineering from the University of Cincinnati. He served in the U.S. Air Force during the Vietnam War and retired as a captain from Northwest Airlines, where he was recognized for his direct support missions to Operation Desert Storm.

He is survived three children, Steven, Anthony, and Angela, and three grandchildren.



Doris Rena Stamp, age 91, went home to her heavenly Father the morning of March 1, 2011. She was born December 13, 1919 in Versailles IL to Lloyd O. and Maud (Myers) Patterson. She grew to womanhood in the Quad Cities and married Charles Edward Stamp on July 13 1940.

Chuck and Dorie moved to Florida where Chuck was an Army Air Corps Instructor; and when hired by Northwest Airlines in 1943, they made their home at Lake Minnetonka on the Methodist Church Grounds. Chuck preceded her in death in 1998. She is survived by four sons, Bryan (Patty) of Prescott AZ, Bruce (Jeannie) of Atascadero CA, Gordon (Patti) of Excelsior and Martin (Leah) of St Louis Park; and by 10 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren.



“Mac” McLaughlin 1934 ~ 2011

Captain E. D. “Mac” McLaughlin, Jr., a retired Northwest Airlines captain “Flew West” for a final check on Thursday, January 13, 2011. Mac was born in Dallas, Texas on January 30, 1934. Mac took flying lessons in a Taylorcraft and received his private pilot license right after finishing high school. He served as a Captain in the U.S. Air Force’s Strategic Air Command (SAC). He was a Uranium Exploration Geologist and a pilot for Northwest Airlines for 27 years, retiring as a Boeing 747 Captain in 1994. Mac was a professional musician and a fresh and salt water racing and cruising sailor.

He sailed his boats in Minnesota and Canada, Hawaii and the Caribbean and to Cuba. When he was not otherwise occupied, he and his wife Brenda traveled extensively. He wrote short stories and plays and produced musicals and plays at the Naples Sudge Theater. He was a man of manifold pursuits and affections.

Mac mastered and reveled in all four classical elements of life, from the earth’s layers and rocks, to the sky’s beauty and challenge. From the waters he weathered with boundless joy, to his passionate desire to radiate life through music and writing.

But most of all Mac will be remembered for a warm and sensitive nature which reflected his larger than life heart and soul. Brenda and he were based in Honolulu his last years at Northwest, and they made the most of their good fortune. They lived on the ocean that they loved, and even raced the Molokai channel together. After retirement they had a happy home in Naples for 16 years and enjoyed the company of friends and family from all over the world. From being Commodore of the local racing club in Naples, to enjoying a Cuban cigar on his final boat, “Rainbow,” docked at Hemingway Marina in Havana. He never ceased to amaze Brenda with his sense of adventure, and the joy that he took in everyday life. Mac was her hero, and she says that he will continue to fly, sail, write and make music in the hearts of his dear ones.

A celebration of Mac’s life was attended by family and friends at The Naples Sailing and Yacht Club. He is survived by his devoted wife, Brenda McLaughlin; his former spouse and friend Martha Semrud; five children, seven grandchildren, and six great grandchildren.





“Kenny” Bennett 1927 ~ 2011

Kenneth “Kenny” Dean Bennett, age 83, a retired Northwest Airlines pilot, took his final “Flight West” from Laguna Woods, California to heaven on God’s wings, on Wednesday, February 8, 2011. Kenny was born August 16, 1927 in Anoka, Minnesota and graduated from St. Francis. He entered the military where he became a Staff Sergeant Supply training Army Paratroops. Upon his departure from the military Kenny met his bride-to be, Marilyn Thorlakson at a church youth group retreat. They were married on April 21, 1948 and built their first home in White Bear Lake, MN.

Kenny studied trades at Dunwoody Institute in Minneapolis, and in 1950 began his career with Northwest Airlines as a mechanic at Holman Field near downtown St. Paul. Kenny continued to study and achieve new challenges including a light airplane private pilot license, and soon became a Flight Engineer at Northwest. Kenny and his young family relocated to Puyallup, WA for four years before returning to Minneapolis where they lived for the next 13 years. Northwest Airlines continued training him as a pilot,

and he checked out as first officer on the 707 and 747. He was in the “initial cadre” for Boeing 747 ground school in Seattle, and wrote the pressurization and hydraulics sections of the Northwest 747 training manual.

With the family grown, Kenny and Marilyn moved back to the west coast, settling in Gig Harbor, Washington where they built a waterfront home, enjoying the beach, keeping an orchard and farming oysters. Eventually they moved to the senior community, Crista where they lived for eight years.

Kenny retired from NWA in 1979 due to a heart attack that he suffered while in Tokyo between flights. Upon retirement Kenny had time to develop his hobbies including, hunting, fishing, trapping, farming his garden plot and orchard, and to begin his most interesting hobby of beekeeping. Kenny kept bees for his orchard and helped other beekeepers with theirs as well. He became an advocate for legislation to protect bees and an educator to teach school children and groups of adults about the role of bees in agriculture. Kenny became involved with bee-keeping in the global economy and attended the world apiary conventions of APIMONDIA in Switzerland and China. In 2009 Kenny was awarded the Lifetime Honorary Beekeeper Award by the California State Beekeepers Association. Kenny and Marilyn later moved to Laguna Woods, California where Kenny continued to be involved with friends in their beekeeping businesses, and enjoying other aspects of retirement including golf.

Kenny is survived by his wife, N. Marilyn Bennett, son Dale (Claudia), son Duane (Pat), daughter Dianne (Jim). Grandchildren: Jenne, Joshua, Jacob, Janelle, Jodelle, Drew. Great-grandchild, Kit. Kenny was preceded in death by parents, Clare, Florence, brother Donovan: sisters, Marjorie, Rachel, Beatrice.



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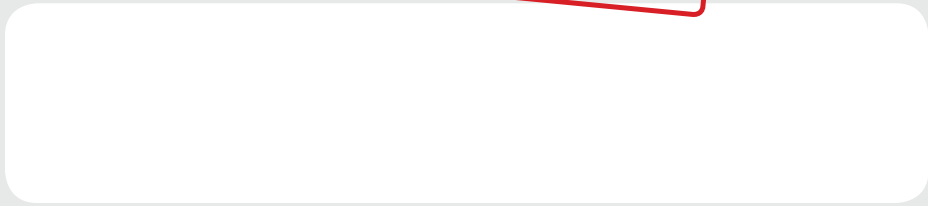
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STATE ZIP+4 PHONE
EMAIL*
Leave this blank if you do not wish to receive RNPA email news. (See note)

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

DATE OF BIRTH (Optional for affiliate member)

DATE OF FIRST EMPLOYMENT WITH NWA DELTA AS:
AN EMPLOYEE A PILOT

DATE OF RETIREMENT FROM NWA DELTA AS:
AN EMPLOYEE A PILOT

IF CURRENTLY EMPLOYED BY DELTA INDICATE:
BASE POSITION

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

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

APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF HOURS LOGGED

AIRLINE AIRCRAFT TYPES FLOWN AS PILOT

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

CHANGE: This is a change of address or status only

MEMBERSHIP TYPE
 REGULAR (NR) \$35
Pilots: Retired NWA, post-merger retired Delta, or Active Delta

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

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

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

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