



CONTRAILS

ISSUE NO. 180

NOVEMBER 2011



Pioneer Courage Park, Omaha

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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NOVEMBER

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FUTURE REUNIONS

ATLANTA:
SEPT. 26-28, 2012

LEXINGTON, KY:
OCT. 2nd - 4th, 2013

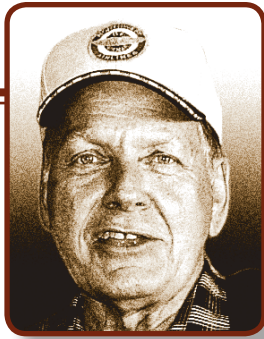
Union made
Printed at
The House of Printing, Inc.
Pasadena, California, USA

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President's Report: Gary PISEL

Fellow RNPA Members,

First of all, a Heartfelt Thank You for the honor bestowed on me at the Omaha Reunion. I was certainly surprised and knew nothing about it. Even Barbara did not let on.

OMAHA, what another great reunion! It was a little smaller but that gave the attendees time to visit more with those that came. And for those that thought Omaha had nothing to offer, were they surprised. The parks, Old

Market, Rodeo and several other venues kept everyone busy. We had a remarkable participation on the Teddy Bear program. This year we collected 436 bears and stuffed animals and presented them to the Omaha Fire Department. **THANK YOU!**

Coming up next is **ATLANTA**. This promises to be another fun filled and exciting reunion. **I STRONGLY SUGGEST YOU PLAN TO ARRIVE A DAY EARLY.** Check in will start a day before it normally does, on Sept 25 at 1400. Most of the venues are within walking distance of the hotel.

Make your reservations early, come early and urge a fellow pilot to attend!

We will also do **TEDDY BEARS**.

I also urge you to plan ahead even further. (Hard to do for pilots.) The following year we will be heading to Lexington, KY Oct 3-4-5. This will be a different venue and give you a chance to bet on the horses and win big bucks. Ladies will have a hat contest with prizes given.

The Board of Directors at the Omaha meeting voted on a new policy. If you cancel 30 days before the reunion you will be given a full refund. **IF YOU CANCEL WITHIN THE 30 DAYS, NO REFUND OF MONEY WILL BE GIVEN.**

I would like to thank **CHUCK CARLSON** for the great job he did planning and executing the Omaha reunion! I would also like to thank him for his service as a Board of Advisors member for the last three years. He has chosen to resign and pursue other activities.

Howie Leland and Sterling Bentsen have been appointed as members of the Board of Advisors.

Welcome aboard Sterling and Howie!

Thanks again! See you at future RNPA functions.

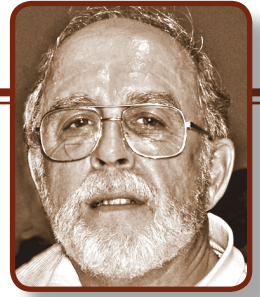


Treasurer's Report: Dino OLIVA

The Omaha Reunion was another great success. Thanks to Chuck Carlson and his helpers for making it so enjoyable.

Now back to reality and our RNPA business. In late December we will once again be mailing out the annual dues notices. Taking care of the collection and recording of the dues payment is a time consuming job. Please help to make it as easy as possible by observing the following requests. **DO NOT SEND IN ANY MONEY UNTIL YOU RECEIVE YOUR STATEMENT!!!!** You may have a credit or may have arrears dues owed from previous years. Pay only the amount shown on your notice. Do not pay in advance for future years. Send any updates to your information such as address change etc in legible hand written form. Some of your writing is even worse than mine. Also send a note about what you have been up to lately. We all would like an update on your activities. Send that information to our editor, Gary Ferguson preferably by e-mail or as a second choice by snail mail.

Have a Happy Holiday season and hope to see many of you at some of next years activities.



MEMBERS HONORED AT OMAHA

Your beleaguered Treasurer, Dino Oliva, at the direction of the RNPA Board, honored Gary Pisel and myself for our years of service at the Omaha Banquet, much to our surprise. Gary Pisel's award is most richly deserved. His enthusiastic hard-working approach to the job is impressive, and has been for almost twelve years—before I even became a member.

While I thank the Board for my award and do appreciate it, there is some real irony in the fact that the presenter is without any doubt the most deserving of such an award of all of us. And I said as much that evening.

It is indicative of the kind of man Dino is that he initiated these awards while the rest of us go merrily about our business not particularly considering that we should have recognized and honored him a long time ago.

Lest you be tempted to the opinion that this is simply a mutual admiration society, let me remind you of his service to our pilot group—not just to RNPA, although he has served in several positions on the RNPA Board for many years.

I cannot recall all of the positions he has held in ALPA, but for as long as I can remember he has been associated with, and been a major force within, our union during some of the most troubled labor relations in the industry. He is at least partially responsible for what I believe is the strongest retirement benefit remaining among our peers—not a small accomplishment.

When the turmoil in the industry threatened our pensions a few years ago he quickly formed our "Guardian" association (I can never remember the official title.) to help ensure that we could employ competent legal advice for our protection.

He was a member of the Board of the Paul Soderlind Memorial Scholarship Fund until it was passed on to Wings Financial to operate.

He even helped coach high school football for many years until he decided to retire from that in order to travel America with Karen before he "got too old."

I would not be the least surprised if this is only a small listing of Dino's selfless service to others.

I am a little embarrassed by this and even though he will not be surprised, as we were, I intend to make sure that the sun doesn't set on the next Reunion without rectifying our oversight.

Thanks for all you do and have done, Dino.

IT'S ABOUT THIS MEMORY THING

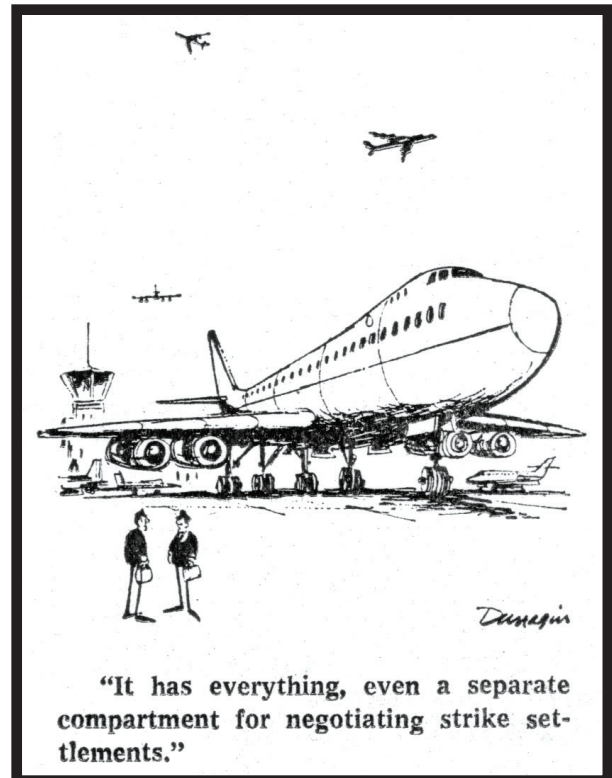
Some of you tell me that it's not unusual, but I have to tell you that it's getting a little frustrating.

I hesitate to whine about the piles of newspaper, magazine articles, emails and books that some of you have sent me for fear that you might stop sending them. But it really is getting tough to remember them all when I need them.

Case in point: Barbara Pisel sent me photos of the last PHX Picnic some eight months ago after considerable effort on her part to get them to me. When it came time to place them in the May issue I could not find the folder in the computer. After that I simply forgot them completely. Barb politely reminded me of them at the Reunion.

So this is a rather long-winded way of apologizing. Sorry, Barb. They're on page 49.

Whatchabeenupto?





**BOB
HORNING**



As many of you already know, I suffered a massive stroke here at our home in Lake Elmo, MN on December 12, 2010. Shortly thereafter, my 16-year old granddaughter, Marissa, bought me a blue T-shirt with the Nike symbol and the words JUST DO IT on the front. Attending the RNPA Board of Advisors meeting on Wednesday, June 8, and the RNPA cruise on the St. Croix River on Thursday, June 9, are prime examples of continuing to be active even though I am presently confined to a wheelchair. Many people tend to give up when something like this happens. They feel they can no longer do the things they used to do. This may be true, but it certainly helps to concentrate on the things we can still do and look forward to new things we can learn to do.

The stroke pretty much took out my left side. I am left-handed. Learning to feed myself with my right hand was a challenge, especially keeping spaghetti noodles on my fork all the way up to my mouth! I am beginning to gain back some of the weight I initially lost, so I figure I must be doing something right. Having a positive attitude never hurt anyone!

You never know when something unforeseen is going to happen to upset the ol' apple cart. I was water skiing in September, fishing in Florida in October, riding camels in the desert in Egypt in November, and visiting friends in New York City the week before my stroke in December. No health problems whatsoever. I always had low blood

pressure. The day of my stroke my blood pressure spiked. I wasn't even doing anything physical. I was just standing in the kitchen holding a turkey while Sue was putting in the stuffing.

Thankfully, she knew the signs of a stroke... raise up your arms, smile, stick out your tongue, speak... so she called 911 immediately. My blood pressure was around 200 when I got to the emergency room. I had what they call a bleed rather than a blood clot. The blood vessels basically burst because of the high blood pressure. The rest, as they say, is history.

You'd be amazed at how many people came over to visit with us on the cruise. I probably talked to more people than if I was walking around. Sue left me alone to visit, which gave her time for herself to visit with many wives, flight attendants, and pilots she knows. She had a chance to share our story and encourage everyone to keep going. It was a chance for everyone to give her support, too. It was a win-win situation for everybody. It definitely helps to keep a sense of humor, too. We joked that we didn't have to stand in line to get on the boat or to get something to drink. Everyone did the most they could do to make us feel welcome.

I am sure I am not the only RNPA member who is confined to a wheelchair. I encourage all of you to continue to be active and attend our events if at all possible. The same is true for our spouses and/or significant others.

In other words JUST DO IT!
Keep the shiny side up,
Bob Horning

IT'S ALL IN THE ONLINE NAME

All of the following are, or at least were, legitimate companies that didn't spend quite enough time considering how their online names might appear—and be misread! These are not made up. Check them out yourself.

1. "Who Represents" is where you can find the name of the agent that represents any celebrity. Their Web site is **www.whorepresents.com**.
2. "Experts Exchange" is a knowledge base where programmers can exchange advice and views at **www.expertsexchange.com**.
3. Looking for a pen? Look no further than "Pen Island " at **www.penisland.net**.
- 4.. Need a therapist? Try "Therapist Finder" at **www.therapistfinder.com**.
5. There's the "Italian Power Generator Company" at **www.powergenitalia.com**.
6. And don't forget the "Mole Station Native Nursery" in New South Wales, Australia, **www.molestationnursery.com**.
7. If you're looking for IP computer software, there's always **www.ipanywhere.com**.
8. The "First Cumming Methodist Church" Web site is **www.cummingfirst.com**.
9. And, finally, the designers at "Speed of Art" await you at their wacky Web site, **www.spedofart.com**.

- Thanks to Ron Murdock

DICK
GLADISH



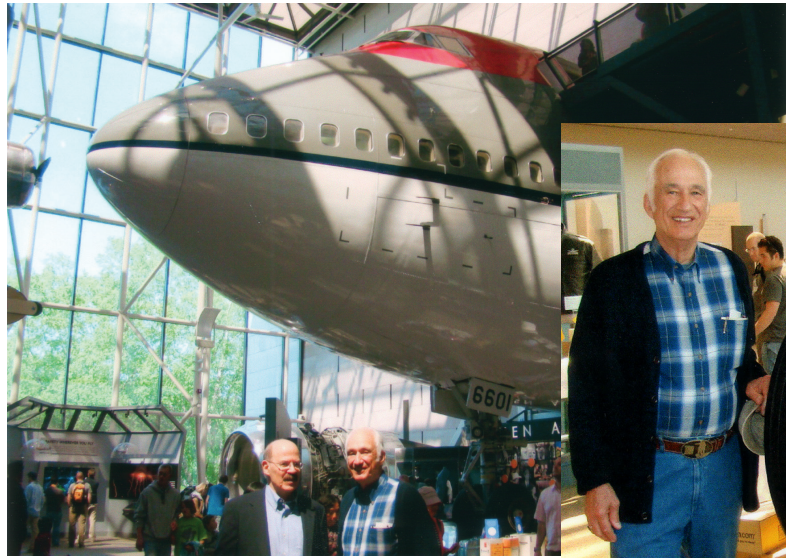
Gary:

Perhaps this fits the category of “Whatchabeenupto.”

My wife Sue, and I took a trip to the East Coast last April and included the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum. There, inside, in the museum was the nose section of the NWA 747, 6601. We took a few pictures, a couple of which are included. As I recall, they said it was the first 747 purchased by NWA. It was also the first 747 to fly the Pacific.

Perhaps our historian can elaborate on that.

Dick Gladish



Thanks Dick. We did a little spread in Contrails just after it was installed in the museum. But I can't find that now. – Ed.



32 ESCAPE DEATH AS AIRLINER CRASH-LANDS AND BURNS

A Northwest Airlines Lockheed Constellation, wallowing almost helplessly through foggy skies, crash-landed and burned at McChord AFB early September 7, 1953. The 32 persons aboard escaped death.

Twenty-nine of the passengers, including three infants and six crew members were injured or burned. The plane burst into flames as **Capt. Russell Bird** of Seattle, attempted to land with only one wheel down and two engines dead. Nine injured remained in hospitals today, none in serious condition.

The No. 3 engine of the huge aircraft failed as the plane roared into the sky from Seattle-Tacoma International Airport at 2:06 a.m. Because of fog conditions, Bird decided to take the craft, scheduled for a non stop flight to Chicago, into Portland. He was forced into landing at McChord when the No. 4 engine conked out, leaving the trim craft limping along on only two motors. On approach to McChord, Bird found that only one of his wheels would come down because of a failure of the craft's hydraulic system. Rather than chance staying aloft with only two motors, Bird brought the plane onto the runway.

It rolled easily along on one wheel until its speed slackened. Then the left wing tilted to the ground and gas in the wing tanks burst into fire. Flames shot 15 feet. The huge aircraft swerved from the runway and ground slowly to a stop. Crew-members worked frantically to loosen safety belts and help passengers climb to safety through a sheet of flame that engulfed the ship.

ALL OUT IN A MINUTE

Bird and Patricia Grivna/Brivna, McKeesport, Pa., the stewardess, said all of the passengers were out of the plane and safe within one minute after the plane stopped rolling. The **co-pilot, Dale Moore** of Seattle, was credited with saving 8-month-old Kimberly Frank of Terre Haute, Ind., from death in the flames.

(From Vic Britt)

Dale N. Moore is listed on the “In Memoriam” pages of the RNPA Membership Directory. Our information shows he died in Spokane City on May 1st, 1972. Please inform the Editor (contrailseditor@mac.com) if you have other information regarding his date of death.



Hi Gary,

Had a most interesting experience on Saturday, August 6, 2011. Judy and I attended “Coffee & Conversation” at one of the few remaining jewels of our airline, the NWA History Centre. As they are proud to say, this place is “Dedicated to preserving the history of a great airline.” It is located in the Wings Financial Credit Union Building at 8101 – 34th Avenue South in Bloomington, MN.

The topic of the day was “NWA Orient Route Pioneers.” Many of the old-timers were there including Stan—the mechanic from ORD, John Horn—former President of NWA, Phyllis Curry—Stewardess (and wife of Chuck Curry Sr. who happened to be the co-captain on the first Orient flight), Captain Norm Midthun—purser on the first Orient flight, Joyce and Howie (Chris) Norvold—NWA stewardess and purser/mechanic, and several other mechanics, Staff House personnel and other former NWA employees.

Pete Patzke, founding father of the History Centre, gave the opening remarks and then Norm Midthun took over as MC. He told several stories of the flights to the Orient, which made fueling and crew change stops at Edmonton, Anchorage, Shemya and then on to Tokyo. He then introduced Phyllis Curry who related some of her experiences as the only stewardess on the flight. The usual crew of the DC-4 was made up of two captains, one co-pilot, a radio operator, a navigator, a flight engineer, a purser and a stewardess.

The average flight time for the passenger from Minneapolis to Tokyo was usually in excess of 33 hours. Navigation over water was

celestial when the cloud cover cooperated and flying pressure pattern forecasts when not. No INS, GPS and few radio aids. The DC-4 was unpressurized so they flew at between six and ten thousand feet. LORAN was available approaching Japan and that did help, but the signal could not be received until approaching the island.

Chuck Curry Jr. then showed some 35mm slides of the route and the Shemya layover facilities along with some of the old Staff House. His daughter Julia was also present and if you remember she was a Paul Soderlind scholarship winner in 2007. She graduated from the College of St. Scholastica-Duluth this year. Coffee, sweets and sodas followed the program.

Just as an aside, all of the attendees were asked to sign a birthday card for Captain Joe Kimm. He was unable to attend but sent a note to acknowledge the fact that he was involved in the early days of flying the Orient too. Joe turned 100 years young on 08/18/2011.

It was a very interesting and informative two hours spent with some of the best people on earth... former NWA employees! If you get a chance, watch for the next “Coffee & Conversation” and plan on attending. You won’t be disappointed.

Best regards to all,
Tom Schellinger



MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB

My first day on the job was not in the old GO building in Minneapolis, it was in Atlanta. In 1958 I was a starving student at Georgia Tech, studying Aeronautical engineering. Word was circulating that there was some temporary work available at the airport. Anything having to do with airplanes was definitely my

cup of tea. So I hitched a ride down to Hartsfield Airport and found the project leader. At that time Hartsfield was an absurdly small airport with one east west runway and a smaller diagonal runway. We were to participate in a traffic survey to see if it would be necessary to expand the airport and, if so, how soon.

Several students were scattered around the field and would signal the time each arriving aircraft passed certain points. To simplify the process, one timekeeper at a central location recorded all the events. My job was to lower a white flag at the exact moment the landing aircraft passed me. I was stationed about 100 feet abeam the threshold of the runway. This flag scheme followed the plane to the gate. From this data, the engineers could decide if any changes would allow more airplanes to land each day.

On my last day, after the last plane landed, I heard the pilot call ground control and ask them, “Who’s the guy by the runway waving his hanky at me?”

I was humiliated, but, hey, At least I was getting paid.

I was not involved further, but after some time a second parallel runway was added.

Later, I found another job at the airport, this time in ground service.

Northwest Airlines was starting an “Interchange Service.” Northwest would bring passengers and cargo from Chicago and MSP to Atlanta. From there, PanAm would take them to Miami and further South.

I had never heard of Northwest airlines.

The terminal building was a small, one story building which contained the ticket counters, baggage, and everything else. On the runway side there was a two story “tower.”

The NWA office was located in a “portable.” This looked like a small house trailer and was parked out on the ramp.

Our team leader was an experienced baggage handler, but the rest of the crew were just kids like me. Soon a plane with a red tail landed and taxied over to where we were. I think it was a DC 6.

Under the direction of the team leader, I hopped up into the baggage compartment and crawled forward to the bags. First, I had to find the Atlanta tags. The bags were laying on their sides several layers deep. If the handle was facing me, I would try to tug the bag out of the pile. It was tough, since it was hard to get any leverage while I was laying on my stomach or side. It was also almost impossible to lift several bags from that position, so all there was to do was give the handle a little tug, or two. Sometimes the handle just came off in my hand. It was not possible to grasp the bag with my hand as I would a sandwich. The bag was just too wide. So, I would try to rotate the bag to see if there was any other hand holds on the bag. Usually the only other protuberance was the zipper pull. If you pulled very gently, the bag would rotate around a bit, and you could work your hand and fingers between the bags and eventually work it free. Or the pull would come off in my fingers.

After some practice, I developed a system of levering the bags with my forearm and elbow, which saved many handles and pulls.

It was hard work, but in a way, it was exhilarating. I was working around airplanes, even if it was only the slightest of jobs.

Alas, it ended too soon. NW got a real office inside the terminal and the portable was moved. Then a crew of real baggage handlers arrived and we were replaced by men who could fling the bags around expertly.

I don't remember if my check came from Northwest or the subcontractor, but I was working on real NWA planes carrying real NWA passengers and bags.

Eight years later, I began my second day on the job...

Bob Lowenthal



DINNER DECISIONS

A group of 40 year old Pilots discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the waitresses there were very young and gorgeous.

10 years later at 50 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the food there was very good and the wine selection was excellent.

10 years later at 60 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they could eat there in peace and quiet and the restaurant had a beautiful view of the ocean.

10 years later, at 70 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the restaurant was wheel chair accessible and they even had an elevator.

10 years later, at 80 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they had never been there before.

Contributed by George Hamernick

LARRY
DAUDT



Gary,

I just received my August issue of Contrails. Needless to say, my eye went to the 911 stories.

I commend you for the insight to request the contributors to tell their story of that awful day in 2001..

I was riveted to the stories and say once again, Thanks.

See you at Omaha,
Larry K. Daudt

BILL
LAYTON



Hi Gary,

Life on the Chesapeake Bay is pretty nice. I manage to stay busy with woodworking, sailing, biking and golf. The ten grandkids also keep us traveling, as they are scattered around the country. We both are involved with various community service projects that we get great satisfaction from.

Last winter, both my wife Suzie and I returned to the workforce in Utah at the Deer Valley Ski Resort. Suzie works in skier services reservations and I in the ski rental shop. She works three days, skis four per week. I work two—ski five. Not too bad, but it gets better! Her pay is 20% higher than mine. Plus an extra day. A real “pilot deal.” We are returning for another season this year.

Thanks to all who make Contrails a quality publication. By the way, when I finish reading Contrails it is passed on to a retired UAL pilot buddy who gives it high praises!

Again thanks,

Bill Layton

Bill enclosed an interesting, lengthy article noting the death, August 31st, of Betty Skelton, which I will attempt to find room for in a future issue. – Ed.

AUSTIN
BATES



Remembering Hughes Air West

In 1974 Hughes Air West commenced service to the Guaymas, San Carlos Airport, Mexico. Since this was an international route, there were representatives from the Mexican CAB & FAA. In addition, the Hughes representatives included the Vice-President of Operations, Phoenix Chief Pilot, Operations, Marketing and Advertising personnel. Since the Guaymas airport included close proximity to high mountainous terrain, a jump seat pilot with a camera was present to take pictures of the airport and surrounding terrain for Airport qualification purposes.

Departing PHX and passing TUS our mandatory position report over Nogales, Mexico was required as we were entering non-radar environment. Numerous calls to the Nogales radio were unanswered until I began to speak and give a position report in Spanish. This impressed the Mexican CAB and FAA representatives, whom were on headsets and they gave a thumbs up to the Hughes personnel.

Arriving at the Guaymas San Carlos Airport, the passengers were bused over to the San Carlos Resort for the celebration and publicity for the new service. Also on board were six Captains to get Airport Qualified because of the terrain, this required one approach and landing for qualification.

After our second approach, we noticed a Mexican DC-6 approach and land. Coming around for a landing the Airport was suddenly turned into a fortress with Mexican soldiers all up and down the runway sides and all over the terminal.

Of particular interest were old fifty caliber water cooled machine

guns placed on the roof of the terminal. One more approach and we taxied into the terminal and were met by the Airport Commandant.

What had happened was the President of Mexico was traveling from Mazatlan to Tijuana and suddenly decided to stop and visit in Guaymas. The security was very impressive and got everyone's attention.

A bus was waiting and took the air crews to join the festivities but of course no margaritas for the pilots. The return to PHX was uneventful and the passengers were all impressed with the security of Guaymas San Carlos airport while the president of Mexico was there.

The event reminded me of when President Nixon met the President of Mexico at Tubac, Arizona. Nixon arrived in Marine One helicopter and the President of Mexico arrived in a school bus from Nogales, Mexico. What symbolism existed that day.

Austin B. Bates

BILL
BARROTT



I could tell by his voice that he was upset when he asked about Juliette. I replied that yes we had Juliette and he said, “Roger Northwest 721 cleared to Niles intersection, direct the Heights V-7, hold as published one four thousand expect further clearance in an hour.” Pretty much SOP for O'Hare 1970, no big deal. Not much going on so after an hour I called him but no reply. So I switched to VHF2 but no luck! So I went to guard and still nothing. Oh no, not another controller sickout or maybe a slumber party! Fuel's getting pretty low now so I called again, “Mayday Mayday Northwest 721 holding Niles with low fuel state.”

Finally he answered, “Northwest

Mayday standby, United you were stepped on say again your call sign.” An Illinois Guard KC-97 was RTB Glenview and came on and said he had an extra twenty thousand JP5. A little rich for those JT8-D-17s, but what the heck we’ll have the cleanest fuel nozzles in the fleet! So we tanked up and crisis over.

Now on to more important things like the layover at the Ambassador West and a couple of beers on Rush Street. Then I felt a prick (not that kind!) in my right arm. It was nurse Crotchit changing my IV drip from Bombay Sapphire to Beefeaters. Turns out my Medicare Advantage plan would no longer approve premium brands. O well, since our nation is going down the tubes four million bucks a day we all have to bear some of the pain. At least I’m doing my part.

I’ve had a sleeping disorder for many years. I counted sheep a lot before I realized some of the sheep were pretty good looking while others were butt ugly. About the time I saw that the last part of the sheep over the fence was looking as good as the first part, not being from Montana, I knew I needed to change sleep therapies. So I changed to the tried and tested Thomond O’Brien formula of two Sominex, a cup of hot chocolate and a “few” ounces of Irish Whiskey. Or was it two Sominez, a cup of Irish Whiskey, and “few” ounces of hot chocolate? Anyway, it works, and I’m not bothered by those ugly sheep anymore!

I am petitioning the International Olympic Committee for a gold medal in the downhill. Although never a world class athlete I know no one has ever gone downhill faster than I have in the last few years. I’ve been retired fifteen years now and my goal remains the same, when I grow up I want to be a pilot!

LA4-200 Lake Amphibian for

sale. New tires, low miles, airline discount, inquire within.

Spend most of the winter in Palm Springs now, but it’s not all it’s cracked up to be. Last January it was so cold one night that I had to put a towel around me when I got out of the pool!

Still chasing the little lady around the house but now it’s like a dog chasing a car—what the hell am I going to do if I catch her?

Bought a 1928 Ford Model A Roadster for the Starbuck’s trips into town, church on Sunday, and July 4 parade. It leaks oil and anti-freeze but what the heck, if I make it to 83 I suspect I’ll be leaking too!

No more raffles for me! What’s the point, Bruce Armstrong is just going to win anyway!

If any of this makes sense to you I apologize, that was not the intent.

So sad to read the RNPA obits and I noticed they’re getting younger all the time. Even the bulletproof, invisible, and charming ones!

And so life goes on... if you’re lucky!

Stay Lucky!
Bill Barrott

JOEL
LONG



more
9/11 STORIES

I was watching the early morning news when they quickly switched to breaking news, saying that they believed a plane had hit Tower One. I immediately thought of a friend, Rick Rescorla from the Ia Drang battles (LZ-Xray, Albany) Happy valley, and Bong Son. We would meet at the IA Drang Banquet in DC as we, the 235 survivors,

would remember the 234 names on Panel-E3 that didn’t make it. Rick was serving as Vice President of security for Morgan Stanley.

Rick was from Hayle, England, served with the British Army in Cyprus, fighting Marxist guerrillas in Africa before coming to the USA, where he became a member of the most highly decorated Infantry OCS, class 52, 1965. In 1963 Terrorists attacked building two. Rick told senior management that they would be back and they should move. They replied that couldn’t happen. Rick got permission to run evacuation drills. When the first plane hit building one Rick started vacating building two and five, Morgan Stanley’s buildings .

Of the five thousand employees of Morgan Stanley, only six lost their lives—Rick and two other security employees and three others.

His friends from Viet Nam put him in for a posthumous award of The Presidential Medal of Freedom. Over 40,000 signatures have been collected. A life size Bronze Statue depicts Rick at the Fort Benning , Georgia Infantry Museum.

Joel Long

Happy
Holidays

From the
Contrails
Staff





Buck Knives Date Stamp Codes

YEAR	SYMBOL	ALT	YEAR	SYMBOL	ALT
1986	<		2011	C (C)	
1987	V		2012	U (U)	
1988	^		2013	U (U)	
1989	v		2014	U (U)	
1990	x		2015	E (E)	
1991	+		2016	U (U)	
1992	-		2017	E (E)	
1993	/		2018	E (E)	
1994	U		2019	U (U)	
1995	U		2020	U (U)	
1996	U		2021	U (U)	
1997	U		2022	U (U)	
1998	U				
1999	U				
2000	U	(C)			
2001	U				
2002	U	(E)			
2003	T				
2004	T				
2005	T	(F)(C)			
2006	T				
2007	T	(P)			
2008	T	(P)(C)			
2009	T	(P)(C)			
2010	<	(P)			

SKIP FOSTER



Hi Gary,

Just back from OMA, great time, thanks for all the hard work from all you guys!

Here's the info from Buck Knives. We had our 45th USAF Pilot Training Class reunion the first part of Septmber in Spokane, WA at Fairchild AFB. We visited the Buck Knife factory in Post Falls, ID and met the CEO, Chuck Buck—yes really. He's a 3rd generation Buck and is in the process of moving all

manufacturing back to the states, currently at 85% in Idaho. They can make 12,000 knives per day and it's a very interesting operation to watch.

Mr. Buck signed all the knives we purchased at the store, and he invited the group to have lunch with him and his employees, who were celebrating their 1 millionth production knife at the Idaho facility in less than a year! We are going to present him with a shirt signed by all the attendees with our

class patch from Vance AFB, class 66-H.

The Northwest pilots there were: Tom Erickson, myself, and HT Bunker, who was an IP in T-38's for the class at Vance.

Skip

Montana Airplane wins Award at Airventure Oshkosh 2011

Doug Parrott of Roundup won the Contemporary Outstanding Cessna 310 at Oshkosh this summer for his Cessna 310B. this aircraft was previously owned by Denny Lynch of Billings. After Denny sold Lynch Flying Service in Billings he kept the 310 that had been used as a trainer. Many pilots in the Billings area received their multi-engine training in this aircraft. Denny researched the original N number and 1958 color schemes for the 310B and then had it painted in the original color scheme and had the interior completely redone. Denny flew the airplane to the Reno Air Races and wanted to fly it to Oshkosh. Unfortunately, Denny passed way before he could take it to Oshkosh. Doug bought the airplane from the Lynch family. He has flown it to Oshkosh three times. He entered it in the competition this year and it was a WINNER! Denny's family is very proud, as is Doug. Congratulations to you all!

Reprinted from Montana and the Sky, a publication of the Montana Department of Transportation, Aeronautics Division



SW Florida Spring Luncheon



LIMITED TO 150 GUESTS
• REGISTER EARLY •
REGISTRATION DEADLINE
FEB. 28TH, 2011

Marina Jack's Restaurant
Sarasota, Florida
March 6th, 2011
11:00 – 15:00

I've marked the calendar for March 6th at 1100 hours.

NAME _____ MENU CHOICE: **1** **2** **3**
SPOUSE/GUEST _____ **1** **2** **3**

\$25 X ____ = _____ (INCLUDES GRATUITY)

MENU CHOICES: **1** Herb Crusted Baked Grouper **2** London Broil **3** Chicken Marsala
Entrées include salad, vegetable, potato, dessert and coffee or tea

Checks payable to
"Dino Oliva"
and mail to:
Dino & Karen Oliva
3701 Bayou Louise Ln
Sarasota FL 34242

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



A RETIREMENT SPEECH

Yeah, I'm back. Thanks to both of you who swamped my editor with inquiries about my absence and demands for my return.

It has been my policy in this column to follow certain “rules” of social behavior such as; at a party do not talk about religion, politics or, sadly, sex. I have attempted to fill this space with what might be termed “Trivial Pursuit,” the purpose being to make sure no RNPA member would find his/her annual stipend contributing to a cause about which he/she did not agree. (That’s a long way to say I try not to offend anyone.) If you choose to continue, be warned—no more Mr. Nice Guy! What follows is a contrast from the old Olde Bob, to the new.

Ilove stories. Here’s one: (Olde Bob)

The grocery store Cub Foods has appeared in this space in the past. While shopping there awhile back I encountered a mother and her approximately 12-year old daughter likewise shopping. Mom wore a pink tank top over dark blue running shorts with a white stripe on the sides. Daughter wore an exactly matching outfit, right down to the white Nike running shoes. Most noticeable about this pair was that Mom was the exact copy of the largest, heaviest National Football League offensive lineman I have ever seen, complete with the huge pot belly, and the only running either of these two had ever done was the daughter trying to catch her mom in size and appearance. Both of these gals were huge!

As often happens at a grocery, the first people one spots upon arrival frequently reappear often during the excursion. On this day, I encountered these two several times within, say, 15 minutes. Then, at a row perpendicular to the aisles I once again noticed Mom with her grocery cart. Her daughter was approaching with a big smile and a case of Pepsi.

“No,” said Mom loudly. “I said Diet Pepsi!”

As I wrote, I love stories. The rest of this is more like an editorial. (New Olde Bob)

I received an e-mail the other day from a friend and former Air Force fighter pilot entitled “A Fighter Pilot’s Dinner Speech.” It was described within as “A great change-of-command speech by (name withheld), former U. S. Navy (squadron name withheld) commanding officer.” The aircraft operated by this squadron is the F/A-18. The speech was given at the speaker’s retirement dinner apparently in front of the pilots and wives of his squadron. Below are excerpts, the order of presentation here chosen by me.

“Being an F/A 18 pilot and an airline pilot (later identified as NWA) at the same time gives you an interesting and different perspective.”

“How can anyone possibly explain Naval Aviation?”

“How do you explain what it has been like to see the entire world through the canopy of an F/A 18 like a living IMAX film?”

“How do you explain what it is like to fly an engineering marvel that responds to your every whim of airborne imagination?”

“How do you explain catapult shots—especially the night ones?”

“How do you possibly explain the exhilaration of the day trap?”

“How do you possibly explain finding yourself at ¾ mile (on final), at night, weather

down, deck moving, hyperventilating into your mask, knowing that it will take everything you have to get aboard without killing yourself?”

“How do you explain moons so bright and nights so dark that they defy logic?”

“How do you explain sunrises and sunsets so glorious that you knew in your heart that God had created that exact moment in time just for you?”

“How do you explain the dedication of our young troops who we burden with the responsibilities of our lives and then pay them peanuts to do so?”

“How do you explain the type of women who are crazy enough to marry into Naval Aviation, who endure long working hours and long periods of separation and who are painfully and quietly forced to accept the realization that they are second to the job?”

Some wonderful concepts in there. This man has presented his retirement feelings in a manner which touches the heart. And then:

“. . .when I am 90 years old sitting on my porch in my rocking chair and someone asks me what I have done with my life, I will damn sure not tell them I was an airline pilot, . . .”

SAY WHAT? These excerpts were presented in this order here to somewhat surprise the reader. In reality, this man prefaced his entire speech with comments designed to inflate the importance of his work in Naval Aviation at the expense of airline flying. In prefacing his talk, he stated that, in airline cockpits, he had stopped answering questions about his flying background because he did not want to listen to the insignificant tales from the people with whom he flew. In short:

“I am better than you.”

What an unfortunate way to express oneself. Apparently, the commander joined the airline somewhat later than most. Early in this retirement speech he actually makes sarcastic fun of stories he hears “from the left side of the cockpit.” As I continued to read this e-mail, I had to keep reminding myself that Commander Anonymous was “preaching to the choir.” Still, I was offended! This guy is apparently the epitome of the stereotypical fighter pilot. I’m told that, in Milwaukee, one can find the largest four-faced clock in the world. I suspect this guy has a watch that big! I thank him for his service. I congratulate him on his successful career. I criticize him for his attitude.

I, too, was a Naval Aviator. I became one during the celebration of the 50th year of Naval Aviation. (It is unsettling to realize that 2011 is the 100th.) Just as did the commander, in pre-flight I ran the obstacle course, climbed the rope from the hangar floor (deck) to the hangar ceiling (overhead), rode the Dilbert Dunker and

swam a mile in forty minutes in my flight gear, only to get out of the pool, strip down to my swimsuit and do it again. And yes, I made a few carrier landings (in something other than an F/A 18) before I was assigned to land-based aircraft. But this superpilot doesn’t want to hear my stories about being shot at in “Nam” or holding my breath while Soviet MIGs rocked in from the perch to my six-o’clock near someplace called Petropavlovsk, hoping they didn’t shoot up my unarmed, snooping aircraft. He considers the combat experiences of my friend Don Chadwick (in a helicopter) as inferior. Perhaps, if he changed his attitude, he might have become aware of some incredibly dangerous flying experiences from Ross Kramer’s C-130. And on and on and on. It was once my privilege to spend a month as Wes Schierman’s copilot and to this day continue to appreciate his willingness to talk about the Hanoi Hilton.

I was once told that only two-tenths of one percent of Americans in recorded history are or were Naval Aviators. I am proud of my Naval service and will readily tell you that. I am also proud of my airline career which, despite the commander’s sarcasm, all of us in RNPA should be.

How do I possibly explain what it is like to be three quarters of a mile on final in a fully-loaded DC-10, weather down to minimums, crosswind howling through the wet windshield, in the dark and a copilot chanting softly: “I’m not scared, I’m not scared, I’m not scared,” realizing all the while that if you screw this up the lives of hundreds of people will be tragically affected?

I am pleased that I do not have to fly with this commander and pity those who must.

Early in my flying life, I learned that being nervous resulted in a poorer performance than being confident. For a check ride, I developed an attitude that said: “OK, watch how good I am at this.” Later, when my career placed me on the other side of the check ride, I attempted in the pre-check briefing to encourage a similar attitude from the checkee. Often, this worked wonders. However, at no time did I encourage others or myself to say, like Muhammad Ali, “I am the greatest.” These events to which I refer were, of course, not in fighter aircraft. One can make an argument that a fighter pilot must feel he is the best or the bad guy will get him. Perhaps this is true. My objection here is that one does not have to put down others to cultivate that attitude.

Near the end of the commander’s speech is this: “I worked with the finest people on the planet. . .” Yeah, well, so did I, Sir! One can generally find a photograph of and story about some of them near the end of each issue of this magazine. ✈

A STABILIZED approach



Contributing Columnist **James Baldwin**



SECOND THOUGHTS

We cruise by it every time we head for Honshu after prying ourselves from the sands of Waikiki. Sometimes we just squint into the glare of the mid-day sun, looking in the general direction depicted by the symbol on the nav display, knowing it's out there somewhere. Sometimes we can actually see it. Sometimes it's right there, close enough to imagine what it might be like to spend just one day enjoying and exploring the shallow, calm, diaphanous azure ringed by the white sand boundary. More than once, I will admit to using "heading select" to deviate a few miles to gain a better look.

A seemingly insignificant speck of sand, floating by itself in the middle of the Pacific, is hardly the kind of real estate you might figure inspired the age

old rule in real estate recited often with the axiom—location, location, location. But with Honolulu some 1136 nautical miles away and Wake Island only slightly closer at 1029 miles, it might be hard to formulate an argument to the contrary. And, at various times in history, its location has exemplified and emphasized the rule.

The home to various species of birds, numbered in the multi millions, including over one million Albatross "Gooney Birds" and sixty odd caretakers is the Midway Atoll. It is now, and has been since 1988, a wildlife sanctuary run by the U.S Fish and Wildlife Service known as The Midway Atoll National Wildlife Refuge. Every time I see it I can't believe I haven't taken the time to visit but then I

remember it really isn't that easy to get there. And once you get there where are you going to stay?

The two major islands, Sand Island with the airfield, and Eastern Island cover less than 1600 acres. It strains the imagination to picture four squadrons of B-17s, B-26 Marauders, Grumman Hellcats and other numerous fighter planes stationed there in preparation for an assault the U.S. knew was coming just six months after the attack on Pearl Harbor and weeks after the partial defeat of the Japanese at the Battle of the Coral Sea.

It probably wasn't with the idea of spending time at the beach that motivated Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Fleet, to attack Midway in June of 1942. After the Japanese suffered what was at best a stalemate at the Battle of the Coral Sea just weeks before, and with the assault by the Jimmy Doolittle raiders on the mainland, he needed to deliver a decisive blow to the U.S. to enable Japan to consolidate its multi-directional reach and conquest into the Pacific. And, the location of Midway, so aptly named because of its relative mid distance between Japan and the west coast of North America, made its location important for his plan in the Pacific.

The goal was as simple as his battle plan was not. Yamamoto believed that Japan would only gain control of the Pacific after an all-out naval battle with the Americans in which America would suffer a defeat, leaving Japan free to conquer at will and consolidate her conquests.

Although the plan was conceptually flawed with complexity, his real undoing was a lack of information: he did not know the Americans had partially broken the Japanese code, "JN-25B," and knew of his diversionary strategy. Admiral Chester Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief Pacific, would not be lured away to the Aleutian Chain at Dutch Harbor in a feint designed to split his force. Nothing has changed that way even in modern times—information, information, information is as much a law in all aspects of decision making as the real estate version involving location. Yamamoto had to have had second thoughts, as he has been—reported—to have said, "I fear all we have done is to awaken a sleeping giant and fill him with a terrible resolve," shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Also certainly arguable is that he might have thought twice about the awaiting strategy already in place. Whether or not the reports are true, the response of the sleeping giant's greater industrial power, which was attacked outside of a formal declaration of war,

was awakened just as he predicted. Second thoughts or no, the war was on and the eventual outcome of the very complicated Battle of Midway almost inarguably turned the outcome of the war in favor of the Allied powers.

Sometimes, and especially when one of our warships is in sight, it is hard not to imagine this wartime past as we pass over the channel leading into Pearl Harbor. On one of my last and recent visits, one of our ominous flat black partially submerged Boomers (or maybe it was an attack sub—I was a little bit too busy to study it closely), pushing a gigantic bow wake, was entering the famous port as we made our final approach to Runway 8L at HNL. I could barely take my eyes off of it. What a sight!

Preparing to depart PHNL the next day was probably not the best time to receive the news, albeit scant, that a Delta 747 had diverted to Midway a few days earlier. Of course we all wanted to talk about it. A cracked windshield was the rumored cause and the story, related from other crews, was that they had no APU for use on the ground and had suffered flap damage from a bird strike during the approach. The passengers stayed aboard for the evening replete with food, movies and a visit from the refuge's deputy manager describing the island. It was also reported there was no suitable set of stairs large enough to reach the passenger door and that during the night a carpenter built an additional set to enable the passengers to disembark and then finally board the replacement aircraft flown in from Japan with mechanics and parts to repair the original airplane. The passengers departed some twelve hours later headed to their original destination. The original crew was treated(?) to a five day layover while repairs commenced on the wounded bird—the 74, not the Albatross.

In discussion, we wondered aloud if the crew had second thoughts about Midway being "the nearest suitable" spelled out in the checklist as the suggested destination. Was there another choice?

I don't know how others react, but this report placed my imagination in that cockpit along with those who were really there. I imagined my surprise, startled by the sudden appearance of a circumferential crack in the windshield. I began to think about this particular mechanical malfunction and, despite the commotion and confusion which would undoubtedly consume most of my available attention, began to play the scenario through in my head. An important note is that I don't do it to

second guess anyone but to use it as an opportunity to learn. Monday mornings are OK for football, but if you've "been there" at least once you know it is pointless to assume in the heat of the battle that your decisions would be any better than the guys who actually did it. After all, it eventually turned out OK.

My training at the best facilities in the world, well, the old Northwest, had engrained a common memory item response to any abnormal: lights, switches, circuit breakers and the red bordered. Whoops, we don't have one of those anymore. My bad—finding the solution to a cracked windshield in the "QRH" we currently use under "Unannounced Malfunctions" isn't engrained yet. Old habit patterns and learning are hard to unlearn, but I imagined my copilot probably did and grabbed it, ready to read. But it didn't matter. I surmised, knowing my own human frailties, I would resort to a primal, visceral "fight or flight" reaction and seek to solve the problem myself. Come on, we're (imagined) out in the middle of nowhere—a reported hour west of Midway—and the immediate need would be to get this airplane to a lower altitude to prevent blowing the masks if the windshield goes. Which stops me in my imaginary tracks. Which way might it fail? This isn't one of the commonly recited scenarios we practice in the box. After all, the force acting outward is the difference in pressure due to pressurization. But would you immediately think that the window would go anywhere but inward? After all, we're going nearly six hundred miles per hour! Well, the math is pretty simple and I'm betting it doesn't require four stripes of experience to do the arithmetic. My guess is the initial release of pressure, if the windshield actually fails, is going to be outward, releasing the pressurization. But after that there won't be anything left holding it against the force acting inward and we all know where it will end up. Whether or not my assumptions are correct, I can do that arithmetic in my head (see next page).

I'm disregarding all of the other things that would have to happen regardless of which destination was eventually chosen, but a brief collection would include having already made the 45 degree right turn off the clearance route, putting the masks on and establishing communication. The F/O would probably have tuned in the HF and declared our state and intentions to San Francisco ARINC; we're already going down to at least 14,000 feet on our own and we're slowing too. Midway isn't too far

away and we all know it's got that runway for emergency use. Good thing it's there, I think. Or do I? The nearest suitable airport is what we want. Who says PMDY is really suitable? Suitable for what? If you're on fire maybe. Or not enough gas maybe. But a windshield? Hmmmm. Available or not, deciding what "suitable" means in this case might require more than just a second thought. And with the emphasis on using CRM as an important and valid tool in the toolbox, who says all of the operating crew are going to agree? This isn't as easy as entering a new destination in the route page; a debate would surely ensue about the potentially heterodoxical idea of continuing on to a more suitable yet distant alternate.

It's important to think about all the options available and who better to decide than the guy sitting in the seat up close to the actual operation. Dispatch, in the old Northwest days, could probably have told us in one phone patch what the fuel required to PHNL would be. Did Delta? Reportedly, apparently not. It is rumored that information wasn't available but in the end, that too doesn't matter. They had fuel for Kansai and once leveled at ten to fourteen thousand I can figure that out for myself: on your way back to Midway you know the ground speed at the altitude chosen and the lower EICAS shows the fuel burn. No one needs an E6B for that. My choice, based on recent experience, is not to waste time initially with the distracting, time consuming call to dispatch. We'll tell them what we're going to do later and I'll deal with the powers above at an appropriate time after that. Isn't that what the PIC thing means?

In the end, no matter which way the numbers and the laws of physics dictate where we end up, just thinking through the scenario that a group of our guys actually had to deal with is beneficial as a learning experience.

And that's why it's too bad these abnormal operations aren't communicated to ALL pilot groups on a timely basis regardless of whether the legal boxes are checked or not. Like information from the recent (for jets that travel at 500 knots using the word "recent" and the term "two years" it takes to learn about what really happened is a bit paradoxical) disasters in Buffalo and in the mid Atlantic, pilots might have a handy use for that information as they cruise by those seemingly insignificant specks of sand midway between two continents. But for Midway, second thoughts are not required. It's still all about location, location, location.

Which way would the windshield blow?

I'm sure we all have numbers that we either live with and use daily or at least are able to recall given the need. I don't use Avogadro's number much anymore but I do remember there are 6.022×10 to the 23rd power of molecules per mole no matter which element we are considering. Of course other times I have a hard time remembering if there's two or four cups to a quart. It's probably good I don't bake too many cookies. But the number that has always stuck in my head is the density of air at sea level expressed in slugs/cubic foot. For me it's easy to remember even though we didn't go along with the rest of the world in the '70s like we said we would and switch over to the metric system of units known as "MKS" (meter, kilogram, second).

Consequently, with our antiquated British based system from the nineteenth century, we have a hard time distinguishing force and mass—one of each is called a "pound." The remedy is to divide the "pounds/cubic measure" by the gravitational constant and identify this strangely named unit called a "slug," to denote mass. That strange number is 2.378×10 to the minus 3rd power of slugs of air per cubic foot (.07647 lbs per cubic foot divided by 32.17 feet per second squared) and I will probably take that number to the next version of life with me.

So how does this matter? Well, as the cracked windshield emergency evolves, the question and challenge becomes balancing the forces at play to keep the windshield right where it belongs. If we are traveling at, say, 250 knots indicated

at 12,000 feet, it approximates 288 miles per hour or 422 feet per second. I won't bother you with those equations since this is easy E6B stuff. Dynamic pressure, "q" is equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ times the ambient density times velocity squared (dynamic stagnation pressure or "one half rho v squared" in engineering speak), the pressure in pounds per square foot is:

(I'm going to round the density off to .002 because I'm pretending to be doing this in my head and I'm not going to descend to sea level and use the "denser" figure of .002378)

$$0.5 \times .002 \times 422 \times 422 = 178$$

pounds per square foot, or 1.23 pounds per square inch. That's the pressure forcing the window "in." Pressurization, or in engineering speak—"delta p"—is forcing it out. Since we cruise around the troposphere at 8 or 9 pounds per square inch of pressure forcing the window "out," it's easy to see what we need to do. And, VIOLA! This solves the riddle in the QRH of why they suggest adjusting the pressurization controls to achieve less than 2 psi differential.

A side note here: these windshields aren't flat to the airstream. A compound estimated approximation of windshield cant and slant in relation to the relative wind requires us to multiply our dynamic pressure by the cosine of 45 degrees. We all know the cosine of 45 equals the sine which equals .707. Even so, q is still 1.23 psi which means we can go a little faster and maybe even get back to Dukes at Waikiki during Happy Hour. This too makes sense since we all know pilots are motivated by happy hours worldwide.

I'm not real sure what I expected from Omaha, having never been there before. I didn't expect wonderful weather, but we sure had that.

What really surprised me about this clean, vibrant city on the prairie (one of the fiscally healthiest cities in the country) was the sculpture—sculpture seemingly everywhere. The centerpiece is a public/private project of some 124 individual bronze sculptures covering parts of five downtown city blocks. The major installation consists of four wagons and a wagonmaster in the Springtime heading out on the beginning of the Oregon Trail. It is called *Pioneer Courage Park*. The premise is that the wagons stampeded buffalo across the prairie, which startled and flushed a flock of Canada geese. Some of each went through—literally through—some of the modern day buildings. The buffalo and the geese lifting from a fountain comprise *Spirit of Nebraska's Wilderness Park*. The whole thing is beautifully conceived and beautifully executed. Something not to be missed if you're ever near Omaha, in my opinion.

One day prior to the "official" Reunion, many of us attended the second largest rodeo in the country at an indoor arena, which explains the "cowboy" photos. Lot's o' fun.

Day One consisted of registration and the President's Reception. Day Two we toured the Air and Space Museum in the morning, where I kept my camera lens cap on, assuming that you've all seen enough airplanes. We had lunch at Offutt Air Force Base, followed by a "briefing" on the organizational structure of the Air Force which had me asleep in fifteen minutes. Not a good idea to feed guys our age and then let them sit still for a while. We were supposed to tour the base after that but, the military being the military, that didn't happen. Instead, the bus drivers drove us through the campus of Boys' Town, which I suspect many preferred anyway.

Day Three included the General Membership meeting and Ladies' Coffee in the morning and free time to explore Omaha until the Reunion Banquet in the evening where President Pisel and myself were honored for our service, and which I have been ordered to report on. More on that elsewhere within.

These Reunions are more about enjoying our friends and coworkers, and much less about what we did while there. If you have never attended one of these, may I suggest that you consider next year's Reunion in Atlanta. It's shaping up to be one of the best ones ever. – *Editor*



OMAHA REUNION





Dino & Karen Oliva, Shirley & Doug Parrott



Mona Ferguson, Helen Frank



Gary Thompson, Tom Kelley, Wayne & Kathleen Stark, Jim Bestul



Dick Glover, Larry Daudt, K. C. Kohlbrand, Walt Mills, C



Ivars & Bev Skuja, Mary Ann Wotherspoon, Kathy Nelick, Prim Hamilton, Andrea Schneebeck



Jon McAlpin, Hal Hockett, Rex Nelick, Tom Kelley



Arnie & Linda Calvert, Ty Beason, Terry & Susan Marsh



Marilyn Leland, Katie Pethia, Claire Lackey, Ellen & Ned



Tom Schellinger, Lenice Daudt, Joan & Gary Thompson, Don & Nancy Aulick



George Lachinski, Jack Cornforth



Bob Blad, Jim Hancock, Walt Mills, K. C. Kohlbrand



Chuck Carlson, Rex Nelick



Bruce Armstrong & Gail Olsen, Katie & Dave Pethia, Glenn Houghton



Chuck Carlson, Gary Pisel



Jim Gray, John Peikert, Howie Leland and his son J. D. Leland



d Stephens

Day One
PRESIDENT'S
RECEPTION
Reunion organized by
Chuck Carlson, shown above.



Vikki Hancock, Kathy Foster, Judy Schellinger, Jan Mills

Day Three
REUNION
BANQUET



Dino & Karen Oliva



Terry & Lynne Confer



Dave & Holly Nelson



Walt & Jan Mills



Judy Huff, Chuck Carlson & Joanne Aitken



Rex & Kathy Nelick



K. C. & Martha Kohlbrand



Gordon & Mary Ann Wotherspoon



Tom & Judy Schellinger



Arnie & Linda Calvert



Don & Jane Chadwick



Hal Hockett, Cliff Howell



Myron & Gayla Bredahl



Gary & Joan Thompson



Don & Edith Schrope



Bob & Judy Royer



Prim Hamilton



Wayne & Kathleen Stark



Larry & Lenice Daudt



Hal & Shirley Newton



Dave & Andrea Schneebeck



John & Evangeline Peikert



Arlo & Susan Johnson



Ty Beason, Dayle Yates



John & Claire Lackey



Doug & Shirley Parrott



George & Bobbi Lachinski



Wayne & Rita Ward



Bob & Kathy Lowenthal



Jim & Nancy Bestul



Jim & Vikki Hancock



John & Marianne McAlpin



Bob & Jan Loveridge



Dave & Angie Lundin



Don & Nancy Aulick



Ivars & Bev Skuja



Wayne & Winona Camp



Phil & Eileen Hallin



Bob Blad & daughter Cory



Doug Nelson & Marcia Mayer



Tom & Tootz Kelley



Roger & Rose Grotbo



Tom & Sue Ebner



Chet & Sharon White



Jack & Betty Cornforth



Terry & Susan Marsh



Howard & Marilyn Leland



Glenn & Ursula Houghton



Pete Johnson & Claudia Waters



Dick & Gay Glover



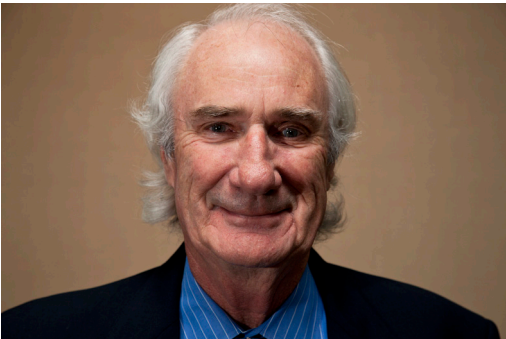
Skip & Kathy Foster



Bill & Betty Huff



Jim & Pat Harrington



Adrian Jenkins



John & Nancy Bates



Gene & Helen Frank



Ned & Ellen Stephens



Dave McLeod & Pat Rieman



Gary & Barbara Pisel



Don't forget teddy bears for Atlanta!

Howie Leland's son, J. D., a Delta F/O, was able to join the President's Reception while on an OMA layover. He is shown at the right with his Captain, Jim Gray (in the recognizable shirt). Howie is one of two new members of the Board of Advisors.





All photos except this one by the Editor

IT'S **ATLANTA** IN 2012

September 26–28

WESTIN
PEACHTREE
PLAZA
HOTEL



Please
bring all my
fuzzy friends to
Atlanta with
you!



Rowdy Yates, an Atlanta commuter for most, if not all, of his career is the “Reunion Wrangler” for next year’s Reunion, and he has planned a dandy.

Most of the activities take place right in the heart of downtown and we’ll be staying at **The Westin Peachtree Plaza** hotel right on Peachtree Street. All of the tours except for the **Delta Air Transport Heritage Museum** are within walking distance, but there will be shuttles for those who may need them.

We will have lunch under the wing of the famous employee-purchased B767 while at the Delta Museum.

MARTA, Atlanta’s rapid transit light rail leaves directly from the airport and stops at Peachtree Station a half block from the hotel. If you drive, plan to park somewhere other than the hotel—it’s \$24 a day!

It’s important to note that there are some stringent deadlines and penalties in order to control contract costs, which helps keep the fees reasonable. Pay attention!

By the time the February Contrails is out we expect to have a Westin-generated web site that you may use to make direct reservations. But make the Reunion reservation now for two chances to win a free room.



The Tours:

- Delta Air Transport Heritage Museum
- Georgia Aquarium
- World of Coca Cola
- Inside CNN

HOTEL: \$119/NIGHT
(Good for 3 days prior and after Reunion)

REUNION FEE: \$194/PERSON
Register before January 1st for TWO chances for a free room and before June 1st for ONE chance.

REGISTRATION

NAME(S) _____

Check for \$194/person payable to “RNPA” and mailed to:

Terry Confer
9670 E. Little Further Way
Gold Canyon AZ 85118

Please note: Registrations after May 31, 2012 are \$244





9/11

STORIES

Al Teasley

Al and Jean Teasley's son Brian was in New York City on September 11th. He sent this email to his parents on the evening of September 12th.

12 September, 2001

It's late on Wednesday night. You'll receive this in the morning and another day will have started in New York.

The first plane woke me up. The Soho Grand Hotel, where I'm staying, is at Canal Street, just 15 blocks north of the WTC. I heard the noise and thought, "What the heck was that?" and jumped out of bed. I went to the window, but couldn't see anything since my view faces north. But I did hear someone screaming, "Oh my god!" down on the street. I thought maybe whatever it was would make the news at some point, so I turned on the television. Amazingly, within 60 seconds of it happening the local CBS channel had a live view of the tower on their broadcast.

The announcers didn't know what had happened. Since I had heard the noise I thought someone had shot a stinger missile or rocket propelled grenade at the tower from over on 6th avenue. I went downstairs and out onto West Broadway in front of the hotel. From there I could see both towers and the fire in the big gash/hole in the side of one of them. That's when I called you on the cell phone.

After the second explosion all the smoke was blowing east towards Brooklyn. There were huge shards of shiny metallic strips coming off the building and floating in the heat east in the smoke.

There were also small black things that had a different trajectory—they were going straight down. I couldn't figure out what they were so I squinted my eyes a bit and then realized: they were people. My head reeled a bit at the implications of this, and I didn't say anything to anyone standing near me. I hoped their eyesight wasn't as good as mine.

I went back to my hotel room to see what news was on the television. In the hallway a manager was talking through a door to a hotel maid. She had locked herself in the linen room and was crying hysterically. I wondered what his corporate training manual had to say about handling such a situation.

After learning little on the television I went back outside. When the second building went down, that is when I started moving towards the buildings. I was probably 15 blocks away to start. I figured they were going to need help in the area—which was true.

I went down past the Tribeca Grand Hotel and groups of people that were standing around, still staring at where the buildings had been. I figured the first building falling had established how far the debris would come, so I went in until I hit the edge of the "soot" line. The street, and everything, was covered in the white soot.

Walking up the street were three old policemen who were covered head to toe with the soot. They looked like snowmen. We got some water in bottles (I don't know where it came from) and helped them wash off their faces and eyes. They were physically fine.

Others were physically fine, but mentally shaken. Calming them down and telling them they were "out" and safe seemed to help. Some people were minorly scraped or injured. Directing them to Canal Street was going to get them to somewhere where they could get attended to.

Coming south were some people who just wanted to take pictures. Not many, as the events still had most people stunned. But the police did not want those people in the area, so we started directing them out. I say "we" because most people thought I was a cop. At some point they decided to block off the area, so I helped them set up some police barricades with those big blue wooden things that arrived on some small vehicles.

At some point things seemed to calm down. The blockade at Canal Street had stopped people from coming into the area. At some point a junior officer was assigned to this intersection and eventually he said to me, "Wait, you are not with the police?" I

said “No.” He shook his head, almost laughed, and said, “Well, unfortunately I have to ask you to leave then.” I said, “No problem,” and took off back north.

Later in the afternoon I was south of Canal Street again, just outside the soot line. There were a bunch of people standing in the street watching the smoke and I joined them. There was a loud rumble/explosion sound and one of the burning buildings crashed down. The smoke cloud came rushing towards us. First I watched it for a second or two. Then I instinctively started walking away from it. Then I started running.

Then I realized that the “soot line” from the two larger towers hadn’t reached this far, so the cloud from this smaller building wouldn’t make it either. That gave me an excuse to quit running.

Sometime after dark I came upon a volunteer search and rescue staging area. It was over near the Hudson River and Westside Highway, somewhere south of Canal street. I was there for awhile but realized nobody was going “in” any time soon, so I decided to go back to the hotel to get some rest.

On the way back to the hotel I came upon a hospital. There were flood lights set up out front and doctors and nurses standing around waiting. They looked frustrated. They were open and ready for business, but there were no survivors to treat.

That was last night. Today was quite uneventful. The police moved in around midnight last night and blocked off the area where the triage center and the volunteer setup was. So, since I had left to come back to the hotel for a little while (it was very apparent to me that we were not going to go into the main WTC site any time soon), when I went back to go to the volunteer area the police wouldn’t let me in. This morning everything was also shut down and blocked off by the police.

Everything south of 14th Street is cut off to some degree. Then comes Houston Street, which is the beginning of Soho. Houston Street is another check point too that you must pass through if you are going south (towards the WTC). One of the other guys in our office lives in Soho, and my hotel is on the very southern part of Soho. Canal Street is the southern edge, and that is where I am. Canal street is yet another check point for the next section—the last before you go about 7 to 10 blocks and then you are the point where you are at the edge of the rubble or the “pile.”

I didn’t figure this all out until later today. I slept poorly after yesterday, and am tired and sore today. I woke up for a bit, but fell back asleep. I sat out on

Canal street and way down the street I could see the edge of the big pile that was the WTC. All the TV crews were set up a few blocks in past Canal Street. That’s where I was yesterday morning (?)—that is as close as they are letting most of the media get. Same situation on the “West Side Highway” that goes along the west side of the island—I keep seeing TV reports today from where I was last night. It is strange.

That area is where some of the non-professional search and rescue teams were being set up. We were dividing people up into groups: construction (torches, welders, machinery), Emergency technicians/Nurses, CPR, and general. We put “EMT/NURSE” on masking tape on everyone in that group. That is who you were supposed to yell for if you found someone that needed help. Some people were also writing their emergency contact info on the backs of their hands, just in case. You were also required to write down in a book your emergency contact info, and you were not going to be allowed in unless you had identification on you.

As I said, despite what was being said, I knew there was no way anyone was going to go “in” until much later. Some of the group may have gone in around 6am, but I don’t think so. I left around 11pm or midnight, and when I went to go back the police were blocking the way—they had not been there when I left.

Anyway, that was (part of) yesterday. Like I said, today was uneventful, yesterday was very. Today after sitting on Canal I came back to the hotel and fell asleep (again). Then I was up in the late afternoon—and at some point decided I had to go for a walk “uptown.” The wind had shifted a couple times, and at one time blocked out the view (the big cloud came north, not west as it was on TV all day yesterday). So the air was funky earlier, but at 5 or 6 it was ok. So I went north to Houston Street and went to find a pizza place that was open.

I asked a waitress if they had pizza and she gave me a strange look. Apparently the delivery trucks were allowed to come down to Houston Street so they had supplies and pizza. Just a few blocks further south by the hotel there were no deliveries and nothing was open. That’s why I asked. She didn’t understand.

At Houston there was much more activity. People were out and about, going to dinner and such. Down at Canal, it was mostly a ghost town, except for the occasional truck (now full of twisted debris) coming out. Seeing the twisted cars was for some

reason the most powerful thing to see.

Seeing the people out and about around Houston Street felt good. After yesterday and today it was strange to see so many people doing “normal” things, but refreshing was the feeling I had.

Ok... I am getting tired again now. So there you have it. Some info on yesterday and today. I'm sure I left out some things. Hopefully I will get a good night's sleep.

I don't know what will happen with airplanes/ flights out of town tomorrow, but I very well may end up being here a few more days I guess. I can work in my room on the computer and will be ready to do so tomorrow.

-Brian

9/11

STORIES

Mike Hay

Wow, has it really been ten years?

September 11, 2001 ‘surrounded’ me. I was initially scheduled to fly a 747-200F from ANC-JFK on 10 Sep 01, planning to meet my eldest son, Steven, majoring in EE and CompSci at Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute in Troy, NY, courtesy of the U.S. Naval ROTC. He'd take the train to NYC where we'd ascend to the WTC viewing level, see a show, have dinner, etc., however, I traded that trip for an Asia trip for a better paid month. 11Sep01 was to touch my life in many other, memorable ways.

On Asia's 12 Sep 01, I flew a passenger flight from Narita to Beijing with F/O Burton Powers and S/O George Gurke. Our scheduled layover was short, maybe 12 hours. This brief stay in a city I'd not visited since taking Steve and April there many years earlier, demanded some power shopping, guided by the ever shopping-wise flight attendants, augmented by these two pros. They had the system pegged: quick change on the hotel bus, a nod from the accompanying bellman for bag offload and we disembarked in the late evening to makeshift shops across from the hotel. Is it a surprise that the merchants were eager for US dollars?

I was an amateur, despite being an Etaewon veteran, compared to these two guys but I had some highly recommended new undies, a few DVDs and two North Face jackets within moments. Then my attention was grabbed by a hotel bellman, asking for Captain Hay. My puzzlement was short-lived when he handed me a small note, saying that I was to call some Chinese telephone for an emergency; neither a welcome nor routine event, as you all

know. Immediately, my thoughts converted the time zone ‘at,’ then ‘went,’ home, despite April's much appreciated abilities there.

My face and body communicated my bewilderment until the Chinese merchantess who'd quickly offered her ‘alien’ cellular telephone, dialed the number and I spoke with the Beijing station manager. I heard some near-unintelligible things, including a suggestion to tune into CNN. The ever-sharp crew was watching me and later said about all I could utter was, “That's unbelievable,” again and again during that call. Shopping aborted, we three pilots hurried to my room to watch the horror via live broadcast. The shock passed, some jetlag erased, I called my superb LFA, Margo, asking her to relay to the cabin crew the little I knew at that point.

It was a restless night for many reasons, included the repeated calls saying our outbound was cancelled, then not, then cancelled, until I said we would be cancelled if I got no sleep in the remaining few hours. Upon awakening, after realizing that what we'd seen was indeed true, I responded to the flashing message light, learning that the Lead was aware of our cancellation. I am not sure who coordinated it, but the entire crew shared one table at the Holiday Inn's buffet breakfast.

Initially we shared concerns about our security being alone in this alien land. I had been assured that the our familiar and comfortable 747 was secure and guarded. I was grateful to have internet access and over the next few days, shared my laptop's downloaded messages from NW staff, so far away. I was grateful for VP Flt. Ops. Jeff Carlson's support after chiding him about virtually all of my information originated in the flight attendant channel's despite my responsibilities. Jeff insured my reception of numerous messages, many duplicates, from various NW sources; all shared with my crew over breakfast and, incidentally, with a dining UAL crew who had no information at all. Burton, George, Tamiko(NRT), Pre(BKK), Gail quickly realized that there was probably no safer place from terrorists to be, than buried in the capitol of this huge communist country, so we decided to have fun.

Wow! A flurry of activities followed, including trips to the Great Wall, the Silk Market (saw the half-staff flag at our Embassy), Tiananmen Square, the Forbidden City and the Summer Palace. I still chuckle that some of the LAX-based UAL flight attendants plus a NW ATL agent and his wife had noticed we were having fun, so we welcomed them, too.

Both evenings, I reserved and had catered a small party room for us, the cost eventually borne, amazingly enough, by NWA. The China country manager showed up the first night, offering to cash checks and relaying any information she'd received. I expect that you all recall and understand the bond we share with our short-term 'trip' families.

When we finally departed, my first indication of how the world had changed, how the job was radically changed, was when airport screening found and removed my old Air Force survival knife, the hook-blade one which I requested was belly loaded, then hand delivered to me in NRT baggage claim. I was grateful to learn that now NW actually put some emphasis on the Captain's crew briefing; which lasted for about a month.

Upon return home, I learned that my dear Uncle and Aunt were diverted into Calgary, treated to wonderful hospitality by strangers, then allowed to return to SFO days later. My sister-in-law and husband were scheduled to fly from BOS on one of the ill-fated flights, but had changed plans.

I got some closure on the tragedy when finally visiting Ground Zero a few years later. Having heard that flight crew members, police and fire had a VIP viewing area, I met a distant cousin, with my ID in hand, on a NYC layover. She worked for Pratt/Whitney in Hartford, and had lost some dear friends in the tower collapse. NY's finest told me that the VIP area had closed, but took us around on a personal tour of the area, explaining what the Sergeant could. The "wall" was very touching and we slowly walked and looked at all the displays, after being released by NYPD. The photo of the AA pilot is permanently etched in my mind. The posted poem, *When Tomorrow Starts Without Me*, seemingly tear-streaked, became quite dear to me that day. The recollection of the powerful spiritual feeling when viewing the teddy bears, the notes and photos placed by surviving family, at and on the iron fencing of the small church still moves me.

Just before leaving the site, we were introduced to an artist, Keith, who drew and produced the angelic posters, one for each first responder agency. I asked him, hiding most of my disgust and ire, why no one acknowledged the flight crews, who died first that day. Further, our recurrent training gave us nothing and I learned details of my fellow crews' final moments from The Discovery Channel. It appeared that the Feds were repeating their response to the airborne slaying of the two PSA pilots and subsequent BAE1146 crash by forcing us to undergo

invasive and non-standardized screening enroute to our jobs. I felt better when Keith offered to design and produce an angel-series poster dedicated to flight crews. I offered to, then did, put him in contact with the Air Line Pilot staff, to help market them. My dismay returned about two months later when Keith e-mailed me saying, without explanation, that the posters would not be done.

My cousin remarked at how serendipitous it was that we could meet and view the site. She had healed some and said that she could not have endured the visit earlier. I was on a rare NY layover and agreed with her, while marveling at the 'coincidence.'

The job has never been the same since, nor was it much like I had signed on to do. The traveling public was mostly appreciative and understanding, but seemed alone in that regard. I remain very grateful that I learned from and wore the same uniform as you folks, some of the greatest men and women one could know.

Mike Hay

9/11

STORIES

Mary Rethlake

I had just taken the Leave Of Absence that NWA offered in Aug of 2001. I was living in Golden Eagle, Illinois, a ferry ride across the Mississippi River from St. Charles, Missouri. On 9/10 my boyfriend and I were at our farm near Foristell, Missouri where we had a hanger with old airplanes and a grass strip. We were getting a 1931 cabin Waco QDC biplane ready for a few days barnstorming trip. When we flew it was VFR, clear weather, daylight, 2,000-3,000 ft alt, no radio, a compass, watch and an aviation map, windows rolled down (yes).

We were ready to leave on 9/11 when we watched the morning news. We realized an horrendous event was taking place, which was getting worse by the moment. Of course, everything was canceled. The FAA ordered a ground stop.

Along with Commercial aviation, General aviation was greatly impacted as well by the events of 9/11. All civilian planes were grounded. No fly zones were enacted. VFR flights were resumed with new rules and regulations sometime around the end of September, I believe.

Mary Rethlake



HARVESTING THE WIND AND SUN

By Hans Abrahamsen

It was early October and the deciduous trees along fence lines and on hillsides were dressed in their festive attire of fluttering red and yellow leaves. It seemed like the trees, swaying in the wind, were dancing in celebration of another harvest.

I had farmed for 38 years and always enjoyed the excitement of harvest. Now, retired, the call of the land was still strong and I wanted to participate in just one more harvest.

The state of Minnesota came to the rescue with a decree requiring that by year 2025 twenty five percent of power used in the state had to be produced by alternative methods. The state would also pay a cash rebate to anyone using solar power for that purpose.

The Feds were also promoting alternative methods of power generation by rewarding wind turbine owners a tax credit for producing electric power to be used by public utilities.

It was now possible to once again participate in a harvest, not corn or soybeans, but one could now harvest the wind and the sun.

The Minnesota Department of Commerce manages the solar rebate program. In addition to the usual application forms, they required photos of the proposed solar site. This was to assure that trees, buildings and other obstructions would not block the sun and prevent it from having full access to the solar panels.

The forms and photos were mailed to the State. Within just a few days they informed me that I was “on the list,” which meant that as soon as the solar system was up and running I’d get the cash rebate.

Wow, that was fast! I was soon to learn that not all government functions were fast.

The next step was to get a building permit for a wind turbine. In rural areas the Township Board, consisting of three elected members, issued or denied building permits.

My proposed site in Vermillion Township, in Dakota County, is three miles northeast of the village of Vermillion. The topography is generally level with widely spaced farms, large fields with modern homes and farm structures. Agriculture flourishes in this area which was at one time considered as a new site for the MSP airport.

On the third Wednesday of January 2008, I asked a board member about building permit application procedures. His response was, “You should have asked me yesterday, we meet on the third Tuesday of every month. Come to the meeting in February.” I realized I had just lost a month.

At the third Tuesday in February meeting the township’s lawyer said he didn’t think the township had an ordinance covering wind turbines and he’d research the matter and have an answer at the March meeting.

At the March meeting the lawyer had an ordinance ready but put a four month moratorium on the actual issuing of a permit. I didn’t protest but accepted the old axiom that “you can’t fight city hall.” The Board members were actually very courteous, helpful and displayed genuine interest in the turbine but the one two-hour meeting once a month just didn’t produce rapid results.

In order to get this story rolling lets fast forward to the first week in September. The Township Board had called a special public meeting so that all interested people could ask questions, protest or express themselves in regard to the wind turbine that was to be erected in their back yard. The meeting went well and, as we expected, their main concern was turbine noise and tower appearance. There were no adamant objec-

tions and many expressed approval and encouragement.

On the third Tuesday meeting in September the Town Board unanimously approved and issued a wind turbine permit.

The turbine tower is a three leg 120 foot steel lattice design. The 15 foot turbine blades make a total height of 135 feet. Construction starts by digging a wide hole 10 feet deep. Three wooden forms are constructed, one for each leg, and serve as footings at the bottom of that deep hole. Each of the forms will hold a truck load of cement which serve as solid anchors for each leg.

Shortly before the cement for the footings was scheduled to arrive, the Township building inspector ordered more steel re-rods in the footings. The cement delivery was put off until the next day. About midnight Dakota County was hit with a soaking rain.

The next day when the heavy cement delivery trucks arrived they were instructed to approach the cite from the east. The first driver took a look at that approach and said, "Can't climb that gentle slope. The truck is too heavy and the ground too wet, can't do it." I suggested approaching from a harvested soybean field on the west side. The driver responded, "No, too wet and the field is too soft, but your lawn on the south side looks good." The lawn did look good. I'd been working on it for the last two years and it did look good.

I had no choice. Truck after truck crossed the lawn, and dumped their heavy load. Each trip the trucks made deeper ruts and when the last of the three trucks was about to leave the driver asked for help, "I'll never make it out, tires are full of mud and I have no traction." I no longer had a tractor capable of pulling him to firm ground. So the construction foreman fired up a skid steer with a front end bucket and charged into a pile of gravel that was to be used as back fill. He dumped load after load of course gravel in the deep ruts on the lawn. Back and forth, load after load. Yeah, the truck made it out and that was the end of the cement phase of construction and the start of lawn repair.

The cement had to cure for a month before tower construction could start.

In November the steel for the tower was delivered and another beehive of activity started.

Two of the three legs are hinged at the bottom. This enables the tower structure to be assembled while laying horizontal. Starting from the base the assembly grows outward and everything is accessible from the ground. Even the generator, gear housing and turbine blades are all bolted in place while the tower is horizontal.

Next a huge crane is parked near the base of the tower. It took over an hour for the crane to extend the

outriggers and properly place ballast. They were very concerned about stability and when satisfied lifted the tower, it pivoted on the hinges and the third leg settled into place and was secured with heavy bolts. That lifting move only took fifteen seconds.

With the tower erected we were within a day of being connected to the grid. However, Dakota Electric rejected the inverter that came with the tower package. New UL specifications required more performance than our inverter was capable of providing. They insisted on using a new inverter that was in compliance with UL1741 specs.

The new requirement could not be resolved by getting on the phone and ordering a replacement. There were no replacements. A new inverter for the generator on the tower had to be designed, built and tested. We requested permission to use the old one until a new one was ready. That request was denied.

We waited ten months for the new inverter.

The solar panel was erected and put into operation shortly after the turbine effort ground to a halt. I like





solar power. The initial cost is much less than a wind turbine and there is virtually no maintenance.

While waiting for the turbine inverter I ordered another solar panel. The first solar installation was satisfactory but I upgraded to a “tracker.” The tracker has a heat seeker located on the top center of the panel. The seeker locks onto the sun and by use of an onboard black box utilizes sun energy to direct a DC motor to keep the solar panel moving with the sun from sunup to sunset. As the seasons change another DC motor keeps proper panel pitch to get optimum utilization of the sun’s energy. This system is thirty percent more efficient than a fixed solar panel.

I call the tracker “spook” because it moves slowly and silently. It starts the day facing East and ends up at sunset looking West. It then changes to a flat position and traverses back East where it waits for sunrise.

Finally the wind turbine inverter was delivered. It is enclosed in an aluminum cabinet measuring 11x23x30 inches and is very heavy. It took two big men to lift it and hold it while a third man bolted it to an inside wall of the machine shed.

In a very short time the electricians had it wired and ready to make the initial run. I was worried because the wind was very strong with gusts up to 30 mph. I watch the KW meter on the inverter cover go from zero to max and bounce around in between the limit and zero. Could the inverter handle those variable loads? The power entering the inverter comes from the tower generator as three phase AC and is changed to DC and changed again to single phase AC and has to be

in sync with the grid. Could it do it?

Yes, it did it, no sweat! I was relieved and being a smooth talker blurted, “Well, I’ll be damned... beautiful job!”

The final test of the new inverter was an anti-islanding test. The test is required to verify that in the event of a power outage, the wind generating system would shut down and not generate power back to the Dakota Electric distribution system. The test was performed by pulling the Dakota Electric service meter and confirming the inverter shut down immediately. The inverter was required to standby for at least 5 minutes following a power outage before it is allowed to generate back into the system. The anti-islanding test was successful and the system approved for operation.

The system is working out very well. More power is generated than is used on my scaled back farm operation so every month my account receives a credit and at year end I receive a check. However this is not about money, it has been very interesting and perhaps a very small contribution has been made toward furthering the use of alternative energy.

I’m lucky, this final harvest is continuous, not seasonal like corn and soybeans, and it is so much easier. Now there is no dust to contend with or loud diesel engine noise and no walk around pre start with wrenches and a grease gun. None of that! All I have to do is sit in a comfortable chair and while being embraced by the sun, and with coffee cup in hand, just sit there and watch the wind turbine turn.

Cheers!



SEATTLE CHRISTMAS PARTY



11am to 3pm



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SEATTLE SUMMER PICNIC



◀ Hosted by Barbara and Doug Peterson
Photos by Doug



Beverly & Jim Palmer



Brenda & Gary Dickinson



Art & Donna Pauly Chetlain



Bill Huff, Ted Swan



Checking in



Cliff Howell, Bill Huff



Art & Enid Steadman



Clair Pepper, Rhea Dow



Christian Hogan, Barbara Peterson



Bill & Joan Fields



Chuck & Marilyn Nelson, Dave Kocker



Curt & Sandy Bryan



Dan & Ruthie Dumas



Darlene Jevne, Dave McLeod



Dave McLeod & Pat Rieman



Dave & Holly Nelson



Carolyn & Ed Kartic



Dave & Linda Rolczynski



Marty Foy



Dave & Carole Kocher, Marilyn & Chuck Nelson



Chuck Carlson & Joanne Aitkin



Harry & Nancy Detwiler



Georganne & Denny Burton



Irene Kochendorfer, Abby Lanman



Gladys & Andy Anderson



Ivars & Bev Skuja



Greg Lasek



Jack & Mary Ann Allmann



Jane Barr-Lauf, Susan Scarvie



John Hicks, Doug Jones



Jerry Burton, Cliff Howell, Marv Ritchie



Kelly Cohn, Evie Suggett



Joanne & Denny Swanson



Linda & Tom Peterson



Joan & Howie Parks



Lowell Schroeder, Jack Hudspeth



Marge & Dick Haddon



Myron & Gayla Bredahl



Pat & Jack Kemp, Irene Kochendorfer



Myron Bredahl, Mary Gauthier



Mary Gauthier, Pat & Kathy Carpenter, Pat Rieman (standing)



Nancy & John Bates



Mike & Joyce Tovey



NanSea & Charlie Welsh

Stan & Harriett Tombs



Phil & Phyllis Miller



Dave Nelson, Art Steadman



Rae (101 years young) & Montie Leffle



Wayne & Kathy Stark



Shirley & Leonard Abrams



Dove aerobatic team returning to the hangar



MSP Christmas Party

DEC.
11th



Social Hour: 5:00
Dinner: 6:30

Chart House Restaurant
11287 Klamath Trail
Lakeville, MN 55044
952.435.7156

ENTRÉE CHOICES

1. Champagne Chicken
2. Baked Salmon Filet
3. Prime Rib

\$39
per person

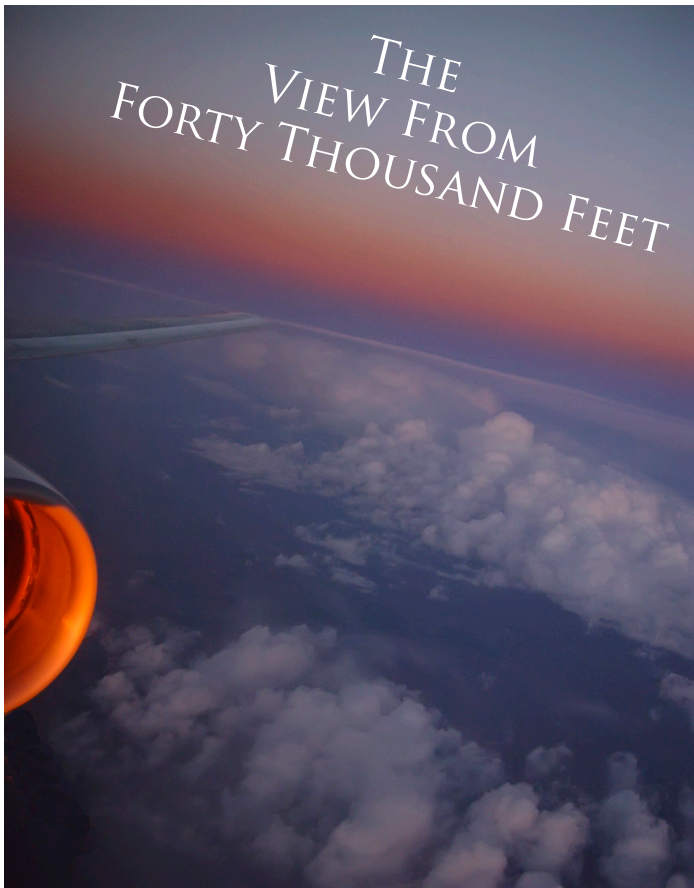
RSVP by Friday, Dec. 2nd!

Please make check payable to **Doug Wenborg** and mail to:
4300 Hickory Hills Trail, Prior Lake MN 55372

Amount enclosed: \$39 X _____ = _____

NAME: _____ ENTRÉE: _____

SPOUSE/GUEST: _____ ENTRÉE: _____



By Brenda McLaughlin

Back then we were called Stewardesses (stews). Then Cabin Attendants, then Flight Attendants. Forty one years of international flying around the world. So many places, so many faces. The skies and the oceans, Mount Fuji in the moonlight right outside the window. Hong Kong, an approach so complex it took your breath away. Movie stars, and soldiers, and infants being brought back to the states to meet their adopting parents. Mostly out of Asia in the 1960s. The babies had never seen blond women before and most of us were blond back then. They looked at us and cried. Even in Tokyo, women would come up to us and politely ask to touch our hair. In the end, the babies came out of India, so small they traveled two to a basket.

The world seemed young then, and innocent. Women in hats and heels. Men in suits and carrying briefcases. Bright faced soldiers on the way off to war, grim faces on their return.

Such innocence during such turmoil.

Most of us came from small-town U.S.A. We weren't all cheerleaders and prom queens. Just the girl next door

looking beyond our limited options. Wife, Teacher, Nurse, Secretary. Back then we couldn't be Stewardesses and be married, but we only planned to fly for a year of two, or so we thought.

I came right out of southern racial strife, to the skies over burning Detroit. Soldiers going off to war, peace rallies and bra burnings. An exciting time to have a global perspective. The times "they were a changing" and we had a bird's eye view.

Most everything you might have heard about us "Stewardesses" is probably true. What was considered wild at the time was pretty tame by today's standards. Yes, we had a good time, we tasted every morsel, and danced every dance. We were seekers or we wouldn't have chosen to leave the familiar and fly into the unknown. What a waste of time to be fearful in the face of challenge.

People ask me what was my favorite country. Germany at Christmas time, Paris on New Year's Eve, the desert on the back of a camel, or a wizened little man whistling for tips at twilight on the quay at Sidney Harbor.

For me, it was never the show, always the actors. I was lucky enough to live in Hawaii during the last years of my career. A place of beauty, surely, and a multicultural society if ever there was one. The richness of a country, of my travels, always lies in it's people. The broad spectrum of our many cultures gave me such joy and awareness and appreciation of "we" the people.

My children grew up in a home where show and tell was never a problem. There was always something exotic brought home from our travels for them to share with their friends. The heightened awareness of a world beyond their own backyard created an insatiable curiosity about whatever was just beyond that far ridge. That, and the free passes for which they will be eternally grateful, led them to be wanderers too. And, oh, did I forget to mention, I was married to my Captain for most of those years.

We "Stewardesses" continue. We grew up together, spread our wings, married and raised our families together. We will always understand each other and support each other in a very unique way. We are still here; with energy and intelligence, and a can do attitude combined with a giving nature. We still contribute to our communities and our world families.

Life's lessons learned at forty thousand feet have served us well.



PHX Picnic (Way last February)





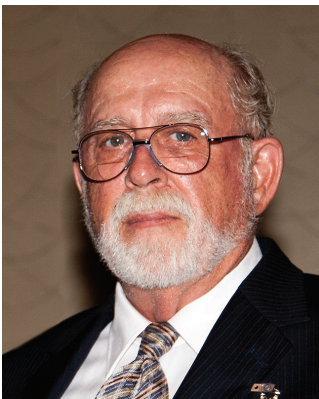
Tom Schellinger presenting the plaques

HONORED MEMBERS

With the implementation in 1970 of the age 60 retirement rule for pilots, the number of retirees grew rapidly. Those so retired missed the fellowship with their former crew members, so they started having informal get togethers. At one such meeting a decision was made to look into forming a retired NWA pilots group. After several meetings, a group named RENPA was formed with a constitution, bylaws and officers. The letter E in the name standing for "Ex" was later dropped, as there are only former NWA pilots.

During this forty one years of existence, five pilots have been honored for their outstanding service to the retired pilots group. They were Nippy Opsal, Herm Muto, Sam Houston, Lowell Stafford and Richard Schlader.

At this year's reunion in Omaha, at the direction of the RNPA board, two more worthy individuals were added to that group. They are in alphabetical order Gary Ferguson and Gary Pisel. A formal presentation was conducted at the dinner on the final night of the reunion.



Gary Ferguson was honored for his years of service, first as the assistant editor and then as editor starting in 2006. Under his leadership he continued the process of improving our newsletter adding color in August of 2009. In his first editor's

report he requested someone to come forward to assist him, with the intention of being his replacement at some later date. Once again in his last editor's report he was still looking for that individual. Sorry Gary, you have raised the bar so high that only a fool would volunteer to try to replace you.



Gary Pisel is now the longest serving president of RNPA and come this January he will be starting his 12th year. Under his guidance RNPA has prospered and our membership increased and has remained stable since the end of NWA as an airline. Under his guidance our reunions

have become the highlight of our year. Gary personally chaired several of our conventions and was instrumental in negotiating with the hotels where our reunions are held. An example of this is that our reunions cost about half the price that the Delta retired group pays for theirs. Gary, where were you when we were negotiating our pilots contracts? His success with our reunions is exemplified by the fact that we are being solicited by cities that would like to have us select them as a site.

There have never been two more worthy individuals for selection to this honor. At the conclusion of the presentation they were so acknowledged by those present with a standing ovation.

– Dino Oliva



A Small Change to the “FLOWN WEST” Section of “CONTRAILS”: Obituaries:

For several years Vic Britt has taken on the task of providing “Contrails” obituaries for RNPA members who have “flown west.” Unfortunately, this task has evolved over the years into something like a “growth industry” and has become more than Vic or anyone could be expected to handle alone.

In March of 2011, Vic contacted several RNPA members who lived near him in Southwest Florida and asked them if they would consider taking responsibility for some of the obituaries. All of these retired pilots agreed to help out as Vic suggested.

In this and future issues of “Contrails” you may expect to see obituaries provided by the new team members who are: Ray Alexander, Donnis Bergman, Dan Farkas and Bob Vega.

Those of you whom Vic has contacted for information on friends or family members can appreciate that a certain amount of discretion and empathy is required both in gathering information and in writing the articles. Those of us who are new to the process hope to model Vic’s expertise and compassion.

Consider Planning Ahead?

Actuaries seem to think none of us NWA pilots are going to live forever. So just in case they are correct, why not leave a few thoughts and a couple of pictures behind with your important papers. (An envelope marked: “GIVE TO RNPA—LAST FLIGHT PLAN WEST” would be one way to pass along the information.)

It will make the task of getting some meaningful aviation facts into the RNPA magazine much easier if you tell us how you managed to get enough hours and experience to become a NWA pilot and some of the memorable things you did to remain one until retirement.

Your loved ones will appreciate your doing this and those of us who have volunteered to help get all obituaries into your RNPA magazine will tell you right now, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

By Ray Alexander and Donnis Bergman



“Dick” Fleming 1921 ~ 2011

Richard Howard “Dick” Fleming, Sr., a retired Flight Dispatcher and Operations Control Planner at Northwest Airlines joined his beloved wife, Marge, on June 6, 2011, on what would have been her 87th birthday. Dick and Marge are together forever at last. Dick was born January 20, 1921 in Portsmouth, Ohio, and after finishing school there before joining the Army Air Force as an aviation cadet during World War II and went on active duty in late 1943. Dick reported to the College Training Detachment (CTD) at the University of Minnesota, and from there to navigation training at Wold Chamberlain Field, St. Paul, Minnesota. After Dick was commissioned a second Lieutenant upon receiving his Navigator’s wings, he married Marge Ryan, whom he had met and fell in love with while training in Minneapolis, on April 26, 1945.

He received an honorable discharge from the Army Air Force in December 1945 and was employed shortly after discharge by Northwest Airlines as an apprentice Flight Dispatcher. He obtained his training and Dispatcher Certificate from long time Northwest employee, Wentzel Franzik. After certification Dick started as an Assistant Flight Dispatcher in Minneapolis, and when the Orient Operation started in 1947 he moved to Anchorage as a Flight Dispatcher. He later moved to New York’s LaGuardia airport in the early 1950’s, and

eventually returned to MSP as Flight Dispatcher. In the 1970’s, Dick was promoted to Operational Control as an operations planner. He was employed by Northwest Airlines and remained a loyal employee for 40 years until his retirement in 1985. Dick was methodical, well accepted by coworkers, and a true TWINS Fan.

Dick and Marge became homeowners in Richfield, Minnesota in 1956, and raised seven children there. The Fleming house was a Richfield Christmas tradition for many families! Dick made elaborate Christmas displays, and his kind, humble spirit was inspirational. A member of the Knights of Columbus, he was a very active member and trustee of St. Peter’s Catholic Church in Richfield for 55 years. Dick’s faith was very important to him, and he made his “mark” on the lives of many he met in Richfield, and at St. Peter’s. An integral part of the parish for many years as Chair of the Finance Committee, he was recognized as a steady and firm presence at St. Peter’s, attending a parish council meeting last fall to “remind” the parish council to keep a close eye on finances. As a leader in the Seniors Club he organized many senior trips, and was always there to help the many committees making up a vibrant church community. A friend said: “One of the most valuable and inspiring things Dick gave others was his example of volunteerism.” Dedicated and untiring, he gave whatever time and effort it took to complete a task.

Those who knew Dick remember him as a gentleman, loving husband, father and grandfather, and a true friend to all he knew. Close friends of Dick’s and Margie remember the loving way Dick cared for Margie, meeting life head on with a spirit full of joy. In the years since Marge’s death, Dick received spiritual sustenance from his family at St. Peter’s, his own family, and his Northwest Airlines family. Dick’s family hosted a gala 90th birthday party in his honor January 2011, a wonderful opportunity for family and friends to celebrate his life when he could still join in the fun! This past April 30th he was in an Honor Flight to Washington, DC, a special day trip for WWII veterans. Dick loved taking his grandchildren to the Twins games. Maybe he can pull some strings for the Twins now that he is in heaven! Survived by his brothers Mark and Doug, Dick and Marge’s legacy goes on forever in their children: Jerre, Jeanne, Tom, Rick, Cathy, Jim and Bob; Nineteen grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. His kind presence will be missed. – Vic Britt



Don Boyd
1924 ~ 2011

Donald C. Boyd, age 86, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” for a final check at his home in Solvang, California, with his wife Sina by his side on December 6, 2010. Don died of complications of Pulmonary Fibrosis brought on by flying crop dusters nearly sixty years earlier. He was born in Bend, Oregon on June 2, 1924. Don’s grandparents moved to Bend, Oregon from Minnesota in 1905 and were among the town’s two hundred fifty original founding fathers. While he was growing up in Bend, Don had a consuming interest in all things related to aviation. On his fourth birthday he received a pedal powered wooden airplane, and from that point on Don was absorbed in drawing airplanes, painting airplanes, and building model airplanes all the way through high school. He was an accomplished student and athlete at Bend High School, graduating in 1942 and playing varsity football as a running and defensive back.

From February to April 1943 Don was enrolled in the Civilian Pilot Training Program at the College of Idaho, Caldwell, Idaho. He enlisted in the Army Air Force Reserve on February 3, 1944 and was called to active duty by the Navy, February 11, 1944. After receiving his wings Don flew the TBF “Avenger” torpedo bomber, and was awarded the World War II Victory Medal.

After discharge from active duty Don attended and graduated from the University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon on June 11, 1950, earning a bachelors degree in Far Eastern Studies. He served in Naval Intelligence in the Naval Reserves before receiving an honorable discharge as a Navy Lieutenant j.g. in January 1953. Flying jobs were hard to come by after the war and Don flew crop dusters throughout Oregon and Texas for several years. There are numerous accounts of him flying a Piper “Cub” under the Crooked River railroad bridge near Redmond, Oregon. He would “roll” the airplane up and dive under the highway bridge a few hundred feet away, doing a figure eight around the bridges!

Northwest Airlines hired Don as a pilot in 1953, and he met his future wife Sina while in training that March. Don and Sina were married in October 1953, which ended Sina’s career as a Stewardess at Northwest. Shortly after their marriage the schedules were reduced and Don received his first layoff at Northwest. He and Sina moved to Houston, Texas for a job as a flight instructor and charter pilot, flying Les Brown and his “Band of Renown” for a while. Six months later Don received his recall notice from Northwest and six months after that his second layoff from Northwest. This time he and Sina went to Fort Wayne, Indiana to fly a corporate aircraft for a ball bearing company. Don’s next recall from Northwest stuck, and he had a long and successful career before retiring in 1982. While at Northwest he flew the DC-3 “Vomit Comit”, the Boeing 707 and 747, and his favorite airliner, the DC-10.

Don enjoyed studying history, the Bible, crossword puzzles, music, sailing, playing tennis, a good joke, a dry martini, and most of all he enjoyed spending time with his family. His wife Sina, daughter Laura, son Phil and mate Michelle, and his granddaughter Sarah survive him.

– Vic Britt



Thomond O'Brien 1924 ~ 2011 and McGee

Thomond O'Brien, age 86, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain of Inver Grove Heights, Minnesota, “Flew West” for a final check on July 31, 2011. Thomond fought long and hard, as only he could fight, to survive the aortic aneurysm causing so many issues for him, and passed peacefully surrounded by family and friends. The O'Brien family lost a remarkable man whose sense of humor; wisdom, compassion, insight and generosity were remarkable.

Thomond O'Brien, Irish to the core, was born in Arcachon, France on October 16, 1924. A “feisty, big Irishman” with a knack for survival, he parlayed his experience flying with the Royal Air Force (RAF) during World War II into a long career flying with Northwest Airlines. “He had the most extraordinary life,” his daughter, Caragh Bartness of Inver Grove Heights, told Star Tribune Staff Writer Bill McAuliffe for a special article the paper ran on her dad. “One of the most amazing things about him is how many times he

survived when he shouldn't have.” O'Brien joined the RAF at age 16 and on one raid, flying in formation under heavy fire, he was forced out of position by another pilot who was soon shot down where O'Brien should have been flying. While serving in Italy, O'Brien, informed that his unit was to be sent to England for Christmas, celebrated in a bar, where he got into a brawl. O'Brien's crew was held back as punishment in Italy, while the rest of his unit, flying back to England, crashed in the Mountains. “He was in trouble most of the time,” Caragh said. “He pretty much worked his way down the ladder of success in the RAF, and was shocked to find himself alive at the end of the war.”

O'Brien and his Irish sweetheart, Demaris, immigrated to the United States from Ireland in 1950, landing in New York City. He and Demaris were married the next year and in 1952 he took a job with Northwest Orient, an airline based in Minneapolis, Minnesota that he thought might have been a crop-dusting outfit. Thomond loved flying and was so thankful that he got paid to fly. In 1970, on a family vacation to Hawaii, O'Brien broke his neck after being slammed to the ocean floor while body surfing. Told he would never regain use of his right arm and right leg, O'Brien recovered and went back to a Northwest cockpit two years later. During that time, Thomond turned away from his bar-fighting past. He achieved sobriety in 1970, and joined anti-alcoholism efforts helping others battle alcoholism. Caragh said, “A lot of kids have their dads with them because my dad mentored them and helped them stay sober. “He has quite a legacy that way.”

Tom flew for more than 10 years after the body surfing accident. His fellow Northwest pilots considered him one of the “Good Guys,” and looked forward to flying with him as it was a learning experience on every flight. Maybe it was his having a second shot at life, he did more than his fair share of cheating death, but he also knew something about living, freely sharing his wisdom and experience. Thereby giving access to the best impulses a man can offer his fellow man. His crews knew he would look out for them and treat them respectfully, and they know that his tales of the past will not be forgotten. Thomond finished his career as a captain flying Boeing 747s on flights across the Pacific, reluctantly retiring in 1984. His friends and crewmembers will miss Thomond O'Brien, but they can imagine what a time will be had in Heaven!



Thomond never forgot his Irish roots and was a longtime, faithful supporter of Irish national unity cause. He was involved with Irish Northern Aid, a group founded in the United States that raised money for the families of Irish Republican Army members imprisoned during years of conflict with British forces in Northern Ireland.

Retirement was spent doting on his grandchildren, who were the light of his life. He also helped many, many families with his time and generosity. Thomond had a larger than life personality and was loved by all

who knew him. He will be greatly missed. The world is a sadder place without his humor to brighten it. The family says, "Thank you so much to all who have shared your love and concern with us over these last difficult few months. He was a wonderful man and he will be missed so much, by so many. He is survived by his wife of 60 years, Demaris; brother, Donal; daughter, Caragh and her husband Keven; grandson, Conor; granddaughter, Logan; son, Thomond Barry; grandson, Colin; and his dear Birds of a Feather friends.

– Vic Britt



Mike Lubratovich 1940 ~ 2011

Michael D. Lubratovich, age 70, of Eden Prairie, Minnesota and Bonita Springs, FL died peacefully on Christmas Day 2010 after a three-year battle with bile duct cancer. Mike was born on January 15, 1940 in Duluth, Minnesota to Mirko and Ethel Lubratovich. He graduated from Duluth East High School where he was an accomplished athlete in baseball, basketball and football. He attended University of Minnesota Duluth.

Mike served as an airman in the Minnesota Air National Guard in Duluth from 1959-1962 and then as a pilot

in the Air Guard until 1968. He flew the T-37, T-38, F-89 and F-102.

Mike was hired as a pilot for Northwest Airlines in 1965. At Northwest he flew the B-707, B-727, DC-10 and B-747-100/200. He retired in 2000 with a total flight time of over 22,000 hours in all types. Those of us who flew with Mike remember him for his professionalism, his generosity and his humor. He was particularly welcoming and helpful to newer co-pilots and second officers. In and out of the cockpit Mike was upbeat and friendly, one of the really good guys.

Mike loved his family, the outdoors, fishing, hunting, traveling...and the view from the pilot's seat. He was a great friend and neighbor. Mike was a longtime member of Mount Olivet Church. He is survived by Renee, his loving wife of 44 years; his children, daughter Marcie (Steve) Blume and son Craig (Shannon) Lubratovich; as well as three grandchildren, Jaeda and Brady Blume and Peyton Lubratovich. A celebration of life for Mike was held at Mount Olivet Lutheran Church in Minneapolis on Wednesday, December 29th.

– Ray Alexander



"To fly West my friend is one flight that we all must take for the final check."



Ed Stahl
1920 ~ 2011

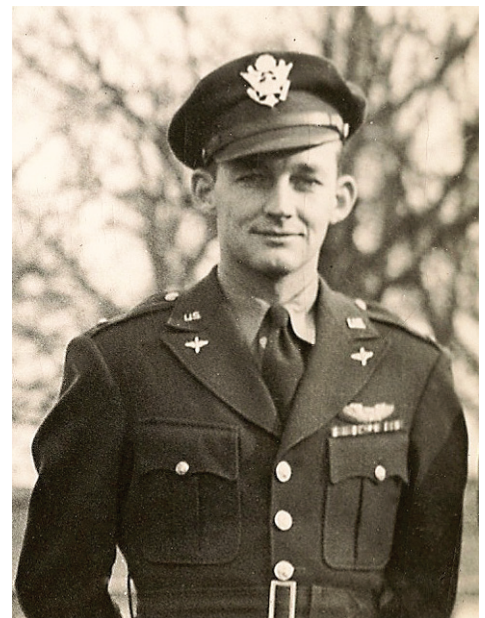
Edward James (Ed/Jim) Stahl, age 91, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain “Flew West” for a final check, quietly at his Minneapolis home on August 2, 2011. His late wife of 57 years, Jessie Russell Stahl, preceded him in death in 2001. Ed, one of seven children, was born in Albion, Michigan and attended local schools. When World War II started, Ed and four of his brothers enlisted in the service. He joined the U.S. Army Air Corps as an Aviation Cadet, and upon graduation received his wings and commission on Feb 6, 1943 in Roswell, New Mexico. Ed arrived in Tunisia in August 1943 and ultimately became a B-17 “Flying Fortress” aircraft commander with the 97th Bomb Group, 414th Squadron, in the North Africa/Mediterranean region, and successfully completed 53 missions. A famous wartime song was written about a 414th BS aircraft that almost had its entire tail section cut off in a collision with an attacking German fighter, but made it back “Coming In On A Wing and A Prayer.”

Ed was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross “DFC” for his actions on a mission

to Bolzano, Italy, November 10, 1943 while flying a B-17 without wing-tip tanks. Bad weather and headwinds left Ed without enough gas to ensure a safe return to base, but he remained in formation. Twenty enemy fighters attacked one-half hour before the target, and the ship behind Ed was shot down. Ed’s aircraft’s wings were filled with twenty (20) millimeter shells, damaging trim tabs, flaps, wing braces, gas tanks and one super-charger tank. He stayed with the formation over the target, and after leaving the target the formation hit a heavy weather front causing the aircraft to become separated. Ed descended over the water and headed for Corsica as one engine ran out of fuel and soon afterwards, another. Approaching Corsica and unable to contact the control tower, Ed calmly and skillfully maneuvered his aircraft into a final approach, landing to the left of two other landing aircraft, getting his crew safely on the ground. After the war, he returned to his fiancé, Jesse, and they were married at his last duty station in Florida.

The couple soon relocated to Minneapolis MN where he hired on with Northwest Airlines as a commercial pilot. Ed enjoyed a long, successful career as a captain at NWA until his retirement at age 60. Northwest Pilots fortunate to have worked with Ed remember him as a favorite to fly with, a very cool, professional pilot whom they would imitate as they advanced through the ranks. Ed, a true gentleman with a great sense of humor and a love of life, had a laugh that they loved to hear. Younger pilots who flew with him said they enjoyed working with Ed, and had learned what airline flying was all about from a great man and a great pilot. Retired Northwest Captain

Ray Dolny first met and flew with Ed in 1954, and they and their wives later became good friends. Ray and Dee played a lot of golf with Ed and Jesse, and attended ALPA golf tournaments around the country. Ray said: “Even at age 90, Ed was tough to beat. He was a good pilot, a good friend, and Dee and I will miss him. – Vic Britt





After raising three daughters in Minneapolis, Jim and Jessie thrived in retirement, spending winters in Naples, Florida and summers in Minneapolis for more than 15 years, until Jessie suffered a major stroke at age 69. Jim served as her loving constant caregiver for nearly 10 years, both enjoying her nearly full recovery before she passed away at 79. Ed Stahl was a loyal and loving husband, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, an inventive, creative wood-

worker, carpenter, and gardener; and twice each day he walked his beloved dog Daisey around Taft Park Pond in Richfield, often accompanied by family. He is survived by three daughters; Jane MacCarter, Rebecca Karnes, and Corinne Bolser; five grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; sister, Virginia Stahl Snyder; and his late wife's sister, Libby Hull.

E.J. Stahl, we will miss you dearly, each in our own way.
- Vic Britt



T. K. Roe
1930 ~ 2011

Timothy K. Roe was born July 31, 1930 in St. Cloud, MN to the late Russell T. and Bernardine "Bunny" (Keefe) Roe. He graduated from St. Cloud Technical High School in 1948 and was also a graduate of the University of Minnesota. Tim proudly served his country as a Marine Corps pilot from 1957 to 1969. After his active duty with the Marines, he joined Northwest Airlines and he retired as a Senior Captain. Over his lifetime, Tim enjoyed raising and racing thoroughbred horses.

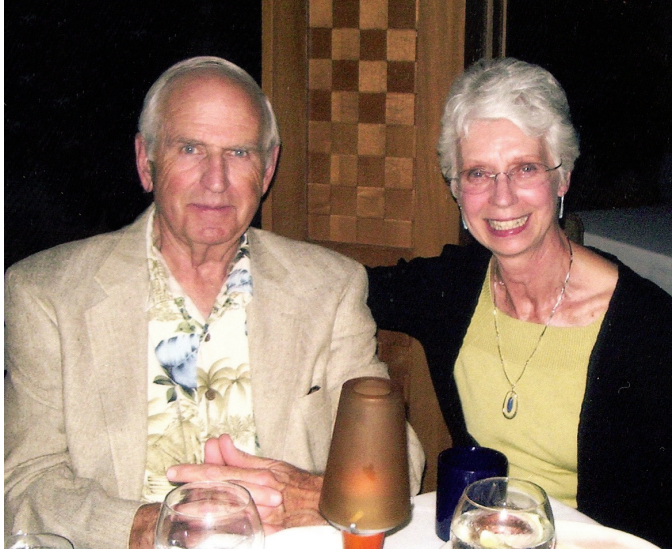
A Memorial Mass was held on Thursday, September 22, 2011 at Holy Spirit Catholic Church for Timothy K. Roe of Dassel and formerly St. Cloud who died on Tuesday at Lakeview Ranch in Dassel. Rev. Matthew Crane will officiate and burial was at Ft. Snelling National Cemetery in Minneapolis.

Tim is survived by his sister, Susan Roe of Indian Harbour Beach, FL and his brother, Tom Roe, Col. USAF Ret. of Satellite Beach, FL; nieces and nephews, Jen Roe Darling, Jane Stanius, Peter Stanius, Steve Roe, Susan Roe Santelices and their families; and his special companion, Mary Alice Piette.

Memorials are preferred to Lakeview Ranch Dementia Foundation in Dassel, MN or Sisters of the Order of St. Benedict's Monastery, St. Joseph.

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

Just a reminder that a "Survivor's Checklist" to aid with the passing of a loved one can be found on the last two pages of the Membership Directory.



Art Partridge 1937 ~ 2011

Arthur William Partridge, age 73, a retired Northwest Airlines Captain, “Flew West” for a final check on July 5, 2011. Art died unexpectedly after collapsing on the 4th of July. He had been battling a cancer recurrence since February, but was holding his own. It is believed he died due to unrelated causes. Art was born in St. Paul, Minnesota on December 5, 1937 to Alfred and Jean Norwood Partridge. He attended St. Paul Academy and graduated from Harvard College in 1959. At Harvard, Arthur was a member of the Harvard Lampoon, and he always kept his sense of humour and the outrageous.

Art was in Air Force ROTC while at Harvard, and after graduation received his commission and joined U.S. Air Force Pilot Training Class 61-D in 1959. After receiving his “Wings” Art’s first duty station was Cape Cod, Massachusetts, where he became a plane commander on C-121 Lockheed Constellation’s (“Connies”), flying early warning radar missions over the Atlantic. He was in the air at the time of the Cuban missile crisis and his wife Jane remembers him talking about President Kennedy’s speech, and seeing the huge Russian fleet below him near Cuba. After a tour of duty at Cape Cod, he was sent early on to DaNang, South Vietnam, flying C123’s from 1963 to 1964. Art met Jane St.Ledger from Louisville, Kentucky while both were at Harvard, and she was in

school at Cambridge while he was in Vietnam. When Art returned from Vietnam in August 1964 they were married, and Art’s new duty station was in Waco, Texas.

When his Air Force commitment was up Art and Jane moved back to St.Paul, Minnesota, and Art’s initial hire date at NWA was February 1, 1966 as Assistant to Vice President of Flight Operations Ben Griggs. Over the next year Art realized he was not where he wanted to be, nor doing what he wanted to do, and he joined the Northwest pilot ranks on April 27, 1967. Art and Jane built a house in Chanhassen, Minnesota in the 70’s, and soon after a developer came up with a plan to chop the land around them up into little lots. Art didn’t think much of the idea, so he got involved in Chanhassen city politics. He became chairman of the Chanhassen Planning Commission for some years, and because he needed to be around for meetings most of the time, he flew domestic trips. Jane worked in the Excelsior Minnesota Library, and she and Art had sailboats for years on Lake Minnetonka. Art was always based in Minnesota, and after initial checkout as a Boeing 707 second officer he flew the Boeing 727, 757 and the DC-10. He had about 25,000 hours in his logbook when he retired at age 60 on December 5,1997. After he retired, a big treat for Art was to take car trips to see all the stuff he had never seen close up in “flyover” land. He was disappointed when Harvard dropped the ROTC program in the 1970’s because of all the antiwar sentiment and protests on campus. Art was a big supporter of getting ROTC back into Harvard, and when he and Jane went to Art’s 50th Harvard reunion in 2009, Harvard had just reinstated the ROTC program. Art was very pleased, for he was proud of his U.S. Air Force service.

Art and Jane bought a second home on the Oregon coast in 1988, and in 2000 they moved to Portland, Oregon where he was active with People For Libraries, and a board member of Cedar Mill Community Library. He became a Royal Rosarian in 2009. In Portland, the Rosarians are the “official greeters for the city” and Art was having a blast with the “pomp & circumstance.” He took part in all the Rose Festival parades and events this past June, without suspecting the cancer recurrence. Arthur is survived by his wife of 47 years Jane, and sister Lilian Partridge Young.

– Vic Britt



Membership Application and Change of Address Form

NAME

SPOUSE'S NAME

PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS

STREET

CITY

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.

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